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for
VOLUME 245

JULY -- DECEMBER 1972

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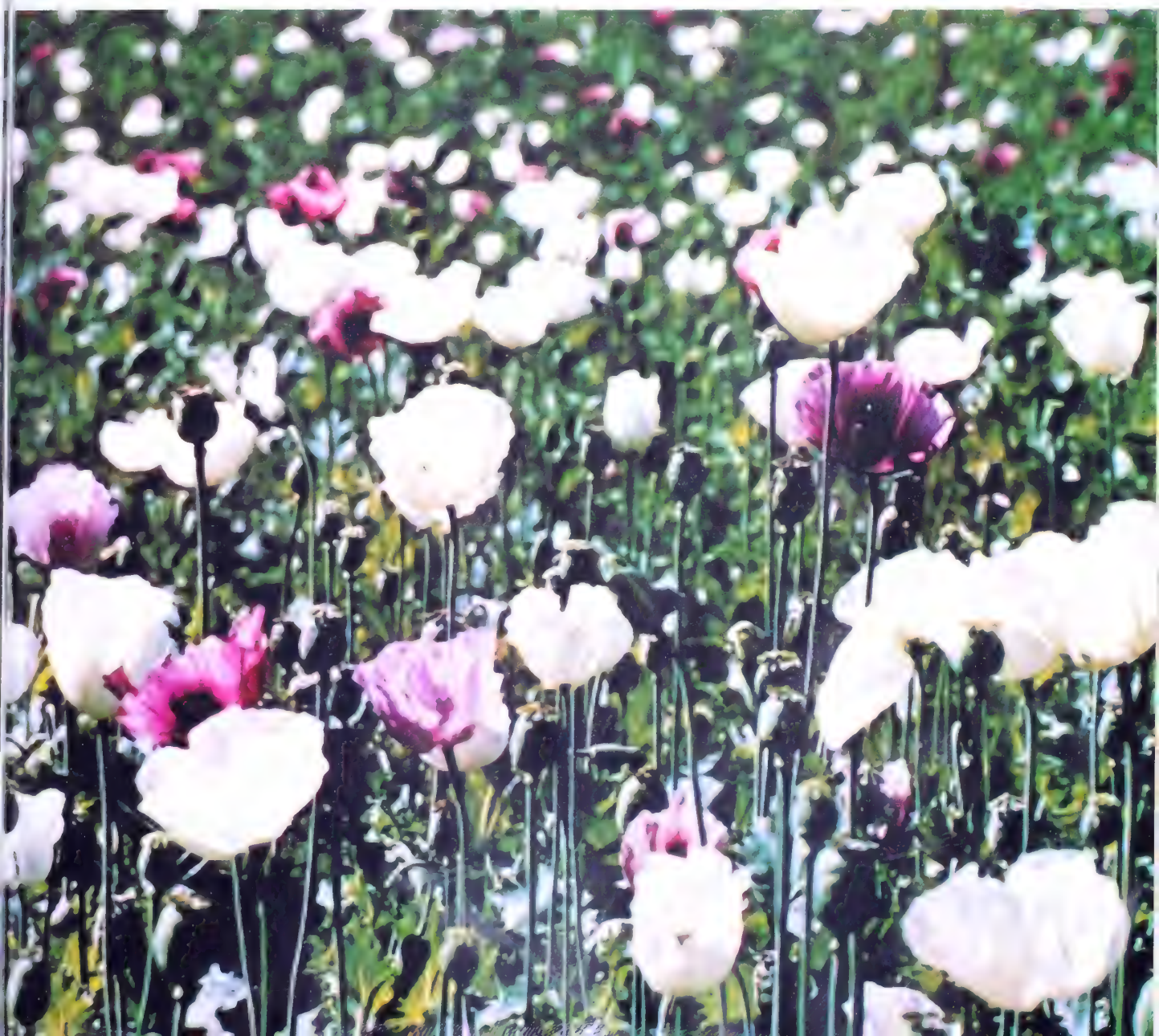
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Why Early Schooling May Hurt Your Child

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FLOWERS OF EVIL

The CIA and The Heroin Trade



The Classic British Chiller

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Why a \$2,000 Volkswagen* costs a lot less than any other \$2,000 car.

BURLINGAME

JUN 27 1972

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Listen to the logic:

Give or take a few dollars, most new economy cars are priced just about the same these days.

Around \$2,000.

But when you sell it, a weird thing happens. Some are worth more to you than others.

And based on what's happened in the past, after 3 or 4 years, not one is worth more cash than you-know-who:


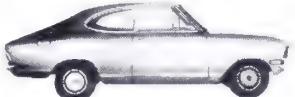




The Volkswagen Beetle.[†]

So the real price you pay for a car is the difference between what you pay now and what you get back later, when you sell it.

Anyhow, take a good look at the chart on the right. It'll give you an idea of the average retail depreciation of some famous 1969 economy cars. Based on prices were sold for by Used Car Dealers in Jan., 1972.

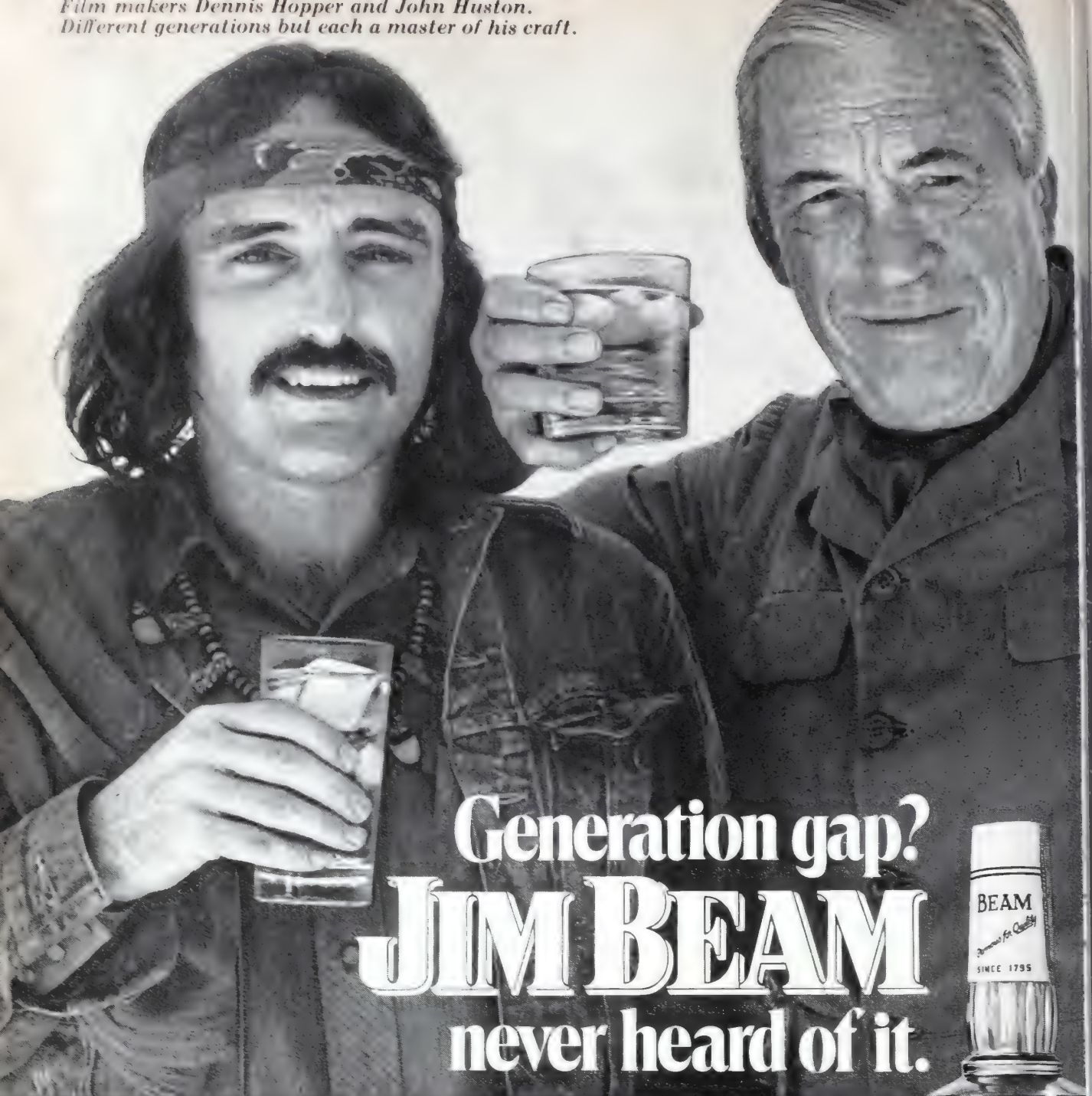
Remember, it's one thing to say today, "I just bought the lowest-priced car in town."

It's another thing tomorrow to say, "I just sold the lowest-priced car in town."

| Who lost the least? [†] | Depreciation of retail sales price as of Jan., 1972. |
|---|--|
|  1969 Nova 4 Sedan 2 Dr | -\$814 |
|  1969 Opel 2 Dr Sedan | -\$812 |
|  1969 Datsun PL 510 2 Dr | -\$736 |
|  1969 Rambler American 6 Cyl 2 Dr | -\$723 |
|  1969 Toyota Corona Sedan 2 Dr | -\$686 |
|  1969 Volkswagen 113 | -\$449 |



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ABOUT THIS ISSUE



If ever there was an idea whose time apparently has *not* come, it's that until the age of eight most children would be better off staying at home than attending school. (See Raymond and Dennis Moore's "The Dangers of Early Schooling," page 58.) Even as we go to press, *Newsweek* carries a long report on early-childhood education entitled "Never Too Young to Learn: Teaching Pre-Schoolers—Education's Hottest Trend." All the big names in the cognitive-development business are dropped in this story, and if you don't listen carefully they all sound unanimous in praise of more and better schooling for younger and younger children.

More significant than the academic chorus, however, is the fact that about 40 per cent of all the three- to five-year-olds in the country are now attending some sort of school for some part of the week, whether it be a Head Start program for slum children or a \$1,000-a-year playschool for the driven infants of the would-be upper class. There's nothing new about this except the numbers. Education's hottest trend has been with us for quite a while now—mobiles over the crib, creative playthings on the floor, inspirational manuals in the bookcase—all those totems against anxiety used by millions of mothers who count IQ points in a calculus of guilt, hope, and fear.

Still, the Moores' heretical notion is certain to attract some following.

Preschool intellectual pump-priming may look like education's hottest trend to *Newsweek*, but a somewhat more detached view reveals all the symptoms of hardening orthodoxy. And one doesn't have to be an Hegelian to know that inside every older orthodoxy there's a younger one struggling to get out. Mark, then, the Moores' iconoclastic message: no school before the age of eight.

Actually, no school before the age of twelve was the rule for the sons of mandarins in imperial China. A privileged caste can afford such indulgence; a harassed housewife would probably find it almost unbearable. Indeed, the pressure for early schooling may be generated as much by the misopedia of certain middle-class parents as by the burgeoning "knowledge industry," which sees a good thing in the American faith in education as salvation. Schools, in short, are good baby-sitters—a role that even colleges seem to play these days. Such sloughing-off of responsibility is deplored by the Moores and preschool enthusiasts alike. All are concerned to help parents (read mothers) in their duties of at-home cognitive stimulation. The Moores recommend reviving the tradition of wandering tutors, to be called "toy demonstrators," who will show mothers how to play with their children in ways that teach as well as entertain. The proposal has its dangers, and they can be seen in Philip Schrag's article on

consumer fraud (page 80), which amply documents the deceptive techniques of a company that seeks to profit from the IQ anxieties of mothers. The point/counterpoint is accidental, but it is instructive.

The last time *Harper's* ran a quiz or contest was during a lull in 1968-9. Perhaps the quizzes since then were perceived as tentative enough, but whatever the reason the policy was abandoned. With this issue, we open a new era of monthly contests, less in the spirit of competition than in that of mutual instruction and amusement. Lists of prizes and rewards, as well as this month's contest, can be found on page 97. We urge all our readers to play (and to invent new games) on the theory that playing is a form of thinking that "serious" magazines should encourage. Besides, the prizes are rather attractive.

The "Commentary" section (page 74) is also readers' territory. Starting this month, *Harper's* solicits your views, your proposals, your anxieties and enthusiasms—on any subject, in any form. We reserve the right to limit published contributions to roughly 500 words, and to edit lightly for reasons of space and clarity. Otherwise, feel free: this is your section and your chance to speak out in *Harper's*.



Our newest no-smoking section.

at's right. The engine. On our
vest planes—the wide-bodied
—the engines don't smoke at
And the older jets are smok-
less.

y? Because we've invested mil-
ls of dollars to make it that way.
en though smoke emissions
m scheduled airliners are only
percent of the nation's total,
still too much for us—and you.

line people are using all their
lls and imagination to make air

travel cleaner, quieter, smoother
and more efficient. Devising com-
puter systems to speed, protect
and monitor your baggage. Auto-
mated ticketing. Ways to move
you through the airport faster.

It's a big job, and a costly one.
And it carries a big question mark
—where will the money come
from? It can only come out of
earnings. And yet, consider this:
in only one year since 1961 have
the major airlines earned what the

Civil Aeronautics Board calls a
“fair and reasonable” return. And
most years they haven't even
come near that mark.

How can we bring about the fu-
ture you want? You can help by
learning the facts. Write for the
illustrated booklet, “Economics of
Air Transport: An Overview,” to
Air Transport Association of
America, Dept. 109, 1000 Con-
necticut Avenue, N.W., Washing-
ton, D.C. 20036.

The Airlines of America
The Shortest Distance Between People

LETTERS

The Price of Power

"The Price of Power" [Anthony Wolff, May] is a very valuable piece of painstaking technical research and investigative reporting. It is the first comprehensive plant-by-plant analysis of the problems, alternative solutions, and individual company records of the utilities industry.

This study is even broader in scope than the Council on Economic Priorities' first tradition-breaking study of paper industry environmental records, "Paper Profits." "The Price of Power" looks not only at how pollution problems from current generating methods are being dealt with but also at the efforts under way to develop inherently cleaner and more efficient methods to produce power. Its style is, nonetheless, so lucid that any reader should be able to grapple with the highly complex questions and issues.

Clearly, we need to know a great deal more about all of the complex and interconnected factors affecting the growth in the generation and use of power, if we hope to achieve a rational use of our resources and thereby preserve the environment from the catastrophic outcome of the present assaults on it.

BARRY COMMONER
St. Louis, Mo.

Company Town

The microcosm that is Camden County, Georgia, examined by Peter Schuck and Harrison Wellford ["Democracy and the Good Life in a Company Town," May] is damned interesting, but the macrocosm of land ownership by paper companies is staggering. Some 5 million of this state's 37 million acres (25 million are classified as forest) are owned outright by paper companies, with many more under leases up to 99 years. One Georgia county (Clinch) is 90 per cent owned by paper and timber companies. The same situation obtains across the South, awarding to

the few an undelegated authority over the lives, jobs, and votes of the many. In Louisiana, Crown-Zellerbach is credited by a 1969 publication of the State Forestry Commission with owning 176,326 acres in one parish (county), 123,802 acres in another, and so on.

So I do not share the *Atlanta Constitution* Editor Reg Murphy's exuberance ["Letters," May] as he quotes Henry Grady's, "The South of slavery and secession is gone, thank God . . . we are living, breathing, growing every minute . . ." Instead, one wonders how pulpwood slavery is an improvement over cotton slavery when vast areas are now closed to public recreation, employment potential and small businesses are destroyed, and county officials and legislators are in economic bondage. Not to mention the *increasing* out-migration of unprepared people to equally unprepared megalopolises. Blacks are particularly hit, "the last hired and the first fired."

There may be hope now that the same trends (and the same companies) are seen in Maine, Wisconsin, Minnesota, and Michigan. Bigness apparently is a virtue everywhere, despite Theodore Roosevelt's warnings of its dangers.

JAMES L. DRAPER, Exec. Director
Georgia Council on Human Relations
Atlanta, Ga.

Schuck and Wellford are to be commended for their excellent article on St. Mary's, Georgia; so is *Harper's* for publishing this story. Not only should it be told, it is the kind of journalism we need more of.

BEEKMAN WINTHROP
Washington, D.C.

As an organization devoted to the building of our community, the Kiwanis Club of St. Mary's feels that it is time to speak out against the outside forces opposed to the growth of our town.

In your article, the one-sided view presented by its writers certainly does not give a true or accurate account of

life in St. Mary's. People here have some of the finest on earth and the "slaves" of any company individual.

If your writers had only checked a little further at the expense of sacrificing sensational journalism for truth, they would have found a side to the story, and that many in St. Mary's and Camden County are a direct result of the generosity of the Gilman Paper Company. For example, the fully staffed and equipped Gilman Memorial Hospital has thirty-nine beds and an adjacent sixty-nine-bed Convalescent Center, a fully equipped and lighted recreation center with Olympic-size swimming pool, and a fine library in a restored antebellum mansion. (The Paper Company must also be given partial credit for a day-care center, Woodbine and the new Camden County High School located in St. Mary's that replaced an outdated inferior facility. . . .

Recently, our group was taken on a tour of the water treatment facility at the Gilman plant. Completed at a cost of over \$11 million, this facility discharges water in the river that far exceeds all current logical standards for purity. This certainly does not constitute a threat to our river or fishing industry. In fact, St. Mary's boasts four thriving shrimp plants. Even in the off-season, two of these operate regularly. The docks here are not deserted, and the shrimp industry is not fighting for survival.

Our mayor is depicted by writers as a seriocomic character who dresses in custom suits, tailored clothes, and who never soils his clothes with honest work. In fact, he is a hard working young man with two respectable jobs. True, he dresses well, not in \$300 suits, when performing the job of mayor. He also serves the community other than a neat appearance; but since when is this a criticism?

The mayor of St. Mary's is well liked and, as a result, has won the terms by large margins against st

al

at teach our
not only what
ut how to see.



artist: herbert bayer (1934)

real

often we try to educate by
shing orthodoxies. But
dox solutions are no longer
gh.

Our world is changing faster than ever
before while many of our educational
premises remain static, mired in the past.

But the past no longer has enough of
the answers. In the years ahead,
problems will arise for which there are
no precedents. To keep the future

open we must teach our children not
only what to learn but *how* to learn,
how to see, *how* to analyze.

Only then will they be able to recog-
nize and cope with problems which
our generation cannot even foresee.

AtlanticRichfieldCompany ♦



artist: jasper johns

opposition. There have been no charges of irregularities in our city elections, and well that there should not be since voting machines are used and there is no margin that would allow for poll tampering.

We realize that the charges and allegations leveled at Gilman Paper Company, its officers, and our local public officials are politically inspired. It is the policy of this club to refrain from political activity, but when the very good character of our community is questioned, and its good name is smeared with fabrications, it is time to speak out in defense. As builders of our community, we support Gilman Paper Company and our elected local officials and are grateful for the part they play in making St. Mary's a good town in which to live.

KIWANIS CLUB
St. Mary's, Ga.

If I had any intention of discontinuing my subscription to your magazine, it was definitely altered by two splendid articles in your May 1972 issue. I think they justify the annual subscription cost and I want to compliment you for selecting these two literary essays for publication.

I refer first to the article concerning the interesting little town of St. Mary's, Georgia. I am familiar with that area and have seen quite a few towns that could easily fit the description of St. Mary's. One revelation is particularly enlightening where the two boys who wrote up the horrible facts of the persecution of Carl Drury stated that in the entire town, with only one exception, every person is registered as a Democrat. . . .

I don't know how action could be started but certainly the worthwhile revelation in St. Mary's should receive some attention in Washington. The only trouble is that Washington is practically governed by Democrats and that goes for both the Senate and the House.

The second splendid article that merits the rating of excellent is "Shuffle Brain" by Paul Pietsch. His experiment with salamanders, rats, and polliwogs is interesting reading.

PAUL CLEMENT
Minneapolis, Minn.

EDITOR'S NOTE:

Many readers have requested suggestions about where they might find more information on the hologram.

Following are some comments and suggestions from Paul Pietsch:

A number of people in and out of science have asked me why I selected *Harper's* as a home for little Punky. First of all, I wanted to share the experience in a way not open via conventional scientific literature—at a level of one fallible human being to another. I wanted the reader to own the emotions I owned about Punky and his pals and what they imply. Whether you believed or didn't believe the holographic theory was not crucial to my aims. But I did want you to sit as close to Nature as I had sat watching Punky's performance—to feel as much as to comprehend, to sense an elevated level of human identity that appreciating a little creature like Punky can deliver.

My second set of reasons has to do with the first. I was aware of the news value of the holographic theory of memory, particularly within the context of my tests. My ego wasn't at stake if it fell. And I had tried to knock it over. Also, I was certain Punky had turned an abstract theme into a story.

I've been asked about where to get further information on the subject of the article, the hologram. Here's a brief bibliography:

1. Gabor, D. et al., "Holography," *Science*, 1971, vol. 173, pp. 11-23.
2. Metherell, Alexander F., "Acoustical Holography," *Scientific American*, 1969, vol. 221, pp. 36-44.
3. Pribram, Karl H., "The Neurophysiology of Remembering," *Scientific American*, 1969, vol. 220, pp. 73-86; and "The Brain," *Psychology Today*, September 1971, beginning p. 44.
4. Westlake, Philip R., "The Possibilities of Neural Holographic Processes Within The Brain," *Kybernetik*, 1970, vol. 7, pp. 129-153.

The Car of the Future

At last the prayers of the American driver will be answered. By 1980 we will all be driving medium-sized tanks. How many times have I driven along America's super "dodge-em-strips," otherwise known as the interstate highway system, wishing I had underneath me a medium-sized tank. At last I can jam on my brakes and let the tailgater run into me with impunity and without whiplash and back sprain. He will only be driving

a foreign-made lightweight that hope that Daniel Jedlicka's notions ["The Car of the Future,"] don't come true. I can't be thought of the family station costing \$5,000 instead of \$1,000. This would mean a capital investment of \$1,000 per year instead of \$5,000 per year, assuming that the medium-sized tanks still rust for five years. I can't stand more gas. I can barely keep my auto running now! Who needs a car when the AM-FM radio is replaced three times in two years? A gadget is too much to bear. I, Detroit, am heading in the opposite direction. I am looking for a new old Model T Ford that I can myself and run into walls at five miles per hour without doing \$400 of damage. Please say it isn't Mr. Jedlicka!

G. A. BROWN, Professor
Mechanical and Ocean Engineering
University of Rhode Island
Kingston

The Frog-hair Problem

On the basis of his article, "Easy Chair," in the May issue, Harris's problem is more than hair. Senator Harris appears to be nothing to say to America.

From neither union halls nor "21" is the significance apparent in his statement that 200 corporations account for 60 per cent of all manufacturing as compared with 46 per cent at the end of World II. Ralph Nader seems to be more than a match for General Motors the UAW an almost-equal. To demn bigness as bad contributes to our rational understanding of proper development of our economy.

The opinion that the government could stop the heroin traffic "wanted to" is less than information. All of the evidence suggests that control of drugs is a complex social problem, the solution of which is manifest.

I wonder how those old folks are about to . . . sell for \$20,000 family home purchased in 1939 for \$5,000 and use the proceeds to rent an apartment in Florida feel about the implication that capital gains are taxed as earned income?

In a nation that probably has more industrial wealth than all the world but the nine next largest nations,

The phone company wants more installers like Alana MacFarlane.

Alana MacFarlane is a 20-year-old from San Rafael, California. She's one of our first women telephone installers. She won't be the last.

We also have several hundred male telephone operators. And a policy that there are no all-male or all-female jobs at the phone company.

We want the men and women of the telephone company to do what they want to do, and do best.

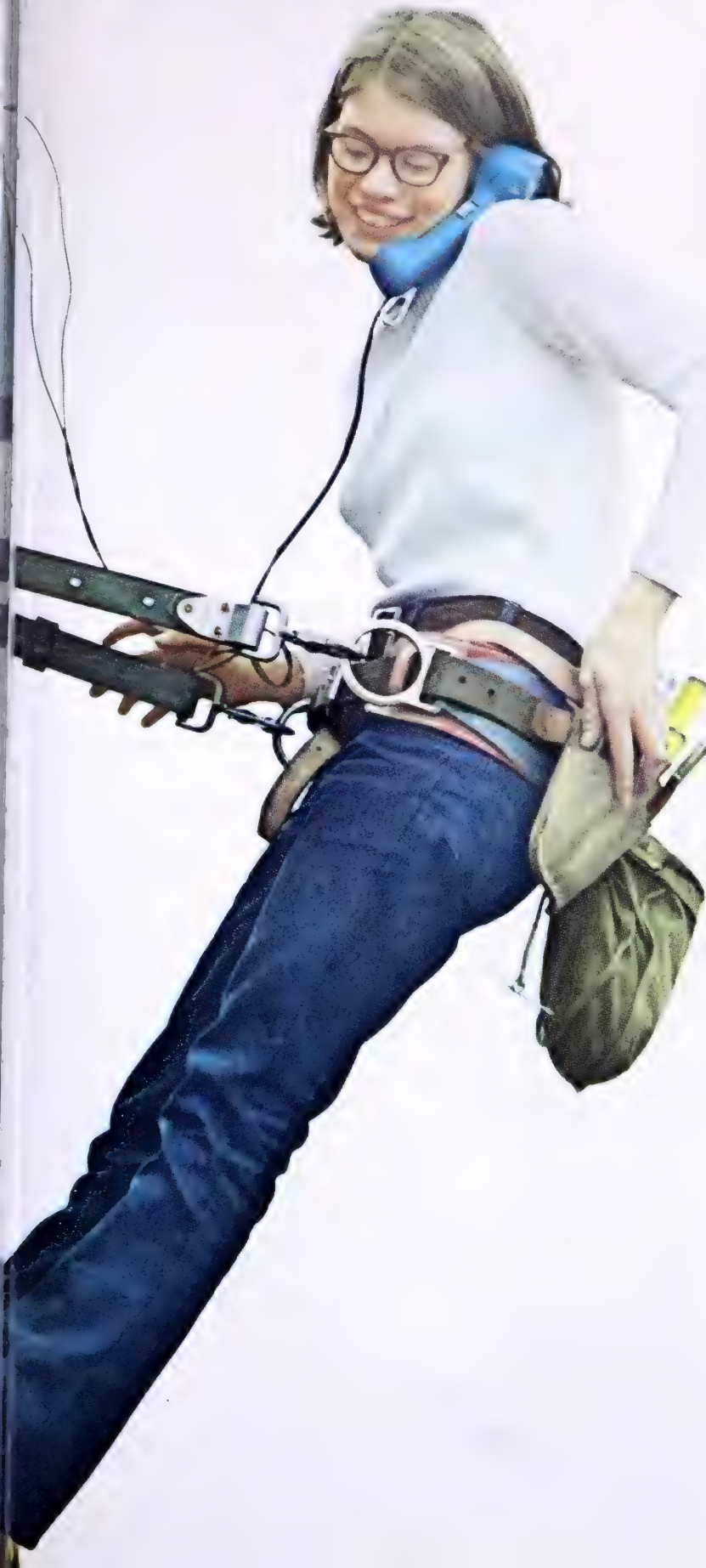
For example, Alana likes working outdoors. "I don't go for office routine," she said. "But as an installer, I get plenty of variety and a chance to move around."

Some people like to work with their hands, or, like Alana, get a kick out of working 20 feet up in the air.

Others like to drive trucks. Some we're helping to develop into good managers.

Today, when openings exist, local Bell Companies are offering applicants and present employees some jobs they may never have thought about before. We want to help all advance to the best of their abilities.

AT&T and your local Bell Company are equal opportunity employers.



evil of General Motors' having more revenue than all but nine countries escapes me, although General Motors' lack of a vote doesn't.

The least admirable feature of populism has been and is its know-nothing appeal. Senator Harris's article, unfortunately, is in that very tradition.

The article suggests that a lack of money was not the greatest of his problems. The *Washington Post* may have better judged the Senator than he cares to admit!

ROBERT GEORGE SCHUUR
New York, N. Y.

SENATOR FRED R. HARRIS REPLIES:

My article on campaign financing referred only briefly to the dangers of economic concentration, but evidently I struck a sensitive area. Several readers, including one [above] from Wall Street, rushed to defend the big corporations. What are the facts?

1) A staff report now at the Federal Trade Commission estimates that "if highly concentrated industries were deconcentrated to the point where the four largest firms control forty per cent or less of an industry's

sales, prices would fall by twenty-five per cent or more."

2) Another FTC study reveals that the five largest industries are overcharging the consumer more than \$6 billion each year, the twenty-five largest over \$10 billion. (This pro-business Administration refuses to release these studies; only confidential copies leaked to the Congress are available.)

3) Recent studies by economists William Shepherd and F. M. Scherer estimate that in addition to overcharges, shared monopolies result in lost production totaling between \$48 billion and \$60 billion annually.

4) A Cabinet Committee on Price Stability in 1969 found that in virtually every U.S. industry a factory achieves maximum efficiency with less than 5 per cent of the national market. As a prominent American economist has pointed out, "U.S. Steel is nothing more than several Inland Steels strewn around the country."

5) A ground-breaking Congressional study in 1971 documented that repeatedly smaller firms are *more* successful at developing and introducing new technology than giant corporations whose record is often

disgraceful. With massive investments in existing technology, corporations are afraid to risk money on something new.

What other claim can the defenders of bigness make—perhaps large corporations are more so responsible than small corporations? The Justice Department in the Sixties took the Big Three of the industry to court for conspiring to prevent the introduction of anti-pollution devices for several years, in the way causing 60 per cent of the pollution in the country. In the Thirties GM was responsible for the death or injury of tens of thousands of Americans by refusing to introduce safety glass in its automobiles.

Enough has already been said about ITT's activities.

In brief, corporate power is the problem facing the country. If corporations poison our air in the name of profit, they retard innovations in the name of profit, they waste the consumer of billions and billions of dollars every year. They threaten the power of advertising—the power of which are tax-deductible—to convince us of the opposite. When we wake up?



HELP

US

CELEBRATE

To commemorate the one-hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the founding of Amherst College, many individuals in the college community wish to express their concern over the plight of Vietnamese civilians.

Quang Ngai Rehabilitation Center is a South Vietnamese hospital funded solely by contributions to the American Friends Service Committee. The primary activity of the Center is that of supplying artificial arms and legs to civilian victims of the war. This is the only independent hospital serving civilians in South Vietnam.

Since money contributed to Quang Ngai Rehabilitation Center does not flow through the bureaucracy of the South Vietnamese government, all contributions directly benefit the center. The success of Quang Ngai depends entirely upon tax-deductible gifts.

Because of the suffering of innocent civilians caught in the midst of war, we urge you to join with us in reaffirming the principles of humanism upon which institutions such as Amherst College are founded by sending a donation payable to:

The American Friends Service Committee
(For the Quang Ngai Rehabilitation Center)
160 North 15th Street
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19102

Are We Waiting For The Lights to Go Out...

before we start solving the nation's power crisis?

Sometime this summer, somewhere, chances are there'll be serious power failures. Wheels will slow down or stop . . . lights will dim or go out . . . all the things we rely on electricity to run will fall silent and useless.

Does it take a disaster to get us moving?

For some time we of America's rural electric systems—a small but vital part of the power industry—have been pointing out the need for a national fuels and energy policy. Now, as our country's energy crisis nears the danger point, we urge, as part of a national effort to solve it, *priority action for*:

—nationwide interconnections of high-voltage power lines to form a grid that can shuttle electricity swiftly from one area of the country to another . . . from where it's needed least to where it's needed most.

—a massive research and development program to find new sources of energy, to improve present systems, and to achieve more efficient use of fuels.

—protection of environmental, ecological, and consumer interests.

It becomes clearer each day that we must go beyond our present piecemeal approach to finding solutions for America's complex energy problem . . . that we must proceed, in unity, under a comprehensive, farsighted plan . . . or we face the grave risk of *neither* meeting our energy needs *nor* protecting our environment.

Bringing to reality a national fuels and energy policy which makes human well-being the benchmark of progress demands the active involvement of every concerned citizen. Adequate, dependable power in a clean world is too important to the future of all to be left up to a few.

America's consumer-owned rural electric systems were created by people united by their common need for light and power in the nation's countryside. Working together, and backed up by a national commitment, people solved that power crisis. People, working together and with their elected leaders, can solve this one, too.

But we must start *now* to take those first steps to ensure reliable electric light and power within a clean and healthful environment.

It could be too late when the lights go out.



We Care . . . We're Consumer-Owned

AMERICA'S RURAL ELECTRIC SYSTEMS

If you are concerned about our nation's energy crisis write for more information.
National Rural Electric Cooperative Association/2000 Florida Ave. N.W., Washington, D.C. 20009

THE EASY CHAIR

Portugal tries to wake up

ONE OF THE LAST unspoiled peasant societies in Europe is now in the process of spoiling itself, and enjoying every minute of it.

Until practically yesterday, the people of the Algarve—Portugal's southernmost province—lived the kind of life that American college students fantasize about. Simple, close to the earth, in harmony with nature. No pollution, no crime, no politics, no modern technology. (They also have no contemporary literature, music, art, or theater; but let that pass.) They enjoyed a climate better than California's; the cleanest, emptiest beaches in Europe; and the serenity of a culture that had changed hardly at all in the last thousand years. For centuries the Algarve was an independent Moorish kingdom, walled off from the rest of Portugal by a mountain range; its name may have been derived from an Arabic word for "garden." Even now most of its people are gardeners rather than farmers, tilling their tiny plots with hoe and spade, and marketing their olives, almonds, grapes, and vegetables in two-wheeled donkey carts essentially unchanged since Roman times. Their only problem was poverty.

This idyllic dream was interrupted a few years ago when Faro, their only city of consequence, built an airport. That opened up the previously remote province to all of Europe, bringing London, Paris, and Frankfurt within three hours' flight time. Almost instantly the sun-starved and cash-heavy Northerners began to flood in.

The peasantry welcomed them—or at least their money—with hosannas, and promptly set out to become hotel clerks, maids, real estate speculators, bartenders, and souvenir peddlers rather than simple tillers of the soil. Now the Algarve is undergoing a land boom reminiscent of Florida in the Twenties. Resort hotels and retirement villas are going up by the hundreds. British and American land-development companies are building whole new towns, complete with golf courses, swimming pools, and shops.



Russell Lynes

Choice lots are selling for \$15,000 and up; some have changed hands three times in a year, at a price rise of at least 10 per cent each time; and fifteenth-century fishermen's huts in villages like Albufeira are being expensively transformed with plumbing and electric heat.

A few intellectuals and elderly aristocrats are grumbling about "the auctioning of our national heritage to foreigners," but their prospects for halting the invasion are nil. At best they can hope that the government may, by careful planning and regulation of land development, prevent the visual horrors of Daytona Beach and the Riviera—as it is trying to do, up till now at least with considerable success.

Even a dictatorship, however, can't cope with the automobile. Ten years ago, I was told, there were only four cars in the entire Algarve; today there are four for every parking place. Because the natives have not yet had time to learn the disciplines and eti-

quette of a combustion-engine culture, they drive with a manic *élan* mailed knights charging through lanes of a conquered village, since the cobbled streets were laid in the sinuous mazes dear to the *ish* soul, at widths comfortable for donkey cart or two pedestrian, resulting carnage and commotion. Do anything since the sack of Ba-

WHAT IS HAPPENING in the Algarve is merely an extreme of what is going on throughout Portugal. At this moment in history it is an uncommonly interesting country because it is only now trying to get itself out of the forty-year sleep of the Salazar era. Like any society in its early stages of transition, it is going with contradictions and possibilities, both hopeful and hazardous. One thing certain is that it will be very different to the next generation.

This does not mean that any dramatic political upheaval is in sight. In all accounts, Dr. Marcello Caetano, who took over as prime minister after Dr. Oliveira Salazar had a stroke years ago, has the situation comfortably under control. Although a gang of left-wing terrorists, calling itself Armed Revolutionary Forces, set off an occasional bomb, its political significance probably is about that of the Weathermen in this country. Right-wing muttering, among military cliques and the Forty-Four Families who control much of the national wealth, perhaps should be taken seriously, but not much.

As dictatorships go, however, Portugal's is a rather odd one. When Salazar invented the first corporate dictatorship, he provided a prototype for Mussolini and Hitler, but today it shows few of the classic fascist stigmata. Yet no mass hysteria, no storm troopers marching their banners through the streets, no messianic Leader. Dr. Caetano looks like a plump, balding professor—as he was for most of his life—and his public speeches are sedative rather than rabble-rousing.

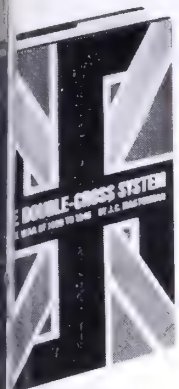
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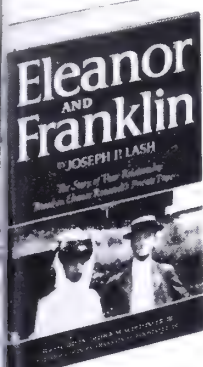
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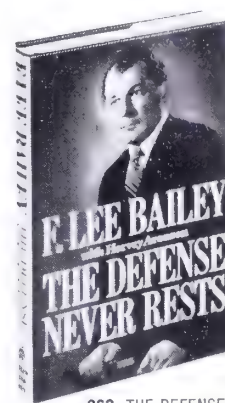
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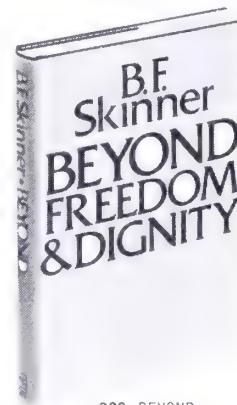
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Both army and police are inconspicuous, and it is hard to take too seriously policemen who pop bubble gum as they walk their beats. There are no racial scapegoats; Portugal may, indeed, be the least race-conscious of nations. Its once-large Jewish population has been almost completely assimilated; and intermarriage between whites, blacks, and all intermediate shades goes unremarked. It is impossible, in fact, to say that the Portuguese belong to any specific ethnic strain, since the intermixture of Celts, Phoenicians, Romans, Moors, Visigoths, Berbers, Burgundians, Jews, Negroes, and Englishmen has been going on for millennia.*

Caetano has no more use than his predecessor for a multiparty political system. And with some reason; during its brief experiment with parliamentary rule, from 1910 to 1926, Portugal averaged one revolution and three governments a year, virtually all of them corrupt, incompetent, and financially irresponsible. The explanation, I suspect, is that the earlier history of the country—a turmoil of invasions, civil wars, and assassinations—allowed no respite for the development of stable political institutions. Then, too, the Portuguese character may contain an endemic strain of anarchism, like that of the Spaniards next door.

Nevertheless, Caetano's rule seems to be a little more light-handed, subtle, and open to innovation than Salazar's ever was. His National Popular Action party is a pretty perfunctory outfit, lacking both the mystic ideology and the uniformed gangs of sadists that characterized the Nazis. People now talk fairly freely, without any apparent fear of the secret police, although few are rash enough to try

to publish any direct criticism of the regime. Some political prisoners—nobody knows how many—are still in jail, but I could pick up no rumors of torture or secret executions. Genuine debate does go on in the National Assembly, and diplomats who follow it tell me that the range of argument gets a bit wider month by month. The official trade unions are allowed a trifle more freedom. And the Society for Economic and Social Development—an influential group of technocrats, academics, young businessmen, and relatively liberal politicians—is tolerated by the regime, if not tacitly encouraged. It is perhaps the chief source of the new ideas that are beginning to ferment throughout the society.

CAETANO HIMSELF has taken two steps that make social change inevitable—although he does not admit (perhaps even to himself) how far-reaching and unpredictable it may be. He has undertaken (1) to build a modern educational system and (2) to reinvigorate the country's economy.

This spring the government doubled the budget for education. It will still add up to less than 3 per cent of the gross national product, which is the lowest in Europe. This modest sum, however, should be enough to raise the years of compulsory education from six to eight, and start work on three new universities, in addition to the three already in operation. Perhaps more important, the plan calls for new technical schools to convert some fifty thousand peasants into skilled industrial workers, and for an educational institute to produce teachers for the new classrooms. Since these undertakings will be under the direction of José Simão, the Minister of Education—one of the most energetic and popular men in the Cabinet—they probably will be carried through. (Though not likely on schedule. The Portuguese bureaucracy is so clogged and cautious that nearly everything takes twice as long as it might elsewhere.)

The purpose of all this is to provide the trained manpower necessary for a modern economy. The job of creating such an economy has been handed to the other bright, young, and relatively daring member of the ruling clique: Rogério Martins, Secretary of State for Industry and a protégé of

Caetano, whose children he tutored. Martins' recent pronouncements would have horrified old zar, that apostle of immobilism; are full of urgent appeals to get Portugal moving again, in a tone that I have been borrowed from John G. Galbraith.

Already he is loosening a strings of the economic straightjacket in which Salazar had trussed the economy—breaking up local monopolies, easing price controls and barriers, whittling away the licensing system that had stifled competition and new enterprises. He is also going through projects for a big port at Sines, south of Lisbon, together with an oil refinery and a petrochemical complex; a doubling steel capacity; expansion of highways; and a big boost to the tourist trade.

THE PRIME MINISTER sanctions these reforms not because he is liberal—he certainly is not—but out of simple necessity. When he took over Salazar's desk, he found on his hands three crises that the old regime had ignored, but that could not have avoided much longer. They were:

1) The war in the African colonies (Angola, Mozambique, Portuguese Guinea) is tying down 44 per cent of the budget and 150,000 young men, a considerable strain for a poor nation of nine million. Caetano has no intention of letting the colonies go, and for this he probably has the support of a majority of his people. Most of them have been taught to think of the African territories not as colonies but as overseas provinces of the homeland, the last remnants of a once-great empire. (The young men, who face at least four years of military service, detest the war as much as their American counterparts detest Vietnam; they have no way to express their dissent effectively.)

Caetano hopes to ease the burden by "Vietnamizing" the war, shifting part of the cost to the colonies themselves. But he needs still more money, and his only possible solution is to make the economy produce more.

2) Because Portugal is so poor (per capita income is about \$600 a year), a frightening number of the best workers are seeking better jobs abroad. A third of the entire labor force already has left, and about 10 per cent of the population is

*Now the blend is being spiced by a few Chinese. O. U. Chi was born in Macao, the minuscule Portuguese colony off the China coast. He took an engineering degree at the University of Michigan and returned home to build up a thriving business in furniture, baskets, restaurants, and miscellaneous exports in Macao, Canton, and Hong Kong. When the Chinese Communists came to power, he fled—not to the United States but to Lisbon, where he now runs the Macau (*sic*) restaurant. He admits that it serves "the best Chinese food in Europe," and after a few of his meals I was not inclined to argue.

He told me that he chose to become a Portuguese citizen because "nobody here has any race prejudices, like I ran into in America and England. Here I am treated as an absolute equal." Two of his four sons are happily married to Portuguese girls.

ing every year—mostly to Germany, and Latin America is now has more Portuguese (other city except Lisbon.) himself has called this ex-bloodletting,” and he knows only way to stanch it is to ore and better jobs at home. While, whole villages are depopulated, labor shortages are ing the growth of industry, e rates are rising sharply, in all the government's controls. Probably will continue to rise, y reach a level high enough ack some of the skilled work- have gone abroad. s a consequence, inflation s to get out of hand; prices en 23 per cent in the past ars. This is not only causing o and incipient unrest; it may w up the growth of the tourist n which the economy increas- ends. Portugal is no longer o country for visitors; food gings cost about the same as nited States.

ANO MAY SUCCEED in coping th these troubles—though I t, unless he eventually decides up the African colonies and t off the wastage of endless a war. (And if he does that, he ce bad trouble from his gen- and right-wing supporters.) The forts he is now making, how- re bound to change the char- Portuguese society. You can't the number of educated peo- expect them to remain docile. r can you run a modern tech- cal economy with centralized, tarian methods—as the Rus- and their Eastern European es have been discovering dur- e past two decades. Moreover, elling stream of tourists brings intimations of a different kind in the outside world. So too e returning workers—if they —who have been exposed to the tmosphere of Western Europe. London *Economist* recently an unnamed senior official of ortuguese government as say- “Portugal is like a pressure . The lid has been kept on for long time, and if some fool lets eam out all at once, the thing ow up.” Perhaps Caetano will the wisdom and dexterity to off the pressure a little at a time.

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I don't know, nor did I meet any diplomat or foreign correspondent who professes to have the answer.

MEANWHILE, Portugal is a surprisingly agreeable place for Americans to visit. Surprising to me, at least, because I remember the atmosphere of the World War II years, when Salazar's "neutrality" leaned heavily to Hitler's side. I was then engaged in an effort to mount intelligence and economic-warfare operations in Portugal and other neutral countries. We found Portuguese officialdom treated Americans with cold hostility, while offering not-so-sur-reptitious help to the German agents who swarmed all over the landscape.

But today American stock seems to stand at an all-time high. The Portuguese regard as generous the recent deal for American use of the Azores bases, and their sense of self-importance was flattered by the visits of Nixon, Agnew, and Secretary of State Rogers. Indeed, they may overestimate the extent of official American goodwill, ignoring the Nixon Administration's quiet but firm disapproval of their colonial policy.

At any rate, Americans visiting Portugal encounter everywhere an apparently genuine welcome. Typically the Portuguese are an engaging people—kindlier than Spaniards (I never saw one belaboring his donkey), cleaner than most Mediterraneans (even the poorest slum streets don't stink like those of Naples), and less supercilious than the French (they don't sneer if you can't speak their language perfectly; on the contrary, they are delighted if you try, however clumsily). You can walk anywhere, day or night, without danger of a mugging or purse-snatching—thanks in part, no doubt, to the efficiency of the police, but mostly I think because of the innate honesty and decorum of the people. Never once did a taxi driver or store clerk try to cheat me, nor did I hear such complaints from anyone else. Burglaries and petty thefts are increasing, moderately, in the resort towns, but most of them are committed by drifters from other countries.

Portugal also provides a unique window into the past. Because of its laggard development—and because two world wars left it physically untouched—much of it is an outdoor museum, where life goes on in set-

tings undisturbed for centuries. In my lifetime I have seen Berlin destroyed, London and Paris transformed beyond recognition, Venice and Florence falling apart, Oxford's dreaming spires overwhelmed by factories. In contrast, dozens of Portuguese cities, such as Evora, Obidos, and Monsaraz, are essentially medieval communities, with castellated walls still intact and twisting alleys mercifully unimproved. With extraordinary foresight, the government has accommodated progress—what there is of it—not by knocking down the old structures to make way for skyscrapers but by designating planned "urbanization areas" on the outskirts of the old towns. Often, too, it has preserved abandoned monasteries and castles by converting them into *pousadas*—state-operated inns, discreetly modernized and competently managed. Portugal and Japan may be the last countries in the world where hotel employees treat their customers as if they actually are honored guests whom it is a pleasure to serve. Portuguese maids not only turn down the beds at dusk; they also arrange a woman's nightgown by the pillow with seductive gatherings at the waist.

But although the post-Salazar government is eager to attract foreign visitors, it has not yet quite learned the knack. Good maps, for example, are hard to come by. So are good contemporary books about the country, aside from the standard guides; the only one I have been able to find is Mary Jean Kempner's *Invitation to Portugal*, with splendid photographs by Russell Lynes (Atheneum, \$10). The official Turismo publications are more enthusiastic than informative. Here is a sample of their prose style, taken from a leaflet about one of Lisbon's truly remarkable gardens:

Two modern constructions have improved and completed the Estufa Fria: an entrance in keeping with its category [sic] and a vast gallery with a stage. Of very sober design and taste this gallery opens—Good gracious!—at the far end of the garden...

As a consequence, many of the country's assets are underadvertised, to the point of concealment. I had never suspected, for instance, that Portugal produces a wide range of excellent wines that never reach the American market—among them a dry white port that rivals the best sherries, and a Palmela comparable

to Chateau Yquem of a good year too with Portuguese food. American city is cluttered with French, Chinese, and Greek restaurants, but who ever heard of a guese restaurant in this country? Portuguese cuisine is as distinct from any of them, full of surprise and often delicious. Who would be surprised by soup made out of bread, olive oil, massive amounts of crushed potatoes, and a poached egg? Or a *casse-croûte* of pork and mussels? Or stuffed snails, or sole baked with barberries? Nor do you have to go to one of the famous restaurants, such as T. in Lisbon or Gao's in Evora, to get a first-rate meal. The best barbeque chicken I ever ate was the special of a roadside tavern in the tiny town of Monchique; it was cooked over a charcoal pit by an eighty-year-old woman who brushed on her own (and fiery) sauce with a turkey baster.

The Portuguese ineptness at running an agency is rather refreshing to a writer who has been overexposed to them, as I have; but it can result in one's missing a lot. If I had not been tipped off by knowledgeable friends, I would never have found the *de Deus* church in Lisbon, a baroque masterpiece in the same league as the Austrian monastery at Melk, or the obscure that few art historians mention it. Neither would I have known that the Gulbenkian Foundation is one of the world's great museums and an example of modern architecture that would enthral Ada Louise Huxtable.

It won't last, of course. As Portugal wakes up it will no doubt be modernized, packaged, promoted, luted, and homogenized until it is much like every place else. If *Ston* and *Holiday Inns* are all there, can McDonald's and *Holmes & Johnson* be far behind? Already clouds of pink smoke are rolling toward Lisbon from the expanding steel on the opposite bank of the Tagus, and auto assembly plants are popping up in meadows that once belonged to cork oaks and fighting bulls. And always possible, of course, the pressure cooker will blow up.

But for a little while yet, Portugal may hold on to its unique and venerable culture, a little enclave of manners, slow habits, and eccentric cookery. If you are thinking of going there, better do it while the going is good.

A CHALLENGE TO THE RED BADGE OF COURAGE"

Editor's Note: Every now and then an exceptional book will illuminate an important public issue with rare brilliance. The Lionheads, a new novel by Major Josiah Bunting, does precisely that with regard to the American military presence in Vietnam. The editors of Harper's had commissioned a review of the book from Colonel David H. Hackworth, a distinguished career officer recently retired from the U.S. Army. The review reiterated many of the same points raised by the Colonel elsewhere in this issue ("A Soldier's Disgust," page 74), but the editors thought that the impact of the review should not be lost. The more pithy of the Colonel's remarks appear below, together with an offer whereby Harper's readers can obtain the novel.

Major Josiah Bunting, United States Army, should be awarded the Medal of Honor for conspicuous gallantry in writing his novel *The Lionheads*. The book completely captures the United States Army's disheartened performance in Vietnam and unerringly describes the ruthless machine soldiers who made up a generous share of our senior commanders there. Bunting tells it like it was: the starched fatigues and highly polished shoes of the brass; the regal general's mess amid the horror of the battlefield, complete with Rosenthal china and obsequious soldier-servants; the ruthless techniques employed to make nonconformists kneel; the disregard for human life, and the hypocrisy and feigned grief for those who have fallen; the false compassion for broken bodies while simultaneously thinking about the next promotion or how they will look with their new array of medals won by reported "fierce heroics"; the utter phoniness of senior officers as they glibly act out their self-sacrificing dedicated-warrior parts; the fine captains and majors who were trapped by their senior officers' Machiavellian tactics and forced to watch in silence while lives were wasted.

Vietnam veterans who read this book will swear, "That was my division. That was my brigade commander." The book is fiction, but it could not be more real. I read this short, well-written novel in one sitting. I could not put it down—even though it caused a dull, sick, almost forgotten feeling of despair deep in my stomach.

The Lionheads will challenge *The Red Badge of Courage's* preeminence in American literature as a war book. Not for its description of battlefield

conditions as seen by the doughboy nor for its raw adventure, for it contains only a brief sketch of both. It will make its mark, though, for its unmasking of the military officers who feed on war like so many maggots in a graveyard. It shows their disdain for human lives and will make it easier to understand the term "knocking off Cong" rolling off the lips of a general with the same ease as "cream and sugar?"

This novel comes at a most significant time. For the U.S. Army, now wracked by agony, is trying to combat the disease that crippled its performance in Vietnam and that will ultimately kill the Army if it is allowed to rage. The Army is not normally a reflective institution. But now it is examining itself with the thoroughness of a scientist. It is trying to find out why so many fine young men are quitting its ranks, why morale is at an all-time low, and why its soldiers have lost respect for many senior leaders.

If I were Secretary of the Army I would stop all the study groups, cancel the ad hoc boards and leadership committees tasked to determine what the hell is wrong, and rescind the many recent directives designed to provide fast solutions to entrenched problems. Then I would issue an order compelling every leader in the U.S. Army to read this brilliant, classic book. For in it is the truth. It explains how selfish career officers interbreed and perpetuate their brave-warrior myth and chant Duty, Honor, and Country to conceal their individual lust for advancement and never-ending search for absolute power over other men. These men are the Douglas Haigs of the second half of a war-splattered century. They are the carriers of a deadly plague that has brought the Army to its knees. This book could help expose them and wash them from the ranks like lemmings in a flood.

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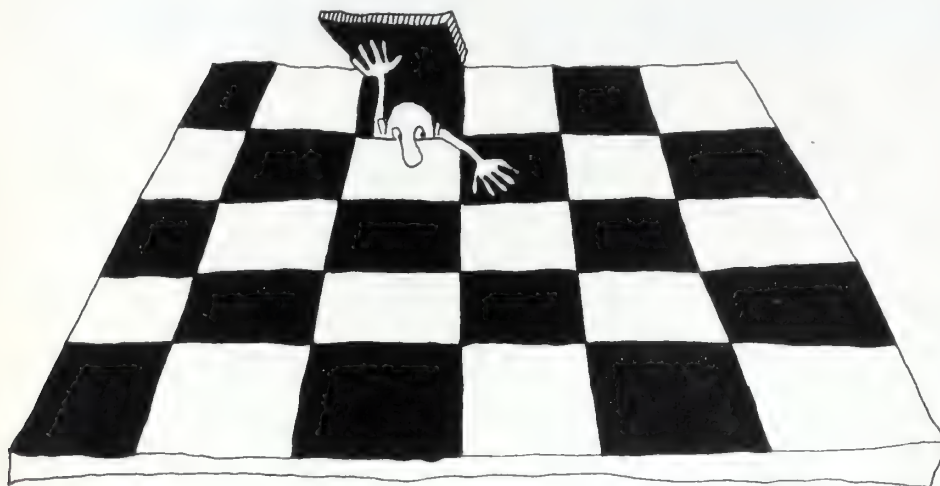
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CHESS AT THE SUMMIT

Of the infinite possibilities, most are demonstrably wrong



Tom Hansen

JULY IS THE MONTH during which international grandmasters Robert J. Fischer of the United States and Boris Spassky of the Soviet Union will meet for the chess championship of the world. To many, the result is a foregone conclusion: Bobby will win; he is invincible. Suddenly Bobby Fischer is a legend in his own time. He previously had captured the imagination of the Russian public, the Argentinian public, the Yugoslavian public. Now he has virtually become an American folk hero, like John Wayne or Joe Namath. A chess player! Everybody knows about Bobby Fischer. He was the subject of cover stories in *Life* and the *New York Times Magazine* (picked up by newspapers all over the country), stories in *Time* and *Newsweek*, and has twice appeared on *The Dick Cavett Show*. Dick Schaap takes him to basketball games. The senior music critic of the *New York Times* invites him to concerts. David Frost takes him, along with other Beautiful People, to Bermuda for lunch.

Bobby the inscrutable. Bobby the *enfant terrible*. Bobby the monomaniac. Bobby the recluse. Bobby the international grandmaster. Bobby the Mozart of chess.

Harold C. Schonberg, senior music critic of the New York Times, is a member of the Manhattan Chess Club. He calls himself a patzer.

He was called the Mozart of chess when he won the United States championship in 1957 at the age of fourteen. In those days he was a growing boy with a ferocious will to win and an infinite aptitude for the game. He was sullen, suspicious, moody; refused to wear anything but sport shirts, denims, and sneakers; knew nothing but chess, cared for nothing but chess. Today he is a huge young man, six feet two inches, well proportioned, with a shoulder spread from here to there. He wears business suits when necessary, including a necktie, and even puts on shoes. And he has developed a few social amenities. But he is still a man who knows nothing much outside of chess and cares for nothing but chess. He is still moody, is anything but well read, has few friends (and none, it seems, outside of chess circles), will not talk about his private life, and carries on his chess with maniacal intensity. The child was father to the man.

Up to recently he never made much money. That state of affairs is due for a drastic change. The winner of the world's championship match now in progress will make close to \$100,000, a sum absolutely unprecedented in chess circles, where a \$5,000 first prize is considered the height of staggering luxury. (First prize for the United States chess championship is around \$2,500.) Even Bobby, who

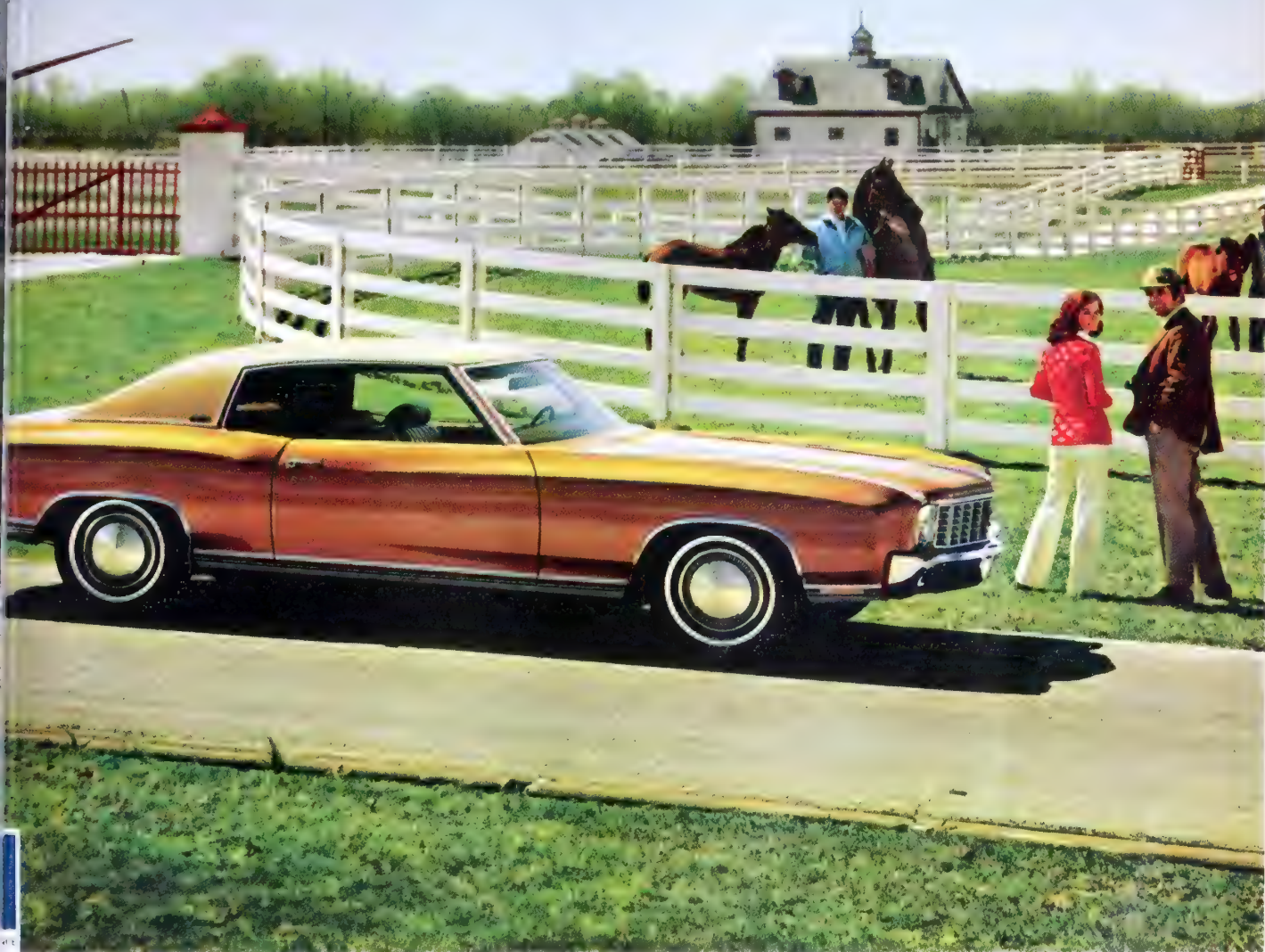
has always put a high price on his services, or as high as the genteel, impoverished world of chess would stand, may have been surprised at the international response to the coming of the site for the championship match. When the bids were opened in Amsterdam last January 3, it was learned that for the purse alone Yugoslavia had offered \$152,000, Argentina \$150,000, Iceland \$125,000, so on down to \$50,000 from Greece. Iceland has an international grandmaster, Fridrik Olafsson, hence the interest from that tiny nation. As the *New York Times* pointed out, \$100,000 represents about fifty cents for every man, woman, and child in the country. Its efforts were rewarded. Reykjavik, the capital, will host the match. Last year Bobby, talking about the purse for the championship match, insisted that it might go as high as \$100,000. Everybody thought he was crazy.

If Bobby wins, a great deal of money will be coming his way. He says he will play anybody around the world if the price is right. The price will be high. Any challenger, or the challenger's supporters, will have to put up at least \$100,000. There will be all kinds of monetary spinoffs. Already Bobby is being asked to endorse products, write books (he has already offered a \$65,000 advance for an autobiography), work up a syndicated chess column.

Yet it was only three years ago that nobody would have given a busted pawn for Bobby's chances at the championship match.

FOR NEARLY TWO YEARS Bobby has not played tournament chess after walking out on the Interzonal tournament in Tunisia. Apparently he had played

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chess at all. The Interzonal is the second step toward the world's championship. First comes the Zonal. The Fédération Internationale des Echecs, commonly known as FIDE, has divided the world into zones. Winners of the Zonals meet the following year in the Interzonal. The top six players of the Interzonal, plus two seeded players, meet in a series of Candidates Matches. Whoever survives all this gets to meet the world's champion. Play for the title takes place every three years.

In 1967 Bobby Fischer was at the midway point of the Tunisia Interzonal. He also was in first place, knocking out all opposition with careless impartiality. At that point he was faced with four games in a row because his schedule had jammed up. His schedule had jammed up because Bobby will not play from sundown Friday to sundown Saturday. His religion—he is a member of the fundamentalist Church of God—observes the Jewish Sabbath. Bobby claimed that the judges were taking advantage of him, subjecting him to cruel and inhuman punishment. The judges would not change their ruling, and Bobby would not change his mind.

Bobby returned to Los Angeles (where his sister lives) and sulked. It was a long sulk. "What has become of Bobby Fischer?" the chess world was asking. Nobody heard from him. Bobby had disappeared.

In March 1970 there was a great tournament in Belgrade, in which Russia challenged the world. Bobby was invited to play first board for the West and, to everybody's surprise, accepted. Whereupon Bent Larsen, the Danish grandmaster, began to holler. Larsen yelled that on the basis of his record, *he* should have been invited to play No. 1 board for the West. He had a point. Larsen, after all, was considered the strongest player outside the Soviet Union, and his tournament record for 1969-70 had been a series of brilliant successes. Where, asked Larsen, had Bobby Fischer been during that period? Larsen, like all great chess players, symphony conductors, operatic divas, and .400 hitters, does not suffer from lack of ego. Indeed, his ego does not suffer even in comparison to Fischer's.

If Bobby had surprised everybody by accepting the invitation, he utterly amazed everybody by backing down

to Larsen and accepting Board No. 2. That was very un-Bobbylike, but apparently he was anxious to return to international play. And, as he later admitted, he thought he would have better chances against Tigran Petrosian, the No. 2 Russian player. So Larsen faced world's champion Spassky, and Bobby faced the Petrosian from whom Spassky had won the championship. It was a four-game match, and Bobby won the first two, startling everybody (perhaps including himself). *Nobody* wins two successive games against Tigran Petrosian. The wily Armenian is the greatest drawing master of the century. With his style of play he seldom loses. He is careful and conservative; he does not like to mix it up; he sits back, playing defensively, waiting for the opponent to make the first blunder. A tiny advantage is all Petrosian needs; he will worry at it, work at it, until his position is secure. If he does not see a clear win, he will accept a draw. Petrosian has more drawn games than any other modern grandmaster, and also the dullest games. But he is next to impossible to beat.

Bobby was content with drawing the last two games with the ex-champion, ending up with a 3-1 plus score (a draw counts half a point). In the meantime Larsen drew with Spassky, lost to him, and beat him—everything depended on the final game. At this point Spassky became "ill," and the Russians replaced him with Leonid Stein. There were knowing nods. The Russians were not going to let Larsen get away with a plus score against the champion. Larsen, smoldering, beat Stein.

Stimulated by his plus score against Petrosian, Bobby entered a tournament in Zagreb two months later. He won it. In December he played at the Interzonal, held at Palma de Mallorca, and finished in first place with a score of 18½-4½ (fifteen wins, seven draws, one loss—to Larsen). Far behind in second place was Yefim Geller of Russia, 15-8. Then Bobby started his series of Candidates Matches. The rest is history. Everybody in the chess world, and many outside, are still talking about the unprecedented manner in which Bobby mauled the opposition. In Vancouver he played Mark Taimanov of Russia and won, 6-0. In Denver he met the dangerous Larsen and shut him out, 6-0. Counting the last seven games at Palma de Mal-

lorca, Bobby now had a streak of nineteen consecutive victories grandmaster play. This was unheard of in the history of chess.

THE RUSSIANS HAILED the feat a miracle, as indeed it was. Ben Gwartzman in the *New York Times* reported from Russia that Bobby became the most popular American in the Soviet Union, more even than Van Cliburn. Chess is a national sport in Russia. The top players are idolized. They have their cars, their apartments, and dachas, and they are national heroes. Soviet statistics claim some four million of the people are serious chess players. There was a great deal of commotion among them when Bobby's streak came known. Such great players as Spassky and Mikhail Botvinnik, for years been telling the Soviet public that among grandmasters there was only a slight shade of difference between Botvinnik, when he was champion, and himself, were now described merely as *pro* *inter pares*. If that were so, how explain Bobby's insulting domination over the best? Soberly the Russian press warned its chess fans that Petrosian stood a good chance of losing the match, and that even great Spassky would have a hard time on his hands.

It was just as well that the Soviet public had been warned. The Petrosian-Fischer match last October may have nevertheless been a shock, but it scared hell out of the Russian chess world. Bobby won the first game, extending his streak to twenty. Then he lost a curious game. He played against a player whose name was Petrosian, though Petrosian was a *patzer*, nobody can take that kind of liberty with so great a player. Petrosian creamed Bobby. The next three games were draws. Then Bobby resumed his winning habits, won the last five games, and the final score was 6½-2½. Now there is only Spassky, and there is a growing feeling in chess circles that no living player—indeed, no player who ever lived—can stand up to the genius from Brooklyn.

For a while, the Petrosian mania had Bobby's fans worried. The series of draws did not look good. That was in Petrosian's country, and the feeling was that the Armenian grandmaster would wear Bobby down, "nosh him like a herring," as they were saying at the Manhattan Chess Club. Bobby, on his return to the Uni-

Noted foreign entertainers often called back for encores.

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of each in a
half and half.
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for encores.



States late in December, indicated, however, that he never had much doubt about the outcome. "I played pretty good," he said. He conceded that Petrosian did not take full advantage of his opportunities. "He had a good position in the first game and didn't press it." Most analysts agree, saying that Petrosian's defensive style inhibited his attack. Bobby added, "He also had the advantage in the third game, maybe a win." As for the game he lost, Bobby has no alibis. "It was a bad game on my part. Those things happen." Some experts at the Manhattan Chess Club, including a few grandmasters, still insist that Petrosian was way off form; that Petrosian should have had a plus score at the sixth game. Bobby is irritated by these analysts. He is sick and tired of hearing that his opponents invariably lose because they are not up to par. "People have been playing against me below strength for fifteen years," he wryly says.

THE GOAL THAT BOBBY has set for himself surpasses the world's championship. He has a sheer compulsion to become recognized as the greatest player who ever lived. Amateur psychiatrists have a ball with him. Any given evening, a large percentage of the talk at any New York chess club revolves around Bobby, and what makes him tick, and how to explain his 100 per cent sublimation into the intellectual/aesthetic world of the thirty-two pieces on the sixty-four squares. This is his world, and in it he is supreme. It is there that he can impress the world with his strength, his *machismo*, his superiority. And it is there that he can dominate another mind. Bobby himself has said that his great thrill in chess comes at the point in a game when he realizes that his opponent is in a vise. He calls this crushing the opponent's ego ("I felt Petrosian's ego crumbling after the sixth game"). Everybody agrees that Bobby satisfies his emotional life by watching his opponents disintegrate. In the process his own ego is correspondingly built up.

For chess is much more than an intellectual arrangement of pieces with a certain end in view. It is an affirmation of personality. The game requires imagination and creativity—the ability to see, or sense, possibilities hidden to less refined minds.

On the grandmaster level it is also a psychological encounter. (To the famous Freudian analyst, Ernest Jones, chess in addition represents sterilization and father-murder, but let's not get into *that*.) Some years back, Dr. Ben Karpman wrote an article in the *Psychoanalytic Review* about the psychology of chess, and he spent much space discussing the style of Emanuel Lasker, the world's champion from 1894 to 1921. Lasker was the greatest over-the-board psychologist in chess history. He consciously played to his opponent's mental quirks. In Dr. Karpman's words, the essential element in a game for Lasker was a "contest of the nerves; he uses the medium of the chess game to fight, above all, his opponent's psyche, and he knows how to bring about the nervous collapse, which otherwise occurs only after a mistake, even before a mistake has been made . . . He is not so much interested in making the objectively best moves as he is in making those most disagreeable to his opponent. . . . Suddenly Lasker begins to play magnificently and to show his real strength. The opponent's nervous collapse and shattered morals [?] finally result in a catastrophe at the chessboard."

Styles vary. Some players, such as Larsen or ex-champion Mikhail Tal, are gamblers, romantics, who favor slashing attacks and wild sacrifices. Some, like Petrosian, are cautious and even timid. Some, like Capablanca in the past and Fischer and Spassky today, are classicists, playing clean, direct chess with seldom an unharmonious or outré move. There are hypermodern and avant-garde players, and there are (the majority) eclectics. A classicist is not going to meet a romantic like Tal and indulge in a wild melee. Rather the idea is to try to keep the game along simple, well-analyzed lines. Any player who gives Tal a chance to exercise his combinational genius is flirting with suicide.

Grandmasters are constantly analyzing each other's games. In Bobby's case that is easier to do than with most players, for when Bobby is playing the White pieces he invariably opens with P-K4. It is true that he knows the king's pawn openings better than anybody else alive. On the other hand, his opponents, knowing in advance what his first move is going to be, can try to surprise him with a novel line. Even as a

boy Bobby always opened with The Yugoslavian grandmaster tozar Gligoric, has pondered phenomenon and marveled. "Times might be changing, but Fischer."

Often Fischer's opponents armed with prepared variations against P-K4. A prepared variation is one that has not been previously analyzed, much less published. Players will spend months working out a new line of attack or defense, holding it back for an appropriate occasion. In the old days, Marshall, the United States champion for many years and one of the greatest attacking players in history, once saved a prepared variation for years, testing it constantly for reserving it for Capablanca. In the great 1924 tournament in New York he served it up with a happy result. The only trouble was that Capablanca found a refutation and went on to win the game. Bobby, as naturally a chess player as Capablanca, has yet been confronted with a prepared variation that he has been unable to solve over the board. Petrosian sprang one on Bobby on the eleventh move of the first game in the Buenos Aires match. Bobby took twenty minutes to study the move (a very long time for him), found a good answer, and went on to win the game. Petrosian's attack faltered. In the sixth game Petrosian again had a prepared variation in hand, offered Bobby the exchange (a rook for a bishop) in return for counterplay. Had Bobby accepted, he might have run into trouble. But Bobby ignored the offer, played positionally, and ended up with a lovely win. No wonder Petrosian was discouraged and demoralized.

Like Capablanca, Bobby plays the classic style. He can engage in combination play and sacrifices with the best of them, but he normally does not look for complications. Instead he finds a theme to the game and pursues it relentlessly. He has, of course, a memory encompassing enough for a grandmaster. A great chess player must have in his head hundreds upon hundreds of "book" openings. In tournament play today, the first dozen or so moves are largely "book" and are more or less automatically played. For hundreds of years the openings of chess have been so thoroughly analyzed that there are no longer any genuine surprises in

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No aesthete or creator has been able to explain these strokes of genius, but there it is—that combination of logic plus intuition leading to a *coup de maître* that stands in unflawed perfection. Thus it was with Mozart when he wrote those frightening D minor scales in the *Don Giovanni* Overture, and with Einstein when he formulated the most famous equation of the century. And thus it was with Fischer in his game with Pal Benko in 1963, when he came up with R-B6 for his nineteenth move: a profound yet witty conception that lesser minds could not begin to conceive. The confounded Benko looked, gulped, knew he was dead, and resigned two moves later.

Is it the height of impertinence to place Fischer's 19. R-B6 alongside *Don Giovanni* and $E=mc^2$? On the ultimate scale, yes; but basically in that game Bobby was doing much what Mozart and Einstein were doing—carrying a set of premises to a thrilling and unexpected conclusion. In the process he was creating something beautiful, something that makes the mind glow when contemplating the sheer elegance and *rightness* of the conception. If chess were as popular as music, if as many people responded to its subtleties and nuances, the masterpieces of Steinitz, Capablanca, Alekhine, Botvinnik, and Fischer would not be held far below the masterpieces of Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, and Brahms. The creative imaginations that go into a great chess game and a great piece of music are closely allied.

Chess, like music, is not a game. It is a way of life that on its highest level demands as much application as, say, professional piano playing. The professional pianist spends six or more hours in daily practice, to the point where it becomes obsessive. Chess players go through a comparable routine, spending hours every day analyzing and studying, reading annotated games published in magazines all over the world. For them, standard reference books are *Modern Chess Openings* and *Chess Openings: Theory and Practice*, both 700-plus pages of close-packed print. They know these pages as well as a pianist knows the Chopin études and the Bach *Well-tempered Clavier*. And, like musicians, chess players have extraordinary memories—in their field. The memory does not seem to carry over into other things.

The best chess is generally played by men under thirty. Chess is a young man's game for physiological reasons, among others. Older people find it harder and harder to memorize, conceptualize, and assimilate. They find themselves prey to hungry kids up on the latest theory. There also is the matter of body conditioning. Yes, body conditioning. It takes a sturdy body to stand up to the rigors of tournament play—those five-hour sessions of concentrated brain-boiling—of playing off adjourned games the next day, of going without sleep while the mind races through variation after variation. If A, then B, but perhaps also C, D, or E. . . . The pure intellectual effort of staring at a chess board without being able to touch it, trying to capture all possibilities and future situations, is brainwork on a rarefied level. Geniuses at the game see two or three moves ahead in all variations. Stories of a player thinking ten moves ahead (except in special situations where moves are forced) are part of the fables of mankind. It is impossible. The mental strain of planning two or three moves ahead is more than most players can take, and there is a heavy drain on the body in the process. In the December 1971 issue of *Chess Life and Review*, there was a study of physiological changes during tournament chess. Breathing rate was up, systolic blood pressure substantially increased. "We believe," said the report, prepared by Charlotte Leedy and Dr. Leroy Dubeck, "that the much greater tension associated with the Candidates Matches caused the blood pressure of Fischer's opponents to remain elevated for *days* after the end of a given game."

It is pertinent to note that each of Fischer's last three opponents postponed one or more games because of illness resulting from nervous strain. "Bobby Fischer's opponents usually get ill," remarked Col. Edmund Edmondson, head of the United States Chess Federation.

Most chess players actually go into training before a big match. Alekhine used to go to the country, lay off the bottle, stop smoking, get up early, and exercise. Bobby Fischer swims, plays tennis and Ping-Pong, gets plenty of fresh air. (He neither drinks nor smokes, so does not have Alekhine's problem.) The Yugoslavian team goes to tournaments with a trainer and a portable sauna. Every

day the members engage in volleyball, lifting, push-ups, and shadowboxing.

Then there is the matter of pressure, and that can tear a player's nerves to shreds. In major tournaments each player has two and a half hours to complete forty moves; he can spend as much time as he likes on any given move, but if he exceeds the time limit of the game without completing his forty, the flag on his clock drops and he loses by forfeit, even if he is in a position to make a winning move. Some players—Savitsky and Reshevsky is one—find themselves under constant time pressure. They think, and think, and put themselves in a position where they have, say, ten minutes to make twenty moves. Many a won position has been lost under time pressure. Bobby, incidentally, is almost always ahead of the clock, and seldom does he find himself in time pressure. It is his opponent who generally has to play the sequence of moves with one eye on the clock as the minute hand approaches the moment of doom.

BOBBI CONSIDERS CHESS a combination of art and science. For science, he says, in that chess operates on certain unalterable principles—"laws." Art enters into it when an opponent miscalculates "and you take advantage of it in an artistic way." To Bobby, chess is Idea, Idea, rooted in certain scientific basics of play, and he pursues Idea to the exclusion of everything else. Only Alekhine, among the mortal players, had this kind of monomaniacal determination to win. Alekhine was never without a pocket set, and his nose was never far from the pieces. After the London tournament in 1922, he took the happy-go-lucky Capablanca to a revue. Capablanca took his eyes off the chorus, and Alekhine never removed his eyes from a pocket set. Fischer is like Alekhine. A good time and chess do not mix. Girls and chess do not mix. Not counts but winning. Bobby from the beginning *had* to win. He will go on fighting in apparently drawn positions until the board is almost blank, willing to outsit his opponent over a hundred moves if need be. Germans call this *Sitzfleisch*, no together admiringly.

There is such a thing as a "grandmaster draw," about which Bo

could we have been so stupid?" President John F. Kennedy asked after a close group of advisers had led into the Bay of Pigs invasion. Stupidity was not the answer. The men who participated in the Bay of Pigs invasion comprised one of the greatest failures of intellectual talent in the history of the American government.

University psychologist Irving L. Janis spent two years looking for the answer. He studied not only the Bay of Pigs but also Pearl Harbor, Vietnam, and other policy disasters.

In each case, he found the decision-makers to be victims of certain clear laws that he calls Groupthink, a process that results in the distortion of sound collective judgment.

Symptoms of Groupthink

Janis was surprised to discover," he wrote in an article in *Psychology Today*, "the extent to which each group displayed the same phenomena of social conformity that are regularly encountered in studies of group dynamics among ordinary people."

Janis was able to isolate and illustrate 8 symptoms of Groupthink, such as Feelings of Invulnerability, Rationalization, Assumptions of Inherent Morality, Stereotyped Views of the Adversary, and Pressure to Conform.

Successful Planning Also Studied

As a counterpoint to this gloomy picture, Janis also investigated two highly successful group enterprises, the formulation of the Marshall Plan in the Truman Administration and the handling of the Cuban missile crisis by President Kennedy and his advisers.

From these observations, he has drawn 9 recommendations for preventing Groupthink which can be used by any planning group, whether it's the Pentagon or your local P.T.A.

What if Janis's conclusions had been developed ten years earlier? And what if there had already been a magazine called *Psychology Today* to communicate world-changing ideas like these to a wide general audience of thoughtful readers? Might it have prevented the tragic American military intervention in Vietnam?

We'll never know. But there is reason to hope that the discoveries being made by psychologists about human and animal behavior today can help prevent "another Vietnam"...if they can be broadly disseminated in time.

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Could Psychology Today have prevented the Vietnam War?

Another example of the behavioral discoveries which are
changing the thinking of a new generation of thoughtful readers



has been disturbed for years. In a grandmaster draw, two players, anxious to get it over with, will play a few routine moves and agree to split the point. When two such players in a tournament are near the bottom, a grandmaster draw has no bearing on the outcome. But suppose a player who needs a half point to win a tournament accepts a grandmaster draw? That has happened, and in Bobby's opinion it has happened with suspicious frequency when the Russians are involved.

Some years ago Bobby made himself even more unpopular with FIDE and the Russians by charging Russian grandmasters with collusion. Or, to use a blunter word, cheating. Bobby claimed that the frequency of grandmaster draws among the Russians, who dominate international chess, was too prevalent to be a mere coincidence. This charge opened a can of worms. Many Westerners agreed with Bobby that the Russians did indeed favor each other in tournaments. Others said nonsense. The Russians, of course, reacted violently. They never did like Bobby much, anyway. He was a threat to their hegemony. In addition he was definitely *nyekulturny*—brash, conceited, temperamental, selfish, jealous, not well educated. For years Russian chess publications have been sniping at Bobby. One of the most recent attacks was carried by the Associated Press last January. The leading Soviet sports newspaper, *Sovetsky Sport*, accused Bobby of "anarchy" and of being "mercenary" about his match with Spassky. A. Roshal, the author of the article, expressed fear that Fischer's demands would force the international chess community to raise the stakes at future competitions. (That's *bad*?) By making money his major interest, Bobby was thus inflicting damage on the art of chess.

As the Associated Press noted, the magazine did not mention the fact that the Soviet Union subsidizes its chess players. It is of course true that Bobby has helped raise purses and playing conditions, and most chess players around the world are very happy about it, not to say thrilled. Bobby is the greatest drawing card in chess, and he sees no reason why sponsors of chess tournaments should not pay well for his services. And as for Bobby's running fight with the Russians, there is a recent postscript.

Not long ago the International Federation of Chess conceded that the American had a point. Not necessarily about cheating or collusion, for that is impossible to prove (though Bobby took one Russian grandmaster draw and demonstrated a clear win). But it was clear that the Russians, with their preponderance of grandmasters, could dominate any tournament by inundating it with their own players. So FIDE passed a rule that prohibited more than three players from any country competing in the Interzonal. And last September a much more significant rule was passed. In the future, after the 1972 championship match, draws will no longer count in candidates or championship matches. Perhaps this ruling was hastened by the Petrosian-Korchnoi Candidates Match last September, where monotonous draw followed monotonous draw with monotonous regularity. Even the Russian press complained. In the future, players competing for the championship will have to play for a win. Bobby stands vindicated.

BUT THAT IS for the future. In the current match the old rules will apply. Under those rules, the champion has an edge. He retains the title in the twenty-four-game match if he gets twelve points. The challenger has to get twelve and a half.

Early odds in the Fischer-Spassky match favor the American. How could it be otherwise with the kind of record Bobby will be carrying? But it would be foolish to underestimate the Russian. Spassky is a powerhouse who, like Fischer, was being talked about as a possible champion when he was eighteen years old. He is an interesting man. Born in Leningrad in 1937 (thus six years older than Fischer), he started playing chess at the age of five and was playing in important tournaments when he was ten. Unlike the moody Fischer, who left high school in his junior year, Spassky finished college, specializing in mathematics and journalism. He also was a good athlete (track and field; he could high-jump almost six feet). And where Fischer is retiring, Spassky is a man who has been known to look with a certain fondness upon the girls. He has been married, divorced, and remarried. Handsome and virile, popular with his colleagues, Spassky is an emotional type who is in some respects a Dostoevskian figure given to

bouts of self-analysis and doubt. Until a few years ago he would break down in tears when he lost a close game or blundered one away.

"Chess," Spassky has said, "is an abnormal way of life, and to remain at the top you need to be very self-disciplined." He envies Bobby Fischer's monomaniacal dedication, and describes himself as "very impractical and completely disorganized. . . . I believe in truth at the chessboard, but deep down I lack faith in myself." But, lack of faith or no, Spassky developed into a powerhouse of a player during the 1960s, and he finally won the championship in 1969. Some years back, Fischer called him one of the important players in history. Bobby admired Spassky's solid, classical style at that time. A Spassky game bears a close relationship to one of Bobby's: both are beautifully organized, logical, just a shade reckless. More recently, Bobby has had derogatory things to say about the Spassky style. Bobby claims that Spassky, like all the major Russian players, has been too touched by success, and that Spassky has not lived up to his initial promise.

Perhaps Bobby has something there. Russian chess players, like Russian composers, painters, and writers, have to adhere to a kind of party line. The Soviet officials do not like it when their men lose—in any thing. Spassky himself has been in trouble with the Soviet bureaucracy. When he lost a game in one of the Olympiads a few years back, he was removed from the tournament. Soviet officials claimed that he had not worked hard enough, had not prepared himself sufficiently well. One offshoot of all this is that Soviet grandmasters as a group (there are individual exceptions) tend to play it safe. Consistent losses can endanger their way of life and their prerogatives within the Soviet state.

After all, it was not long ago that the Russian grandmaster Alexander Kotov, the spokesman for the chess bureaucracy, was equating Soviet chess with the great and unquenchable spirit of the Soviet people. In his book *The Soviet School of Chess* Kotov was writing such things as "The traits of the Soviet man in general—his spirit of invention, his resourcefulness, his dislike of resting on his laurels, his bold solution of theoretical problems, and exacting critical attitude toward himself—ex-

their influence on the Soviet [of chess]." We can laugh, but this kind of ideology was taken seriously, and in many Soviet circles still is, especially since the Czechoslovakian uprising. There has been something of a return to Stalinism here this kind of propaganda is mandatory. Chess is more abstract than playwriting or the composition of gas, but even chess in the Soviet Union has not been untainted with ideology, and the players are not immune to ideological pressures.

For Spassky in his current match the weight of the Soviet on his mind. For many years the Russian player has been told that Soviet chess, a reflection of the Soviet spirit, is unbeatable—which indeed it has been since 1937. Every champion who then has been from the Soviet Union. Poor Spassky will have that on his mind—that in addition to facing the grim, relentless, pitiless, schemelike Fischer. But it should be a great match, this meeting of two superb technicians, two elegant stylists. It should be pure chess. Spassky should not retreat like Petrosian, or take his chances like Larsen. The guess is that there will be many more games, for these two players are evenly matched. In the end, however, Fischer should win. Once the American gets a point or two ahead, Spassky may find intolerable pressure working against him. For Bobby plays only for himself. Spassky plays for the entire Soviet people, and the claustrophobic Soviet climate will necessarily weigh very heavily on him.

And so the twenty-nine-year-old American should win. And with it will come fame and wealth. But those who know anything about Bobby Fischer say that fame and wealth will make no difference to the way he operates. For him the *raison d'être* of chess has always been, and will continue to be, the creation of masterpieces on the chessboard. There alone will be the vision of the unflawed game, the staggering combination, the transcendent Idea, the magical move in a rook-and-pawn ending that would be a loss for anybody else. Only Fischer may be an emotionally immature, even maladjusted young man, but in his way he is a supreme artist who seeks ideas of order in his chosen medium. Few artists have come so close to perfection. □



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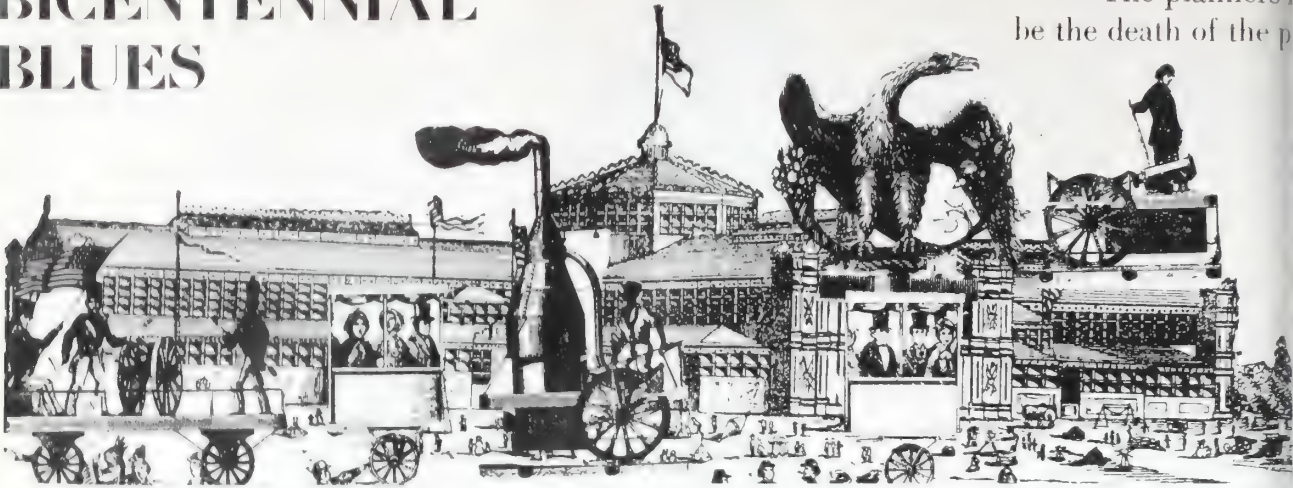


The fragrance of freshly picked Blackberries. A perfect after dinner treat in a snifter or on the rocks. It's more than delicious—it's De Kuyper.

(Say it like the Dutch do: De-ki-per.)

BICENTENNIAL BLUES

The planners
be the death of the p



IN JULY OF 1966, mindful of the sluggish pace of government commissions, Congress created one to begin ten years of planning for the commemoration of the American Revolution. In the six years since, the American Revolution Bicentennial Commission (ARBC) has kept a low, almost subterranean profile, and the meager assortment of projects it has endorsed have gained public attention only in the localities that stand to benefit from tourist dollars in 1976. Those who care about such things recall the commercialism, the battlefield reenactments, and the sentimental hoopla of the Civil War centennial with distaste, and ARBC has done nothing to dispel the expectation that July 4, 1976, will be a celebration of similar tawdriness.

"I don't think they've sat down seriously to consider the nature of the mandate from Congress," says the executive director of one of the state bicentennial commissions. "They're on this birthday-party kick and have been for four years. Everything's geared toward building up to a great big crescendo on the fourth of July, 1976. When it's over, all you're going to have to show for it is a hangover."

The original intent of Congress was apparently to balance festive and substantial activities. Under the law, the commission was directed to produce books, pamphlets, and other educational materials dealing with the American Revolution; sponsor bibliographical and documentary projects; hold conferences, lectures, and similar programs; endorse museums and historic sites; issue commemorative coins, medals, and stamps; and sponsor

activities "focusing on the national and international significance of the American Revolution, and its implications for present and future generations."

So far, ARBC's movement on these fronts has been practically nonexistent. The commission's main activity, aside from compiling descriptions of bicentennial activities other groups are undertaking, has been to decide what projects merit use of its logotype, the highest kind of honor the commission can give. (Except for grants up to \$45,000 it can award to state bicentennial commissions, ARBC has no money to dole.) Thus far, the commission has been remarkably stingy in bestowing its blessings on commemorative activities. Only four have passed muster:

1) Rainbow Center, an eighty-two-acre urban-renewal project in downtown Niagara Falls, New York;

2) Mount Rushmore National Memorial;

3) The Colorado site of the 1976 Winter Olympics;

4) The program of the National Medical Association to combat sickle-cell anemia.

Aside from the obvious question the four projects raise—what have they to do with the American Revolution?—they have an important quality in common. They are safe to endorse; they will be around in 1976. Rainbow Center, for example, was launched in 1960 with \$15.2 million in loans and grants from Housing and Urban Development, and it was 50 per cent of the way to completion when its sponsors sought ARBC endorsement. Mount Rushmore, of course, presented no problem; its promoters estimate the monument's

life expectancy to be 5,000 years. The commission endorsed the Winter Olympics as a bicentennial activity a year and a half after the International Olympic Committee approved Colorado as the site. As for sickle-cell anemia, President Nixon had already pledged \$6 million to research on the disease, and the medical association's sponsors were committed to the program "whether there is or isn't additional [federal] funding."

Though the projects are safe only one—sturdy Mount Rushmore—is free of important controversy. Rainbow Center, a \$200 million complex of hotels, retail shops, and a convention center, is being built chiefly with private money (which raises questions of the propriety of commission endorsement). But the long-shot gamble to attract tourists and conventions also involves \$47 million in local tax funds—a city with declining population, welfare rolls, inferior schools, a history of industrial exodus since the Niagara-Mohawk power plant fell into the gorge in 1950.

The controversial aspect of the National Medical Association's program is its determination to test a minimum, every black child under the age of twelve for sickle-cell anemia by July 1, 1976. "We thoughtful people fear is the psychological effect of such a campaign: making parents of all who are to be tested feel guilty for passing on the disease."

Most controversial of all is the blessing bestowed on the Winter Olympics in Colorado. That was last December, at a time when the members of the International Olympic Committee were divided on the

whether any Winter Olympics with the cost, and when conservation groups throughout Colorado denouncing the proposed events as an ecological disaster. Recent events have shown that leaders of the Colorado Olympics, their sales pitch to the Olympic Committee, had selected event projected accommodations for and picked cost figures that add up to unrealistic.

The pedestrian and desultory efforts of ARBC are the exasperation of original Congressional sponsors. Charles McC. Mathias, Jr. (D.), who introduced the enabling legislation when he was a member of the House, lamented to colleagues last December that the commission has, thus far, come up with nothing—no plan, no proposal capable of genuinely arousing and involving the entire nation in celebration of its two-hundredth anniversary.

ON ITS MEMBERSHIP, the commission's lack of imagination is not surprising. ARBC is dominated by its sixteen public members and their 20, chairman David J. Mahoney. The federal members seldom attend in their stead listen, take notes and keep their mouths shut. As to a man, they are loyal and typical Nixon Republicans. Most corporation presidents, and half of them have been identified as Democratic National Committee major contributors \$3,000 per to Republican finance committees.

A solidly Middle American tenor the commission was softened in 1970 when eight new public members were appointed, including three women, a Chicano, and an American Indian. The Indian, Thomasine Hill, one of two women among the appointees, and one of three under the age of twenty-five. The new appointments were the result of an Administration-sponsored proposal to enlarge public membership of ARBC from

seventeen to twenty-five—to balance an equal number of members from Congress, the executive branch, and the federal judiciary. But their diversity was primarily attributable to an amendment inspired by Senator Mathias requiring public members to be "broadly representative of the nation's people... of its youth as well as its elders, of its racial and ethnic minorities, of its creative arts, its useful crafts and its learned professions."

The commission's tone is set by David Mahoney, president and chief executive officer of Norton Simon, Inc., a ten-company conglomerate. Mahoney, who became ARBC chairman in September 1970, is a genial nonstop talker with the gift of the Blarney stone. "I'm not interested in the bricks and the mortar and man's monument to man, not by a long shot. I think the commission will fail miserably if that's where we end up. There are those other goals, but for us to come out and say, 'We're for improving the quality of life, what the hell does that mean? If it means that we can get portions of the doctors or portions of the students or portions of somebody else to say, 'Okay, this stuff is available all around: AMA's got some, NMA's got some, HEW's got some; why don't we get behind something?' Well, quite honestly, let some group take it as a project if you're interested in the quality of life. What are you going to do about it?"

Somewhere in this murky reply to a question I asked, a philosophy may be struggling to get out, but it is difficult to guess what it might be. Last year Mahoney brought in—first as consultant, then as commission director—Jack I. LeVant, an old friend and long-time business associate. LeVant, a balding and florid-faced man of sixty-four, has been described by one of his detractors as a person "who does all those things businessmen coming into government used to do—which is to say, hold all federal employees in contempt, run a very tightly closed operation, and be suspicious of anybody independent, not under his control."

It is impossible to find anyone who doesn't admire Mahoney for the hours and zeal he devotes to his chairmanly duties. But both Mahoney and LeVant are criticized for their failure "to understand the difference between business and government, between a board of directors and a

public commission," as one close observer puts it. Legislation in behalf of ARBC languishes on Capitol Hill for long months, partly because Mahoney and LeVant do not do the necessary kowtowing advance work with the members of Congress who matter. Senators and others interested in the bicentennial find that their letters and phone calls to Mahoney or LeVant go unanswered.

Members of ARBC complain that they are given little information in advance of meetings, that their stated doubts and dissents go unheeded, that the important decisions are all made by the executive committee, consisting of Mahoney and a few chairmen of standing committees. "When something comes up before the commission," says one member, "the chairman tells us it has to go back to the executive committee before it comes back to the full commission for a vote. It's like an Eskimo chewing food over and over again."

NO ONE IN THE COMMISSION'S OFFICE can say that the product of the commission's lack of clear goals. There is what might charitably be described as a haziness of definition in the broad purposes the commission has provided itself. Endorsed projects have to fit one or another of three general themes—one summoning recollection of the American heritage, another for projects to attract foreign visitors, and a third for projects to "demonstrate concern for human welfare, happiness, and freedom." "The commission seems to stand for almost everything," says Wallace B. Edgerton, an ex officio member who is deputy chairman of the National Endowment for the Humanities. "It's hard to cite an activity or a proposal that falls outside what the commission thinks its mandate is."

That the commission has not accomplished more, even with so diffuse a focus, in some degree reflects the official indifference with which it has been treated since the beginning. After he signed the bill establishing the commission, President Johnson let six months go by before naming the first of the seventeen public members. (To his credit he picked good people: Daniel Boorstin, Catherine Drinker Bowen, Ralph Ellison, Aline Saarinen, among others.) The commission, with a tiny appropriation

and only one professional staff member, met twice during the remainder of the Johnson Administration.

President Nixon also let six months go by before naming his list of seventeen members. (Half a dozen of these were holdovers from the original commission, but were later replaced.) The commission, which had a report to the President due on July 4, 1968, now scurried to complete one two years later.

The evolution of that report, from first draft through fourth and final version, provides some insights into the political process in the Nixon era. First, there were some embarrassingly *Kitsch* proposals to get rid of. The initial draft included this recommendation:

It is hoped that a major bakery would volunteer to bake the National Birthday Cake and make miniature replicas of the cake available in supermarkets across the nation. Everybody would then have a chance to have a slice of the National Birthday Cake and make a wish for America as each candle is extinguished.

If the first draft was heavy on sentimentality, its more troublesome ingredient was substance. One proposal called for a concerted voter-registration drive so that a hundred million citizens would vote in the Presidential election of 1976. Another called for an "intensive effort to eradicate the blight of illiteracy in the United States, hopefully by 1976." Yet another envisioned "an enterprise to unite the nation in a coordinated effort to restore the balance in the nation's ecological environment."

None of these proposals survived to final draft, where a single paragraph spoke of pollution, illiteracy, and the failure of many citizens to vote. It also spoke despondently of "the difficulties to be overcome" and "the lack of will as well as a lack of money" to remedy these conditions. But the paragraph ended with a commission pledge "to lend its help and endorsement to all efforts to improve the quality of life in this country."

In several instances, nonetheless, ARBC has bypassed golden opportunities to endorse programs promoting national goals. One such proposal was "Polis 76." Conceived by a group of architects from Cambridge, Massachusetts, Polis 76 was to be a rapid-transit system linking the historic cities of the Eastern Seaboard, from

Boston to Atlanta. Obviously it was meant to ease the travel of tourists from one bicentennial display to another. Since Miami was planning a \$302 million amusement park and cultural center to be completed by 1976, the scheme was expanded southward to include that city. Polis 76 was enthusiastically endorsed in the commission's 1970 report to the President.

Last October John Ingram, Federal Railroad Administrator, went before the commission to praise the plan as a solution to long-term needs of the country as well as a necessary adjunct of the bicentennial. Ingram estimated that the improved rail system would cost \$2 billion, of which half would have to be new capital outlays by the federal government. Perhaps frightened by this figure, perhaps told by the Office of Management and Budget to lay off, the ARBC executive committee dropped Polis 76 from commission consideration.

Some ARBC members argue that the commission has no business supporting projects to solve social problems. "There was an implicit judgment in the beginning," says Wallace Edgerton, "that one of the goals of the commission should be the renewal of our cities. If we're really serious about renewing our cities, then the last place one would look for useful help would be a commission that meets four times a year, made up of people with no expertise in this field or many others."

Whether or not it is appropriate for ARBC to endorse projects concerned with national goals, it is clear that as the costs of festive aspects of the bicentennial rise, they begin to impinge competitively on programs of substance.

Belatedly, the commission is coming to recognize this. With ARBC encouragement, Philadelphians spent ten years and \$3 million planning a major exposition for 1976. On May 16 the commission faced the larger issue of whether there should be an expo at all—and decided against it. A community organizer from Philadelphia, addressing herself to David Mahoney, had summed up the basic issue more than a year ago: "The millions of dollars that would be spent on an international fair are needed in our community, as in many other urban communities, for homes, hospitals, libraries, community centers, and other human services."

WHEN ERIC F. GOLDMAN, a intellectual-in-residence at the White House, he helped to draft a bill establishing the American Revolution Bicentennial Commission, a key sentence was Goldman's contribution:

In all planning, the commission shall give a special emphasis to the ideas associated with the Revolution, which have been so important in the development of the United States and in world affairs.

"That sentence had an afterlife of its own. Goldman later wrote *The Tragedy of Lyndon Johnson*. "Somebody in the White House don't know who, but it was not the President—took the lines out of the bill three times. I put them back three times, and mainly by chance they were still there when the measure went to Congress on March 10, 1971."

For all the attention the commission has paid to the ideas associated with the Revolution, the lines just as well have been left alone. ARBC's failure to launch projects that would rekindle public affirmation of the principles over which the Revolution was fought has been a source of aggravation to ARBC critics.

To repair this lack, Senator Frank Lautenberg suggested to me, the commission might sponsor regional seminars, perhaps on college campuses, to discuss the relevance of the Revolutionary principles to present-day American society. Another idea that has caught the Senator's fancy was first proposed by the conservative writer William F. Buckley Jr. and John Phillips. In his syndicated column early last year, Phillips proposed "Heritage Works and Project Administration" for the purpose of curing, repairing, and cataloging our national heritage." Its emphasis—Heritage Corpsmen, if you will—would restore historic sites, clear scenic areas, research local history, and write historic guidebooks. The Heritage Corps would provide work for several major segments of the currently underemployed: unemployed youth, young scholars, and engineers squeezed out of aerospace jobs.

The idea has never been discussed by the ARBC. It may yet: Richard McCormick, the lone historian on the commission, was intrigued by the idea when I told him of it; he especially would like to see unemployed American-history scholars put to work on research and document projects.



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For a brief while, the commission sponsored an activity that emphasized the ideas associated with the Revolution. In February of 1971 ARBC endorsed "Federalism 76," a research and educational program to evaluate the American system of government and consider "possible modifications . . . to meet the needs of our people." Wendell Hulcher, former mayor of Ann Arbor, Michigan, conceived the idea for Federalism 76 while he was deputy director of inter-governmental relations for the Executive Office of the President.

With grants from private foundations and the National Science Foundation, Federalism 76 began lending help to a number of scholarly projects: bibliographies of works on federalism, a series of papers on the future of American government (to be called the "New Federalist Papers"), and studies of what the public knows about government and what is being taught in schools.

Out of the blue last October, Jack LeVent called Hulcher to say that the bicentennial commission would no longer act as sponsor of Federalism 76. No written explanation was offered; no decision by the commission itself preceded LeVent's action. Hulcher lost the nonmonetary perquisites of federal sponsorship—office space, franking privilege, duplicating facilities—but not his enthusiasm for the project.

What excites LeVent—who appears to reflect the enthusiasm of the commission majority—is an agreement he is negotiating with the Boy Scouts of America to involve more than six million Scouts in the bicentennial. "They want to show what youth can do, that they are clean and dedicated and salute the flag and sing 'My Country 'tis of Thee'—that sort of thing. They want to give us sixteen Eagle Scouts in each state for taps and raising the flag. I think that's a beautiful thing. Can you see a better symbol of America than sixteen Eagle Scouts standing there at dawn, you know, as the flag goes up?"

INTO AN ESTABLISHMENT void the counterculture is likely to leap. Its answer to ARBC is the People's American Revolutionary Bicentennial Commission. An organization with an elusive directorship, the People's Commission appears to be the brainchild of Jeremy Rifkin, a twenty-

seven-year-old veteran of the peace movement.

In his sparsely furnished office near Washington's DuPont Circle, Rifkin, in open-neck shirt and brown suede jacket, talks of the ambitions of the People's Commission. "We want to foster a new sense of identity about what it means to be an American," he says. "Our thinking is that the way to do that is to look back at our American culture and to find those aspects of it that reaffirm the positive aspects of humanist ideology. We want to look at the movements for change—the ethnic struggle, the labor struggle, the women's struggle, the Revolutionary War struggle—and distill from these experiences principles and ways of behavior that can be put to work for people in the 1970s."

In Rifkin's view, ARBC not only ignores the ideas of the Revolution but "reinforces outmoded social, political, and economic institutions." "The revolutionary heritage," says one of his press releases, "should be used as a tactical weapon to isolate the existing institutions and those in power by constantly focusing attention on their inability to translate our revolutionary dreams into reality."

For a while last winter the People's Commission's mimeograph machines were turning out copies of American-history feature stories for various clients, mostly underground papers. There was a feature on Davy Crockett's demand, as a Congressman in 1830, that West Point be shut down; another on the early women's rightist Lucy Stone; a third on the radical utterances of Helen Keller. The commission was also offering a play called *Dawn of Freedom*, described as "a dramatic presentation on women's struggle for equality," to college campuses and church groups. This summer Rifkin plans to stage a "Speakers' Corner," featuring recitals of the speeches of famous dissenters, at various locations in Washington, D.C. He dreams of leasing a railroad platform car for a whistle-stop tour of "Speakers' Corner" through Middle America.

It is not only Middle America that Rifkin would like to reach, but also the disintegrating ranks of the New Left, in the hope of effecting a union between leftists and disgruntled middle- and working-class Americans. Last fall he reached a respectable audience of forty thousand liberals-cum-leftists, in an article in *The Pro-*

gressive. Rifkin bemoaned the Left's rejection of "its own revolutionary American heritage," its identification instead with the struggle of the Third World, with the result that the New Left could not bring to bosom the support of the vast middle class. By 1976, he felt, there could be a mass-based revolutionary struggle if only the New Left "will discard its self-imposed ideological isolation . . . re-identify with the revolutionary principles and symbols of the American heritage."

The reconciliation between the Left and Middle America is the organizing ambition of the People's American Revolutionary Bicentennial Commission and the essential criterion of its success. In the end it is a question of who has control of Middle America's image of New Left spokesmen: Spiro Agnew or Jeremy Rifkin and other spokesmen for the revolutionary Left. One can hardly be sanguine for the latter when the commission's very title has two words that are taboo in Middle America's lexicon: "People's" and "Revolutionary." (The American Revolution Bicentennial Commission has trouble with the title; a receptionist who answers the phone at ARBC headquarters told me that when some people hear the word "Revolution" they ask, incredulously, "Are you a government agency?"

WHILE THE PEOPLE'S Commission struggles to propagate Middle America and to convert Establishment foundations that its intentions are not subversive, the Establishment's own bicentennial commission is grasping for a coup de theatre to overturn popular indifference to its activities.

Chairman Mahoney thought he would win one when, at last February's meeting of ARBC, he unfurled for commission approval a plan for fifty "bicentennial parks," one in each state, to feature exhibit pavilions, amphitheaters, fountains, craft bazaars, picnic grounds, restaurants, and snack bars. The parks would be built on federally owned land. Design and construction costs would be borne by the federal government, operating costs by the states. Mahoney saw the parks as the focal point of the celebration and a fulfillment of his wish to involve every state in the nation's birth-day party.

The commission balked. Except for

general discussion of the idea October 1971 meeting, the commission had been given no chance to the proposal. It was not even on the agenda for the February meeting. A number of noteworthy details were omitted from the proposal before the commissioners, including cost figures.

The commission sidetracked Massachusetts' attempted railroad job and, instead, a resolution proposed that the concept be studied by ARBC staff to determine its feasibility. In his confidence Mahoney had printed press releases in advance of the ARBC meeting. The press, of course, implied outright commission endorsement of the parks idea. At the press conference the day, Mahoney made no effort to explain the nature of the commission's role, nor did he in describing the proposal to representatives of the bicentennial commissions, who were meeting simultaneously. In any case, a number of the state commission representatives were less than enthusiastic in the bicentennial parks, as they were too far along in planning their own costly projects.

The price tag for the fifty bicentennial parks, according to an estimate by the ARBC staff, would be \$1 billion. Diana R. Dunn, research director for the National Recreation and Park Association, began sniffing at the reaction to the parks idea only after it was proposed. Several days later she told me she gave it "himaman's chance" of getting passed. "I haven't talked to anyone who thinks they're going to get Congressional appropriations for those parks."

TIME IS RUNNING OUT for the American Revolution Bicentennial Commission. Senator Mathias feels the commission could still live up to national expectations if someone—the president, Congress, or the public—would provide a sudden "great infusion of interest." (Mathias is a very independent Republican, and it is fair to assume he is thinking that a new president would more likely show interest than a reelected Nixon.)

Others doubt that a turnaround is possible. To Wallace Edgerton, an in-house official, even by a new administration, appears unlikely. "In a country that's full of desperately busy people, many of whom are working

themselves into early graves, the commission has a low priority." Richard McCormick sees the slowness and indifference with which states formed their own bicentennial commissions as an indication that the public isn't really interested in what the bicentennial amounts to.

One senses among the commission and its staff the mood of a crew on a sinking ship. At this writing, three of the commission's stalwarts—James S. Copley, Erik Jonsson, and Hobart Lewis—are about to resign. The first two are leaving for reasons involving health; Lewis allegedly cannot afford more time away from his duties as executive editor of *Reader's Digest*. Copley, a newspaper publisher, has been very helpful with the commission's public relations efforts, as have the several hundred dailies that subscribe to the Copley News Service. Jonsson, as chairman of the Horizons '76 committee of ARBC, which has to do with citizens' projects, has been pushing—without much success—for wide-scale adoption of the kind of community dialogue that helped Dallas improve itself while he was the city's mayor. Lewis, vice-chairman of the commission, will be missed as the

authoritative voice on the tastes and attitudes of Middle America.

McCormick may be right: the public doesn't care. What is the meaning of "revolutionary heritage" in a country that has recoiled from every revolutionary movement of the twentieth century? What is the value placed on any heritage at all by a mobile society loosed from all the old moorings of family, church, hometown, and social class? What is there to celebrate in 1976 in a nation so unsure of its destiny and reviled by its youth?

In the end, the American Revolution Bicentennial Commission may be doing the only appropriate thing: sitting back and letting the Chamber of Commerce hustlers of Niagara Falls, Philadelphia, and Denver—and the Boy Scouts of America—define what the bicentennial will be all about. If the commission's activities don't add up to much, there will still be commercial exploiters of the bicentennial giving the public things it wants. Already you can buy replica muskets for \$585 apiece and duplicates of the Liberty Bell for \$870. Should it bother you that the firm that provides these items is British? □

HARPER'S MAGAZINE/JULY 1972



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KENNEDY THE ONE?

According to a special *Harper's*/Quayle survey, which shows that Ted's path to the White House is still blocked by the stigma of Chappaquiddick

OF THIS WRITING in early spring, Richard Nixon had discovered a new law of American politics: failure equals success. The President of all the people had managed to identify himself with lost causes, moral retreats, corporate interests, and appeals to some of the country's instincts. He had written off as constituents blacks, the poor, the young, the unions, the academics, the environmentalists, most big-city voters, and all liberals, including T.R.-style Republicans. He had stifled antiwar dissent, refused to politicize the Supreme Court, and tried to rescue the economy from inflation-cum-depression. Most absurd of all, his war policies had invited precisely the "defeat" he feared; in Vietnam, he had lashed out with his bombers, risking a showdown with the Russians while killing even more Vietnamese to ensure "respect" for his Presidency.

Of which should have encouraged those who had cheered for Nixon's defeat in November. Yet now his losses in Vietnam were read as triumphs in America; he had captured a huge symbolic vote and perhaps tapped the national desire for a hero, even a mawkish version. His allies were the disarrayed Democrats, who had been totally unable to produce a strong Presidential candidate. Miami Beach loomed as a likely deadlock.

In the dreamy Democratic minds there now existed a last hope—the feverish vision of a "Hurrah," the sweet scenario of Ted's nomination as Candidate Kennedy III, followed by the conquest of the usurper in November and his coronation in January as Sovereign of the Nation.

Why not? All polls to date suggested that Edward Kennedy, despite his scrupulous non-ideology, was the only Democrat with a genuine chance of regaining the White House in 1972. Only even a Kennedy with a moral blemish could lick a Nixon who squandered the President's moral authority as blindly as his B52s squandered people and money. Right? Wrong.

The whole notion of a Kennedy draft rests on the same premise: that he can beat Nixon because

enough Americans have now forgiven Ted's misbehavior at Chappaquiddick three summers ago.

To test that premise, *Harper's* commissioned pollster Oliver Quayle to conduct a pinpoint survey of voter attitudes toward Kennedy's Chappaquiddick stigma. According to the results, the stigma not only persists; it may be getting worse.

The *Harper's*/Quayle study deliberately focused only on Illinois, the nation's leading "swing state." Illinois has not backed a Presidential loser since 1916; in the past six Presidential elections, its average deviation from the national popular vote has been less than 0.8 per cent. One reason is that the state's socioeconomic makeup is a microcosm of the nation's. Thus the Quayle surveyors assembled and questioned a panel of 455 Illinois voters of both parties, who represent that makeup in the state's key urban, suburban, and rural areas. In the last week of April, 230 of the panelists agreed to lengthy telephone interviews in which they answered twenty-nine questions about Kennedy's status. Items:

- Illinois voters heavily favored Nixon ahead of all Democratic contenders, including Muskie (by 62 per cent to 38 per cent), McGovern (63-37), and Humphrey (64-36). Nixon's toughest opponent was Kennedy, but the President still topped Ted by 60-40, an even better showing than in October 1971, when the split was 55-45.

- Kennedy supporters can find some good signs in Illinois. For example, only 44 per cent of the respondents agreed with the statement, "In my opinion, Edward Kennedy behaved immorally before his car went off the bridge at Chappaquiddick." More important, 60 per cent believed that Kennedy "has redeemed himself enough," and 75 per cent felt "the matter should be dropped."

- Even so, 70 per cent were sure that Kennedy "didn't tell the whole truth about what happened at Chappaquiddick." Only 36 per cent were willing to say, "I trust Edward Kennedy more than Richard Nixon," while a significant 60 per cent agreed that "I trust Richard Nixon more than Edward Kennedy."



James Grashow

TO ANALYZE KEY-GROUP attitudes toward Kennedy, the *Harper's/Quayle* surveyors compiled the following table, based on the Illinois voters' reactions to the Senator's conduct at Chappaquiddick:

| | Have Grave Doubts | Have Reservations | Have No Doubts |
|------------------------|-------------------------|----------------------|-------------------|
| | % | % | % |
| SEX | | | |
| Male | 33 | 34 | 33 |
| Female | 32 | 29 | 39 |
| AGE | | | |
| 18-25 | 27 | 27 | 46 |
| 26-34 | 24 | 42 | 34 |
| 35-49 | 36 | 36 | 28 |
| 50 and over | 36 | 25 | 39 |
| SOCIOECONOMIC STATUS | | | |
| Upper and upper-middle | 43 | 30 | 27 |
| Middle | 31 | 35 | 34 |
| Lower | 24 | 21 | 55 |
| OCCUPATION | | | |
| White-collar | 39 | 38 | 23 |
| Blue-collar | 22 | 25 | 53 |
| UNION AFFILIATION | | | |
| Union household | 26 | 30 | 44 |
| Nonunion | 37 | 32 | 31 |
| RELIGION | | | |
| Protestant | 34 | 29 | 37 |
| Catholic | 29 | 36 | 35 |
| POLITICAL AFFILIATION | | | |
| Democrat | 20 | 32 | 48 |
| Republican | 49 | 31 | 20 |
| Independent | 34 | 30 | 36 |
| VOTER SELF-DESCRIPTION | | | |
| Liberal | 24 | 31 | 45 |
| Moderate | 33 | 28 | 39 |
| Conservative | 40 | 36 | 24 |
| TYPE OF COMMUNITY | | | |
| Major urban | 35 | 27 | 38 |
| Minor urban | 30 | 40 | 30 |
| Suburban | 37 | 29 | 34 |
| Small-town and rural | 25 | 35 | 40 |
| AREA | | | |
| Chicago | 33 | 25 | 42 |
| Chicago suburbs | 38 | 30 | 32 |
| Metro Chicago | 35 | 35 | 30 |
| Northern Illinois | 25 | 33 | 42 |
| Southern Illinois | 36 | 40 | 24 |

THE TABLE CLEARLY INDICATES some Kennedy strengths. High among the groups expressing "no doubts," for example, were the youngest voters (46 per cent), blue-collar workers (53 per cent), and a surprising 39 per cent of all the women interviewed, compared with 33 per cent of the men. Nonetheless, the pro-Kennedy groups were not strong enough to overcome his opponents. Of all Illinois voters, according to the study, a total of 64 per cent had either "grave doubts" or "reservations" about Kennedy; only 36 per cent had "no doubts." Even among those who backed Kennedy in a trial

heat against Nixon, 44 per cent had "reservations" about the Senator.

Kennedy's long-term chances of surmounting his Chappaquiddick handicap almost certainly depend on his Senatorial performance; and, far, the freedom of his noncandidacy has enabled him to speak out on public issues in a way that have strongly encouraged his supporters. Unfortunately for him, though, most apparently still do not think of Kennedy in terms of his work. Asked for general comments on Kennedy, only 30 per cent of the *Harper's/Quayle* panelists even mentioned his performance. The comments were good: 56 per cent applauded Kennedy's efforts to end the war, help the poor, establish national health insurance, etc. But of all the panelists, 70 per cent mentioned comments only about Kennedy the politician. Samples: "He lied about Chappaquiddick," "Dishonest, an insincere phony . . ." "If he can't run his personal life, how can he run the country?"

Perhaps the clearest indication of Kennedy's image problem is the *Harper's/Quayle* "trust index," which measures the voters' trust in public men, ranked on a basis of 0 to 100 per cent (as in academic grades). These rankings were taken both last fall and in the early spring; they show the trend in Illinois, compared with the national average in late April. Note Kennedy's position:

| WHOM DO YOU TRUST MOST? | All Illinois Voters | | National Average |
|----------------------------|---------------------|----------------|---------------------|
| | Nov. '71 % | April '72 % | |
| Walter Cronkite | 66 | 67 | |
| Richard Nixon | 60 | 66 | |
| Spiro Agnew | 48 | 56 | |
| Hubert Humphrey | 49 | 50 | |
| Edmund Muskie | 62 | 49 | |
| George McGovern | N.A. | 47 | |
| Edward Kennedy | 48 | 47 | |

The rankings may be no more immutable than the election-year truism, "as Illinois goes, so goes the nation." After all, nothing is certain in politics, and Kennedy continues to fare stronger against the President than any Democrat. Still, this particular study shows that at the time it was conducted that Richard Nixon was gaining the people's trust, while Edward Kennedy was losing it. Though Americans may be underdogs, perhaps they distinguish between breeds. It may be that politicians' stubbornly fight even foolish wars against the country's alleged enemies win elections. Those who become underdogs because of their personal indiscretions do not win elections. It makes no kind of sense, even if you don't like it.

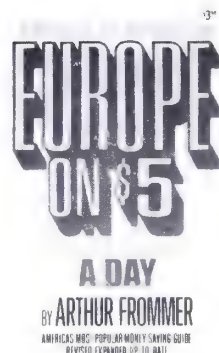
THE WORLD ON \$5 A DAY

saga of Arthur Frommer, first of the small-time spenders

ALTHOUGH IT ALMOST CERTAINLY went up in the twentieth century it could, square for square foot, have been built in the nineteenth. The Tavistock Hotel is gray, eight stories unarchitectural, adding little more than mass to the block it stands on, filling up the view like a smudge on the eye, supernumerary to its own line and adjacent shapes. Tavistock Square, where it is located, is not on the English Monoplane, yet up on the hotel's eighth floor, whenever he is in London, Arthur Frommer—world traveler and seminal figure, with a port as stuffed and sloppy as a book filled with green stamps. Boarding transatlantic jets as easily as an office worker steps into an elevator, he visited Europe thirty times in 1971 alone—sometimes does not even bother to bring along a suitcase. (He keeps separate wardrobes in Amsterdam and Copenhagen and on the island of Madeira.) And although he is a seminal figure, he seems as unarchitectural as the hotel of his life. His features are neutral; no electrocuted curls of Einsteinian hair burns on his head. If anything, he looks like someone else. Forty-two years old, 5' 8½" tall, vintage businessman in a dark and decent suit and a white shirt and an ordinary tie. A Chevrolet of a man. Yet seminal, touching us more than the politicians do, taking us in our leisure where we live, where we want to live. Like all seminal figures he is a supersalesman, a man of passion with a fixed idea, one string to his bow, almost a bore, whose voice—deep as a bassoon but regionless and uninflected, anonymous as the offscreen announcer's who induces the President—grows wispy and attenuated as he explains, courteously and almost without prompting from the interviewer—often anticipating the questions before they are asked, a bright kid on *College Bowl*—the principles by which he lives, the principles of budget travel. Frommer's name is hardly household, but his book, *Europe on \$5 a Day*, is bought or borrowed by more Americans contemplating a trip to Europe than any guidebook ever written. He has

done more to change if not the face then at least the *feel* of Europe than any living man. It is probable, for example, that he is indirectly responsible for the widespread use of English as a second language on the Continent. That's one of the things about Frommer—his sidebar effects, his *matrixness*, the serendipities that are merely other people's extensions and applications of his first principles. Thus, though his company will have nothing to do with them and deals only with scheduled airlines, he is responsible for Brand X charter flights and, in the same way, for a sort of nouveau carpetbagging in the form of backpacking, overland caravans, campers, and the Grand Tour on a raised thumb. He practically *invented* Amsterdam and if not the Junior Year abroad then certainly the dropout one. Indeed, in a way, he invented abroad itself. It might even be said (President Johnson said it and put him on a commission to neutralize effects that Frommer himself partially caused) that our balance-of-payments problem is largely a result of Americans traveling abroad—six million two hundred and seven thousand and fifty-seven (many of them were Arthur Frommer) in 1970, a figure like the holocaust or the population of Ecuador.

Frommer, who once toured empires, now builds them. Starting out as a writer of guidebooks, he now has his own publishing company, is one of the largest tour wholesalers in the country, and is the owner of a small but growing chain of hotels. Yet his distinction rests on something far more significant than his success as a businessman. It rests on a philosophy that is essentially political and even quietly revolutionary. It's no accident that Arthur Frommer, the Pill, and the credit card are simultaneous phenomena. Everybody deserves everything. You only live once. Screwing for everybody and Europe for everybody too. This is the egalitarian key to a proper understanding of *Europe on \$5 a Day*. (Inspired by the success of a tour first run last year, "The Jewish Life of Europe," which brought an El Al planeload of Jews to



Stanley Elkin is the author of *The Dick Gibson Show*, nominated this year for a National Book Award.

Paris where they looked at the Rothschild mansion, and to London where they wandered around Golders Green—rather like taking the people of Golders Green and setting them down in Queens—Frommer's organization is now working out the details of a tour for blacks to be known as "Sights, Soul and Sounds of Europe.")

In a way, Frommer's business is an extension of his politics, which are participatory liberal. He was a Bobby Kennedy Democrat, is now a McGovern one. In another way his political beliefs are themselves an extension of his early life. Though he doesn't say it, one gets the impression that his notion of the budget life flows naturally from his experience of the wholesale one. His father worked in a pants factory. The wholesale trousers he wore as a kid must surely have had at least something to do with his notion of angles, his cut-corner geometry and vision. To learn at an early age that the same pants you're wearing would cost someone else twice as much if they were purchased in a store must be a lesson remembered all one's life. To know markup is to be marked. (Frommer, ostensibly a travel writer, devotes long sections of his books to the duty-free shops in airports.)

The adventurous bed-and-breakfast

HE IS IN LONDON TO CONFER with the regional managers of his firm, Arthur Frommer, Inc. As he talks of his life, you realize that it is curiously seamless, that, odd for a traveler, there have been few layovers. A job is somehow always waiting. Though he has had several careers, there is something marathon—one is not referring to the two hundred and fifty or so trips he has made to Europe, the five hundred times he has crossed the Atlantic—about it, of torches slapped into palms without breaking stride.

"I started out as a publisher, well as a *writer* of travel guides, then as a publisher of travel guides. I now put out close to thirty travel books a year.

"I was a lawyer. I was drafted into the Army after graduating from Yale Law School, sent to Europe, lived on a Pfc's salary in Germany. I was stationed originally in Oberammergau at the U.S. Army Intelligence School, then in Berlin. This was in '54 and '55."

Recalling that Oberammergau was the site of a Passion play that in those days was viciously anti-Semitic, I asked if he had been comfortable there. He missed my meaning.

"Oh, yes, it was thrilling to wake up every morning and see the Alps and so forth"—the terms "and so forth" and "by the way" are two of Arthur Frommer's verbal tics, curiously apt idioms for a traveler; we are what we say—"and to get free what people spend a great deal of money to enjoy. This was my first trip to Europe.

And every weekend, every pass that I had undertaken trips, no matter how little money had left at the end of the month. I was astonished to see how inexpensively and enjoyably I was able to travel. In the last three weeks of my Army career in Europe I sat down and wrote a tiny little book called *The G.I.'s Guide to Traveling in Europe*. This was how I got into publishing. I wrote the book under the assumption *Stars and Stripes* published books written by GIs and then learned that they had changed policy. I borrowed some money and printed the book and had it distributed to *Stars and Stripes* newsstands. It hit the stands a few days before it rotated home, and a week later I got a cable from New York that the whole thing had sold out, an absolute accident—because I had no intention of being a travel writer. I was a lawyer, I had graduated law school, and the moment I got out of the Army I joined a law firm in New York and proceeded to practice law. Paul, Weiss, Rifkin, Wharton & Garrison—one of those very huge law firms in New York City, whose senior partner was Simon Rifkind, who I primarily worked for. I saw that I had stumbled upon a tremendous desire on the part of GIs for this type of low-cost travel information. The book is a tiny little book, ninety pages, almost more a pamphlet than a book, and it was written *after* I had accomplished my travels. During the travels I had taken notes, you know, and had to do the whole thing from memory—tried to remember hotels, a little church in Paris where GIs could sleep in the basement for fifty cents a night, and places like Majorca that I remembered. There was a chapter called 'Free Air Force Flights and How to Get Them.' and so forth.

"And my first summer vacation while I was practicing law the idea occurred to me, my Lord, why not do the same thing for civilians? I went back that summer and did the research that led to the first edition of *Europe on \$5 a Day*. And for the next six or seven years I did this book solely as a hobby. I did it in the summer. I would go over to Europe for a full month and go rushing around. The book was a tiny, tiny book as it was limited, as it still is, to only the major capitals of Europe."

Indeed, for a man who has traveled over twenty million miles—further, for example, than an astronaut—Frommer has seen surprisingly little of the world. Though he publishes a book called *South America on \$5 and \$10 a Day* (farmed out to one of the fifteen full-time writers who work for him and who have their own by-lines), Frommer himself has never been there. He has never been to India, nor to Israel or Japan or Asia. He refers repeatedly to "the type of adventurous American" willing to take his chances in a guesthouse rather than a Hilton and to his notion that travel ought to be a "adventure of the spirit, of the mind," claiming

readers that they are "an adventurous
of people." But it was only recently that
ed an Iron Curtain country, and he has
ough he runs a tour to Russia called "The
and the Bolshoi" (two weeks split among
d, Moscow, and Leningrad), to go to
himself. "I was frightened for many
he says, "of going into East Germany
ia after I came out of the Army, because
an intelligence work and that made me
ed about going into East Germany and
stern Europe. But recently, a few years
roke the ice and went into Hungary and
ent into East Germany."

FROMMER'S INSISTENCE that his books are
nd by the adventuresome is probably
v More likely they are read by the sort of
p who read *Consumer Reports*. Frommer
seems disinterested in the *point* of travel.
is sort of hotel appraiser, and the emphasis
h books has always been on such things as
odations and meals; he makes no secret
t fact that his wife Hope, a professional
r whose stage name is Hope Arthur and
as once a classmate of Albert Finney and
e O'Toole at the Royal Academy of Dra-
ti Art, writes the sight-seeing sections of each
r. "She got tired of traipsing around with
hotels," he says. "In the early years she
o walk along with me and stand on the
lk while I would go in and look at hotels,
inally she got to the point where she
n't stand that anymore." It was at this
that they settled on their division of labor,
is a source of great irritation to Frommer
ne IRS has never permitted him to deduct
fe's expenses. ("I travel for a *living*. This
rofession. I'm not doing it for fun.") In
ing adventurous motives to the millions
ople who have read *Europe on \$5 a Day*—
h it has sold over a million copies at \$1.95
more than 300,000 at \$3.95, the book is
y lent by one traveler to another—From-
s not flattering his readers so much as
aticizing the notion of the bargain, sub-
ng for adventure the sense of accomplish-
one has in getting something for next to
ng. An ethic, even a kind of religious prin-
may be involved here, the economic equiv-
of justification through grace rather than
s. Frommer's Law—he calls it Frommer's
—is that "one's enjoyment of travel is in
se proportion to its cost."

rope is something more, of course, than
nd-breakfast, a good deal more than the
indoors Frommer seems to take it for, but
discovering those places where people may
for very little money, Arthur Frommer *has*
ng people of modest incomes loose from
old leash-length alternatives of mountains

or shore. Though he boasts, off the record, that
many famous and wealthy people have booked
his tours: one Senator's wife "was in the Presi-
dent Hotel on our London Showtour this last
week. She booked the lowest category, the
cheapest, the most inexpensive hotel that we
offer."

Frommer's naïveté seems to be responsible for
the very existence of his publishing firm, the
Frommer-Pasmantier Publishing Corporation.
(Paul Pasmantier is his brother-in-law, his
sister's husband. It is a family affair. Through
his wife's connections in the theater he gets to
use unemployed actors as shipping clerks. "Gene
Hackman used to work for us packing books.
In fact, every unemployed actor in New York
City at one point or another passes through the
\$5 a Day books because we sell books directly
through the mail and we have a lot of people
who pack and stamp envelopes and so forth.")
"Because of my experience in publishing the
G.I.'s Guide myself, when I wrote *Europe on \$5*
a Day, instead of taking it to a publisher I took it
to a printer. It seemed to me that that was the
natural way to do it. And I published it myself
and for several years did it in the off hours and
on the weekends and in the summers while I was
practicing law in a very intensive manner for
the Paul. Weiss firm."

As a lawyer Frommer was involved almost
exclusively in litigation. Before he left the law

"It's no accident
that Arthur
Frommer, the
Pill, and the
credit card are
simultaneous
phenomena."



Stanley Elkin
THE WORLD
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firm in 1962 to devote all his time to his flourishing publishing business, he defended *Lady Chatterley's Lover* against the Post Office and was also involved in the case of *Arizona v. California*, the great water-rights case. It is probably no exaggeration to suggest that Frommer's books are not books at all finally but only a sort of series of legal briefs, concise statements of a client's case—an airline, a city—and even betray the trial lawyer's drummed-up passion that, in Frommer, often takes the form of a surprising and disturbing sentimentality. It is the sentimentality of enthusiasm, a sometimes dotty joy that is half awe and half "pitch," and *always* sentimental (inasmuch as sentimentality is an emotional response not warranted by its stimulus).

In Frommer's work this sentimentality is symbolized by the exclamation point, a mark of punctuation he often uses in combination with the question mark: "The most surprising aspect of Amsterdam? It's the nightlife!" "Another money-saving feature of the Amsterdam trolley system? Any ticket can be used twice within forty-five minutes for no extra charge!" In *Surprising Amsterdam*, exclamation points dagger the pages until they bleed. Address a Dutchman in English and "He won't even blink an eye when you do!" Frommer knows an American hotel owner who has taught his "wife to speak English with an absolutely authentic U.S. accent!" He has seen raw hamburger meat served "on a soft bun!" My own favorite, as Frommer might say, is "The tours then return to the airport in ample time for your connecting flight!" "Travel writing," as Frommer *does* say, "should convey a sense of wonder. The best travel guides are written by those whose mouths are literally agape at what they are seeing."

When writing *Surprising Amsterdam*, a book written specifically for KLM—no attempt is made to disguise this fact; the airline's logotype appears conspicuously on the front cover; the book contains a sort of preface signed by KLM and a last chapter called "The Story of KLM"—Frommer lived in Amsterdam for four months and ate in every restaurant in the city and inspected every hotel. One gathers that it was the most intensive research he had ever undertaken and that establishments in other cities get a somewhat shorter shrift. This is how he cases a joint: "I have, over the years, worked out a whole number of subterfuges as to how I can quickly get into a hotel, see it, and get out of it. Early in writing the book I used to walk in and tell people, I'm a travel writer, may I see your hotel, or may I see your guesthouse? This doesn't work because, number one, in many cases people are terribly suspicious or antagonistic. Then they just don't let you go in. They think you're making up some sort of phony story, or, on the contrary, they make you stay there for an hour.

You have to sit down, you have to have a you have to see every single room. It just too long. I now go in and say that my at the railroad station and that I'm looking room and can I see some of your sample and someone sends a bellboy, or the reception clerk goes up with me, and I look at a couple of rooms and then I say fine, can I have a room here and what does it cost, et cetera, and I say, 'bring my wife here.'" (Frommer, the hotel owner's friend, is a no-show! Exclamation point!) "I get a personal picture of the hotel. I take it outside onto the street and write down my impressions in the course of which, by the way, I've been arrested several times. Sometimes the proprietor comes running out to yell at me, 'are you doing writing something down?' In Paris, to get rid of people, I sometimes say 'Police Parisien.'" In this way Frommer he can see up to thirty hotels in a day. (The next visit is followed up by a written questionnaire in which the hotel must confirm in writing what it has told Frommer.) "It's not a good idea," he says. "People think I have an extremely romantic type of writing to do, but it's extremely arduous and menial."

The writing of *Europe on \$5 a Day*, this year's edition will be the fifteenth to a but, due to inflation and devaluation, was called *Europe on \$5 and \$10 a Day*—led Frommer into the tour wholesaling business. (A travel Express is a tour wholesaler.) Though the tours, sold through travel agents, vary in price and itinerary, his company still offers a tour that will give room accommodation, breakfast, and sight-seeing in any of thirty-five European cities for \$5 per person per day. According to Frommer, 95 per cent of the low-cost tours advertised by airlines in the *New York Times* are operated by the Europe on \$5 A Day Company, now called Arthur Frommer, Inc. Frommer complains that his company was the first tour wholesaler in America to deal with second-class hotels and that he "came into the travel industry by offering programs that cost literally a fourth of what anybody else was charging for the same amount of vacation. I've been thrown out of the office of travel agents and airlines by people who thought this was the most absurd idea they ever heard of, that an American would stay in a pension, would stay in a guesthouse or would take a room without a private bath."

As his statement suggests, Frommer was able to make good on his claims by using establishments that in the past had never dealt with the travel industry, that didn't pay commissions to travel agencies, and didn't answer correspondence or even accept reservations. Frommer himself believed that such tours would sell almost exclusively to students, but gradually even has broken down, and although students—each year 800,000 American students will go



—still provide the bulk of his clientele, a growing awareness on the part of in all income brackets and age groups h bargains are available. It is in this cont Frommer offers his information about ator's wife and in this context, too, that ure of Frommer's "revolution" should rstood. It is a revolution from the bot-, capillary economics like the creeping ability of pot or the greening of America. introduction of moneyed clients to his s had a peculiar effect. It has tended to rices down, not so much in the pensions esthouses, where they are still rising, as first-class and even luxury hotels. From- o hates an empty Europe the way Nature a vacuum, has been able, by taking ad- e of off-season prices and negotiating ased on volume arrangements, to upgrade t of hotel he uses in winter; his tourists ay at the Hilton for less than it would e, coming in off the street, to spend a at the Tavistock (about \$13). Right now egotiating with one of the most expensive hotels in London. If things work out, a will be able to stay there for just under night, less than it would cost him to stay moderately priced motel in, say, Youngs-Ohio.

MMER'S LONDON SHOWTOURS program pro- vides a good example of what a tourist ung to pay the additional premium to go into like the Hilton or the Churchill can still get s money. He pays \$337, of which \$237 goes AC for round-trip air fare. The remaining provides the client with thirteen nights Tavistock, thirteen big English breakfasts, -trip bus transfers to and from Heathrow rt, and seven stall (orchestra) seats to hit (Chambermaids in the London Showtours are the most cultured in Europe—they ften tipped with unused theater tickets.) is \$100, \$10 goes to the travel agent who he tour, \$20 to Frommer's company, and \$70 to the hotel, bus company, and theaters. g this on his own, someone would have to \$216 for the same accommodations and With this exception: he probably wouldn't le to get the theater tickets. In 1972 From- expects to send 50,000 Americans to Europe ne of these prearranged tour programs, but so wholesales tours to the Caribbean and co, and, increasingly, he has been bringing peans to the United States. (The man s genuinely depressed when he talks of the er cent occupancy rate in the hotel industry merica in 1971.) Since his tour operations nd for their smooth functioning on the mas-employment of computers, Arthur From- taught himself the language of IBM as

someone else might teach himself Italian in "Frommer's Law contemplation of a trip to Rome.

Three years ago Frommer began to create his own chain of budget hotels in Europe. His Arthur Frommer hotel in Amsterdam has the highest occupancy rate of any hotel in the city. Frommer is very proud of the hotel, but something in the way he speaks of it reveals a sort of show-business notion of place that is almost Disneyesque. He seems to believe, that is, in *atmosphere*, foreignness as *theater*, Europe as stage set. (A former Amsterdam window dresser decorates all Frommer's hotels.) "We found an old seventeenth-century building right in the heart of Amsterdam," Frommer says, "but in an area where no normal hotel chain would ever dream of building. A building we tore down and then recreated exactly as it looked in the seventeenth century, using the same bricks, by the way. And when we learned—by the way, I didn't know it was on the National Monument list when we got it, I mean we got it so cheaply because it was an old ramshackle structure—we decided to decorate not only the exterior in seventeenth-century style, but the interior as well, and it's a hotel in which the staff is actually dressed in seventeenth-century costume. Our bellboys and our chambermaids wear costumes that are modeled after a Vermeer painting. It's totally authentic. When you walk into the hotel, by the way, the lobby looks like the Rembrandt house. We have the girls at the desk wear those big white collars and long blue gowns going down to the floor. It's almost a little sight-seeing attraction in its own right."

Frommer justifies this sort of mood building or Chinese restaurant effect by insisting that his hotels reflect the city in which they are located. "The Hotel Arthur Frommer in Copenhagen is the antithesis of the Amsterdam hotel because there we tried to create a hotel that would be a showplace for Danish arts and crafts. We bought an old industrial school for boys in the heart of Copenhagen, and we got furniture stores to lend us furniture and wall hangings and the like on condition that we put a little piece of paper in each room telling the client where he can purchase it." There seems to be something show business even in his economies. One is reminded of a theater program's acknowledgments to local businesses for the loan of props.

... and they all went to the seashore

I ASKED FROMMER how many nights a year he sleeps in hotel beds. "Too much," he said. "Much too much. One third of my life is spent in hotel beds. I may have to go back to an old system I had for traveling across the Atlantic. I have a little inflatable mattress with a little bel- lows. It folds up about that small, and up until a

—he calls it Frommer's Law —is that 'one's enjoyment of travel is in inverse propor- tion to its cost.'"

HOTEL SCHIPHOL
FROMMER
NEAR AMSTERDAM-HOLLAND



HOTEL
ARTHUR
FROMMER
CURACAO



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year ago I'd get on a plane, and when the lights went out I would pump up this mattress and find a spot behind the last row of seats and put down the mattress and sleep. I haven't been doing that recently. People think I'm a hijacker."

I said that with all his transatlantic flights he must have the body-clock of a stewardess.

"It's very fatiguing, very draining."

"Do you see a doctor?"

"Yes. He says I'm all right, that there's no cause to worry about this type of life. I wish I had the time to come over by ship."

I asked if he'd ever come by ship. Twice; on the *France*, of which he speaks fondly, almost lovingly.

"I traveled with my wife, my baby, and my mother-in-law, and we all had a connecting suite that cost us only 25 per cent of the list price. It's almost cheaper than living at home. I thus got to experience the incredible cuisine of the first-class restaurant of the *France*. You know, if it were not for the fact that the food has to be frozen and therefore is not completely fresh, the first-class restaurant of the *France* would be regarded as the finest restaurant in the world. They actually make a point of challenging you, of asking whether there's anything special they can make because you have the right to order anything you want, and you find yourself trying to remember all the famous dishes that you'd like to try. There's a fantastic tradition of cuisine in the first-class section."

"So you *do* travel first class when you travel."

"No. I've traveled first class on the *France*. I came over on this trip economy class."

"And you still got a 75 per cent discount?"

"I got a 75 per cent discount."

"How much does that cost you then?"

"It comes to around a hundred dollars. This being a trip of less than one or two weeks there's no way for me to use an excursion fare."

"May I ask a rude question? Are you a big tipper?"

"Well, I tip fairly well, but I was always brought up to be economical. I come from a poor family."

"You were poor?"

"Yes. Very definitely. My mother was always a very hardworking and saving sort of person. I just fell in with this type of thing. My father was a white-collar worker in Oberman's pants factory in Jefferson City, Missouri. He was always in the garment industry, never earning a large salary. I worked from the time I was thirteen years old. I sold the newspaper. I used to hawk it on the street corner. In 1944 we moved to New York and the next day I had a job at *Newsweek* magazine."

"Do you own a car?"

"No. I rent."

"What sort of cars do you rent?"

"Shift cars. I don't need an automatic car. I

usually rent a Category B car, a slightly car than a Volkswagen."

"Do you feel you have to do this to put a kind of—"

"Image? No. In fact if there were any I had to preserve I would consciously try to instances of ostentation for fear of being considered sitting and eating in a great restaurant actually enjoy budget travel. I have never enjoyed staying in a first-class hotel as much as staying in a pension or guesthouse."

"I'm not talking necessarily of budget. I'm talking of budget existence. Do you budget existence?"

"No. No. Certainly as I grow older I'm going to good restaurants. When we traveled Europe together with our daughter Pauline that I had no right to take this infant to a guesthouse or pension and I booked us in the great hotels of Europe, and after a while we found that this was a terribly *difficult* method of travel, and we went right back to the budget hotels and pensions. I like budget existence. It's budget existence associated with curious, venturesome people. I love being in the student atmosphere, even though I'm now of an age when I can't really participate in it. One of the difficult things in doing *Europe on \$5 a Day* is that when I go into a student hostel or student nightclub everyone looks around and wonders what's this guy doing here? It's hard to pass, and when you have gray in your hair the way, these are the kids who look upon me as an Establishment book now. There have been articles in the underground press that my book is for the middle-aged person from the zoo."

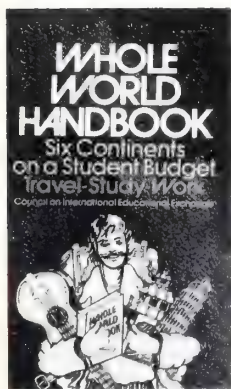
I asked Frommer what *he* does for a vacation.

"It's hard. When I go on a vacation I find myself checking prices, even when I go to a place that is not the subject of a book. Just automatically my eye starts looking for cheap hotels. I look at the menus. It's just impossible for me to vacation in Europe. I can't stop working. This past year my wife and I went to Long Island, which to me was heaven. Just take a little cottage on the beach and do nothing and not to be able to check the prices."

He's also vacationed on the Lido and in the Caribbean, all the places he names near Washington. (The ultimate round trip of Frommer's life: will it be this year, the mountains or the shore?)

I asked what his favorite European city is.

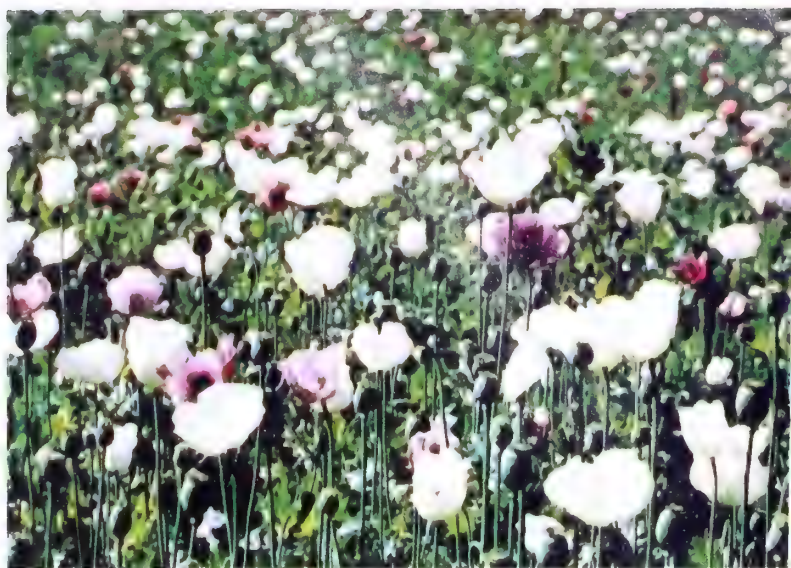
"Paris, Paris. No matter what else comes up, Paris is still the city of excitement, of culture, values, history, of food. Paris is also one of the cheapest cities in Europe. Paris has restaurants that dollar for dollar give you the finest value in Europe and the largest number of budget hotels of any city in the world. Unfortunately I can't spend much time just enjoying myself in Paris."



HARPER'S MAGAZINE
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Alfred W. McCoy

FLOWERS OF EVIL



The CIA and the heroin trade

...and gentlemen," announced the genteel British diplomat, raising his glass to offer a toast, "I give you Sopsaisana, the uplifter of Laotian youth."

...toast brought an appreciative smile from the guest of cheers and applause from the luminaries of Vientiane's exotic corps, assembled at the farewell banquet for the ambassador-designate to France, Prince Sopsaisana. A member of the royal house of Xieng Khouang, the Plain of Jars region, the Prince was vice-president of the National Assembly, chairman of the Lao Bar Association, president of the Lao Press Association, president of the *Alliance Française*, a member in good standing of the Asian People's Anti-Communist League. After receiving his credentials from the French government in a private audience at the Luang Prabang Royal Palace on April 8, 1971, he was treated to an unprecedented round of cocktail parties, dinners, and banquets. For Sopsai, as his friends called him, was not just any ambassador; the Americans regarded him as an outstanding example of a new generation of dynamic, energetic national leaders, and it was widely rumored in Vientiane that Sopsai was destined for high office some day. His final send-off party at Vientiane's Wattay Airport on April 23 was one of the gayest affairs of the season. Everybody drank; the champagne bubbled, the canapés were flawlessly prepared, and Mr. Ivan Bastouil, chargé d'affaires at the French Embassy, gave the nicest speech. Only after the plane had taken off into the clouds did anybody notice that Sopsai had not even paid for his share of the reception.

On his arrival at Paris's Orly Airport on the morning of April 24, it was the occasion for another reception. The French ambassador to Laos, home for a brief visit, and the entire staff of

the Laotian Embassy had turned out to welcome the new ambassador. There were warm embraces, kissing on both cheeks, and more effusive speeches. Curiously, the Prince insisted on waiting for his luggage like any ordinary tourist, and when his many suitcases finally appeared after an unexplained delay, he immediately noticed that a particular one was missing. Sopsai angrily insisted that his suitcase be delivered at once, and French authorities promised, most apologetically, that it would be sent to the Laotian Embassy as soon as it was found. Sopsai departed reluctantly for yet another reception at the Embassy, and while he drank the ceremonial champagne with his newfound retinue of admirers, French customs officials were examining one of the biggest heroin seizures in French history.

The Ambassador's suitcase contained sixty kilos of high-grade Laotian heroin — worth \$13.5 million on the streets of New York, its probable destination. A week later, a smiling French official presented himself at the Embassy with the suitcase in hand. Although Sopsaisana had been bombarding the airport with outraged telephone calls for several days, he suddenly realized that accepting the suitcase was tantamount to an admission of guilt and so, contrary to his righteous indignation, he flatly denied that it was his. Ignoring his declaration of innocence, the French government refused to accept his diplomatic credentials, and Sopsai remained in Paris for no more than two months before he was recalled to Vientiane.

Fragile flower, cash crop

Despite its resemblance to comic opera, the Prince Sopsaisana affair offered a rare glimpse into the workings of the Laotian drug trade. That trade is the principal business of Laos, and to a certain extent it depends on the support (money, guns, aircraft, etc.) of the CIA. Unfortunately, the questions raised by the Prince's disgrace were never asked, much less answered. The French government overlooked the em-

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Excerpted from a chapter in *The Politics of Heroin in Southeast Asia*, by Alfred W. McCoy with Cathleen B. Read, to be published by Harper & Row, Publishers, Inc., in September. Copyright © 1972 by Alfred W. McCoy.



The harvesting of the opium crop takes place between January and early March. When the opium is ready, the petals fall away, leaving the bare bulb. In late afternoon or early evening the Meo women cut striations in the bulb with the three-pronged knife shown below. The following morning the congealed opium sap is collected from the bulb's surface with a small shovel-like tool and carried in a small container worn around the neck.



barrassment for diplomatic reasons, the international ignored the story, and the United States Embassy demonstrated a remarkable disinterest in the entire subject.

Over the past fifty years, Laos has become something of a free port for opium. The delicate opium poppy grows abundantly at high elevations in the northern mountains, and through a sequence of different regimes (French, American, Laotian) the hill tribesmen have been encouraged to cultivate the poppy as the principal cash crop. Opium dens can be found in every quarter of Vientiane, and the whereabouts of the opium refineries are a matter of common knowledge. The local citizens, whether princes, generals, or politicians, zealously control the drug traffic and regard it, with good reason, as a strategic industry.

The Laotian indifference to Prince Sopsaisana's misfortune therefore becomes easily understandable. The reticence of the American Embassy, however, requires a few words of explanation. Sopsai had allegedly received his sixty kilos of heroin through the kind offices of a particularly aggressive Laotian general named Vang Pao. Vang Pao also happens to be the commander of the CIA secret army in northeastern Laos, and has commanded that army since 1961, and during the eleven years he has become an increasingly notorious entrepreneur in the Laotian drug trade.

But the American Embassy remains curiously unaware of his involvement in the narcotics traffic. Nobody has any information on the operation of the Laotian drug business. Embassy officials appear to have adopted an attitude of benign neglect. That attitude was characteristically expressed in a letter written in December 1970 by Ambassador G. McM. Godley to a journalist inquiring about the opium traffic. Godley wrote:

The purchase of opium in Southeast Asia is certainly no less difficult than in other parts of the world, but I believe the Royal Laotian Government takes its responsibility seriously to prohibit international opium traffic. However, latest information available to me indicates



John Everingham

All of Southeast Asia produces only 5% of narcotics which are, unfortunately, illegally imported to Great Britain and the U.S. As you undoubtedly are already aware, our government is making every effort to contain this traffic and I believe the Narcotics Bureau in Washington D.C. can give you additional information if you have some other inquiries.

Ambassador Godley did not deem it worthy of mention that the best information available to him should have indicated that the great majority of heroin being used by American GIs in Vietnam was coming from Laotian laboratories. Nor did he find it necessary to mention two other facts:

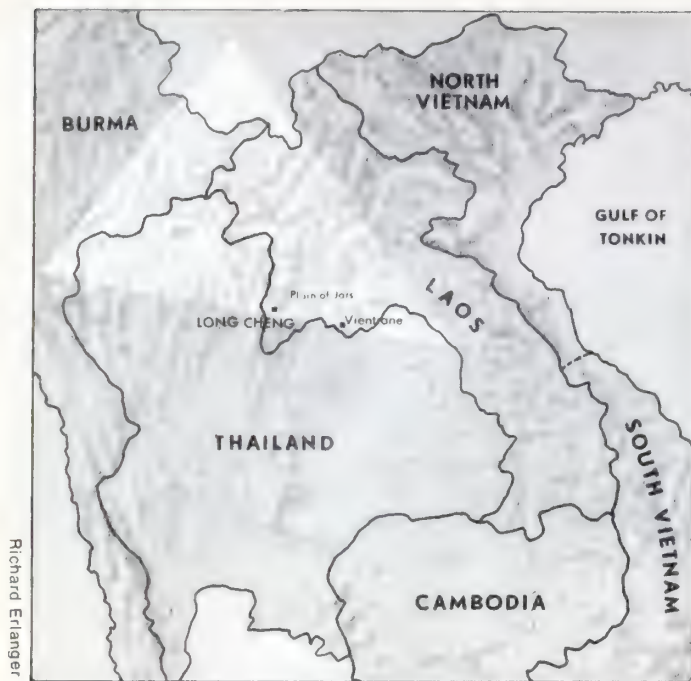
In 1967 the United Nations reported that poppy farmers in eastern Burma, northern Thailand, and northern Laos — an area known as “the Golden Triangle” — were producing millions of tons of raw opium annually, which was then about 70 percent of the world’s supply. The available evidence indicates that the exports have increased, and that heroin from the Golden Triangle is now being shipped into the United States through Europe and South America.

During the last several months of 1970 more American soldiers were evacuated as casualties from South Vietnam for drug-related reasons than for reasons having to do with war wounds. For Americans living in cities plagued by heroin, it may seem controversial, even shocking, that any U.S. Government would ignore the international drug traffic. But when considered in the perspective of historical precedent, and weighing the demands of mountain warfare in northern Laos, the U.S. Embassy’s tolerant attitude seems almost inevitable. Rather than sending U.S. combat troops into Laos, four successive American Presidents and their foreign-policy advisers worked through the CIA to build the Meo guerrillas of northern Laos into the only effective army in Laos. The fundamental reason for American involvement in any aspect of the opium traffic lies in these policy decisions, and they can be understood only in the context of the secret war in Laos, a war in which Vang Pao emerged as one of the principal figures.

CIA operations with Meo guerrillas began in 1959 as part of a regional intelligence-gathering program. Noting with alarm renewed guerrilla activity in South Vietnam and Laos in the late 1950s, American intelligence analysts interpreted these reports as the first signs of communist plans for the “subversion and conquest” of Southeast Asia. General Edward G. Lansdale, who directed much of the Defense Department’s strategic planning on Indochina during the early years of the Kennedy Administration, recalls that these hill-tribe operations were set up to monitor communist infiltration: “The main thought was to have an early warning, trip-wire sort of thing with these tribes in the mountains getting intelligence on North Vietnamese movement. This would be a part of a defensive strategy of saving the rice-producing lowlands of Thailand and Vietnam by sealing off the mountain-infiltration routes from China and North Vietnam.”

While the U.S. military sent half a million troops to fight in South Vietnam, the mountain war has required only a handful of U.S. personnel. “I always felt,” General Lansdale told me, “that a small group of Americans organizing the local population was the way to counter communist wars of national liberation.” In South Vietnam, computerized command decisions and automated firepower dehumanized the fighting, while the rapid rotation of U.S. personnel made military commanders seem like replaceable parts in a giant machine. However, American paramilitary personnel serving in Laos have tended to serve long tours of duty, some a decade or more, and have been given an enormous amount of personal power.

Since there were too few U.S. operatives to assume complete responsibility for daily operations in the hills of Laos, the CIA usually selected one leader from every hill tribe as its surrogate commander. The CIA’s chosen ally recruited his fellow tribesmen as mercenaries, paid their salaries with CIA money, and led them in battle. Because the CIA had only as much influence with each tribe as its surrogate commander, it was in the agency’s interest to make these men local despots by concentrating military and economic power in their hands.



In the Meo region of northern Laos, the CIA had the good fortune to find, in Vang Pao, a man with unlimited ambitions and a willingness to take battlefield casualties. For Vang Pao, peace is a distant, childhood memory. He saw battle for the first time in 1945 at the age of thirteen, while working as an interpreter for French commandos who had parachuted onto the Plain of Jars to organize anti-Japanese resistance. In April 1954 he led 850 hill-tribe commandos through the rugged mountains of Sam Neua Province in a vain attempt to relieve the doomed French garrison at Dienbienphu.

When the first Indochina war ended that same year, Vang Pao returned to regular duty in the Laotian Army. He advanced quickly to the rank of major and was appointed commander of the Tenth Infantry Battalion, which was assigned to the mountains east of the Plain of Jars. While he had a good record as a wartime commando leader, it was in his new command that Vang Pao first displayed the personal corruption that would later make him such a despotic warlord.

In addition to his regular battalion, Vang Pao was also commander of Meo self-defense forces in the Plain of Jars region. Volunteers had been promised regular allotments of food and money, but Vang Pao pocketed these salaries, and most volunteers went unpaid for months at a time. When one Meo lieutenant demanded that the irregulars be given their back pay, Vang Pao shot him in the leg. That settled the matter for the moment, but several months later the rising chorus of complaints finally came to the attention of the provincial army commander, Col. Kham Hou Boussarath. In early 1959 Colonel Kham Hou called Vang Pao to his headquarters in Xieng Khouang, confronted him with the accusations, and ordered him to pay up. Several days later Colonel Kham Hou was driving back from an inspection tour of the frontier areas and was approaching the village of Lat Houang, when a burst of machine-gun fire shattered his windshield. More than thirty of Vang Pao's soldiers hidden in the brush alongside the road were shooting frantically at the automobile. But it was twilight, and most of the shots went wild. Kham Hou floored the accelerator and emerged from the gauntlet unscathed.

As soon as he reached his headquarters, Colonel Kham radioed a full report to Vientiane. The next morning A Chief of Staff Ouan Rathikun arrived in Xieng Khouang summoned Vang Pao.* Weeping profusely, Vang prostrated himself before Ouan and begged for forgiveness. Perhaps touched by this display of emotion or influenced by wishes of U.S. Green Beret officers working with the Lao, Ouan decided not to punish Vang Pao. However, most of the Laotian high command seemed to feel that his career was finished.

But Vang Pao was to be rescued from obscurity by unforeseen circumstances that made his services invaluable to the Laotian right wing and the CIA. In the weeks that followed, Laos blundered into one of its chronic civil wars. Vang volunteered his Meo irregulars to the cause of the royalist regime, and, as a reward, he was pardoned and promoted.

In January 1961 the CIA began sending Green Berets, financed Thai police commandos, and a handful of its agents to Vang Pao's headquarters at Padong, a 4,000-foot mountain due south of the Plain of Jars. The object was to build up an effective secret army that would keep the Pathets bottled up on the Plain of Jars by recruiting all of the eligible young Meo in the surrounding mountains as commandos. Using Padong as a base of operations, Vang Pao's officers and CIA operatives flew to scattered Meo villages in helicopters and light Helio Courier aircraft. Offering guns, rice, and money in exchange for recruits, these advance men leapfrogged from village to village around the western and northern perimeter of the Plain. Under their supervision, dozens of crude landing strips for Air America aircraft were hacked out of the mountain forests, and scattered villages were linked with a network of headquarters at Padong. Within several months, Vang Pao's influence extended from Padong north to Phou Fa and east as far as Bouam Long.

One local Meo leader in the Long Pot region west of the Plain of Jars says that Meo officers who visited his village following General Kong Le's capture of the Plain used threats as well as inducements to win a declaration of loyalty. "Vang Pao sent us guns," he recalled. "If we did not accept his gifts he would call us Pathet Lao. We had no choice. Vang Pao's officers came to the village and warned that if we did not join him he would regard us as Pathet Lao, and his soldiers would attack our village."

By 1964 Vang Pao had extended his authority northward into Sam Neua Province, openly attacking Pathet Lao forces.

*Gen. Ouan Rathikun deserves passing memorialization in his own account. A former commanding officer of the Royal Laotian Army, the only army in the world apart from our own that is wholly financed by the American taxpayer — he so brilliantly acquitted himself in his post to earn his country's highest decoration, the Grand Cross of the Million Elephants and the White Parasol. A round and genial man, the General has also controlled, since 1962, an elephant's share of that part of the opium traffic through Laos that originates in Thailand and the Shan states of northern Burma. Tithing this traffic has been immensely profitable to the various right wing governments. Ouan has served so faithfully over the years, yielding revenue of almost \$100,000 a month even as early as 1962. And, like his subordinate Vang Pao, General Ouan also readily perceived and seized splendid opportunities available to entrepreneurs of opium refining. By 1970 he allegedly controlled the largest laboratory in South Asia, refining some of the purest heroin in the world.



Air America helicopter lands at a Meo village in northern Laos. The local military commander asserts that General Vang Pao's Meo officers have been shipping opium out of the village on Air America helicopters since 1970.



holds with the continued assistance of the CIA. (His
ves took place after the United States had signed the
a agreements whereby it promised not to interfere in
n military affairs.) As soon as a village was captured and
Lao cadres eliminated, the inhabitants were put to work
ing a crude landing strip, usually 500 to 800 feet long, to
e the airplanes that followed in the conqueror's wake,
ing "refugee" supplies of rice and guns. These goods
given away in an attempt to buy the hearts and minds of
Meo and eliminate any remaining loyalty to the Pathet Lao.
n a matter of months a fifty-mile-long strip of territory —
ning from the northeastern rim of the Plain of Jars to
Pha Thi mountain, only fifteen miles from the North
amese border — had been added to Vang Pao's domain.
than twenty new aircraft landing strips dotted the
ered corridor, linking Meo villages with the new CIA
quarters at Long Cheng. Most of these Meo villages were
ed on steep mountain ridges overlooking valleys and
controlled by the Pathet Lao. The Air America landing
ut Hong Non, for example, was only twelve miles from
nestone caverns near Sam Neua City where the Pathet
ater housed their national headquarters, a munitions
y, and a cadre training school.

Airlining opium

ight be expected, the fighting on the Plain of Jars and the
pening of these landing strips produced changes in
eastern Laos's opium traffic. For over sixty years the
of Jars had been the hub of the opium trade there. After
winter's opium harvest, Chinese merchants would leave
stores on the Plain and ride into the surrounding hills to
for Meo opium. During the colonial era, Chinese traders
opium to the French Opium Monopoly or to smugglers
d for northern Vietnam. When the French military
ne involved in the opium traffic in the early 1950s, the
ese sold opium to French commandos for shipment to

Saigon on military transports. After the French departure in
1954, Chinese merchants dealt with Corsican charter airlines,
which made regular flights to Vietnam and the Gulf of Siam.

No longer able to land on the Plain of Jars, the Corsican
airlines began using Air America's mountain landing strips to
pick up raw opium. As Vang Pao circled around the Plain and
advanced into Sam Neua Province, the Corsicans were right
behind in their Beechcrafts and Cessnas, paying Meo farmers
and Chinese traders a top price. Rather than deliver their opium
to trading centers on the Plain, most traders brought it to Air
America landing strips serviced by the Corsican charter lines.

But when the Laotian government forced the Corsicans out
of business in 1965, a serious economic crisis loomed in the
Meo highlands. The war had in no way reduced Meo depen-
dence on opium as a cash crop and may have actually increased
production. Assured of food supplies from the CIA, the Meo
had given up growing rice so that they could allot more land to
the growing of opium.

While Meo villages on the southern and western edges of the
Plain were little affected by the transport problem, the end of
the Corsican flights made it impossible for villages on the
northern perimeter and in Sam Neua Province to market their
opium. Air America was the only form of air transport
available, and, according to Gen. Ouan Rathikun and Gen.
Thal Ma, then commander of the Laotian Air Force, it began
flying Meo opium to markets in Long Cheng and Vientiane.

Air logistics for the opium trade were further improved in
1967 when the CIA and USAID (United States Agency for
International Development) gave Vang Pao financial assistance
in forming his own private airline, Xieng Khouang Air
Transport. The company's president, Mr. Lo Kham Thy, says
the airline was formed in late 1967 when two C47s were
acquired from Air America and Continental Air Services. The
company's schedule is limited to shuttle flights between Long
Cheng and Vientiane that carry relief supplies and an oc-
casional handful of passengers. Financial control is shared by
Vang Pao, his brother, his cousin, and his father-in-law.
According to one former AID employee, AID supported the

project because officials hoped it would make Long Cheng the commercial center of the northeast and, thereby, reinforce Vang Pao's political position. The USAID officials involved apparently realized that any commercial activity at Long Cheng would involve opium, but decided to support the project anyway.

Everybody continued to profit from the various arrangements until early 1968, when the Pathet Lao began the first of the dry-season offensives that eventually, by late 1971, forced Vang Pao's army into a narrow stretch of hill country within a relatively few miles of Vientiane. But the only people who lost by the military retreat were the Meo hill tribesmen. According to reliable Laotian sources, despite the drop in Meo opium production after 1968, Vang Pao was able to continue his role in Laos's narcotics trade by opening a heroin laboratory at Long Cheng, the CIA headquarters town.

The loss of Sam Neua Province in 1968 signaled the first of the massive Meo migrations that transformed much of north-

eastern Laos into a depopulated free-fire zone and drastically reduced hill-tribe opium production. Before the CIA initiated Meo guerrilla operations in 1960, northeastern Laos had hill-tribe population of about 250,000 people, most of whom were Meo opium farmers scattered evenly across the rugged highlands.

When Vang Pao began to lose control of Sam Neua in 1968, the CIA decided to deny the population to the Pathet Lao by evacuating all the Meo tribesmen under his control. By 1971, U.S. Air Force bombing in northeastern Laos was all too heavy, and Meo tribesmen were willing to leave their villages rather than face the daily horror of life under the bombs. By early 1970 an estimated 50,000 hill tribesmen were living in Sam Thong and Long Cheng while 100,000 more had crowded into a crescent-shaped piece of territory lying between these two cities and the Plain of Jars.

During their 1970 offensive, North Vietnamese and Pathet Lao troops jumped off from the Plain of Jars, drove across the Meo "refugee" areas, and by March were on the heights overlooking Sam Thong. As the attacks gained momentum, Meo living west of the Plain fled south, and eventually more than 100,000 were relocated in a forty-mile-wide strip of territory between Long Cheng and the Vientiane Plain. When the Pathet Lao and the North Vietnamese attacked Long Cheng during the 1971 dry season, the CIA was forced to evacuate some 50,000 mercenary dependents from Long Cheng into this overcrowded resettlement area. By mid 1971, USAID estimated that almost 150,000 hill-tribe refugees, of whom 90 per cent were Meo, had been resettled in the Ban Son area south of Long Cheng.

After three years of constant retreat, Vang Pao's followers were at the end of the line. Once a prosperous people living in small villages surrounded by miles of fertile uninhabited mountains, 90,000 Meo, almost a third of all Meo in Laos, were now packed into a forty-mile-long dead-end strip perched above the sweltering Vientiane Plain. Traditionally, Meo have built their villages on mountain ridges more than 3,000 feet in elevation where the temperate climate is conducive to poppy cultivation, the air is free of malaria mosquitoes, and the water is pure. Since most refugee villages in the Ban Son resettlement area are less than 2,500 feet in elevation, many Meo, lacking normal immunities, have been stricken with malaria and have become seriously ill. The low elevation and crowded conditions make opium cultivation almost impossible, and the Meo are totally dependent on USAID's rice drops. If the North Vietnamese and Pathet Lao capture Long Cheng and advance on Vientiane, the Meo will probably be forced down onto the Vientiane Plain where their extreme vulnerability to tropical disease might result in a major medical disaster.

The Ban Son resettlement area is the guardian at the gate blocking any enemy advance on Vientiane. If the Pathet Lao and North Vietnamese choose to attack the Laotian administrative capital after they have taken Long Cheng, they will have to fight their way through the resettlement area. Meo leaders are well aware of the danger and have pleaded with USAID to either begin resettling the Meo on the Vientiane Plain on a gradual, controlled basis or shift the resettlement area to the east or west, out of the probable line of an enemy advance. Knowing that the Meo fight better when their families are threatened, USAID had refused to accept either alternative and seems intent on keeping them in the present

General Vang Pao, commander of the CIA's mercenary Meo army in Laos's Military Region II.



a final, bloody stand against the North Vietnamese and Lao. Most of the Meo have no desire to continue for Vang Pao. They bitterly resent his more flamboyant excesses—his habit of personally executing his own men, his willingness to take excessive casualties, and his grafting from the military payroll—and regard him as a warlord who has grown rich from their suffering. But the SAID decides where the rice is dropped, the Meo have no choice but to stand and fight.

Deranged priorities

A chronicle of American complicity in the Laotian drug trade ends with one final irony. When President Nixon announced his declaration of war on the international heroin traffic in 1971, the U.S. Embassy in Vientiane was finally forced to act. Instead of trying to break up drug syndicates and pressure government leaders involved, however, the Embassy pushed legal reforms and urged a police crackdown on addicts. A new opium law submitted to government officials for consideration on June 8 went into effect on September 15. As a result of the new law, U.S. narcotics agents were allowed to open an office in early November—two full months after GIs started using Laotian heroin in Vietnam and six months after the first large seizures were made in the United States. Only a few days after their arrival, U.S. agents received word that a Filipino diplomat and a Chinese businessman were about to smuggle heroin directly into the United States. U.S. agents boarded the plane with them in Vientiane, flew halfway across the world, and arrested them with 15.5 kilos of high-grade heroin in New York City. Even though these men were carrying a large quantity of heroin, they were still only patsy boys for the powerful Laotian drug merchants. But, for political expediency has been the order of the day, and the U.S. Embassy has made absolutely no effort to go after the men at the top.

In the long run, the American effort seems to be aimed at making Vientiane's hundreds of wide-open opium dens and the life difficult for the average Laotian drug user (most of whom are opium smokers). The Americans are pressuring the Laotian police into launching a massive crackdown on opium trading, and there is evidence that the campaign is getting underway. Since almost no money is being made available for rehabilitation centers or outpatient clinics, most of Vientiane's opium smokers will be forced to become heroin users. The U.S. military's cumbersome smoking paraphernalia and strong preference for Vientiane's brand of low-grade heroin seems to be particularly problematic. It has produced some horribly debilitated opium addicts. No less an authority than General Ouanan has said that Vientiane's brand of low-grade heroin can kill a man in less than a year. It would indeed be ironic if America's antidrug campaign drove Laos's opium smokers to a premature death while it left the manufacturers and international traffickers untouched.

After pouring billions of dollars into Southeast Asia for over twenty years, the United States has acquired enormous power in the region. And it has used this power to create new nations where none existed, to handpick prime ministers, to topple governments, and to crush revolutions. But U.S. officials in Southeast Asia have always considered the opium traffic a

quaint local custom and have generally turned a blind eye to official involvement. A Laotian or Vietnamese general who whispers the word "neutrality" is likely to find himself on the next plane out of the country, but one who tells the international press about his role in the opium trade does not even merit a raised eyebrow. However, American involvement has gone far beyond coincidental complicity; embassies have consciously covered up involvement by client governments, CIA contract airlines have reportedly carried opium, and individual CIA men have abetted the opium traffic.

As a result of direct and indirect American involvement opium production has steadily increased, high-grade heroin production is flourishing, and the Golden Triangle's poppy fields have become linked to markets in Europe and the United States. Southeast Asia's Golden Triangle already grows 70 per cent of the world's illicit opium and is capable of supplying the U.S. with unlimited quantities of heroin for generations to come. Unless something is done to change America's policies and priorities in Southeast Asia, the drug crisis will deepen and the heroin plague will continue to spread. □



Above: Label for Tiger and the Globe brand No. 4 heroin (90 to 99 per cent pure) manufactured in the Golden Triangle region. Each package contains 7/10 of a kilogram. Both this brand and the Double U-O Globe brand are purchased for export to the United States and for sale to American GIs serving in South Vietnam.

Below: Label for Double U-O Globe, also No. 4 heroin manufactured in the Golden Triangle region. Almost all bulk heroin seizures in South Vietnam are of this brand. On November 11, 1971, the U.S. Bureau of Narcotics seized \$13 million worth of Double U-O Globe brand heroin at the Lexington Hotel in New York City.



A MODEST PROPOSAL

Cleaning up sex pollution



SEX OBSESSIVENESS—or “sex permissiveness” as it is euphemistically referred to by witless “liberals”—has taken root in the cities and metropolises of the West. It covers the spectrum from verbal vulgarities, exhibitionist apparel, and erotic advertising to “educational” sex and pop pornography to live sex shows, hard pornography, and bestiality. Such pathology can be explained, of course, by the wretched environment these cities offer for living—endless noise, traffic jams, feverish jostle and pace, the overstimulations of modern media, the nervous excitement spawned by commercially inspired and quite unrealizable expectations. But explanation does not amount to solution.

*Ezra Mishan, of the London School of Economics and American University, has a forthcoming book, *Essays in Dissuasion*, which will include an expanded version of this article.*

The case against regarding the manifestations of “sex permissiveness” as a sort of millennial opening of the gates to uninhibited sexual delights, or as an exhilarating extension of personal liberties, and the case for regarding them instead as endangering sexual fulfillment and as being incompatible with any legitimate aspiration to the good life, has been argued elsewhere.* At present we have to concentrate on the next step: how practically can we deal with the situation we find ourselves in? Though a strong case can be made for increased censorship against sexual obscenity strutting about the marketplace, successful implementation ultimately requires a consensus about sexual mores and morals. Such a consensus has prevailed in other civilizations reaching back to antiquity and, indeed, largely prevailed in the West until about a decade ago. But since then, under the impact of a commercially sponsored sexual libertarian assault, the consensus has begun to fracture.

*“Making the World Safe for Pornography,” *Encounter*, March 1972.

What sometimes passes today as liberal conscience on this subject turns out, on closer inspection, to be no more than a disintegration of moral ability to the point of moral paralysis. Thus one can no longer feel optimistic about the attempts to persuade a consumer-oriented public, too long nourished on the promise of immediate excitement, to abandon the promise of immediate excitement, which lead only to disillusion and disillusionment, in favor of more enduring psychic realities and the social taboos. While there are hints of a fierce reaction against the purveyors of pornography, not least among

may well be on the way, no end can yet be discerned.

Does society do in the in-
view of the uncertainty of
nt of any consensus on sexual
we might usefully consider a
operation, one that is guided
by the lights of the economist.
nomist would look upon all
r pornographic items and en-
nents as market goods—albeit
goods whose consumption
ve rise directly to favorable or
“spillover effects” on the
of others. The advantage of
rmal approach is that it is
free” in the same sense that a
nefit analysis is value-free: no
or moral values are brought to
n any decision about whether,
much of, a particular good
be introduced. Only *individual*
ons of the direct effect upon
f “goods” and “bads” go into
nking.

POSE THEN, to start with, we all
ve the same sexual tastes and
ne sexual morals. A problem
ill arise. You may be a music
but if in the middle of solving
lem that required the full power
r concentration, someone were
t, say, Beethoven’s “Pastoral,”
avorite symphony, you would
it. You may be supposed to
sexual activity as much as the
person, and you also may be
open to experimentation and
ation. All the same, you do not
t thrust at you when your mind
ood are on other things. You
not want to be sexually stimu-
on the way to a hard day’s work
office, any more than you want
ar a joke when you are at a
al. Sex, too, has its time and
when it slips out of its proper
nd place so as to annoy, we can
nately talk of sex pollution.

Other forms of pollution, sex
ion has become so ubiquitous
ve hardly think to express our
ance any longer. Men in cities
ily exposed to unwanted stimuli
gestive and erotic posters. They
windows with daring displays,
as dripping sex, newsstands
ed with startling girlie maga-
—distracting on occasions, and
rassing if not offensive when a
is accompanied, say, by a dis-
ished foreign visitor or by his
and children.

In the real world, of course, people have different responses to sexual activity, and, today, they are also on the way to having different moral standards. The self-styled “advanced thinker” loves nothing more than to pontificate on the evils of the state, or of the law, in preventing people from choosing what they like. To use Professor Richard Jackson’s satirical turn of phrase, “Big Brother wigged and gowned on the judicial bench,”* interfering with the things *we* want to read and enjoy, is not to be tolerated. The alleged evil is that of the state imposing its moral values on *others*—in this case, “others” being the producers, the suppliers, or the customers of erotica and pornography. The same “advanced thinkers,” however, have nothing to say of this latter group’s imposing *their* standards on the remaining members of the community.

The “advanced thinker” would insist that sexual morality is a private matter. And so it is when it goes on behind closed doors. But the permit-
ters are not satisfied with that. They do not want merely the freedom to talk to one another of prurient subjects in the vulgar vernacular, or to watch blue films, or to practice sexual tricks, or to display themselves to one another privately in erotic splendor. This they can already do among like-minded company on private premises. What they want is for the public to take notice. They want their books and posters and magazines and displays out on the streets, in the cinemas, in the theater, and in the mass media.

Thus, when we are explicitly ignoring, as we are here, the broader question of an appropriate moral code for a technological society, and are confining ourselves, instead, simply to the current conflict of interests, we have an instance of what an economist would call “an external diseconomy,” or an “adverse spillover effect.” In this particular issue, the pursuit of pleasure and profit by the pornographic interest inflicts a loss of welfare on the more conservative group.

The conflict of interest implied by the concept of spillover poses a difficulty we had better recognize at the start. If we distinguish between a permissive group (which includes both the pornographers and their customers) and a conservative group,

*From the appendix of *The Obscenity Laws* (Andre Deutsch, 1969), p. 78.

we may speculate whether the distress suffered by the conservatives at occasionally being unable to avoid the handiwork of the permitters (or, more precisely, at being unable to avoid it without cost or sacrifice to themselves) is greater than that suffered by the permitters if public display of their products were prohibited. If there is a point to be made in equity, however, I fancy it should go to the conservatives, since the private activities of the conservatives are of themselves not alleged to give offense to the permitters, while the activities of the permitters do give offense to the conservatives.

THERE IS A relatively simple, practical, and limited solution to the spillover problem: the separate-areas solution. In general, once separate areas are offered to the opposing groups, each within its own chosen area need surrender nothing to the other group: neither group will be subject to the restraint or annoyance of the other. What goes on in one area does not impinge on the sense of a member residing in another area.

So long as there is no consensus on sexual morality; so long as there are irreconcilable differences in judgment as to what constitutes erotica, pornography, obscenity, brutality, and so on; and so long as there are differences in opinion as to the proper occasion for the erotic or aphrodisiac, this separate-areas type of solution offers society a far wider accommodation than any tax or other compromise solution. It merits close consideration. What it implies is simply that there be a place, a known place, for any form of erotica, pornographica, or what have you. Indeed, cities sometimes tend to produce such areas, though often they are not fortunately placed. A red-light district in a specific neighborhood is more tolerable than prostitution scattered throughout the city.

What I propose is that all major cities designate a large single area, or a number of adjacent districts, where the avantest of avant-garde theaters may flourish unmolested; where no literature, drawing, painting, or work of art will be proscribed, no matter how obscene or shocking; where nude shows and the misnamed “adult” cinema can flower; where artists, hippies, and every sort of exotic or adventurous group could

congregate and dwell and, if they wish, enact their fantasies. These areas, which we can refer to as X areas, to distinguish them from the "respectable," or U, area of the city, will, however, be well policed to maintain order and prevent violence. Other than these X areas, which will be clearly demarcated for the convenience of inhabitants and visitors, it would also be possible to locate within U areas a number of licensed X bookshops (without window display) offering a full range of books and magazines calculated to titillate the sexual palate.

The question of censorship does not properly arise under these arrangements. The only question for society is whether the work shall appear in the U area or in the X area. Such decisions could be made, say, by a board of seven or nine adults, appointed for their good sense and honesty—though it might become conventional to exclude those with connections in the world of art or publishing. There would be nothing, however, to prevent the board from taking advice from outside specialists if the occasion arose. The criterion by which it would be guided in determining placement would obviously *not* turn on whether the work in question "tended to deprave or corrupt," but simply on whether the sexual or sadistic aspects of the works—including all literature, posters, paintings, drawings, sculpture, theater, cinema, advertisements, and public displays—were likely to offend people if displayed in public in the U area. Since the maxim "when in doubt, throw it out" should prevail, a one-third vote should suffice to relegate the work to the X area. The law is broken only if a work of art is displayed in the U area without the express consent of the board. No jury would find its resources taxed in determining the facts in such a case.

Since the purpose of this arrangement is to avoid giving unnecessary offense to members of the public—and to reassure "old-fashioned" parents who are anxious to protect their young against upsetting experiences—the contents of books will in most cases be less important than what is depicted on their covers, and the methods used to advertise them. *Playboy* and other magazines specializing in unclad women might qualify to circulate in U areas if they appeared with plain covers. On the other hand, a book carrying a title such as *Oral-*

genital Variations would certainly be ruled offensive if displayed in public places in the U areas.

Daily or weekly newspapers could pose special problems since they would be costly to vet. A likely arrangement would be to permit them to circulate freely in the U areas on condition that no nude or seminude pictures, nor any picture or report of a sexual nature, appear on their front or back pages. However, since newspapers can be left open in trains and other public places, it is possible that additional rules would be needed restricting the size of print or pictures on sexual subjects. Newspapers that do not wish to conform to these rules are, of course, permitted to circulate freely in the X areas, and citizens anxious to peruse such papers may secure them from such areas or from X bookshops in U areas. However, the law would require that all papers, books, or works of art bought in these X areas or shops be properly wrapped when carried through a U area. Unwrapping, or inadequate wrapping, of such X material in a public place in a U area would be deemed an infringement of the act.

Television would come under similar restrictions. All advertising, news, and entertainment turning on sex or sadism would require prior consent. The possibility of having one or more X channels, obtainable by turning a special key so as to protect minors, may be discussed—although in view of the plentiful supplies of blue films and other pornographic material in the X areas there is hardly a case for transmitting it into homes as well.

I should not think that, under such arrangements, U areas would unduly restrict the range of literature or theater available. Shakespearean plays would continue to appear unbawdlerized, as indeed would Restoration plays. Scenes that are naughty, or bawdy, or comically seductive or suggestive do not generally give offense, and certainly their advertisement outside theaters can hardly offend. Plays of the *O! Calcutta!* genre, on the other hand, can and do give offense, and would properly be shown only in X areas.

UNDER SUCH A SITUATION no adult person need feel himself aggrieved. Not only does each group have the freedom it desires—the per-

mitters to indulge their tastes with restraint, the conservatives to their outings without fear of being jarred or embarrassed—but, in addition, any grown person can both his respectability and, on occasion, discard it. He can be sure of being able to avoid unwanted sexual stimulus without sacrifice of any convenience, and can be equally successful in obtaining it on occasions of his choosing. In this way, sex pollution will be contained, and unnecessary strife and anguish avoided.

Needless to say, there will be many difficulties in the implementation of any such scheme. Invariably, difficulties will be blown up and magnified in the attempt to show that the idea is quite impractical—enough by "forward-lookers" to love to be seen moving, but are to have to change direction. Among the problems that come immediately to mind are determining the number, size, and location of such X areas and arranging transfer payment between those people who wish to move into such areas and those who wish to move out. There are a number of matters having to do with buildings, police, and traffic that have to be faced. But it is better to face such problems in a rational and orderly way and while there is yet time, than to continue to drift on in perplexity, always subject to the risk of our peculiar and unstable civilization becoming technologically powerful but morally fragile—slipping into some sort of bedlam beyond the point of no return.

A WORD BY WAY OF EPILOGUE. A crucial message embedded in my *Costs of Economic Growth* is that in a civilization that is being shaped by the apparently irresistible forces of technology and commerce, there are still vital options open to society other than just "forward" or "backward" if only we can break away from imaginary pressures to "keep up" and from the temptation to yield momenta that sweep us all along in one direction. Separate areas, in different and other contexts, are a means both preserving variety and reducing conflict—or, put otherwise, of enlarging the area of personal freedom and amenity. It is one of the options open to a democratic society, one we ought to start thinking about in a seriousness.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE/JULY

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THE DANGERS OF EARLY SCHOOLING

THE IDEA THAT "the earlier a child starts school the better" is well on the way to becoming an unquestioned tenet of the conventional wisdom. Educators and legislators across the country are pressing for earlier and earlier schooling for *all* children, on the assumption that schools and teachers can do more for the child than parents can or will do. Parents themselves, bewildered over how best to meet their children's needs, not only have accepted this formulation but have agitated to be certain *their* children will not be left behind in the race to the schoolhouse.

In the face of this growing movement—and after exhaustive review of the research concerning early-childhood education—we contend that sending four-year-olds off to school results in far more harm than good. In fact, we argue that children probably shouldn't attend school until they are seven or eight years old.

There is simply no conclusive proof that even the best known early-schooling plans are working, and there is considerable evidence that most are not. Studies show that most of the extensive projects such as Head Start and Great Cities have failed to produce the expected growth in scholastic achievement. Furthermore, there is an impressive body of research indicating that the late starter generally does better through school than the child who starts early.

It may be that the sheer volume of professional and political propaganda—along with parental complacency and uncertainty—will sweep all four-year-olds into school regardless of what the facts are. Already there is considerable momentum: the National Education Association's Educational Policies Commission has called for public-supported education beginning with four-year-olds; the New York State Regents have recommended generalized schooling down to age three, to be achieved by 1973 or 1975; and California's state school superintendent is currently seeking legislation to authorize schooling for all four-year-olds. While the price to the taxpayer for such programs would

be high, the costs could be even greater in the case of the very children who are supposedly being helped.

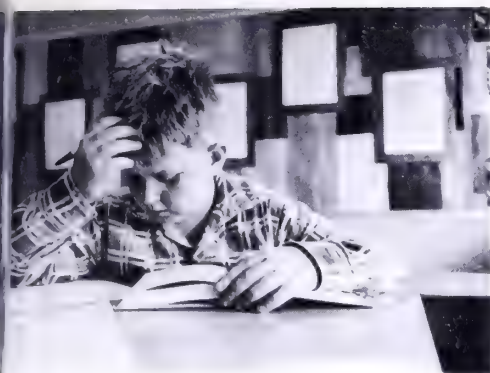
Most plans for early-childhood education seem to grow out of a genuine concern for children. The high caliber of people historically appointed to the Educational Policies Commission, for example, would suggest that only the highest motives stand behind its conclusions. Yet some of the older hands fear that new educators and media firms are moving rapidly into the field because, in the words of a researcher, "that's where the money is."

Even the National School Public Relations Association might be forgiven for placing a favorable light on the movement for early-childhood education in its recent report, *Project Breakthrough*. Yet these leaders should be expected to provide hard evidence for their conclusions and recommendations, lest it is suggested their interest lies more in creating teacher jobs and government projects than in assuring the welfare of the child and his family. Indeed, one California state staffer expressed concern about teacher employment if research pointed away from early schooling.

Advocates of early schooling usually argue from two well-proved points: the fact of the incredibly rapid growth in the child's intelligence between birth and age five, and the need for the child's social development to keep pace with intellectual maturity. But then they go on to make unfortunate twin assumptions: that the child's intelligence can be nurtured by organizing it, and that brightness means readiness for the world of schooling. In short, their hypothesis is that early schooling offers the best garden for a child's budding intelligence and developing social awareness.

These assumptions, however comforting and promising, are contradicted by clear-cut experimental evidence. A wealth of research has established that one of a child's primary needs in these formative years is for an environment free of tasks that will tax his brain, and

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Bob Adelman

“Early schooling, far from being the garden of delights its advocates claim, may actually be a damaging experience.”

Raymond S. Moore and Dennis R. Moore

...y important need is for a setting that
...les warmth, continuity, and security. That
...r school experience does not successfully
...these needs has been established by three
...ent kinds of studies: those that compare
...and later school entrants; those that ex-
...important but little understood changes in
...young child's brain; and those that compare
...fectiveness of parents and teachers in the
...pment of young children. All three lines
...estigation point to a common conclusion:
...l schooling, far from being the garden of
...its its advocates claim, may actually be a
...ging experience.

Too much too early

STIGATORS WHO HAVE STUDIED very young
...ildren in school overwhelmingly present a
...picture. The child too often stumbles
...ely through kindergarten and the early
...s. His friends who were delayed a year or
...ickly catch up and pass him—and usually
...ne more stable and highly motivated. His
...ng retention frequently remains lower than
...f his later-starting peers, regardless of how
...t he is. In other words, it is hard to escape
...onclusion that early schooling is little short
...ippling. A few indicative studies by well-
...ded researchers give a sense of the situa-

In an American Educational Research As-
...tion experiment with two groups of chil-
...matched by sex, age, intelligence, and home
...ground, H. M. Davis reports: “One group
...n reading at the age of six, the other at the
...of seven. In two years the late beginning
...p had caught up with the early beginning
...p. After the first two years, these two groups
...joined in classes. At the end of their seventh
...ol year the children who began a year later
...one year ahead of the early beginners.”
...In Chula Vista, California, Margaret Gott
...pared kindergarten children who were about

four years, nine months of age when enrolled,
...with those who were about five years, seven
...months. She found that, after six grades of
...schooling, the younger group achieved less well
...than the older group in all subjects at each grade
...level (except in one case where achievement was
...equal).

- In Oak Ridge, Tennessee, Inez King re-
...ports, fifty-four children who were under six
...when they started school were compared with
...fifty children who started after age six. Stanford
...Achievement Tests at the end of grade six
...showed a distinct difference, strongly in favor
...of the older group.

- Studies on how long and how well very
...young children retain their learning have been
...conducted in virtually all grades and socioeco-
...nomic levels with remarkably uniform results.
...B.U. Keister reported that even five-year-olds
...who developed enough skills to finish first-grade
...reading generally did not retain the learning
...through summer vacation. Other comparisons of
...reading achievements of early and late starters
...at third- through sixth-grade levels all found that
...later entrants significantly excelled those who
...started earlier.

- In Grosse Pointe, Michigan, Paul Mawhin-
...ney describes a study of children who were se-
...lected by psychologists because they were con-
...sidered mature enough or bright enough to be
...admitted to kindergarten before age five. An
...evaluation of all those children remaining in the
...school system after fourteen years showed that
...more than one-fourth of the select group were
...below average or had repeated a grade.

Years ago, pioneer child researcher Arnold
...Gesell noted that school tasks such as reading,
...writing, and arithmetic “depend upon motor
...skills which are subject to the same laws of
...growth which govern creeping, walking, grasp-
...ing.” The awkwardness a young child may
...exhibit, he noted, “is often sadly overlooked by
...teachers and parents”—who should be as flexible
...in their attitudes toward the child's readiness to
...read as toward his readiness to walk.

Raymond S. Moore
Dennis R. Moore

THE DANGERS OF EARLY SCHOOLING

Early stress can injure

A SECOND SERIES OF ARGUMENTS against early schooling emerges from the studies of neurophysiologists, psychologists, and pediatricians concerned with the delicate harmonies at work in the development of the young child's brain. These investigators are in remarkable agreement in their timing of the stages at which children are normally ready to think abstractly, to organize facts, and to sustain and retain learning without undue damage or strain.

Research on brain development indicates that important changes are constantly under way in the normal child from birth into adolescence, including the shifting of control from the emotional centers to the reasoning centers. The period at which "reason" develops, and the ability to organize facts emerges, normally comes between ages seven or eight and ten or eleven.

Numerous studies support the idea that the young child cannot meet the demands posed by schooling prior to the level of development usually achieved by age seven or eight. At Harvard, the work of Paul Yakovlev has shown that the nerve fibers between the thalamus and the cortex in a child's brain are not finished or fully insulated until after age seven. Likewise, it is only between the ages of seven and ten that the cerebral commissures (brain paths between the lobes) and the reticular formation (a primary arousing system) are fully developed.

A number of other studies have established that a child's visual and auditory systems reach maturity only gradually. This is of enormous consequence for tasks such as reading, where there are high demands for discrimination in sight and sound.

Luella Cole has observed that some children are unable to focus on objects at close range—

as required for reading—until they are eight, or even older. She reports that no than 10 per cent of five-year-olds can perceive the difference between "d" and "b" or "j" and "q". Not until children are eight, she says, is it possible to "be perfectly certain the eye is mature enough to avoid such confusions."

Hearing presents a similar situation. Cole notes: "If [a child] has normal six-year ears he will still be unable to distinguish consistently between the sounds of 'g' and 'n', 'p' and 'b' or any other pair of sounds."

Dr. Henry L. Hilgartner, a Texas ophthalmologist, offers evidence of eye damage from early schooling. Noting that the eyes of children focus better on distant objects than the close ones, he reported that the state's percentage of farsighted children prior to 1930 was 7.7 per cent. After 1930, when the Texas school-entry age was lowered from seven to six, the ratio shifted to five per cent for every farsighted child.

Swiss psychologist Jean Piaget, one of the world's leading students of child development, long ago urged educators to concentrate on maximizing a child's development, not on accelerating it. He found that a child under seven or eight relates quantity to shape or form of objects, but if the shape or form is changed, he becomes confused, assuming that quantity must also change. For instance, a four- or five-year-old seldom understands that a low, wide glass can hold as much water as a narrow glass. Even after the water is poured from the tall glass into the wide one, he usually insists that the tall one is larger and holds more. Not until he is seven or eight or older does he become a fully "reason-able" creature, able to reason abstractly instead of dealing only with direct relationships.



On the home front

THIRD, AND POSSIBLY the most important, conclusion to be drawn from research is that a child is taken from the home for early schooling—or remains at home without loving care—is vulnerable to mental and emotional problems that will affect his learning, motivation, and behavior. While many proponents of early schooling insist that the young child needs contact outside the home—namely in the classroom—the lesson of numerous investigations is that this need ranks far behind the child's need for close parental contact. The teacher, in school, does not make a good surrogate mother. Maternal deprivation, in the words of John Bowlby, a world authority on the subject, depends on the extent to which a child does not experience "a warm, intimate, and continuous relationship with his mother (or permanent mother-substitute) in which both find satisfaction and enjoyment." As part of a 1951 World Health Organization study, Bowlby noted that a child is deprived even though living at home with a mother (or permanent mother-substitute) who is unable to give him the loving care small children need [or] . . . if for any reason he is removed from his mother's care." Today, he points out, in the Western world early childhood problems commonly result from "too little mothering, [from] mothering coming from a succession of different people." While a child is most vulnerable until age five, he can experience the effects of maternal deprivation until age eight. In an experiment conducted in Uganda, Robert Geber demonstrated that children who have continuous warm mothering are *less* vulnerable than those who do. Using standardized tests, Geber worked with babies from poor tribal areas in which the mothers were child-centered, providing continual caressing, cuddling, and attention to their babies. He found these babies to be superior to Western children in intelligence as well as in physiological maturation, coordination, adaptability, and language. While African children frequently mature faster than Westerners, Geber also reported that babies from relatively well-to-do Uganda families, with less maternal contact but more formal schooling, were much less mature in these areas than the babies of poor families.

For a more personal perspective on the socializing influence of early schooling is provided by William Sullivan, a well-known educational promoter. He recalls that kindergarten only convinced him to wet his pants. When the teacher took him home he was so happy that he decided to stop wetting his pants in school—until he went home for the year.

On the basis of such findings, it seems clear that for a child of this age, development at home

is far more important than development in school. And if the parents' acceptance of their role is a key factor in the child's development, then it makes a great deal more sense to educate the parents to fulfill their proper role than to hire teachers to do an inadequate job of trying to substitute for them.

Traditionally, of course, school people have argued that parents simply don't care or are too ignorant or too obsessed with the desire to protect their own freedom to fulfill the needs of their children. Parents, for their part, have seldom contested this view, possibly out of feelings of uncertainty or inadequacy when confronted by the opinions of these professionals. The facts, however, as determined by a number of investigations of parental willingness to aid the development of their children, run counter to this conception. The vast majority of parents, regardless of socioeconomic status, stand ready to help their children in terms of home-education programs. While much of the justification for early childhood education has grown from the belief that children from disadvantaged backgrounds in particular will benefit, studies have repeatedly shown that the home provides resources that should not be lightly dismissed.

On the basis of several studies, Bowlby insists that "children thrive better in bad homes than in good institutions." He goes on to observe: "It must never be forgotten . . . that even the bad parent who neglects her child is nonetheless providing much for him. . . . Except in the worst cases, she is giving him food and shelter, comforting him in distress, teaching him simple skills, and above all is providing him with that continuity of human care on which his sense of security rests."

In Flint, Michigan, Mildred Smith found that when she took study-help materials into disadvantaged homes and asked for parental help, 90 per cent of the families responded, and of these 99 per cent of the parents asked that the program be continued.

Burton Blatt and Frank Garfunkel found it necessary to reject the operating hypothesis of their own study—that preschool might be good for disadvantaged children who "were at least two years away from entering the first grade." They concluded that (1) the home is more influential than the school; (2) the school can do little without strong home support; (3) disadvantaged parents "are often anxious to cooperate"; and (4) school organization and requirements are often "foreign" to these parents, who in turn are blamed by the school for not readily accepting them.

In all the investigations of early schooling, the only clear evidence proving its value is in the case of special child-care needs that are *not* common to most children—and even here the home should be the center of operation when-

"Not until the child is seven or eight or older does he become a fully 'reason-able' creature."

Raymond S. Moore
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THE DANGERS
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ever possible. Special and early education is a benefit when it provides therapeutic help for the handicapped child—those with problems of vision, speech, hearing; or cerebral palsy, severe mental retardation, neuroses, psychoses, and advanced emotional problems. Likewise, in cases where the child may be severely deprived because his parents are mentally, physically, or emotionally unable to care for him, early schooling may provide an advantageous alternative to the home.

Yet one of the clear dangers of attempting to provide early schooling for all three- or four-year-olds is that these programs for the handicapped child, which are desperately needed, will be watered down. Sheldon White, a developmental psychologist at Harvard, fears that the early-schooling movement “will work itself into so much trouble within six years or so that it will wipe out the gains special education has made and possibly ruin the future of early-childhood education.”

Most disturbing of all, the volume of research work that stands opposed to early-childhood education appears to have made hardly a dent in the enthusiasm of its proponents. The report of the California Task Force on Early Childhood Education, for example, loftily recommends early schooling as a way to prevent future “crime, poverty, addiction, malnutrition, and violence”—without pausing to notice that some of the studies it quotes in its support actually contradict its recommendations.

It appears, indeed, that many of the problems early schooling is supposed to solve actually exist because children right now are being forced into schooling too early. Throughout the experimental work in this area there is considerable evidence that early schooling and parental deprivation together are prime contributors to childhood maladjustment, motivational loss, poor retention, deterioration of attitudes, visual handicaps, and a wide variety of other physical and behavioral problems.

School in the home

THE QUESTION REMAINS, of course, what is the alternative to early schooling? How are a bright child's enthusiasms and eagerness for learning to be met before he is eight years old and ready for school? The most promising practical solution emerging from current research points to home-centered educational programs.

Susan Gray and Phyllis Levenstein, among others, are now experimenting with “home schools,” the latter by means of a “Mother-Child Home Program.” In this plan, teachers visit homes at regular intervals to work with parents in assessing a child's development and suggesting appropriate ways of nurturing his growth

without taxing him. Essentially these visitors function less as traditional teachers and more as consultants or resource personnel, providing ideas and directions for the parents to follow if they choose; in fact, to overcome parental resistance to professional teachers, these visitors frequently refer to themselves as “toy demonstrators.”

In terms of funds required, home-centered programs avoid the need for heavy taxes to cover capital and operating costs that would be ample, the California early-school program is projecting a cost of \$500 to \$600 per child per year. New York state experts, however, point out that such programs must be funded at a rate of at least \$1,800 per child annually, and that truly effective programs will cost even more.

A central spokesman for the home-centered approach is Earl Schaefer, Professor of Maternal and Child Health at the University of North Carolina and former chief of early childhood research at the National Institute of Mental Health. In a recent interview, Schaefer criticized home-centered programs, and particularly the work of Levenstein and Gray, “the current likely solution” to the child-development dilemma. To its credit, the Office of Child Development in the Department of Health, Education and Welfare is embarking on a new program called Home Start, intended to redirect the focus of early-childhood education from the school to the home.

The home-school concept can be adapted to meet the growing national concern for child care of working mothers. Neighborhood home-centered schools could be established where the mothers (or other adults) providing care would be selected for their warmth, continuity, and dedication to the welfare of children. Where parents cannot afford the entire cost of these centers, the difference could be subsidized by the states. Trained teachers or “toy demonstrators” on state payrolls could monitor these home “schools” to see that each was providing adequate care, equipment, and to coordinate them with existing social-service programs.

While the proposal is sketchy—and the case may not provide the only answer to the country's child-care problem—it does establish a fruitful direction for exploration. A new social policy must be a product of our best thinking on public issues, or it runs the risk of plunging us even deeper into the problems we are attempting to escape. The clear lessons of scholarly research in the field of child development are that we must worry less about educating the child's intelligence and more about understanding it, and that schoolmen must realize that there is less value in attempting to substitute for the parent than in helping parents to help themselves and their children.



crossed hands of the dead. One held out his hands in the pattern of crucifixion all the way into the bus. More kept coming, joined hands in a circle, observing a churchlike silence. MPs eased up to the circle like diffident freshmen trying to break in at the prom. The circle was dissolved one by one, hands parting slowly. The rite wound down rather inconclusively.

THE WHOLE HARRISBURG TRIAL was like that —portentous symbols somehow deflated, energies pointlessly expended, rituals with nothing to commemorate. The trouble had come clear on Holy Thursday: a special print of the new movie *The Trial of the Catonsville Nine* had been flown in and a theater found for a midnight showing. The movie was highly stylized, courtroom subtly turned into a church, defendants' voices interwoven, the whole thing moving to a satisfactory conclusion: conviction, joyfully accepted, for a real crime—one both colorful and openly confessed. They were proud they did it, and proud to suffer for doing it.

Some of the best lines came straight from the trial transcript. The defendants had struggled with the judge to bare their souls—there would be none of *that* at Harrisburg. The movie Philip Berrigan was pompous, but at least he had his say. Jurors in Harrisburg heard only two quiet sentences from him—one at the beginning, when he said he wanted to defend himself; and one at the end, saying he would rest his own case. Thus the strongest voice among the defendants was dumb at the Harrisburg trial. The defense thought his voice would be too strong; their argument was that no one could take the alleged plot seriously. But Phil has a terrible gift for making people take things seriously; it is his favorite word, “serious,” along with “real.” The jury would hear these words read from his prison letters, but hear them in passages not characteristic of the man—convoluted, where he is direct, fooling himself, while he normally cries “no bullshit” by mere carriage and address. The letters did sound silly, and that was all the defendants’ lawyers wanted the jury to hear from their Reverend Philip.

"My brother is a hard man to capture," says the Reverend Daniel. He thinks the actor playing Phil was the worst flaw of the movie—"Phil's a big man." He does not mean tall; the actor was tall. In the letters Phil referred to "little bruv," and he did not mean only that Dan, the older, is also the shorter of the two. Phil assumes, and Dan partly goes along with the assumption, that Phil has undertaken the larger tasks of resistance. "Why did you go to Catonsville?" Dan was asked at his trial: "Because my brother was a man, and I must be a man." Dan, acerb with others, plays the follower to Phil, deferring, submerging differences, partly apologizing.

THE WHOLE TRIAL AROSE from a confusion of their identities. The uneducated thinks in terms of "the Berrigans" as if the twins, interchangeable, a two-man act, were in fact they could not be more different in style, or circle of friends. When Dan was arrested, and joined by Phil in Danbury, the nicest thing about jail was the chance for him to get to know Philip. It was the first they had spent any length of time together in their adult lives. Phil, however, had written to Sister Elizabeth McAlister: "*Have thrashing out the pros and cons of the matter in Danbury. Have been sorely tempted to remain here [at Lewisburg].*" If the two single act, it is somewhat in the manner of Frazier-Ali. Phil has the Frazier style of moral brunt brought to bear on a man, with down his defenses, bullying him into good. It is how, after his own actions and arrest had on for some time, he at last beat down his defenses against activism: brought him, last minute, into the Catonsville plot. During trial, Dan said, "I was threatened [before Catonsville] with verbalizing my moral struggle out of existence."

Dan's own style is that of the poet that M. mad Ali wanted to be but could not. Stingy epigram. Float like a song. He is mocking, sive, hits once and slides away. His friends, academicians and litterateurs, from circumenical or secular—non-Catholic professors Efqbal Ahmad—while Phil has drawn after a whole train of seminarians and nuns. Phil, harder revolutionary, is also the more chicaneries come to him as naturally as the racks talk: "No bullshit—for the Kingd Heaven's sake." In the course of his correspondence he can end a letter in apertures: "*We'll make it—or if we don't, we a few shreds of honor with us. And the Ki will live.*" Dan's piety is a distanced filtered through ironies. Questioned, Phil time for anything but answers: "*I have terrible suspicion regarding academics . . . few exceptions, the b-stards will let others the gallows without a serious murmur.*" He in one letter that academics underwent elating surgery as kids: "*Helps flexibility and weaving with issues.*"

And here's the rarest irony of all: the brothers were confused, at the origin of the Harrisburg trial, *because* of their differences. Clashes between their two quite different groups of followers led to Dan's arrest and Philip's scoop: Ahmad, the Pakistani, out of the circle and plopped him incongruously down on Phil's seminarians and doting nuns; gave the feds a gar Hoover a weird semi-case against Phil.

m the scraps of his search for Dan; as he defense its task of denying falsehood revealing the truth; left both sides grant-irdities to each other, to protect them-om damaging admissions—one side pro-Dan's people, just offstage, the other side ng Hoover's people, half onstage and em-d; both surrendering agreed-on hostages, er crook-informer Boyd Douglas, the sad correspondence, so compromising nally, not criminally)—all of this a lation of shadows before bewildered each side more interested in cutting its nan in winning; paying for allies' mis- ere was the source of the disappointing Harrisburg. The trial could not offer a et of conscience. No draft records de- No unhedging proud team of defend- ese people were here because some of lked, foolishly, of things they could not ause others did not want to talk, knowl- ay, of things they had been doing; be- ey were caught in each other's idiocies, ating to stand trial for a stranger's mis- Ahmad had never even met Phil Berrigan he indictment; and when they did meet, with a tense formality that never, really, —Ahmad knew what Berrigan had called in his letters.)

Underground notes

IS WHAT HAPPENED. Peace activists in eral, and Phil's circle of disciples in par- ad decided that if the war went on and escalated, they must reciprocally escalate ence. A prosecution lawyer would dwell r term in his summary, darkly chanting rees, as if it were a demonic *Sanctus*— te! Escalate! Escalate!" Where else hey escalate, he argued, after marches, sobedience, and draft raids, but to kid- g?—and that was, indeed, the thing they ponder, down the road. But a different n of escalation caused the Harrisburg began back in 1970 when both Berrigans ee for a while after their Catonsville ap- ut scheduled at last to begin their sen- and facing the old question: how escalate? to go from here? How about a run from s, at the beginning of their prison terms, l and Dan? Their aim was not escape, but action, publicized resistance, drama. as usual, went first—head-first, and was caught. His was the more conscious de- to harden resistance; he meant to hide, s quickly found in a sacristy cupboard. as not so sure; he held back, played with a. Leaving it to his artist's instinct and the it, he went to make a public speech. He plan for escape, but others were looking

for an exit, and suggested it to him—straight out, in a mummies' seven-foot costume. He liked it. He dove directly underground from as high and visible a public spot as possible.

Once down, he played the game well. He is good at it; he had gone to Catonsville to stand trial, but also, as it turned out, to write a play. And the play was as much a weapon against the war as the action itself, or the trial. What he had done gave him the right to write the play: the talent he possessed before he went. His talents served him underground, and so did his academic contacts—and that rankled Phil's group. In the assignment of spheres, Dan was supposed to work among the ineffectual, while Phil did "real" things among the "serious." As Phil wrote later to Sister Elizabeth, who was trying to fill his shoes outside of prison: "*He [Dan] is trying to radicalize a wide range of liberals. Where as you're working with hard core radicals. Most of the time, they don't mix. I remember how we operated with him—always happy to have him in a rap, but undisturbed when he couldn't make it.*" Yet here was Dan still loose, getting away with it after Phil had not, foiling

"The uneducated public thinks in terms of 'the Berrigans' as if they were twins, ... while in fact they could not be more different in tastes, style, or circle of friends."



hundreds of agents, tweaking their noses with periodic surfacings, then diving again, scatheless. And helped, all the time, by the twittering professors Phil made fun of.

There was tension between the two groups, the "activists" getting less publicity than this bookish fellow with his teacher friends. Dan moved among the naturally cautious, whose protection of him looked like protectiveness *against* Phil's more daring band. The latter wanted in on the action, and recklessly invited Dan to a multiple draft-board raid in Delaware. In this breathless passage from Sister Elizabeth's account of the raid's preparation, Dan is "our visitor" and "the man": *"Joe Gilchrist . . . out of some logic of his own, had his mother, his girl friend . . . & girl friend's dog alreddy [sic] on a very complex scene. Through the weekend there had been some bad feeling expressed about their presence there & he was angry & hurt & feeling that these people mean more to me than those in the group or this action. Sun. night it came to a head when his 3 were not invited to come for the session. He started out then just took off for a silent drive & went home. We sent someone after him which delayed the arrival process & forced our visitor to drive in circles for a couple of hours. The session was good. We discussed the guard & our decisions to confront him, & the man agreed."* Dan slipped away, then, and did not join this mad scene of the "practical" people anymore (dogs and mothers and girlfriends!—give him professors any day). A new harshness enters the correspondence from Elizabeth. She makes fun of those around Dan, calling them "drones," feeding the anti-professorial certitudes of Phil. Still, she thought, weren't some of Dan's friends capable of "real" acts—William Stringfellow, perhaps? Though a mere scholar, he is frail, apocalyptic in his outlook, brooding on America as Babylon, returned from death several times to look coldly on our life. Even reckless enough to join Liz's crew (Phil's, of course, with her filling in for him)? She thinks so: *"He's not afraid of jail. Says with his health, they'd have to send him to the place in Florida & he could do some pretty good writing out of there."* But then the subtle rebuke: he would put himself, first, at Dan's disposal. Liz will not even use the periphrasis of "visitor" when she tells Phil of this disgusting development: *"Stringfellow may not be useable because he is part of bruv's next move."* This letter reached Lewisburg, and the FBI, August 4—for agents had been reading her letters all the while, not out of great interest in her, but waiting for news of Dan. He mattered to them; she did not—the very thing that, twisted around, was making her put such remarks about Dan in her letters to Phil. She had by this time adopted Phil's condescending "(little) bruv."

The FBI's problem, had they known it at the

time (one lesson of Harrisburg is that on not underestimate agents' intelligence) was they were hunting Dan by shadowing the people, the ones with records, Phil's ac. It is always easier to hunt people on file when they are not the ones wanted. St. watch on Phil was what worked, after s. lance of Phil's friends led agents nowhere.

When Liz sent her letter about String and Dan, agents' attention picked up. were waiting for her next mention, which August 8: *"Stringfellow still plans on try get to you I think but he's now or soon i somehow mixed up with bruv which, in his ing or that of the drones around bruv, n tated his withdrawal from our thing today* August 11, Dan was captured at Stringf house on Block Island, and the agents, continuing to intercept Liz's mail as a ma course, called off their surveillance of her. had Dan. They had what they wanted.

The constant co

THE MEDIUM OF THIS epistolary eaved. ping, however, had further things in and would get more attention for him months to come. Enter, in other words, Douglas, intimate of prisons and a kind of agent himself, who could read his keepers' at a certain canny and Catholic level. He always thought Phil Berrigan would be his to fame and fortune. Douglas is our do Calley, a flunky trying to please, on so margin because he is so dispensable, but— he is there—also usable; hard to resent, viously was he made for use, so quickly co be used up when his time came.

He had, of course, learned many sk the bowels of our "correctional" vicious ruminated from chamber to chamber with Merely to keep moving is a great skill b bars, and no prisoner was ever more mobil even managed, with his gift for showi where it counts, to get out of Lewisburg in Baltimore during Phil's trial with the C ville Nine. (He was there suing the govern for a million dollars' compensation for marks he claims he got from some experin medication he took at Lewisburg.)

This was in October of 1968; yet D claims he never heard of Phil till, a full eig months later, a professor of history at Bu brought up his name.

And why was our Boyd hobnobbing wit Bucknell faculty? Because his travel instinc turned him into Lewisburg Prison's only muter to outside classes—he had wheels (b ones), a pad, a glad following of Phil's p able to get word from him only through Boyd was out—despite a terrible record, an

s at escape—and cultivating the histo-
 Richard Drinnon, even before Phil got to
 burg. The link Boyd wanted was between
 and one of Dan's people, forming an obvious
 of correspondence—one that did not
 planned, for two reasons: because it was
 es, and because Professor Drinnon went
 the summer of 1970.

while Boyd was trying to open communi-
 between Phil and Drinnon, Phil gave him
 to someone else, someone Boyd would
 much easier to talk with, serving as con-
 tact and forth, certifying himself at one
 praising the other: *"The chargé d'affaires*
in Phil's letters, for Boyd Douglas] has al-
old me of the impact you [Sister Eliza-
ft in Smalltown, U.S.A. [Harrisburg]. He
you're the most remarkable woman. So I
at else is new? As though to say, I wish
ouldn't be so trite! But he's right, and I
to hear more of it this evening [when he
ly conferred with Boyd]."

that Boyd would have had much trouble
 Phil, even without the urgency of Phil's
 communicate with Liz. For Phil, with his
 attitude toward convicts, he was ideal:
 saved Catholic convict recallable to first
 and new peace actions (Boyd managed to
 him first outside the prison chapel after

Phil knew these prison people were
 if only he could reach them. His is the
 of the Left that looks to Algeria and a
 uprole revolution—pimps and whores at
 ricades, wild gospel vision of Magdalenes
 atthews repenting, the last shall be first
 ill show all those professors): "... some
 young guys here—who more and more,
 on the raps—car thieves, bank robbers,
 and experienced cons, for all of their young
 They are creative, personable, funny, vio-
 lencist. But what an injection they'll add to
 movement. We hope, before we leave here, to
 them started on an investigation of life—
 which will put their obvious talents at our
 ed." Boyd himself was a sign that this could
 be: "The local minister with portfolio [an-
 code term for Boyd] has emerged as the
 ing hereabouts since polio vaccine. His
 ations have been no less than providential
 given the setting here, very nearly heroic.
 n. I consider he'll be a burr in the saddle
 ny of our people, for already he's paid up
 ce tag, and kept the taxes in proper shape.
 might have told you, there are guys here
 comparable potential. Somehow, one must
 through Little Brother's net of informers
 timorous people]... To feed a regular
 of ingenious and reliable ex-cons into the
 could make a resounding blow for public
 ty. Some would have a bit of bad educa-
 shuck off, but they would help with some
 bad education of our people." Boyd knows

things that Dan does not. Phil would trust him to
 the very end: *"Our chargé emerges in a truly as-*
tounding fashion—the values and concerns that
occupy us are beginning to consume him. He's
thinking 'movement.' Mark my words—he will
be one of our best people."

Douglas's appearance at the trial was a disap-
 pointment for those who wanted drama. Hidden
 away by the government during the trial's first
 stages, he had written the FBI that his life would
 be in danger once he came forward against the
 conspirators. Observers hoped for a touch of the
 sinister or swashbuckling in a man who had
 skillfully played both sides of a dangerous game.
 But he came to the witness stand pudgy and non-
 descript, still young in his thirties, a dutiful
 apprentice applying for a job, polite to his in-
 terviewers, properly embarrassed when his
 credentials were questioned, striving to "talk
 good" among his social betters. Even the effort
 at accommodation was appropriate. Those who
 had waited through a dull trial were appalled
 that the heart of the case was also dull. It
 should not have come as such a surprise. The
 human chameleon has no proper coloration; he
 fits in by being inconspicuous. Phil trusted
 Douglas because he seems trustworthy; one
 could not feel endangered by "ol' Boyd."

"The defendants
 never got their
 clear vindicat-
 ing moment, as
 at Catonsville.
 Everything was
 shadowboxing
 and empty
 rites."



BUT HOW HE LABORED to endanger them. Although there was, as I say, a slackening of interest on the Bureau's part after Dan had been captured, Boyd still had big plans. He had been rewarded twice for information contained in the letters—one that told of an upcoming draft-board raid, and the one that led to Dan's whereabouts. Boyd wrote Agent Delmar Mayfield about a grand sweep of the Catholic Left's inner circle, and suggested the appropriate reward (\$50,000 and expenses; there had been disappointing bounty on Dan's head: only \$200). He had another scheme for traveling from prison to prison on Bucknell funds conducting a study of penal conditions, alternately organizing and spying on the Catholic Left, in some places creating it to destroy it. He was always asking for more money—from the Bureau, from Bucknell, from Drinnon, from his girlfriends.

Still, the Bureau seemed to think he had served his purpose—till the famous kidnap letter came. Liz herself advertised its importance in a covering letter that called it dynamite, and told Boyd to destroy it if he could not get it to Phil safely. As she says in the letter, she writes Phil *"to give you some confidence that people are thinking seriously of escalating resistance. . . . Eq [Eqbal Ahmad] outlined a plan for an action which would say—escalated seriousness—and we discussed pros & cons for several hours. It needs much more thought & careful selection of personnel. To kidnap—in our terminology make a citizen's arrest of—someone like Henry Kissinger."* This conversation was one of the old sort—where to go from here?—held late at night in the home of Ahmad's in-laws during a lull in the peace effort, while Liz was lonely for Phil. It was hard enough to carry on in his stead; even harder not to feel she was unworthy, not doing as much as he would do, or would wish. The defense had to argue that no one took this kind of talk very seriously; but the first one to do so was Liz (it was dynamite to her). Her letters contain other harebrained things—talk of breaking Phil out of jail, getting money for peace work from Sweden, nonviolently capturing a draft-board guard. But this was the most harebrained: after the kidnapping she thought it would be best to conduct underground hearings with prominent liberals questioning Kissinger, while the kidnapers made a movie of the confrontation.

Phil's answer to her seems intended as a gentle letdown, calling the plan *"brilliant—but grandiose."* He doesn't trust Eq to do anything real. The kidnapping would take *"a force of perhaps 10 of your best people."* Kidnapping the liberal interlocutors *"would take dozens more, making the network too wide."* Besides, *"the common*

view is that K is the architect of honorable drawal from S. E. Asia." He will not reject the idea outright, but asks her to keep a rein in and *"weave elements of modesty into [the idea]."* Even the Bureau did not take Liz's talk seriously at first; it was part of the static that could be heard all through the Left after Tupamaro and Canadian political kidnaps.

THE FBI DID NOT EVEN BOTHER to intensify surveillance of Liz, or have its experts examine the letters. All that came later, in 1968—after J. Edgar Hoover stepped in, using the ultimate publicity weapon, the annual Congressional hearing over his budget. The hearing was in executive session, but Hoover had asked that its proceedings be made public. He brought twenty-five copies of his statement, which accused "the East Coast Conspiracy to Save Lives," acting under orders of its masterminds, Daniel and Philip Berrigan, plotting to bomb D.C. heating tunnels and kidnap Kissinger.

The late Director had it all wrong, of course, as when he brought in Dan. During the time when Liz wrote, there was no communication between Dan and Phil, and she expressly said in the kidnapping letter, *"I would want you to even to say a word of it to Dan until we have a fuller grasp of it."* Hoover had been hurt by Dan's well-publicized months of underground elusiveness—even a Hoover acolyte, William Buckley, wrote a column asking why the Bureau couldn't catch a figure who seemed consistently available for interviews with the press, like Rep. William Anderson of Tennessee and the accused Hoover of convicting people in public forum without benefit of trial*. This began the scurrying to give Hoover's charge a foundation; belatedly, handwriting and fingerprint people went to work on the letters; surveillance was resumed, agents were sent questioning people throughout the Left. A grand jury was called to summon witnesses and question them about Phil's circle of friends. Boyd Dooley was given tapping and bugging equipment to get evidence against his pen pals, and the last meeting with Liz he wore a money-belt recorder.

Meanwhile, an indictment of sorts was put together from testimony given the grand jury. It named six defendants and seven unnamed "co-conspirators." In this odd latter category, Dan Berrigan and East Coast Conspiracy people were named, apparently to justify Hoover's mention of them in the first place. A second

*Actually, Hoover's open charge was a proof that the plot had not developed—if it had, he would have nurtured it up to the point where he could catch the plotters at work, as he did through his informant in Camden, New Jersey, draft raid.

it would drop Dan entirely and name a set of co-conspirators and defendants. A changing cast of characters called for in the scenario, of course; and the Justice Department was tinkering with its charge producers of an out-of-town musical who put the thing into shape before it reaches day. The FBI was trying, retrospectively, to find something that approximated Hoover's logic, and it was heavy going. The solidest evidence eventually worked into the reshaped indictment—was of separate draft-board raids having nothing to do with bombed tunnels or named officials.

The government had the toughest time with Ahmad. He had to be tied in, since he was in the letter as the kidnap plot's originator. But in his case agents were up against the problem of linking Dan's people with Phil's. He had been to the dinner with Ahmad at his apartment, but Boyd Douglas, in spite of many attempts to get at Ahmad, had never met him; and the government's accommodating memory of private conversations was the only thing the government had apart from the letters, to extend the plot beyond Liz herself. At last Boyd had to settle for a none conversation he claims he had with Ahmad—though the judge threw out all government evidence based on voice identification.

The final indictment sought to bolster the weakness of a kidnap plot by accumulating all the draft-board raids the defendants had, singly or jointly, taken credit for or been suspected of. They were lumped together as thirty-five specifications of a single first charge of "conspiracy" with a maximum sentence of five years for the first count (less than Phil got for his admitted violation). The nine other counts of the indictment, with heavier penalties than the first count, all had to do with smuggling letters in and out of jail (therefore concerned only Liz and Phil). The first five-year term, therefore, it was hoped the jury could find something to justify conviction on the conspiracy charge.

While the government was chasing shadows, it was also chasing those on the Catholic Left. Questions, accusations and bickering. Factional bickering. It exists in all political endeavors, could now be used by the government to get at the peace movement—a fact that became the source of new factional bickerings. This would persist right up to the trial and through it, with Ramsey holding the touchy defendants and their lawyers together in uneasy alliance. From the beginning the lawyers for the defense had had a hard time collecting evidence. Phil and Dan were in no mood to talk to over the fear of being bugged. Testimony could not be used. The defendants were not helped. Another informer might be included among the co-conspirators. The first time the defense team (which rapidly mounted to thirteen lawyers) could get together was months after the

indictment. They met in Boston, walked onto the MIT campus, chose a classroom at random, and posted guards while they added the collected follies they knew about, to see if they equaled a crime.

"Boyd Douglas is our domestic Calley, a flunky trying to please..."

The boy-girl thing

THE CONDUCT OF THE TRIAL was just as surreal. Each side twisted the letters to its own purpose—the prosecution trying to make their simplemindedness look calculating, the defense trying to make it look innocent. The government was ashamed of its own chief witness, and the defense was afraid to put anyone on the stand. The government could show that some of the defendants were involved in some of the draft-board raids; but the defense showed that over thirty other people were involved in the same raids, and had as much (or as little) to connect them with Boyd Douglas's cobwebby single conspiracy. It all came down to the letters, and therefore to the two who sent them, Liz and Phil. The prosecutor, William Lynch, transferred from the Criminal Division of the Justice Department to the Internal Security Division in order to conduct this case, read everything Phil had ever written in preparation for his cross-examining. His assistant, William Connelly, had done equally thorough homework on Liz. Both defendants wanted to testify—to explain, to argue about the war, to sound less sappy than their private letters, to put something more dignified

Boyd Douglas, FBI Informant



Garry Wills
LOVE
ON TRIAL

on the record. Phil had tried to argue his own case; had planned to rise and confront Boyd directly. When other defendants began to talk of resting the case without a single defense witness, Phil protested that they should undergo "the discipline of truth." But in various ways, hard and gentle, the lawyers and other defendants let Liz and Phil know they did not mean to commit the peace movement to a defense of these two people's emotional entanglement. They had been brought to trial because of it; but they would not use it as a platform for expounding peace philosophy. The two were overruled.

They sat there, day after day, in court—heard their letters read and reread, analyzed, dissected, exposed; letters written stealthily in jail, or hastily outside; letters that were obscure even to their writers, in which movement talk was a love code, one only half-formulated each time, and (fearfully) half-decoded; where breeziness distanced affection, and nicknames fumbled toward intimacy. She was "Irish" to him, and "Cousin." He called her by her own name, Maureen, the one she was given by her parents before the renunciatory gesture of taking a religious name (St. Elizabeth, mother of Mary): "*Haven't told you what a profound impression recent events have made on me, particularly the brains, guts, devotion, savvy and drive of one . . . nee Maureen. Figger if the movement had ten like her strategically placed around the fair nation, we wouldn't be fishing for 4th Party policies a'la Jack Newfield. . . . So tell the gal Maureen that she has emerged as 'main woman.' Among convicts, there is no higher compliment than 'main man.'*" She angled for his praise, listing people at work for the movement, and adding: "*Then there's this RSHM [Religious of the Sacred Heart of Mary] who's a real so & so—very difficult to get along with. You'd probably like her.*" She wrote assurance, questions, gossip; doing things, so she could write about them; exaggerating their importance to assure him of hers; picking up his language of "the real," offering him obscure comfort in religious terminology: "*A single piece from you in a week or 2 weeks is food for the journey. But the inner workings, reflections, etc., just never stop. The agreement holds good there but the battle between the inner & outer man is exhausting. So you're longing for the flesh pots of Egypt after yer long fast. Could philosophize & say, like the Jews, there is no possibility for you to turn back to them. But know this, that they're travelling by a slightly different route & they'll be awaiting you at journey's end in the Promised Land.*"

Other defendants shifted their seats on the defense side of the courtroom, but these two always sat together; and, sitting there, rarely spoke, or even looked sideways—close yet uncommuning, in an imprisoned intimacy symbolic of all the bars between them, literal and figura-

tive. She would talk or laugh nervously to others—lawyers kept her from the garrulous Eqbal, who made her giggle too much. She winning expression, impish covered eyes spread over a gopher grin. She is younger-looking than her years, with that unused quality of nuns and she wears the plain compromise-dress of nuns who have put aside their habits. (She looks, now, like the students in their own sedate girls' academies.) Phil praised her in letters for being liberated, but she is the Movement's quintessential secretary, working long hours, doing what no one else wants to do. "*Call from Eq means another 'little job' and so. With no job now, I've never been busier than I think.*" As the agents trailing her found out, she can work right around the clock, picking up tasks as she goes, trying to please the boss.

And the boss sat beside her. His grin is winning, but he was serious most of the time in court—not with the sleek pulpit manner of an actor who played him. He has a drawn face, but not that meaning (as it often does) a hag. He is young, yet intricately lined, elastic and ferent from each angle; easily stretched into grins, scowls, or a cat's-cradle diagram of thoughtfulness; rubber bands drawable an infinite number of ways—ingratiating, but not accommodating. Rubber bands of steel.

He looked intently at the readers all through the compromising recitation from his ledger. There is nothing evasive about Phil. A thing that infuriates some people in Dan is that he talks to several audiences at once—and that one of them is himself; and that one of them is Phil. Phil talks one-on-one, straightforward, simply minded. He says he is going to do it, and he does it. He shies from emotional complexity and has for years praised a kind of revolutionary celibacy because it doesn't let what he calls "boy-girl thing" get in the way of peace and risk, imprisonment. Yet all of this agony of reality at Harrisburg came from his own engagement, after so many years, in "the boy-girl thing." It is like Dan's capture coming from criticism of his protectors. Or like Ahn standing trial with a bunch of strangers. Or real crimes (the draft-board raids) tagged to the indictment to prove a noncrime. It does fit—which is what made it fitting in Harrisburg.

EVERYTHING GOT LEVELED down there. Like Alger Hiss were called in to address small gatherings. The government could not get a conviction on the conspiracy charge, despite all the shenanigans in drawing up the indictment. Boyd Douglas was not believed; the letters were not thought to be conclusive. The judge refused the jurors (which helped the defendants). The prosecuting and defending lawyers did their own confusing. The defendants never got

vindicating moment, as at Catonsville. hating was shadowboxing and empty rites. tried the defendants as bad priests and calling Liz "worldly" in his summation, filling the jurors they must shudder at the sight of their children taking such moral courage at their word. Ramsey Clark drew attention the season, wondered out loud to the jury the coincidence brought the trial to an end. My Week. He looked at his band of apparent nobles and called them noble. Only his quiet eloquence kept that idea from being laughable. He said he had learned from them, through the trial, and confessed that he used to wonder why people like Dr. King and the Fathers Berrigan took the law and cause so much trouble: "Now I know." He argued that man remains man only through his willingness to take risks as the defendants did. He did not dwell on the most relevant risk, the risk of looking silly. For years now, these people have been planting token trees, to great fanfare; enacting little rites of resistance; thinking they could stop the war machine with street theater, reenactments of a captured Kissinger. There will be no celebratory play or movie about the Harrisburg trial. Indeed, it all seemed futile. Yet Ramsey Clark says he learned something there, and I don't think he was lying. In a sense it was a more "real" trial than the Catonsville one. That act was comparatively

pure, with a defense more like defiance, where those who went through with the act could present a solidarity of conscience before the state. Harrisburg was a stand made for each others' infirmities, not for a grand principle outside the individuals and their needs. They had no heroism to share, only indiscretions. Yet they shared them, survived them, would not disown each other.

Catonsville created the myth of "the Berri-gans." Harrisburg destroyed that myth. But in the process it freed the two men twinned in most people's minds, freed them to be themselves. I like them better this way, though I find them even more challenging. Two good men with different consciences, responding to different pressures; flawed, not saints, men like us; and there's the challenge. If they are so like us, why are we not more like them? They did dumb things for peace; others have done nothing, dumb or smart. They simplified the gospel in their lives; others have lived up to no code or set of demands that exacts a price.

Harrisburg was unsatisfying, all a play of shadows—just like most of our lives. It forged a complex liturgy out of the unreal and the half-real—one that resembles all the dull Good Fridays we must get through, clumsily, with a few scraps of honor, so that we—not the kingdom of heaven, just we, just as minimal human beings—might live. □

"For years now, these people have been... enacting little rites of resistance; thinking they could stop the war machine with street theater."

HARPER'S MAGAZINE
JULY 1972

VERSE

by Walter Griffin

MY FATHER

He would dream
of angels and make
of old toys into the
early morning hours;
come home from the movies
and crawl unwashed
to bed. He would sit
on Sunday mornings reading
the paper; chewing
a dead cigar. My mother
said he was
afraid to think big.

LIEUTENANT MANNY

The navigator who sent
self-winding German clocks
and Japanese prints to hang
above the Persian rugs
in his Aunt Melissa's Charleston
living room got drunk
in a bar in Tangier
and tried to put the make
on a Polish security guard:
They found him face down
in the Sea of Dancing Bears,
his blond hair gleaming
like yellow seaweed above
the gaping wound in crystal
salt sea caps the day
after he had sent
a self-portrait in oil
to hang near the Dresden
and blocked Egyptian lamps.

ULYSSES RETURNED

Am I, stalking country roads, older
than the moon or is it just the wind
in the cracks of my Ford convertible's top
that makes me feel like Ulysses
returned; sailing in my Detroit ship
across Mulaney Creek near paths
where I stalked birds with BB guns,
now twenty years later, driving slow,
clenching the wheel tightly,
seeking ghosts while listening
to a static Wagner's *Ring*, driving
deeper among unfound arrowheads.

Sidney Zion
ONCE A JEW,
SOMETIMES
A JEW

him, even though I was a shrimp. The other Irishers liked that: they told me that from now on they'd call me Mike. I said no thanks, the name is Meyer."

THROUGHOUT HISTORY Jews have found it necessary to forget the spectacles on their noses and the autumn in their hearts. But only for a while. One such a while came to New York in the middle Thirties when the German-American Bund tossed verbal thunderbolts (and worse) at Jews from their brown-shirted enclave in Yorkville, the "Reich Valley."

Rabbi Stephen Wise, the exalted leader of Reform Jewry, became upset by these happenings, and in 1935 he sent word to Lansky that "something must be done" about the Nazi outrages. Lansky agreed to supply the necessary means and asked for only one consideration: that the Jewish press lay off him and the methods he might have to employ.

For the next couple of years the Nazi strut was increasingly tripped up by Jews tossing sticks and stones and bombs. Heads were smashed, bones broken, and the thud of fat German necks hitting sidewalks sounded a new kind of Jewish rumba. The bomb throwers and fist swingers were drawn from every level of Jewish life. Few were aware that Lansky was behind the operations.

"And who do you think came out against us?" Lansky says. "The Jewish press, of course. They called us Jewish gangsters, these fair souls who sat peacefully in their beautiful homes while we were on the lines defending Jewish honor. They kept up the pressure, they wanted us destroyed, we were 'shaming' Jewry by attacking Nazis. The heat got too much for Rabbi Wise, and he ordered us to put an end to our actions."

I told Lansky that Rabbi Wise had been less successful in his efforts to silence Ben Hecht some years later. As head of the Committee to Save the Jews of Europe, Hecht in 1943 wrote a pageant called "We Will Never Die." Rabbi Wise got hold of the script. He phoned Hecht and "ordered" him to stop work on the show and to be sure to consult him if in the future he wished to work for the Jewish cause. Hecht hung up on him.

Governor Thomas E. Dewey then agreed to proclaim a day of mourning for the murdered Jews of Europe in conjunction with the production of Hecht's pageant at Madison Square Garden. Rabbi Wise and a delegation of important Jews journeyed to Albany, asked Dewey not to issue the proclamation, and warned him that he would lose the Jewish vote if he didn't break with Hecht and his "dangerous and irresponsible racketeers who are bringing terrible disgrace to our already harassed people."

When Ben Hecht got word of this, he called

Wise and let loose with a barrage of barracoon language. As Ben's widow Rose recalled recently, "He started by telling this 'Chief Rabbi of the World' that he'd rip his balls off. And that it got unprintable."

Governor Dewey went ahead and proclaimed the day of mourning and 40,000 people jammed the Garden for the two performances of "We Will Never Die."

Lansky nodded wisely at the recounting of this tale, but his eyes betrayed a touch of shock that anyone would dare talk that way to a rabbi. Lansky, the terrible mobster, obediently accepted "the word" from a rabbi; Ben Hecht, then highest paid screenwriter in Hollywood, tells to gazump himself.

Ben Hecht, like Babel, was one of those birds with enough serenity—and gaiety—to tolerate Jewish criminals. He wrote of them naturally, as though it never occurred to him that Jews were not allowed to have their outlet. Imagine the futures book of the Anti-Defamation League if such thinking became contagious. Dore Schary on the panel shows—every night—clucking his tongue, shaking his head counting for a deadly bored world the gloom and passivity of Jewish culture.

TO DENY LANSKY, it occurred to me vile talking to him, is to betray a full-blown ghetto mentality. One need make no brief for his character to say this—quite the contrary—or what more abject kowtowing to the goyish world can be conjured up than to say that we will vomit out our gangsters to impress you with our goodness.

And that is what the argument is all about in *State of Israel v. Meyer Lansky*.

We are dealing with a farrago of ironies, from the absurd to the tragic.

The absurd first.

Not to break the hearts of Hadassah ladies, but the picture the West has of the Israel as an upright, law-abiding, early-to-bed, hardworking citizen for the commonweal is a good many kilometers from nothing-but-the-truth. He is hardworking, to be sure. He had better work hard if he is to avoid the tentacles of the tax collector who will grab most of his wages; he is not constantly *au courant* with the latest cheating devices. He had better work hard if he is to turn the corner on a pervasive bureaucracy that has made *protection*—influence—the coin of the realm. He had better work hard if he is to survive a runaway inflation that has small apartments in Jerusalem selling for \$70,000, Volkswageners going for \$8,000—an inflation bottlenecked on an economic system that has been aptly described as a combination of "nineteenth-century socialism and twenty-first-century capitalism."

Tax avoidance, *protection*—these are the

OF JULIUS AND ETHEL ROSENBERG:

"It was a disgrace, giving them the chair. If they weren't Jews they'd be alive today. Only a Jewish judge would have done that to them, trying to pander to the goyim."



es. A visitor to Israel, unless he is on tour, or is a correspondent for the *New Times*, quickly discovers that just about nothing is available in the Promised Land—gambling to hookers to hashish.

"a well-known fact," Ephraim Kishon, the Israeli Art Buchwald, put it recently in his column in the afternoon paper *Maariv*, "that of the average citizen in our State is a system of laws whose ordinances out-small print how they ought to be circled."

"these rules do not apply to Lansky," he added.

"Lansky's case," he wrote, "we ignore the game as well as the standards of due process. In his case we are all pillars of rectitude, as pure as guileless as distilled water. Our faces become solemn, our eyebrows shoot up, our nostrils quiver."

"Imagine: a former member of the Mafia is among us. Among us! Sitting!

"The experts of the fast buck are rolling their eyes heavenwards. The champions of Mediterranean bribery are wagging a warning finger. The honest friends are shocked, the government is blushing—our conscience has woken, shouting itself."

SURFACE HYPOCRISY of the Lansky case is obviously a banquet for satire. Yet there can be said of any nation's selective justice. The difference here—aside from the "vices" being generally unknown to the rest of the world—has to do with what the country is supposed to be about.

It is to say that it is a sad spectacle to the founding fathers of Israel, who upon their *shtetls* in Eastern Europe so assiduously attempted to shed all signs of ghetto poverty, acting out in the Lansky affair the

But it is that old story going on here.

There are Israelis who vehemently insist that the deportation of Lansky is simply a practical accommodation to American pressure.

If they are right, it's bad enough. For as such it would serve as ammunition for Israel's enemies who have long claimed that the state is little more than a U.S. satellite.

But there is nothing to this "pressure" argument. Is it not preposterous to believe that the United States would permit its global policy to be affected by what the Israelis do with Meyer Lansky?

If the question does not thunderously answer itself in the affirmative, then Israel's dependence on the United States stands on a reed so thin as to make the angels tremble.

No, it is not what the United States will *do* to Israel if Meyer Lansky is permitted to live in the Holy Land; it is what the world will *think* now that America has spotlighted the case.

"How will it look for the goyim?"

Well, how will it look for the independence of the Israeli judiciary if the Supreme Court, which will decide the appeal shortly, rules against Lansky on the basis of hearsay evidence? Because for all everyone may "know" about Meyer Lansky—and we all are—up "knowing" is plenty—his rap sheet still records only that conviction for common gambling. The rest of the "proof" against him consists of news stories, Kefauver Committee hearings, and "confidential" FBI reports.

As my cousin Maxie would say, thanks a lot.

Courts in other democratic nations have occasionally belched out the horror of their governments. Can such a manner be brooded forth in Jerusalem?

And Becca Kirk had this to say, for her eyes were stonemason, and passion rules the up-close.

Still, that was Odessa—before we were free."

come down to my casino in Cuba, always with a pretty girl on his arm. He was a nice guy—and a heavy plunger."



ON RICHARD NIXON:

"Imagine Nixon saying that President Kennedy would have gone to China! As Chester Bowles pointed out, it was Nixon, and people like him, who kept Kennedy from doing anything constructive about China."

er Lansky, born Maier Wajlansky in Grodno, Russia, 1902, shares with virtually all members of the sporting life a certain shyness toward the press, though he was friendly with such celebrities as Damon Runyan, Walter Winchell, and Quentin Reynolds. Lansky made it an imperative never to speak for publication. Under pressure of a hostile Israeli press pushing for his deportation, he broke the rule some months ago. The result was a long interview with Uri Dan,

published in installments in *Maariv*, the influential afternoon paper. As could be anticipated, the interview was largely self-serving. Lansky portrayed himself as a retired gambling impresario who had quit the business in 1959, an assertion guaranteed to bring howls of scorn from all known law-enforcement officials in the United States, not to say Interpol. The little guy went on to deny any involvement with gambling in the Bahamas, said he had nothing to do with Louis "Lepke" Buchalter's

notorious Murder, Inc., of the 1930s, and scoffed at the notion that he headed up a National Crime Syndicate.

However one may scoff or smile (or both) at this self-portrait, the interview was dotted with nuggets and can be said to be something of an historical document—if for no other reason than its *disagreement* with the literature of crime known for its absence of dialogue from the dramatic personae. (For choice of Lanskyisms, see the margins of these pages.)

COMMENTARY*

A soldier's disgust

Colonel David H. Hackworth, one of the three or four most decorated American soldiers in the modern era, retired from the U.S. Army in the autumn of 1971. Although his retirement received considerable attention in the press, partially because of his plain criticism of the military adventure in Vietnam, Colonel Hackworth refrained from subsequent public comment on the subject. But at Harper's request he agreed to set forth the reasons for his misgivings about the present woeful condition of the Army. The following letter suggests the dimension of his anger and his passionate concern.

THE ARMY IS IN TROUBLE. It has been beaten to its knees by attacks from all quarters. The press has struck with a barrage of right hooks, Congress has ripped into its midsection, and the public has unleashed vicious jabs to the body. As the Army kneels, dazed, in the center of the ring, it is further clobbered by stinging assaults from insiders. Some of these attacks are from "nuts on an ego trip" or "an Army dropout who is looking for revenge." A more common explanation, though, among Army men is, "We're the scapegoat for Vietnam." And, "It's now popular to kick the Army while it's down."

With the purpose of determining what is behind the dissent, disenchantment, and defection, I started my research. Scores of interviews and a trunkful of mail later, the one thing for certain is that the subject is charged with emotion. Career soldiers consider the Army not unlike a religious order, and they have difficulty discussing the issue without strong feelings.

Professional soldiers either are puzzled by the wave of unpopularity or classify the anti-Army

attitude as capricious. Some rely on Kipling to articulate their reply to public disfavor:

*It's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' "Ch. 'im out, the brute!"
But it's "Saviour of 'is country," when
guns begin to shoot.*

The most common explanation from top managers goes like this: "The problems of the Army are a result of Vietnam. Vietnam was the wrong war . . . We had a no-win policy . . . We couldn't call up the reserves . . . The Army expanded from 360,000 to 1,500,000 people overnight . . . We wouldn't employ all our weapons . . . We didn't have public support . . ."

All of this is true—at least partially. But an old-timer said, "The problems now affecting the Army and most other American institutions are like those of a middle-aged man whose life of dissipation finally ruins his health, and he blames it all on something he ate last night."

According to this view, held by officers and sergeants in the ranks, the Army has been sick for a long time. These soldiers are articulate and aware. They were asked to be anonymous. A captain explained, "I hate to say this, but don't mention my name. It makes me seem like a phony. But I don't want to be banished to Outer Mongolia."

It is this group's opinion that the sickness began after World War II and has been getting steadily worse. Such a disease can be diagnosed during peacetime, but it is impossible to cure during a war—especially one in which the Army employs rebellious draftees.

It was in 1946 that the Army started remodeling itself in the likeness of the modern American corporation. Leaders were replaced by highly educated management specialists. The sergeant's role and his experience were reduced to imperious punches on an IBM card. Ability to lead became expressed in computer printouts giving each soldier one a raw efficiency score. Regiments with long histories that had created intense devotion were eliminated and replaced with brigades, an efficient numbering system. Promotions and assignments became centralized.

*Several pages entitled "Commentary" will appear every month in *Harper's*. The editors will consider manuscripts from anybody who writes on a subject with persuasive eloquence. The writing can take any form—a letter, a list of particulars, a declaration of rage, a sermon on a secular theme, etc. Manuscripts submitted should not exceed 500 words; they should be marked "Commentary," and addressed to the magazine in care of Suzanne Mantell.

then came the death blow, the need to highly versatile officer corps—officers would not only command fighting men but in physics, serve as statesmen, and advise. This produced officers conversant in matters, but proficient in very few. These all-trades were called ticket punchers.

Profile of two ticket punchers

LIEUTENANT GENERAL SUAVE. West Point 1954. Platoon leader 1955. Aide de camp, Command, 6th Division 1956-7. Student, Infantry Course 1958. Staff officer, Command in Europe 1959. Company commander for six months 1960. Student, Staff College 1961. Student, Yale 1962-4. Assistant Professor, Physics, West Point, 1964-8. Battalion commander for six months, Vietnam 1969. Aide de camp, Senior General High Command. Presently student, War College 1972. Suave's battalion in Vietnam suffered heavy casualties throughout his command tenure. They were known as the "Hardluck Battalion." His battalion saw little actual combat; most casualties from booby traps and snipers. His commanding general considered relieving Suave, but was reluctant to do so because of Suave's connection with high brass and his four-star father. He was awarded his third Silver Star as a farewell present for "good work."

LIEUTENANT GENERAL GALAXY GALLANT. ROTC Platoon leader and company commander. Division, France, Germany 1944-5. Student, Advanced Infantry Course 1946. Military School, England 1947-50. Aide de camp, Senior Staff, Europe 1951. Student, Staff College 1952. Battalion commander for six months 1954. Student, Harvard Management School 1955-6. Staff officer, Department of the Army Staff, Pentagon 1957-60. Student, War College 1961. Adjutant, Creek Army 1962-5. Brigade commander for six months, Vietnam 1966. Commandant, Staff, Pentagon 1967-71. Presently on staff, Pentagon.

In Vietnam, Gallant's brigade blundered from disaster to the next. On one occasion a battalion was lifted into a hot landing zone. Helicopters and dying men littered the field like toys. Gallant's first comment after being briefed of the tactical situation was, "Oh my career is ruined."

Luck and capable subordinates rescued the wounded unit; a clever after-action report turned the defeat into a victory. There was, however, one slight problem—the battalion commander of the pinned-down unit cowered in a trench throughout the fight and cried. His senior officer took command. After the theater commander pinned a Silver Star on the "brave"

colonel, he was quietly moved up to higher headquarters. Gallant didn't want to tell anyone about the cowardice; it would be a black mark on his unit. The senior sergeant retired in disgust. Gallant continues to move onward and upward and is now whispered of in the recesses of the Pentagon's E-Ring as a contender for Army Chief of Staff.

SUAVE AND GALLANT ARE, of course, composite people. But the ranks are full of such soldiers. Almost three generations of ticket punchers have now been produced. They are easy to identify since they have the most medals and badges and, because of this, resemble walking Christmas trees. They are highly articulate, well educated with impressive graduate degrees; smooth, slick guys who have not spent much time with soldiers. They flit in and out of units and spend only the minimum time there because there are few influential people at that level, and that's where careers can be ruined. These are the fakers who made soldiers sew on name tags, for they weren't around long enough to learn their men's names.

The ticket punchers succeeded in the Army by means of an evil statistical device whereby senior officers rate junior officers on everything from ability to lead men in combat to poise while dancing the samba. This efficiency report (ER) tends to produce yes-men and opportunists. But not rugged combat leaders.

Almost all the letters I received from bitter sergeants or angry field-grade officers condemned this system for its stupidity and injustice. Perhaps the clearest comment was that of Lt. Col. Philip Gilchrist, a man whose soldiering has brought him the Distinguished Service Cross. Gilchrist wrote:

The Army claims that leaders are made . . . not born. This is not true! Only the rare bird is the inspirational leader. Good leaders are few and far between. They cannot be stamped out like toy soldiers at the Infantry School, West Point or Staff College.

Leaders must be recognized early and then left to their own devices. You see, the leader is the nonconformist. He is the horse's ass in the vast Army bureaucracy. He is the odd man out. He is the lunkhead who uses the wrong fork at the formal dinner.

Let's take a look at a leader:

* He didn't consider it important to badger his troopers into buying savings bonds. His superior added to his ER: "This officer does not support command programs."

* When his unit fired on the range he reported that 93 per cent qualified and the rest were bolos. All other units reported no failures. His "inability to train his unit to shoot" was duly reflected on his ER.

"Army bureaucracy with its gobbledygook language, enslaving red tape, rigid rules, and plodding practices protects the dim, but destroys bold action."



* He resigned from the Officers' Club because he didn't drink or play golf and didn't give a damn how popular he and his wife were considered among the Officers' Club set. He was described as "antisocial" on his ER.

* During a demonstration for the Corps Commander he did not stack the platoon with hand-picked talent but actually used the 1st Rifle Platoon of Company A. The platoon maneuvered well, but without eyewash. His commander blasted him for the "sorry performance."

* He chose not to send before the Brigade Promotion Board his motor sergeant who was doing an excellent job as full-time brigade athletic NCO. This sergeant, incidentally, played squash daily with the brigade CO. The leader was rated low on "judgment" on his ER.

* On October 13 his battalion took six friendly killed and twenty-three wounded. His men found four Vietcong dead. He reported four enemy dead. He was relieved for failure to police the battlefield for enemy dead.

* He would not allow a platoon to enter a suspected VC area because of wall-to-wall booby traps. He was reprimanded for reluctance to pursue the enemy.

* He refused to fire artillery into a Vietcong village because of civilians. He was sternly lectured for "lack of aggressiveness."

Or, to continue with Gilchrist's letter:

Natural leaders must be recognized early and then nurtured solely as commanders. Never, never assigned as staff officers! It will take a decade before all leadership positions would be filled by such people. This would cause an exodus of ticket punchers from the Army—colonels would dash to information billets, and generals would scamper like rats from a sinking ship. Only then would the Army be saved.

Captains who are natural leaders would lead. Not be misfit staff officers. So he's a forty-year-old captain. His men idolize and fear him. He's no more of a staff officer than Jesus Christ was a baton twirler. . . . Must every son of a bitch be groomed for the Army Chief of Staff?

The trouble with the Army today is that nine out of ten officers are in the wrong job. The good infantry company commander is being commanded by the supply specialist who is getting his infantry command punch and making life miserable for everyone in sight. Meanwhile, the good infantry battalion commander is frustrated while helping design an electronic gadget at the Army Materiel Command. . . . With such goings on, the Army would have become completely unglued except for the good Noncoms and the maverick officers who refused to play this silly game.

There's no question that Gilchrist is right. A surgeon cannot actively practice for a few months every three or four years and remain proficient. Like a surgeon, a combat leader must

study and practice to retain his skill. It takes at least ten years of steady infantry experience to run a company. No small wonder Vietnam went out so badly with two- or three-year-servicemen trying to run companies in the most complex war we have ever fought.

As we have seen, the corporation-minded Army angrily yielded: centralization that leaders of initiative; depersonalization created dispirited soldiers; and the puncher whose desire for advancement destroyed self, consciously or unconsciously, before profession or country. These factors alone destroy an army, for an army without initiative, and selfless leadership is in trouble. The corporate concept produced other undesirable effects, described below.

The Army school s

WHEN GENERAL PERSHING ATTENDED the War College it taught War: "Organizational Use, and Equipment of Machine Guns." When General Eisenhower attended, it still taught War: "Field Operations, Joint Operations, Strategy, Tactics, and Logistics." General Dwight D. Taylor says the War College of the United States teaches "National power at the seat of government." But not War. The War College curriculum now offers courses such as "Dimensions of Military Professionalism," "Conflict Control Termination." These courses prepare officers for the "complex and dynamic international environment." But not War.

The War College has lost sight of its original mission as a school designed to teach war. It has become a school to teach war. It has become most other Army schools.

ITEM A private attends OCS. He is eventually pushed back into lower classes and is considered as marginal leadership material. He finally graduates and as a lieutenant in Vietnam leads his men in an infamous massacre.

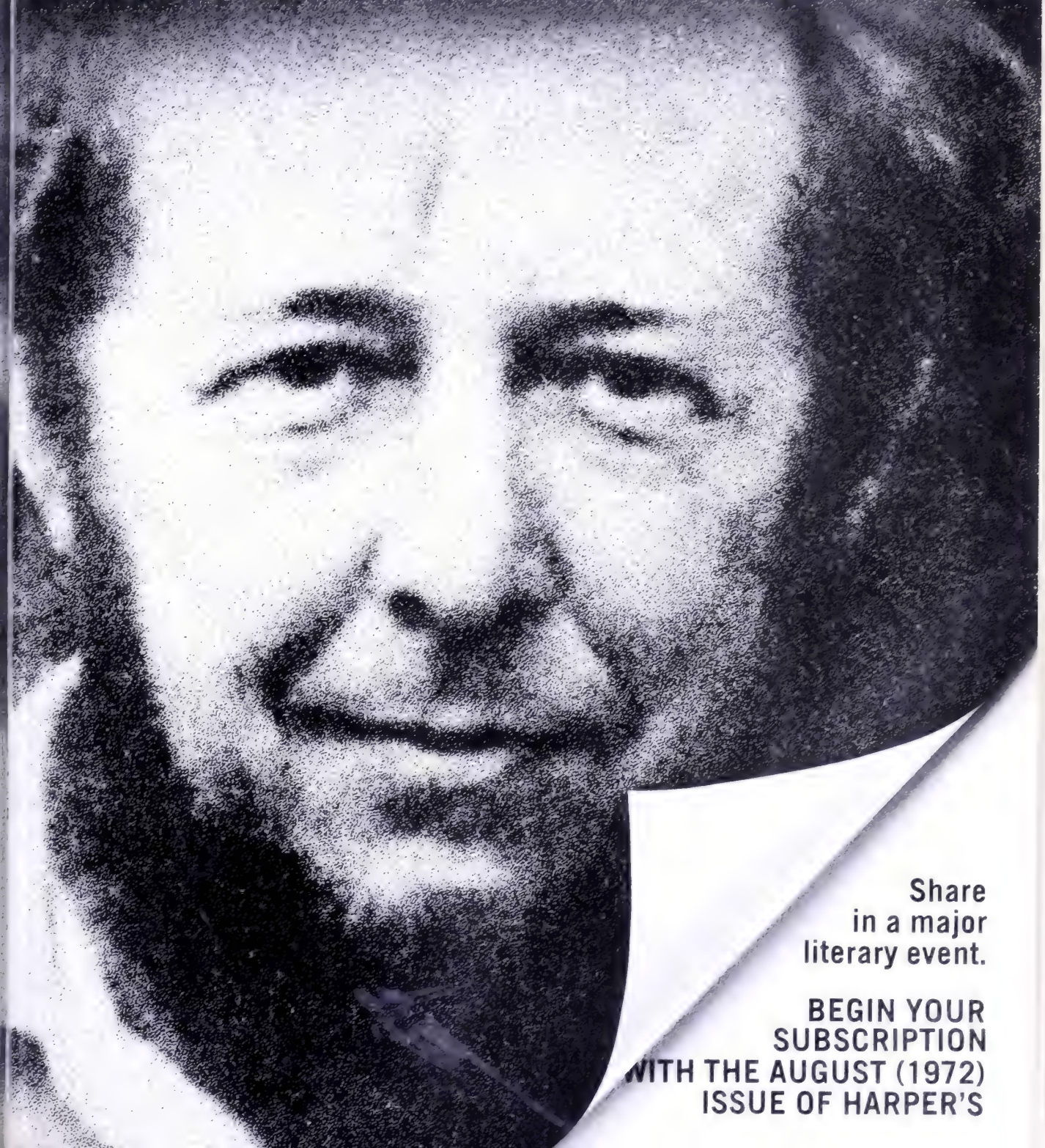
ITEM A colonel who had been away from troops too long attends a short course designed to prepare him to lead men again. A few days later he impulsively relieves a veteran leader for failure to move quickly through a thick VC field. He then lands his chopper, takes command, and enjoins the men to move forward. They balk. He takes the lead to prove their danger and is promptly killed by a mine. The company actually cheered when this guy was blown away," reports an eyewitness.

THE ARMY APPROACHES TRAINING for war as realistically as a high-school quarterback. As realistically as a high-school quarterback, his talent is sought after by the Green Packers," comments Colonel Gilchrist.

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ALEXANDER SOLZHENITSYN: AUGUST 1914



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A reason for the generally soft training is that most commanders overzealously guard against training accidents or allegations that their soldiers are training too hard. This has resulted in a milk-toast training program. Hence, soldiers are not exposed to realistic battlefield conditions until the first shot is fired. A Pentagon report revealed that over 20 per cent of U.S. casualties in Vietnam were caused by friendly fires—by soldiers with small arms, mortar and artillery fire, and by bombs from U.S. aircraft.

Bureaucratic dragon

IF THIS DRAGON WERE SLAIN or at least hobbled, the Army would breathe easier. Army bureaucracy with its gobbledygook language, enslaving red tape, rigid rules, and plodding practices protects the dim, but destroys bold action and drives bright people up the walls.

It creates teeming headquarters like the Pentagon and its Vietnam counterpart, known as "Disneyland East." In Vietnam 105 U.S. generals and admirals governed a command that would have called for no more than twenty flag officers in World War II. Each had a staff that diligently prepared correspondence and made charts. At Longbinh alone, headquarters of U.S. Army-Vietnam, there were 35,000 staff and supporters. All grinding out vital paperwork, of course in ten copies. Meanwhile infantry units seldom fielded two-thirds their authorized strength.

So many other crimes are committed in today's Army in the name of bureaucracy's sacred commandments. Among them:

- ★ **Can Doism.** Move fast, look good, be alert even if you're going to the latrine. Look determined and always rapidly nod your head. Never say it can't be done or you'll be classified as a loser and exiled to Fort Swampy.

- ★ **Positive Attitude.** Never admit that you don't know. Give the first thought that pops in your mind. But exude poise and confidence. Be broad-brush and don't worry about details. Someone will clean up after you, for you'll never stay at one place long enough to suffer the consequences.

- ★ **Conform.** Never be original. Mimic the boss's actions, dress, haircut, and choice of cigars. Make sure your wife acts similarly to the boss's wife. Never question a superior's orders, for he is always right!

- ★ **Listen.** Exude rapture when the boss talks. Smile knowingly as if the world's secrets are being confided to you. Never pay attention to the jabberings of subordinates, for they are notoriously misinformed.

- ★ **Cover Your Ass.** Get it in writing and signed. Have a subordinate ready for sacrificing if things go awry. Take leave during high-risk periods to give juniors experience.

- ★ **Junior Officers.** Never trust their advice or give them responsibility or authority. Give them high ERs to insure they don't leave your boss. Supervise closely.

- ★ **Senior Noncoms.** Tough, difficult to deal with, for they are honest and are not bought. Usurp their authority by assigning them tasks. Make them sit in the back of the truck.

THE ARMY EMERGES FROM VIETNAM scarred. It is the opinion of many that the institution won't recover without major revisions. Some of these soldiers, many colonels who are the brightest and most decorated of the lot, and also the most dishonest, hold that many recent changes within the Army are cosmetic surgery. These soldiers want that new blood at the top and radical changes similar to the following are required to get the Army back on track:

- ◀ Forget Vietnam as if it were a bad dream.
- ◀ Return the Army to its mission of winning.

- ◀ Ax the ticket-punching system and get rid of many of its high-ranking products.

- ◀ Reduce the size of the Army until it is lean, hard, and all muscle.

- ◀ Cut the overreliance on logistics and return to an Army of the type espoused by Teddy Roosevelt as "the rugged life."

- ◀ Junk the "Wondergear" and return to simple, rugged, nuts-and-bolts type infantry equipment.

- ◀ Strangle bureaucracy by slashing headquarters and ruthlessly decentralizing.

- ◀ Reorient the school system so that it produces only tactically and strategically competent military leaders.

- ◀ Develop a separate leaders corps and officers corps. Let the leaders corps chew the cud and the staff officers obtain impressive credentials.

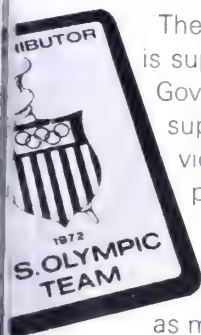
- ◀ Tell Congress to stop interfering with the Army's internal affairs and provide it as much autonomy as that the Army will police itself.

- ◀ Discard the age-retirement system. A soldier brilliantly commands a brigade at thirty-three, keep him. If a colonel is lazy and inefficient at forty, fire him.

The U.S. Army is not a cabal of sinister forces. On the contrary, it is an army composed of the main of dedicated men who devote their lives to a career punctuated by life-and-death risks and staggering hardships. But as we have seen, the post-Vietnam Army is suffering from acute institutionalitis and badly needs reforms. For example, the Army's first commander, General George Patton, said, "Let us have a respectable army and such as will be competent to every exigency. A competent army will again enjoy the good will of the American people and guard American freedom."

Nine Olympic Awards you can get without straining a muscle.

The United States Olympic Team is supported by the United States Government, right? Wrong. Total support comes entirely from individuals like you, and from corporations.



So the way we figure it, people who contribute to the Olympic Team are just about as much a part of the team as the athletes themselves. That's why we set up Olympic awards for them.

For \$5.00 you can have an embroidered cloth emblem. Or a man's tie-tac or woman's pin made from the five-ring Olympic symbol. (Specify silver or gold plate.)

For \$10.00 and we'll send you a colorful Olympic pin. Or a woman's charm bracelet with three medals commemorating both the Winter and Summer Games.

There are even awards for contributions over \$100. Of course, all contributions are tax deductible.

So get yourself an award. And help send our Olympic teams to the 1972 games. Remember. America doesn't send a team to the Olympics. Americans do.

Send \$25 and we'll send you a gold plated tie-bar and cuff link set with the initials "U.S.A." and the five-ring Olympic symbol. (A woman's pin may be substituted for the tie-bar.)

For \$50, you get the 1972 Olympic Book, a 400-page collector's item

Make check payable to: Olympics '72
Box 1972; New York, N.Y. 10036

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____

Enclosed is my contribution of \$ _____
Please send me the following award:



\$10—Charm Bracelet

There are even awards for contributions over \$100.

Of course, all contributions are tax deductible.

So get yourself an award. And help send our Olympic teams to the 1972 games.

Remember. America doesn't send a team to the Olympics. Americans do.

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1972
UNITED STATES
OLYMPIC BOOK

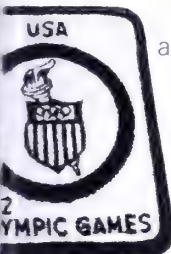
\$50—Olympic Book



\$25—Cuff Links & Tie-bar



\$100—Paper Weight



\$5—Five-ring Olympic Pin

g the 1971-72 games.

ly, for a contribution of \$100, a distinctive Olympic paper- containing a large bronze ion embossed with the Olympic sym-

\$5—Five-ring Olympic Pin

\$10—Plaque



LESSONS FOR CIVIL LIBERTARIAN

To enforce the law, you may have to break it

IN THE SPRING OF 1971, the New York City Department of Consumer Affairs received a call from a salesgirl who had resigned in disgust from an outfit called Superior Research Enterprises, Inc.* She reported that the relatively new company, for which she had worked only briefly, sold cheap books for a great deal of money, door-to-door. Among other tactics, she said, the company instructed its salesgirls to mislead buyers to believe that it was connected with *Sesame Street*.

She had gone to work for the company, she told us, after responding to an advertisement for "interviewers" in *The Village Voice*. The job was basically selling, however, and she found herself being instructed in "cold canvassing"—selling door-to-door without a previous appointment. Using a new *Sesame Street* album as an entrée, she was to determine whether the home had children; if so, to engage the mother of the house in conversation, ask a series of survey questions, then discuss the company's program, in which the mother could enroll. Then she was to talk the mother into signing a contract for materials to be delivered at a later date, materials that our informant felt were virtually worthless.

Another young girl, who had recently left the company, called with a similar story a few days later. Although the Department had not received any complaints from the company's consumers, the Law Enforcement Division judged that this might be the beginning of a fraudulent plan that would later generate many complaints—possibly when the company began suing people who didn't pay. The Division decided to investigate the company at a time when it might prevent trouble, rather than to wait for hundreds of people to be swindled.

The immediate problem was that neither girl could remember exactly what she had been told to tell the mothers, and no mothers had reported what had been said to them. We wanted an accurate statement of what was said, to corroborate the girls, and to give us evidence for any subsequent proceeding.

Eighteen months earlier, when I had accepted Commissioner Bess Myerson's invitation to direct the lawyers and investigators of the Law Enforcement Division, I little suspected that

*The names of the company and its employees have been changed.

I would be running a detective agency. The Division was empowered to issue subpoenas against merchants who engaged in deceptive practices. Only after months of bitter frustration we learn that the subpoena power could be rendered useless as an investigative tool by the torty tactics employed as a matter of course by opponents' lawyers. The companies we were to investigate were often able to continue fraudulent sales schemes for a year or two by hiding out from our process servers, threatening to sue them up, ignoring subpoenas, feigning illness, switching their lawyers every three weeks, claiming ignorance of their own business methods, pretending that records had been destroyed, taking lengthy appeals, and a variety of other devices. Meanwhile, their victims had not only lost substantial amounts of money, but had probably been convinced that we were yet another typical city agency, as incompetent to help the injured as to punish the guilty.

Even if the president of Superior Research were eventually to testify, he might not give the true version of the sales pitch, or he might falsely claim that no standard pitch existed. So to get a fast, accurate record, we arranged for our own investigator to work for the company.

Only 89 cents a volume

In 1971 Mr. Schrag left the New York City Department of Consumer Affairs, where he directed the Law Enforcement Division, to teach law at Columbia University. His forthcoming book is a study of the frustrations of consumer-law enforcement and the radical responses of the Department of Consumer Affairs.

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IT WAS SYLVIA KRONSTADT's first case. Just graduated from the University of Utah, with an honor known to that school, she had especially impressed us with the investigative reporting she had done for the school's newspaper. Physically, too, she was perfect for the part of female sleuth agent.

To get the job at Superior Research, Kronstadt simply answered *The Village Voice* advertisement and was asked to come for an interview with the company's president, Ron Lumak. Putting a tape recorder in her pocketbook, she set out.

Lumak turned out to be younger than she expected, short, and very nervous. He talked quickly, while she completed the job application. He was looking, he told her, for young women who were "creative," and who had a social science. Although his company was only a year old, Lumak said, it already had 90,000 subscribers.

New York. He employed about sixty sales-
were given a one-day training session.
they were driven each day by a "crew"
to a lower-middle-class residential area
they sold a package of educational ma-
produced by a company in Chicago.

Interview lasted forty-five minutes. Kron-
upon her true background, omitting
week she'd worked with the Department.
was impressed as we had been—so much
asked if she would accept a job as his
assistant in the office, training salesgirls.
ing candidates, and working on the
records.

ad thought for a moment. "I might,"
"but first I'd like to try working in the
to get a better feel for the organization."
suggested that she attend a training session
day. She accepted, and arrived with a
ette in her recorder.

ainer was a young woman, Delores West,
worked for the company since its start.
ined the official sales pitch. "Hi," it
'my name is _____. I'm with
Research, and we're speaking to all the
in the neighborhood about the new
Street album. We've made it part of our
development program for young children.
mind if I ask you a few questions about
onions on education?"

salesgirls were then to ask if they could
to the house so that they could use a table
down the answers. "Which do you feel
most impressionable years in a person's
childhood, adolescence, or adulthood?
institution has the greatest impact—
school, or church? What type of employ-
our husband in?" The key question was,
e, the last; no sales were to be made to
employed.

salesgirls would go on: "Are you familiar
work of the Children's Educational

Workshop?" Well, how about Project Head
Start? As you know, poor people have Head
Start to give them an educational advantage, and
the rich have private schools, but the middle-
class mother felt left out and wanted to have a
program that would provide her children with
the same opportunities as other children."

The girls would then list the offerings of the
"Workshop":

A "10-year information service," to which
children could direct "any questions" and receive
two- to twenty-page research reports. Delores
West explained how to make mothers feel the
need for the information service: "get the mothers
off-balance and insecure" by showing them ex-
amples of "new math"; make them feel unable
to communicate with their children about their
education. If the mother objected that her chil-
dren were too young to use the service effectively,
the salesgirls were to refer to a Harvard experi-
ment in which a five-month-old child's IQ was
increased fourteen points in three months.

Four pamphlets on child guidance, including
articles on thumb-sucking, bed-wetting, and steal-
ing. The salesgirls were to show the mothers a
poster illustrating these pamphlets. A banner
heading on the poster read "YOUR MOTHERS
CLUB," as if the mothers were being asked to join
something rather than buy something.

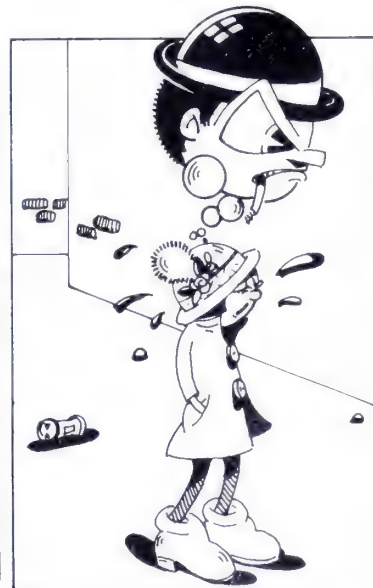
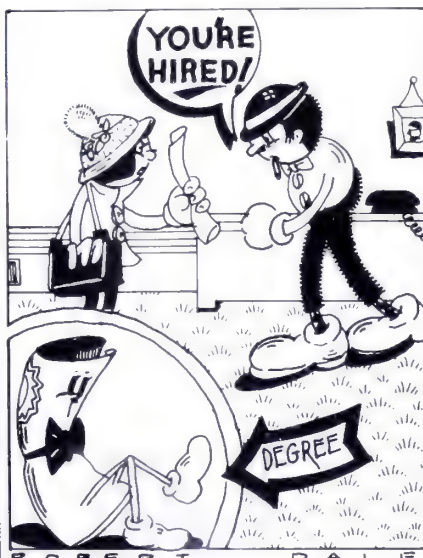
A 15 to 35 per cent discount on purchases of
products contained in a color catalog. "Flip
through the catalog, and let the mother see the
pictures," said West, "but never let her pick it
up or examine it." The catalog bore no address,
publisher's name, or other indication of origin,
and contained no price list.

"An exclusive option" to buy an Annual
Events Book every year, for six dollars.

A "career guidance chart" consisting of one
page, with arrows pointing from interests to jobs.

*The Children's Television Workshop is the pro-
ducer of Sesame Street.

"We had to face
the fact that the
use of unortho-
dox methods
had led to a
situation where
an employee's
life may have
been in danger."



HIRED BY LUMAK

KRONSTADT CONTEMPLATES LUMAK

The chart indicated, for example, that a child interested in gardening might have a career ahead of him in the civil service.

The right to purchase "educational materials" from the company for half-price.

The girls were then to say, "Now, because of the new methods of teaching, we're trying to enroll more mothers in our program. We are currently giving premium inducements for joining the club." It was illegal, West explained, to say that anything was free, but the girls should use this phrasing so that the mother would "get that impression anyway."

The items designated as "premium inducements"—a twelve-volume set of children's books, a seven-volume science library, a dictionary, the *Sesame Street* record album, and two posters—were the only materials of any significant value. The mothers were supposed to see this while suspecting that the salesgirls didn't, which would make the mothers feel that they were taking advantage of the program.

"To close the sale," instructed West, "just assume that the mother wants to join, and breeze right into closure. Never ask her to sign anything. Get her signature by telling her to 'write down your name for the office' or say, 'just okay this application here.' Don't tell them that the form is a contract, and don't tell them the total price. If they ask, tell them that it only costs eighty-nine cents a week, but don't tell them that they'll have to pay for 297 weeks." If the mother balks at the price, West said, the girls should ask: "'Aren't you willing to pay eighty-nine cents a week for your child's education?'"

"After the mother has signed, tell her that the 'delivery boy' will be in the area the next day to bring the books, and ask her whether morning or evening is most convenient. Say that the program used to mail the books, but that they were stolen half the time, so that you now use your own delivery boys. It's important that the mother be home when the delivery boy comes, because he's the real salesman. He signs the mother up on a contract to pay at the rate of about ten dollars a month, and gives her a discount for her agreement to pay at this accelerated rate."

West concluded with a little hint to improve the girls' selling: "Make up a few names and write them at the top of your enrollment sheet, so that it will look like everyone in the neighborhood is joining. And don't worry if your presentation isn't perfect for a few days. These people never ask questions anyway, and most of them are so dumb they don't know if what you're saying is right or not."

Lumak had been sitting at the side of the room. Now he broke in, "The secret is to get them so hypnotized by your presentation that they don't know what hit them. And remember, in dealing with the consumer, people like us have to come down a few notches."

THE NEXT DAY, Kronstadt was given training by a man named Larry Will, an officer of the company. Delores West went with them. They drove to Queens and stopped in an Italian neighborhood. Kronstadt went with Delores West, but it took them twenty-five minutes before they found a mother who spoke English. When they did, West asked her if she might ask a "few questions for Superior search" about her opinions.

"Are you selling something?" she asked. "Oh, no," said West. "We're just interviewing mothers about their views on education."

The woman admitted them to her house, which consisted of several small, cramped rooms. Six children scampered in and out as Delores West explained the services of the "club" and invited her to join. The woman said very politely and finally signed the contract.

Outside, West turned to Kronstadt. "Was that awful?" she asked. "I almost feel bad about that one. She was so stupid she would have bought anything from anyone."

Kronstadt then left West; she returned to Manhattan and telephoned Ron Lumak to accept the offer to be his special assistant. He told her to report for work the following Monday.

Agent in trouble

KRONSTADT WORKED FOR LUMAK for a few days. For her, they were days of intense emotional ambivalence. She knew the company was cheating its customers, and she believed in her real work, which was to document it. At the same time she was most unhappy in her undercover role. Lumak trusted her; indeed, on the second day he asked her out to dinner. She declined, but as time passed the three of them—Lumak, West, and Kronstadt—exchange small talk on which office friendships are based. Lumak told Kronstadt of his background and she began to lose her capacity for blame. He came from an immigrant family, and his hopes for improvement had been dashed again and again. He had come to believe that the only way ahead was over the backs of others.

She was left alone in the office for hours at a time. At first with hesitation, then more confidently, she went through the company's files. She learned the structure of the business and the types of forms it used. She copied the names and addresses of its supply sources for book and other services. She found in the files an out-of-date settlement Lumak had signed with the State Attorney General the previous year, on behalf of a similar but differently named company; it had agreed not to describe falsely the sale of goods for which his company sought applicants. She found the financial records and calculated all of the goods and services, for which the

as charged \$264.33, cost the company \$3.

Also needed the names and addresses of subscribers from the files, so she could ask whether they had complaints. Lumak, however, put them in the top drawer of his own desk, so she couldn't bring herself to go through it. As she was frightened about rummaging files, she would take a document to her room to read, but then she would hear a muffled sound in the corridor outside, and quickly run to the file cabinet to return it.

The third day, as she was alone in the office studying the company's forms, she suddenly looked up to find a young man, about 25 years old, who had silently entered the room and was watching her.

"I help you?" she asked calmly. "I help you?" he replied, "No, that's okay, I take this." He picked up her pocketbook (a small one, without tape recorder) and ran from the room. She had lost forty dollars.

NEXT MORNING, Kronstadt had a Department lawyer call Lumak to say that she would come—that day or in the future. The lawyer was a friend, calling with the message that she had enjoyed the job, but that she had to visit her dying grandmother in North Carolina. But later that day, the superintendent of the building next to the Superior Research Building called Kronstadt's own superintendent to tell her that he had found her wallet, with her address and a scrap of paper inside. She went to retrieve her wallet and identification cards—the wallet was gone. Unknown to her, as she passed the building, Lumak was watching her from his window.

That evening, Kronstadt was working on a manuscript at her home with Dennis Grossman, another Department lawyer. Her studio apartment

was in a six-floor elevator building on a quiet street in midtown Manhattan. Since she was still a relatively new arrival in New York, the telephone company had not yet installed a phone. At eleven-thirty, Grossman left the apartment and rode downstairs in the elevator. As he opened the inside door, he saw two young men studying the names listed on the building's intercom system. From Kronstadt's description, he instantly recognized them as Ron Lumak and one of his "crew managers," Larry Williams. They spotted him at the same time he saw them, and Williams grabbed the door that Grossman had just opened. Grossman blocked the entrance with his body.

"Does Sylvia Kronstadt live here?" Lumak asked. "She's not listed on the buzzers."

"I don't know," said Grossman. "I never heard of her." Both men then violently shoved past Grossman into the apartment lobby.

"Hey, you can't do that," he called. "You can't go upstairs unless a tenant buzzes you up."

"Let's start on the sixth floor and work our way down," Williams said to Lumak.

The two men got into the elevator, and as it began its ascent, Grossman ran up five flights of stairs, possibly setting a world speed record for that feat. As he stood outside Kronstadt's apartment, his heart pounding both from his run and from fear, he could hear the men knocking on apartment doors on the floor above and asking for her. Then, rapidly but quietly, he rapped on her door, and she opened it. Whispering to her to be absolutely quiet, Grossman closed and locked the door behind him. Then he turned off the radio and doused the lights.

Instantly, there was a banging on her door. Grossman and Kronstadt stood silently, not moving, as the noise continued.

"Sylvia," yelled Lumak. "We know you're in there. Let us in." They made no response. The banging continued.

For twenty minutes, Grossman and Kron-

"Here we were, after a year's experience with the frustrations of law enforcement, eager to imitate every police trick we despised..."



SELLING

THE VICTIM

SPYING

DISCOVERY

stadt stood frozen, while Lumak and Williams alternately banged on the door and listened for a response. Having no telephone, Kronstadt could not call the police. Finally, there was a long period of silence, and it seemed that the intruders had left. Kronstadt tiptoed to the door to peer through the peephole. As she neared it, a floorboard creaked.

The banging resumed immediately. "Now we know you're in there," called Lumak. They kept at it for twenty minutes longer. Finally they stopped. Apparently, an upstairs neighbor, unable to sleep, had summoned the police. Kronstadt sent Grossman home and went to sleep.

At three o'clock in the morning she was awakened by the ringing of her intercom buzzer. She did not answer it, and it continued to ring intermittently for an hour. When it stopped at four, she went back to bed.

As she was leaving for work that morning, later than usual, a neighbor stopped her in the vestibule. "Say," he said, "two fellows were looking for you this morning, about half an hour ago. Did they find you?"

That day, Deputy Commissioner Henry Stern called Ron Lumak and informed him that Sylvia Kronstadt was an investigator for the Department of Consumer Affairs, and that while Lumak might be excused for harassing her before he knew her mission, the Department expected that he would refrain from any further contact with her. Lumak was speechless. The undercover phase of our investigation was at an end.

THE CASE WAS NOW at a critical juncture. Lumak's discovery had stopped our investigation before we had all the data we needed, especially the names of recent buyers who might be witnesses in a court case. Should we continue some form of undercover investigation, or trust to the more accepted but usually less reliable method of issuing a subpoena? And once the investigative phase of our work had been completed, should we go to court against the company, a process that might well take years, or proceed against it more directly, by a publicity barrage or by urging *The Village Voice* not to accept its want ads?

We had to face the fact that the use of unorthodox methods had led to a situation where an employee's life may have been in danger. Was it worth it? Did the company's deception of its customers and its contempt for them justify the actions we had taken, and more particularly, did they justify further direct action on our part? While we had become cynical about stopping fraud by going to court, who were we to use other methods, at physical risk to the young men and women of the Division, if society cared so little about law enforcement that it tolerated long backlogs in the calendars of its courts?

The decision was difficult. With some reservations, we decided in favor of a predominantly orthodox strategy. On May 21, 1971, we served a subpoena on Lumak, who challenged it in court. The company's motion to quash was submitted to the court early in June. Late in July, the judge ruled in favor of the Department. But the judge went on a month's vacation, so it was not possible for him to sign an order to be served on the company. When the judge returned in September, we mailed his proposed order to the court. For three weeks, we heard nothing. We called the court clerk. He couldn't find the judge's order.

The next week, the clerk found the proper order and mailed it back to us, unsigned. The draft, he said, was defective in several aspects. For example, the word "enter" above the line for the judge's signature was on the right side of the page, instead of being centered.

We submitted a new draft, which the judge signed at the end of September. We served the order on the company, demanding a hearing early October.

On the hearing date, almost five months after the first subpoena had been served, a new subpoena for the company appeared at the Department, demanding a week's postponement so that Lumak could familiarize himself with the case. Reluctantly, we gave him a week. During that time, the company appealed the decision against it. The Appellate Court stayed the hearing pending appeal. The appeal was scheduled for December; as of this writing in April 1972, the Department is still waiting for a decision. If the Department's position is sustained, and the company chooses not to appeal further, the Law Enforcement Division can begin its investigation. Meanwhile the 1971 summer home soliciting season, which Lumak had told Kronstadt would be the company's most successful period, has long since come and gone, and the summer of '72 is fast approaching.

Means and

ALL OF US IN THE Law Enforcement Division were civil libertarians. We had applied the Supreme Court's *Miranda* decision requiring policemen to warn suspects that their admissions may be used against them, and we had sent out police officials who claimed that the new tactic would "hamstring" law-enforcement officers. We condemned eavesdropping and wiretapping. We decried the loss of privacy in America. We had joined demonstrations against police brutality; we had protested the use of informants and secret agents to convict Jimmy Hoffa.

Yet here we were, after a year's experience with the frustrations of law enforcement, ready to imitate every police trick we despised, indeed, ready to invent a few of our own. E

was enforcing the law—which ought to
utter of some pride—doing to us? After
vice as a secret agent, Sylvia Kronstadt
y, “I haven’t resolved it myself. I’m not
t all of having done that, and I’m not
o admit to the people who pay me, the
that I’ve done that. But I think Lumak
ok.”

But the problems that agencies are created to solve are so immense that defining their "mission" with any precision is a task of enormous difficulty, one that is not often faced, much less completed, by the legislature. In the absence of that definition, it is difficult indeed for a conscientious public servant to know whether he is doing his job or becoming a pig. \square

“Surely avoiding specifically illegal actions does not free a public agency to do anything else it pleases; its actions must be related to its mission.”



Robert Dale

a story by John Updike

BELIEVERS

THE WOMAN NEXT TO HIM at the party is sipping ginger ale, though he knows her to be a devoted drinker of vodka martinis. He points at the sparkling beverage and says, "Lent?" She nods. Her eyes are calm as a statue's. He knows her to be a believer. So is he. Let us christen him Credo.

CREDO IS IN THE BASEMENT of a church. He is on the church Church Heritage Committee, along with four old ladies. Their problem is, they are going to move to a new church, of white plastic, and what shall they do with all this old religious furniture? It has been accumulating for centuries: box pew doors and tin foot warmers from the edifice of 1736; carpeted kneeling stools and velvet collection bags from the edifice of 1812; an immense gothic deacon's bench, of pinnacled oak, from the edifice of 1885. It would strain seventeen laymen to lift and move it; there must have been giants in those days. One of the old ladies mounts up onto its padded arms. Puffs of dust spout beneath her feet. She retrieves something, a kind of jewel, from the pinnacle of the ornate bench back. They pass it around. It is a little brown photograph embedded in cracked glass, of a Victorian child wearing a paper crown. "Maybe some church just starting up would like to buy it all," one lady says, of the elephantine chancel furniture.

"One of those new California sects," a second amplifies.

"Don't be silly," says Credo. "Nobody wants this junk."

"At least," a third lady begs, "let's get an antique dealer to appraise the picture frames." Behind an old spinet and cartons of warped hymnals they have uncovered perhaps forty picture frames, all empty. "People will pay a fortune for such things nowadays."

Credo cannot believe it. The basement seems airless; he cannot breathe. The ancient furnace comes on; its awakening shudder shakes loose flakes of asbestos packing from the pipes; they drift like snow down onto old hymnals, picture frames, piano stools, broken Sunday school chairs, attendance charts with paste-on gold stars coming unstuck, old men's-club-bowling-league

bowling shoes, kneeling stools worn li yokes, tin foot warmers perforated like graters. God, it is depressing. God.

The fourth old lady has brought a paper ping bag. Out of it she pulls dustrags, a of Windex, a rainbow of Magic Markers, shipping tags in two colors—green for pre red for destroy. "Let us make some decis she says briskly.

CREDO IS AT ANOTHER PARTY. They are cussing the war. Everyone is very up cannot understand why. There is always War is always terrible. This one, terrible a is probably less terrible than the one tha take its place. Now everyone at the party a the government should be overthrown, it terrible. Credo feels tongue-tied. What is s rible about it? *Render unto Caesar*, he t Everyone at the party forgives him his v givable attitude; they know he is a believe not responsible in the sense that they are.

CREDO IS VISITING with his minister. The ister is very well informed. He says, Dow Jones was off two point three today, one less soprano pipe on our new Fibo organ." The minister's wife brings them and honey. The jar of honey glows in a of dusty parsonage sunlight. The mini wife's hair is up in a towering beehive; sh voluptuous blonde. Credo's wife is a r brunette. *Buy now, pay later*, he thinks, ly sipping.

CREDO SURVEYS THE NEW CHURCH. The g ing bubble-shaped shell of white p holds a multitude of pastel rooms. He serv the New Creation Committee, which w with the team of architects; the endless mee and countless blueprints have become re There are many petty disappointments. altar spot has been rheostatted in sync w pulpit spot. The pre-pressed steeple weep storm. The Sunday school room dividers s and buckle when pulled into place. The sounds like Fiberglas. The duct blower down the wrong duct and keeps extingui the pilot light in the wall oven. The propor of the boiler room do not uplift the heart. foundation slab is already cracking. Cred follows the sinuous crack with his eyes. The of course, slumps and shrugs; the contin plates are sliding. Yet somehow one expect it will hold firm beneath a church. Yet by pattern miracles would become everyday a tyranny. Yet the Lisbon earthquake, he rel his faith sliding.

HE READS ST. AUGUSTINE. It is too hot radiant, blinding, and wild. *Is ther deed, O Lord my God, aught in me tha*

John Updike's newest collection of short stories, to be published this fall, is entitled *Museums and Women*.

hee? do then heaven and earth, which
made, and wherein Thou hast made
in Thee? or, because nothing which
could exist without Thee, doth therefore
exists contain Thee? Since, then, I too
do I seek that Thou shouldest enter
who were not, wert Thou not in me?
too serious, frightening, and exciting;
to get up and dull himself with a
he can continue reading. Augustine
on a dizzying verge: he nearly indicts
his helplessly damned infancy, for his
whippings; then pulls back, blames
and exonerates the Lord. . . . *let not my
under Thy discipline, nor let me faint
ing unto Thee all Thy mercies, where-
hast drawn me out of all my most evil
t Thou mightest become a delight to
all the allurements which I once pur-
It is too terrific, there is no relenting;
akes another drink, stares out of the
ets in the cat, asks a child how his day
school, anything for relief from this
ill . . . is not all this smoke and wind?
here nothing else whereon to exercise
ind tongue? Thy praises, Lord, Thy
ight have stayed the yet tender shoot of
by the prop of Thy Scriptures; so had
iled away amid these empty trifles, a
ey for the fowls of the air. For in more
one do men sacrifice to the rebellious
le cannot go on, he has waited four
o read this, his heart cannot withstand
oo strict and searing, fierce and judi-
thing alloyed can survive within it. Cre-
the *New York Times* Sunday magazine
nt instead. "China: Old Hands and
he Black Bourgeoisie Flees the Ghetto."
a Marigold Head." He flips through
lustrated, *Art News*, *Rolling Stone*. He
Augustine back on the shelf, between
Aurelius and Boethius. It is safe there.
ake it down again, when he is sixty-five,
y. *These things Thou seest, Lord, and
hy peace; long-suffering, and plenteous
and truth. Wilt Thou hold Thy peace**

IS IN A MOTEL. He has brought a shaker
odka and vermouth and ice, and a can
ale, just in case. The woman with him
e tempted. It is still Lent. She sips from
and he from the shaker; they take off
er's clothes. Her body is radiant, blind-
t, serious, exciting. They admire each
ey make of one another an occasion for
ause they are believers, their acts pos-
immense dimension of glory, of risk;
flirting with being damned, though they
ay this. They say only gracious things,
surate with the gratitude and exaltation
l. To arouse her again, he quotes St.

Augustine: *If bodies please thee, praise God in
occasion of them, and turn back thy love upon
their Maker; lest in these things which please
thee, thou displease.*

CREDO IS IN A HOSPITAL. He has had an acci-
dent, and then an operation. As the drugs
in his blood ebb, pain rises beneath him like a
poisonous squid rising beneath a bather float-
ing gently in the ocean. It seizes his knee. It will
not let go. By the luminescent watch on the night
table it is two hours before he can ring the nurse
and receive his next allotment of Demerol. A
single window shows a dead city, lit by street-
lamps. Credo prays. Aloud. It is a long conver-
sational prayer, neither apologetic nor dubious;
his pain has won him a new status. He speaks
aloud as if on television, giving the dead-of-the-
night news. Abruptly, his chest breaks out in a
sharp sweet copious sweat. He miraculously re-
laxes. The squid lets go, falls back, into unknow-
able depths. The nurse when she comes finds
Credo asleep. It is morning. Up and down the
hall, rosary beads click.

HE IS SITTING ON A SUBWAY, jiggling and
swaying opposite other men jiggling and
swaying. Back to work, though he limps now.
He will always limp. The body does not forgive,
only God forgives. Between two stops, the sub-
way surfaces over a bridge, into the light. Be-
low, a river sparkles as if not polluted; sailboats
tilt in the shining wind. Credo is reminded of
that passage in the venerable Bede, when, argu-
ing for conversion to Christianity, an ealdorman
likens our life to the flight of a sparrow through
the bright mead-hall. "Inside, there is a com-
forting fire to warm the room; outside, the
wintry storms of snow and rain are raging. This
sparrow flies swiftly in through one door of the
hall and out of another. While he is inside, he
is safe from the winter storms; but after a few
moments of comfort, he vanishes from sight into
the darkness whence he came. Similarly, man
appears on earth for a little while, but we know
nothing of what went before this life, and what
follows."

In this interval of brightness Credo notices
a particular man opposite him, a commonplace,
weary-looking man, of average height and
weight, costumed unaggressively, yet with some-
thing uncongenial and settled about his mouth;
the man displays an overall look of perfect inte-
gration with the machine of the material world.
Credo takes him for an atheist. He thinks, Be-
tween this innocuous fellow and myself yawns
an eternal abyss, because I am a believer.

The subway, rattling, plunges back under-
ground. Or, it may be, as some extreme saints
have implied, that beneath the majesty of the
Infinite believers and nonbelievers are exactly
alike. □



BOOKS

Hermann Hesse's ironic revival

Autobiographical Writings, by Hermann Hesse. Translated by Denver Lindley. Farrar, Straus & Giroux, \$8.95.

THE PUBLICATION of Hermann Hesse's *Autobiographical Writings*, a set of twelve essays gathered into one volume for the first time, should awaken further interest in one of the more striking paradoxes of recent cultural history. It should also add one more contrasting layer to the paradox. For these sunny, humorous, mildly self-deprecatory essays are not at all what might have been expected of an author whose current revival is largely due to his romanticism and preoccupation with Oriental philosophy, especially Buddhism, and whose public image, especially among those of the young who have not read him, is that of an exponent of anguished alienation, and a rather high exponent at that.

None of these essays, however, is at all alienated, and there are passages in the most enjoyable of them, "A Guest at the Spa" and "Journey to Nuremberg," that express the point of view of a more reflective Robert Benchley. The prevailing note in the *Writings* is simple sanity heightened by a wry sense, relieved by humorous detachment, of the inevitability of human suffering.

"A Guest at the Spa" is an account of several weeks spent at the Swiss thermal resort of Baden, near Zurich, where Hesse went in 1923 to be treated for rheumatism. The routines of luxurious illness are exquisitely captured—much more graphically than in, say, Lytton Strachey's accounts of his somewhat comparable sojourns in the Swedish spa, Saltsjöbaden. Hesse is usually thought of as an extreme subjectivist; but the hotel and its cuisine, the other guests, the peculiar isolation of hotel life are all depicted as vividly as they are in the motion-picture version of *Death*

in Venice; and Heiligenhof in Baden very closely resembles the Grand Hotel des Bains, though in a resort for the lame and the halt there is, unfortunately, no Tazio.

The suffering that brought Hesse to Baden, however, interests him very little except as a social and psychological datum. He is interested in the way each patient's degree of physical disability assigns him a temporary social status among his peers—largely imaginary, since there is so little interaction among them; in the way all the patients, including himself, prolong their illness by stuffing themselves on what he describes as the richest hotel cuisine in Switzerland; in the banality of the gaming room, and the ritual of the baths that, like early Mass, imposes some discipline on the patients at least to the extent of getting them out of bed, briefly, in the morning. The only physical suffering he compels his reader to share is occasioned not by rheumatism but by the dreadful concerts of semiclassical music that cause him excruciating torment, though he loses the will to resist them. The ambience of genteel vulgarity at Baden fascinates him horribly.

HERMANN HESSE WAS BORN in 1877, in the little Swabian town of Calw; he died in Montagnola, in the Swiss Ticino, in 1962—two years before the Free Speech Movement in Berkeley erupted to mark the beginning, in the consciousness of the straight American world, of the dissenting youth counterculture. In fact, the forerunners of that counterculture had identified him as a possible culture hero some years earlier; there was already a Steppenwolf bookshop in Aspen, Colorado, and a Steppenwolf Bar in Berkeley in the early Sixties. And the essay "A Guest at the Spa" suggests why his work should have appealed to those of the young who were getting into a mystical, hip life-style. The familiar themes are there: a knowledgeable interest in Oriental philosophy combined with a



apt for middle-class gim and joyless self-indulgence; a tence on personal authenticity; imperative need for sincere expression. Hesse, moreover—"indeed German, German to most impossible degree . . . Ge in the old, happy, free and inte sense to which the name of Go owes its best repute," as J Mann observed in the intro to the 1947 reissue of Hesse's novel *Demian*—lacks the defe are conventionally associated turn-of-the-century German a He isn't heavy, in the hip sense word, and he is not at all abs not abstract enough, in fact, adequately with the philos concepts he introduces. The l scholarly reference is pretty ficial: the name of the god A runs through *Demian* like a lei and it is probably from there t rock group Santana took it name of one of its best album you never learn any more Abraxas from reading *Demia the Random House dictiona you: "Gk.; name used in mag sharp contrast, Hesse is very and colorful in his concrete imagery; sometimes he writes acid trip; you can see every in the forest. The effect depe concrete detail, and even the is sensual.*

Hesse's attitude toward su must also appeal very strongly counterculture. The chances vival under the deprivation and of life on the road or even in mune are better the less hung either courting or avoiding pa are. Martyrdom is ostentatio suffering is unavoidable; and who do not fear or flee it may something from it and redu ravages as they learn proper phy. The only possible triumph pain is through tranquil acce of it as a necessary consequ participation in life. Neither a nor a masochist be; but neve the beast in the jungle either. quite explicitly the message o

Mr. Friedenberg is professor of education at Dalhousie University in Canada, which he entered as a landed immigrant at Woodstock, New Brunswick, in August 1970.

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there is no "next time."

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cissus and *Goldmund*; it is literally the story of Goldmund's life. It is also meant, I believe, to be the central idea of *Siddhartha*. Hesse's Buddhist novel—Buddhist, and then some, for Siddhartha meets Gautama early on in the book and regretfully dismisses him as being, perhaps, not quite Eastern enough. It is one of Hesse's most popular novels among those of the young who are most heavily involved in their own bead game; but it also, I think, narrowly misses being comic. All that saves it is its (for Hesse) unusually spare style; otherwise, it is so mannered as to invite comparison with an earlier (1938) Nobel Laureate, Miss Pearl Buck.

Hesse is indeed an exceptionally groovy writer. Why, then, should his status in the counterculture as an Ur-hippie be regarded as paradoxical at all? Because, surely, of the singular contrast between his own life-style and that which his work commends to his modern, youthful readers. I do not mean to suggest that Hesse was hypocritical or self-deluding. And, even if he had been, hypocrisy and self-delusion are too commonplace to be regarded as the elements of paradox. The problem lies deeper. Since Hesse wrote, society has gotten so thoroughly shaken up and broken apart—through the operation of the very processes he warned against—that his work has become more effective; he raises just the issues that penetrate its fissures. And I doubt that he meant to. The irony is multigrade; Hesse writes with acute prescience of the decay and death of the *bourgeois* world; but the very texture of his writing and his life show him to have been very much a part of it—so much so that it seems unlikely that he really thought it would, in fact, fall apart before everybody's eyes, still less that his writing would become an ideological touchstone for those of the young who most delight in its dissolution and are most dedicated in their search for alternatives to it. Could he have believed that all that whipped cream served to guests at the spa would really turn sour, and the high-ceilinged dining rooms become not refectories but messhalls and cafeterias? Or did he have an underlying, if unconscious—and erroneous—conviction that there was still time for one more writer to play one more game of *épater le bourgeois*?

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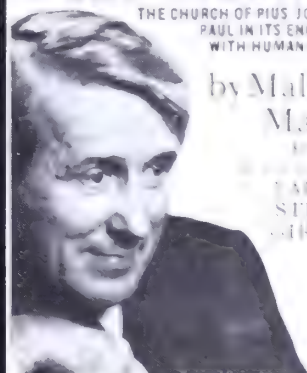
—Tom, Jerry, and the...

THREE POPES & THE CARDINAL

THE CHURCH OF PIUS JOHN AND PAUL IN ITS ENCOUNTER WITH HUMAN HISTORY

by Malachi Martin

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LIVERIGHT



BOOKS

ous, to be too right too soon about something fundamental. Hesse may well have become terrified as he came to see the world displaying all the signs of chaos predicted in his work. *Magister Ludi* was completed in 1943, while the outcome of World War II was yet in doubt—as, of course, it still is—and the book won him the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1946. But the Nobel Laureate wrote no other major work during his remaining years. All his life his sensitivity and prevision led him into the political equivalent of premature ejaculation, which has somewhat similar consequences for political as for sexual life: by the time the action has started, one has already removed oneself from the scene. Hesse moved to Switzerland in 1912 and wrote scornful pacifist tracts from there, speaking out boldly against German imperialism and brutality during World War I. The predictable result was a barrage of public invective against him as a traitor and coward, as well as great financial loss, since his royalties, mostly German, shrank to little or nothing. In 1923 he became a Swiss citizen, though he continued to travel freely and frequently in Germany and enjoy his old friends there until the Nazis came to power.

Hesse, then, though the true prophet of the *Untergang des Abendlands*, lived outside Germany during both its military catastrophes and, having already resided in Switzerland for more than twenty years when the Nazis rose to power, did not have to face, as Mann did, the agonizing choice of exile. Though classed as a romantic devoted to openness to life and the acceptance of the full range of human experience, Hesse was clearly a man with whom a little experience went a long way. His feeling for Eastern culture and religion was indeed based on personal experience; he traveled to the East Indies and Ceylon in 1911. The experience bore explicit fruit at intervals of a decade: *Siddhartha* was published in 1922; *Journey to the East*, in 1932. But the East, in his writings, never assumes the concreteness of the *Ding-an-sich* as Baden does; the metaphysically suspect Swiss resort seems much more solid and robust.

Hesse's attitudes toward people seem equally inappropriate to a countercultural folk hero. From the tone of his writings Hesse clearly liked people, and he did not avoid

human relationships, though often worked out badly for him. He had five brothers and sisters and married three times: in 1903, 1919, and 1927. In 1932, and for an interlude of a few months that hardly count in his life. Yet, there are really no characters in his novels, with the possible exception of *Steppenwolf*, even there the personages function primarily as vehicles for aesthetic, moral, and philosophical expression. They hardly strike the reader as human; none is more so than the way Hans Castorp or even Krull is. Hesse, the writer, just not interested in the lives of the personalities of people as they are ordinarily viewed.

This observation applies, as it does to his attitudes toward himself, to his attitudes toward himself. *Autobiographical Writings* are really that at all; certainly, they are never meant to be. Each of the essays has a subject other than the author; and Hesse himself gathered them together for another purpose, self-explanatory or otherwise. Quite different selections from his prose work might have been included. What one learns of the even circumstances of Hesse's life comes from Theodore Ziolkowski's introduction, not from the *Autobiographical Writings* themselves. The last thing "the old somewhat social and lone wolf Hesse," styled himself in "A Guest at the Spa," would have wanted to do was give an account of himself. He did not discuss his response to place, to his own perceptions, and especially catching himself out at his old tricks; yet his life remains closed but an unwritten book.

HESSE'S BASIC ATTITUDE toward the three aspects of human experience most vital to the countercultural life-style—sex, music, and authority—is in strong, sharp contrast with those that prevail in the counterculture. It may be, of course, that the counterculture is not as fully committed to the depths of sexual experience as it likes to think; for it also made a cult hero of a writer more basically antisexual than Hesse, though in somewhat the same way. J. R. R. Tolkien. But though unlike Tolkien, includes some explicitly sexual passages in his work, his tone is similarly artificial.

Magister Ludi is virtually the

taken seriously enough to el Prize that also takes no whatever of erotic relation-
 ean its characters. Indeed, eaking, it is not a novel at e *The Lord of the Rings*, a ience fiction. It resembles vork also in its rather medi-
 but the book is set at some me in the future, not in the present era is referred to by r as "The Age of the Di-
 sparagement of its cultural haste. Social institutions g assumed a neomedieval
 the book is chiefly con- h the secular Order of Cas-
 bate—and all-male—order se for the maintenance and ion of culture within the
 e. It runs "elite schools"— iversities, which are con-
 h career training and there-
 ower order. Its ruling bu-
 which Hesse depicts with mtempered by humor, is
 ply "the Pedagogy." The hurch still exists; one of its
 es is painted very sympa-
 as an essential way station d down from holiness to or-
 for the central character of the Magister Ludi, or secu-
 of Castalia, Joseph Knecht. es are worldly founts of
 uxury, and Hesse sees them h temptations and amenities
 e people up to a broader life. se also very much aware—by
 he could he not be?—of the e of politics, even to the
 of Castalia, which is, after all, u like what Ronald Reagan
 e University of California bome if left unchecked. Still,
 s tempts to depict the politi-
 vers that must be central to whose theme is the relation-
 een a major quasi-clerical y and the state that sup-
 ike Lord Snow read like y comparison. But he does
 he can't leave politics out, e to include it. The technology
 asied future he just ignores. a one or two references to
 s used in communication. 'car" as a means of trans-
 e is a lot of traveling d *Magister Ludi*—but that is
 ue the means of travel are not onal. But sex really cannot be
 ed it must, at least, be dis- and Hesse does this for all
 a remarkable passage:

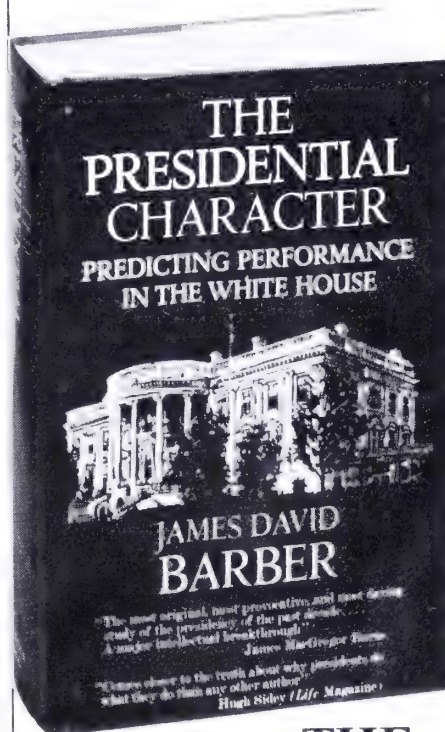
As regards women, the Castalian student knows neither marriage, with its enticements and dangers, nor the prudery of many former epochs which constrained the student either to sexual abstinence or drove him into the arms of more or less venal women and prostitutes.

As there exists no marriage for the Castalian, there also exists for him nothing of the attendant morality of love, and as there is no such thing as money, and to all intents and purposes no personal property, the venality of love does not exist either. It is the custom in the province for the daughters of the townsfolk not to marry too early, and in the years before marriage the students and teachers seem to them particularly desirable as lovers: the latter, demanding nothing of birth or fortune, are accustomed to placing intellectual and vital capabilities on the same plane, and as they have no money must pay for their favors to a greater extent with their personality. The student's sweetheart in Castalia has no knowledge of the question: will he marry her? No, he will not marry her. It has actually happened on occasions that an elite student has returned to the world through the door of bourgeois marriage, renouncing Castalia and participation in the Order, but these few cases of apostasy in the history of the school and of the Order can only be regarded as curiosities.

So much for sex in Castalia. Sexual encounter is, however, a major theme in *Narcissus and Goldmund* (1930). Goldmund is explicitly depicted as a compulsive womanizer, a Don Juan who risks his life in a series of brief encounters. This is also a much better book than *Magister Ludi*; I should say Hesse's best and most human. Goldmund grows through these encounters; comes to terms with crippling memories of his mother, partially expresses his sexuality in tender and fully realized religious sculpture, and dies finally, wiser, a little sadder, but cheerfully unregenerate, of injuries suffered in a riding accident sustained during his return from a visit to "the most beautiful woman I had ever known and loved. . . . And just think Narcissus, she no longer wanted to have anything to do with me. I was too old for her; I was no longer pretty enough, amusing enough; she no longer wanted anything from me. That, actually, was the end of my journey." This is touching; but it is still Don Juan, though repentant and

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spared damnation. Goldmund never achieves—he never seeks—a fully human, sustaining relationship with any of the women who are supposed to have helped him realize himself, which then leaves their benign influence really unexplained. People do not grow very much from chance encounters unless they commit themselves to the people they encounter, deeply if temporarily. This doesn't happen in Hesse's work.

Hesse's attitude toward authority is especially explicit in *Magister Ludi*, though it runs through most of his work; and it is this that the counter-culture should find most unacceptable. It is true that Hesse is disdainful of bourgeois authority; but he is almost fanatically elitist, and devoted to hierarchy and order. Both *Narcissus and Goldmund* and *Magister Ludi* are preoccupied with the details of clerical administration; both abound in shrewd, kindly old abbots and simple old men of boundless, naïve wisdom. Hesse's vision was deeply conservative. The idea, so often central to the modern, skeptical consciousness and cherished by many dissenting youth, that authority and ceremony are themselves inherently untrust-

worthy, and are usually the cover for some kind of rip-off, would have been utterly unacceptable to him. He does not reject even the ceremonial of the despised bourgeois society; he and his sciatica return to Baden again and again; he becomes an habitué; and one of the later of the *Autobiographical Writings*, "Notes on a Cure in Baden," records a visit there toward the end of his life—not quite so engagingly as he did in "A Guest at the Spa." He really enjoyed it, this most bourgeois of scenes. Sometimes, when he is writing about the glories of Castalia he sounds like Frederic Rolfe, the self-styled Baron Corvo who in *Hadrian VII* fantasied himself Pope of a Church purer and more benevolent than the actual church that had denied him even a priesthood. Fortunately, there is that saving sense of humor, seldom as evident in his fiction as it is in his essays, but always there to rescue him from gross sentimentality. Freedom, though, is never really his thing; order is.

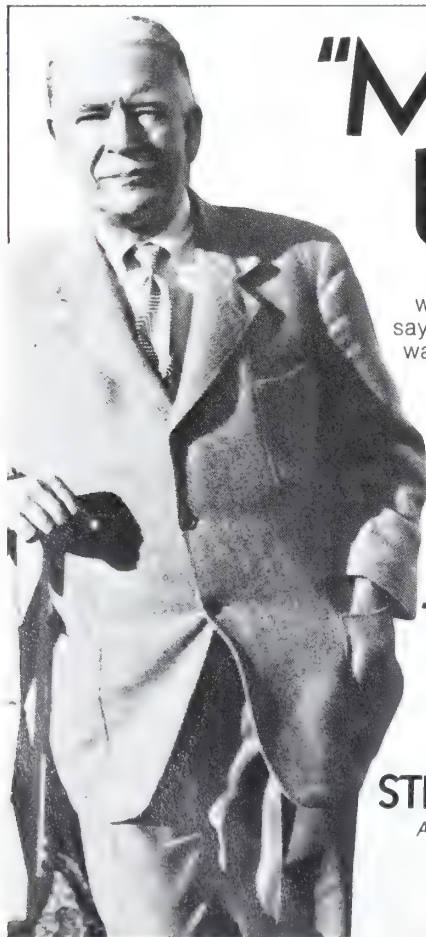
Hesse, I fear, would almost certainly have preferred jocks to freaks in selecting youthful companions. Joseph Knecht's life, and with it *Magister Ludi*, ends abruptly in a Liebes-

tod when he plunges into waters of a mountain lake in but hot pursuit of his young Tito, who, "filled with the beauty of the moment and in his youthful strength, stretched limbs with rhythmic motions, arms and then quickly followed whole body, building up into enthusiastic dance to celebrate the end and to express his inner communion of the seething and radiations around him." Knecht, apparently in more robust health than Thomas Mann's rather sick Aschenbach, dies of shock immediately. How, in any case, would this relate to these "pages" from the chapter on music in Hesse's "Spring and Autumn"? With strong approval in *Magister Ludi*?

"The cause of the downfall of the Ch'u state lay in the fact that they discovered ecstatic music. Practicing as such music may be, the truth far removed from the essence of pure music, and for this reason the state is not serene. When music is serene, the people murmur and becomes discordant, all of which is the result of the essence of having been misunderstood. The music was composed solely of intoxicating harmonic effects.

"Therefore the music of a decadent age is tranquil and serene, and the government commends the music of a restless age exacting and ferocious, and its government unstable. The music of a decadent age is sentimental and sad, and a government is in danger."

MEMBERS OF THE counter-culture would probably accept these strictures as valid statements of the relationship between music and society, but would reject the judgment underlying them: that the use of a stable, serene state government by a powerful and highly educated elite provides the most satisfactory conditions for life. Hesse, so far as I can discover, never really departed from this point of view, despite his image of himself as "somewhat of a social." He was actually, as Marlowe perceived, the best of good German: he despised the society and the conditions in which he had to live, all the more because he was engrossed by the compelling vision of a more orderly world. But that world is like a well-conducted spa, in which the welfare of the patients is su-



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about to celebrate at long
st claim to recognition. □

HARPER'S MAGAZINE/JULY 1972

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BY BURTON HERSH

FOREWORD BY JAMES MacGREGOR BURNS

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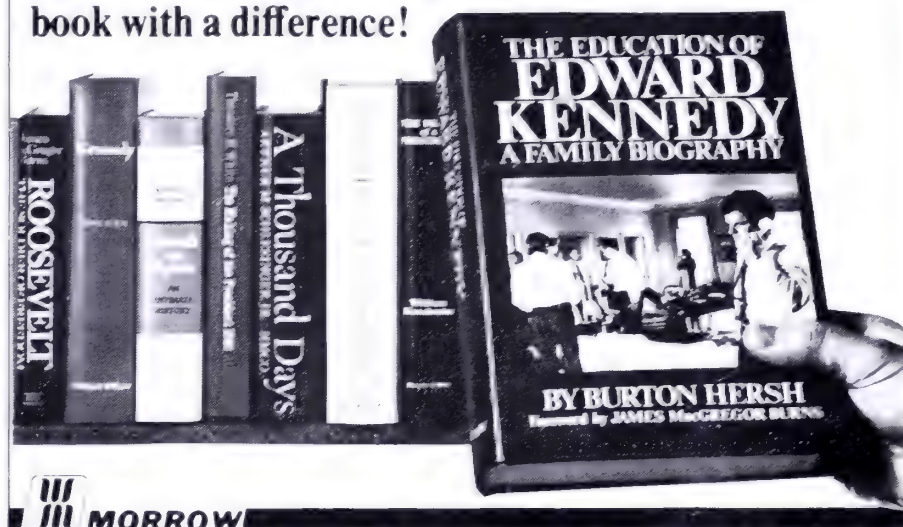
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BOOKS

Suffering a sea-change

The Struggle for the Great Barrier Reef, by Patricia Clare. Walker and Company, \$7.95.

THE PLEASURES of a graceful book cannot be denied. If you discover a writer who is a painstaking researcher, who entertains imaginative questions in his head, who uses his subject as a starting point for diversions that illuminate an entire field of study; if the writer begins with feeling rather than with intellectual prejudice, his exploration of the subject thus becoming a process of defining that feeling; and if the writer possesses clarity enough that elaboration reveals rather than obscures—why then, miracle of miracles, a good book appears. The occasion is both fortunate and infrequent, and when it happens I cannot help but celebrate it with a kind of raw enthusiasm.

Such is my admiration for Patricia Clare's *The Struggle for the Great Barrier Reef*. The book takes as its locale the famous reef off the northeastern coast of Queensland, Australia, but Miss Clare successfully uses the present despoiling of the reef as an example of the kind of exploitation that threatens the life of the seas throughout the world.

Many perils to the reef exist, oil drilling being the most obvious. There is also lime mining, tourism (shell collectors by the thousands carry off life-maintaining organisms), and the crown of thorns starfish, which, in the 1960s, multiplied to the proportions of a plague and so threatened to kill the coral of the reefs. (This may have been a premature alarm. In January the *New York Times* reported that the starfish crisis "has gone away of natural causes," and that no man-made influence can be blamed.) Miss Clare chose to present this plague as illustration of the complexity of ocean

life and man's dependency on it. Consideration of the crown of thorns encompasses most aspects of life in reef waters. Or at least Miss Clare makes it seem so. She is an inspired reporter. With the onslaught of the plague many scientists began studies of the starfish, trying to unravel the mysteries surrounding its sudden multiplication in the hope of finding out what natural controls had broken down, and why. It was no easy matter. The starfish eluded study, as did other phenomena of reef waters. The success of any one organism seemed dependent on the success of all others, and yet attempts to find proof of connection were frustrated by man's incomplete knowledge.

Mysteries abound in Australia's waters: for example, the symbiotic relationship between poisonous sea anemone and the anemone fish that are immune to their poison; the parrot fish, known as adults only in their female stage; the butterflies swarming the reefs as if in migration; the marlin that appear only when full grown; the giant green turtles that every four years navigate thousands of miles to Heron Island to lay their eggs; the movement of ocean currents carrying fish larvae; *Ciguatera* poisoning, an occasionally fatal ailment afflicting humans who eat tropical fish from an area in which the ocean floor has been disturbed; the life cycle of the crown of thorns.

MISS CLARE deals with all these phenomena and displays an immense and satisfying erudition. When she moves away from the immediate controversies surrounding the crown of thorns, she discusses with equal intelligence the larger implications of the problem for the Australian economy. She understands its dependence on the resources of the sea, but she also appreciates the necessary contradic-

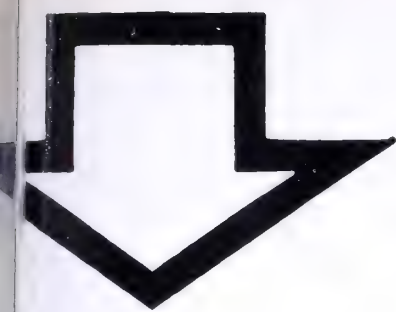
tions. For example, tourism is a immensely profitable industry. So oil drilling. So is the souvenir trade. oil drilling almost always leads to oil spills, which create unsightly beaches, kill the mollusks and coral whose shells and skeletons are sold to profit, kill the fish whose very presence might be essential to thwart the numbers of an unwanted predator that when present kills the coral, and makes the area a tourist attraction.

Going further, many tourists expect an ocean free of sharks—in part of the world an unnatural part of affairs. Yet the efforts to protect just such safe oceans—by straining nets out along the beaches—invoked other complications. Sharks were effectively prevented from entering bathing areas, but turtles and dolphins and dugongs were killed in the nets, and tourists were disappointed not to be able to see these giant sea creatures.

The dugong leads Miss Clare to one of her delightfully miscellaneous digressions. She explains what a dugong is,* tells of its scarcity, discusses an Australian law that bans killing of dugong unless one uses all of it. Since six hundred pounds of animal is not easy to use all of, the law was conceived as a sufficient deterrent to hunting. But the dugong, traditional prey of the aborigines who continue to find dugongs, them, and use every part of them, the author proceeds to interview a dugong-hunter. Thus she manages to talk about aboriginal life in present-day white Australia and to describe the aboriginal myths, including why the crocodile has teeth. It's a beautiful transition, characteristic not only of the book but also of Miss Clare's imaginative and curious mind.

Another such transition leads into the "question of a fish's capacity to feel":

*An herbivorous mammal, often called a sea cow.



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more!

This matter of a fish's capacity to feel poses some interesting questions. On the answers to them depend the justification for excluding fish from the laws of humane killing extended to other animals. After spending a good deal of time on the Reef I found I had developed a feeling for the fish, and a sensitivity to the way they were often treated after capture. I had watched a man who wouldn't have thought of cutting a slice of flesh from a living bird not bother to kill a fish before cutting a piece of it for bait. The fish lived on for what seemed a long time, but it didn't matter, the man said—fish don't feel. . . .

She goes on to say that she took this question to a professor of zoology at the University of Queensland, who satisfied her that, yes, fish feel, and that the question is one of identification: "Primitive man looked at other animals as a source of food and a source of clothing. It's only as we become sophisticated that we start having any sympathy for them. We extend that sympathy first to the animals that look most like us—the hairy ones, the fur-bearing ones, and then the feathered ones. . . . It's a logical extension that eventually people will feel consideration for all sorts of animals, including fish."

He might have looked ahead even further, and predicted identification eventually even with inanimate resources, if—I reveal a tendency toward gloom—there are any left at that far-distant time. I find it frustrating to know that the crown of thorns plague has subsided as it began—mysterious, unexplained, unfathomable. I would like to think that man, in his shortsightedness, caused it; that we wreaked needless havoc in the world and only then recognized the cause as ourselves. The tragedy of my view is that it is bound to be satisfied sooner or later. Too much evidence supports so dismal a conclusion. And yet—the same breadth of mind that might allow us to discover the results of our plundering might also allow us to learn the desire to curb our inevitable destructiveness. We might be as powerful as we all wish: we could do good as well as harm. As it stands, the occasion of things going wrong can only inspire awe at the reverse—an intricate system of life, balance, death. Nature's strength, not ours. ☐

HARPER'S MAGAZINE/JULY 1972

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SOCIALISM

by MICHAEL HARRINGTON

THE HARPER'S GAME

Beginning with this issue, Harper's will publish a monthly game that invites readers to express themselves (in formal and contrived circumstances) on the pub-
 lishes of the day. The games will vary from month to

month, and the varying rules will encourage different qualities of mind—wit, irony, imagination, abstract thinking, political insight, or whatever else the occasion appears to demand.

QUID PRO QUO

by Ruth Sonsky

This month's game involves Richard Nixon, the Republican Convention, and the art of repaying political favors. The participant must imagine himself in the role of someone indebted to Mr. Nixon and thus inspired to second his nomination with a brief, grateful speech in Miami Beach. Among those who owe thanks to the President—for unintended as well as intended favors—are the following people:

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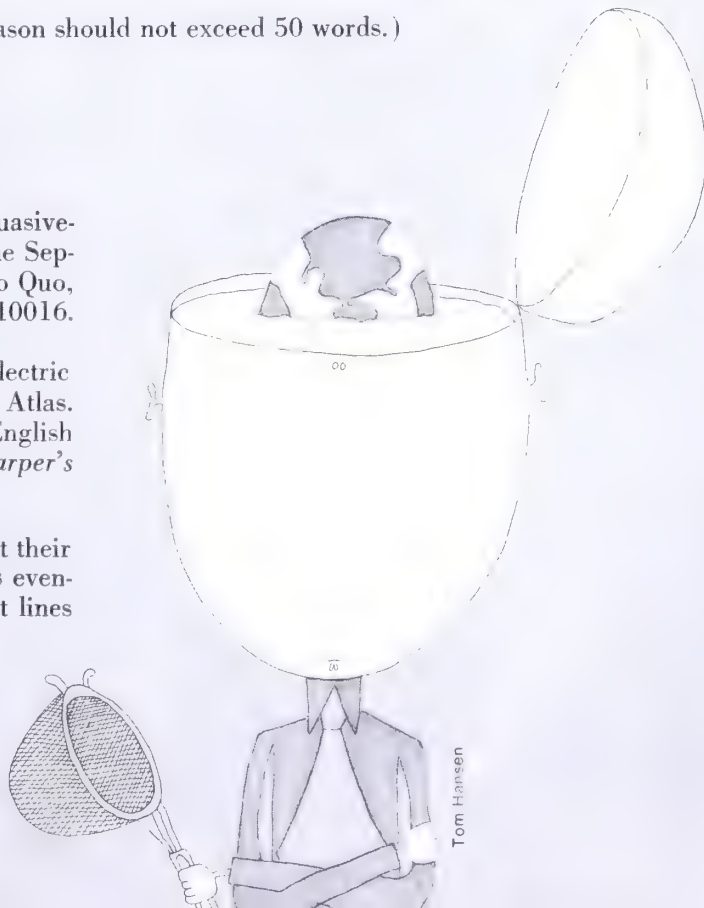
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(The stated reason should not exceed 50 words.)

Entries will be judged for their plausibility, persuasiveness, and wit. Winning entries will be printed in the September issue. Send all entries by July 9 to Quid Pro Quo, Harper's Magazine, 2 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016.

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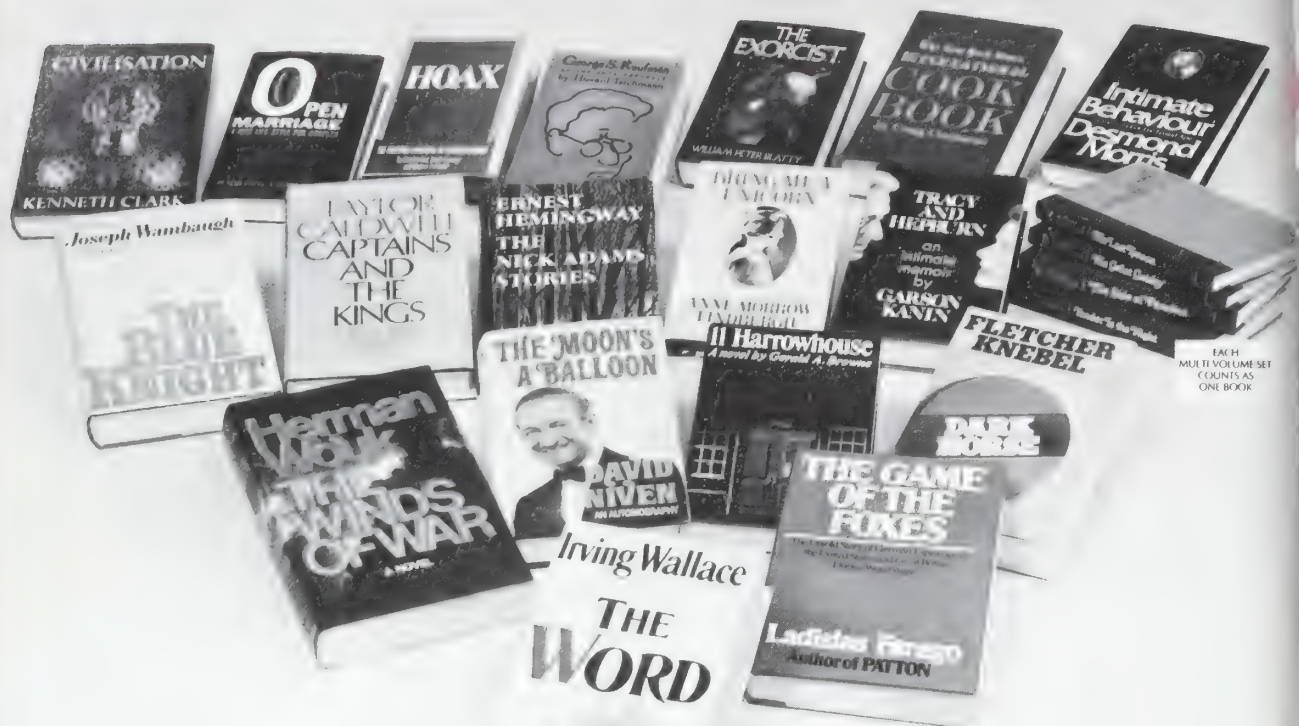
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ALEXANDER SOLZHENITSYN: AUGUST 1914

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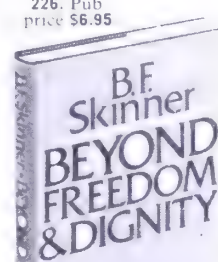
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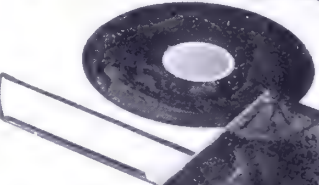
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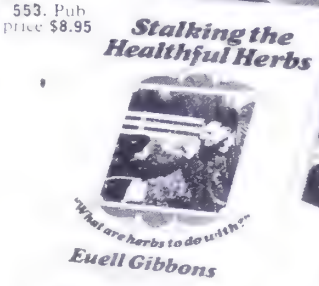
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Harper's Magazine

FOUNDED IN 1850 VOL 245 NO 1467

AUGUST 1972

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ALEXANDER SOLZHENITSYN: AUGUST 1914



This issue of Harper's contains the two final and climactic chapters of Alexander Solzhenitsyn's new novel, "August 1914." Neither of the chapters has been published before in English.

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The missing manuscripts

Charlton Ogburn's proposal ["Shakespeare's Missing Manuscripts," June] to open up the Shakespeare monument in Stratford makes sense. After all, if it's right to seek out the past in opening up Tutankhamen's tomb, why not accomplish a similar project in England? No violence, aesthetic or otherwise, would be done to the monument. And who knows, perhaps the question of who was the real Shakespeare may be solved.

I should be happy to pay for the expense of opening the monument.

PETER SAMMARTINO, Chancellor
Fairleigh Dickinson University
Rutherford, N.J.

I was fascinated by Mr. Ogburn's article . . .

Despite the fact that the Shakespeare Birthplace Trust has so far refused to entertain any suggestion that the monument be opened (their decision, presumably, being based on their assumption that conventional means would be employed), I wonder if perhaps they might be amenable to the use of unconventional means to accomplish the desired end. It would seem that with all the detection devices in use today—devices that seem to be able to ferret out almost anything—some enterprising young inventor-scientist with a predilection for literary sleuthing should be able to hack together something that through uncomplicated means (perhaps only the drilling of a small hole for the insertion of a laser) could indicate the existence or nonexistence of the booty in question.

WELLES IRWIN PRICE
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To a layman [Mr. Ogburn's] arguments are persuasive, and I wonder

at the reasons the Shakespeare Birthplace Trust adduces for not opening up the monument. There surely must be enough Shakespeare lovers in the world willing to contribute the relatively few dollars necessary to pay for the masonry work—especially in view of possibly unearthing a priceless treasure.

I personally would be willing to contribute a few dollars and would be willing to help raise some money for this enterprise. It seems to me that, in a case like this, even a 1,000-to-1 chance is worth taking.

GOODHUE LIVINGSTON, Ph.D.
Seattle, Wash.

I find Charlton Ogburn's hypothesis intriguing. It is regrettable that the Shakespeare Birthplace Trust of Stratford is opposed to any type of exhumation. Such an investigation, if undertaken, could yield incalculable results. Shakespearean studies, criticism, and lectures would never be the same again. Even the gravediggers in Hamlet would jump at a chance like this! One is reminded of John Milton's poem "On Shakespeare," written in 1630:

*What needs my Shakespeare for his
honour'd bones
The labour of an age in piled
stones?
Or that his hallow'd relics should
be hid
Under a star-ypointing pyramid?*

Godspeed, Mr. Ogburn!

JOSEPH R. SURFACE
Charleston, S.C.

CHARLTON OGBURN REPLIES:

The responses to the theory I put forward about the possible disposition of the Shakespeare manuscripts have been very encouraging, particularly in their inclusion of offers to contribute to or defray entirely the cost of opening the monument.

To move the Shakespeare Birth-

place Trust to consent to a . . . would probably require the strong pressure from the public. If such a move is to be brought about, notwithstanding in the fields of scholarship and letters, to whom presumably the greatest writer of our civilization, important, would have to take the lead. So far, none of them has stepped forward to show where my theory breaks down. Their failure to do so would, it seems to me, be tantamount to an admission that they cannot do this in turn to their admitting that there is at least a possibility, however slim, of the manuscripts' hiding in the monument. If, then, they do not demand that this possibility be followed up—and I am speaking particularly of Shakespearean specialists—the inference would appear to be inescapable that they are disinclined to have anything further learned about the writer known to us as William Shakespeare.

Three letter writers have proposed employing devices that might, without disturbing any part of the monument, reveal any hollow within—perhaps the nature of its content or any. It is tempting to pursue this suggestion, but on the outside chance that the manuscripts, if they were once cached in the monument, have been removed and the chamber filled. I should rather hold out for a more thorough examination. A filled chamber, undetectable from without, would in itself be highly significant.

The Little Red Prison

In "The Little Red Prison" [June] John Holt deplures, as I do, that school materials and equipment, including media, are not available for the general public's use, and he is concerned as I am, that public libraries are having problems financially. I wonder that he does not make the connection

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between the closing of libraries and the general failure of public education in the United States. If teachers, as John Holt so astutely observes in his books, have been taught and in turn teach their students to depend on limited sources (textbooks, lectures, etc.) for their knowledge, one ought not be surprised to find that public libraries are not utilized to the fullest.

In some communities, however, the public is not closed out by its own educational system. Community involvement is welcomed, and sharing of all resources becomes possible, not through the outmoded interlibrary loan that sometimes takes too long and is too often prohibitive, but through simple walk-in service. Even while placing top priority on facilities for its young people, this school does what it can to service all other people's information needs, and the public library, local college libraries, hospital libraries, and the state library all work well together in keeping resources moving.

As a member of the Maine Library Advisory Committee, whose function it is to devise a plan for statewide library development, I hope to see the state of Maine open all of its resources and provide statewide borrowers' cards, multimedia services and programs (including print, non-print, and human resources). Admittedly this takes reeducation, not the least of which must happen among librarians. (Some are now beginning to call themselves media specialists.) There are still too many of us who are uncomfortable with the total media concept; even for those who work in libraries where films, records, tapes, and their accompanying equipment are available or can be produced, there is apt to be a bit of uncertainty when it is announced that next year the school library media center will include in its collection an assortment of inkle looms, portable darkrooms, and do-it-yourself kits for tuning up your own automobile or changing the washer on a leaky faucet.

JUDITH W. POWELL, Director
Waterville Senior High School
Media Center
Waterville, Me.

In "The Little Red Prison," much of the discussion seemed actually to center around the lack of community resources for the leisure needs and interests of its citizens. Although

avoiding the term "leisure," Holt frequently dealt with it in the classical Greek sense: serious activity undertaken without the pressure of necessity. Since the Greek word for leisure, *scholē*, is the term from which our "school" derives, Holt really wants to deschool society by returning it to this ancient concept.

If such a return is desired, a coordinated community effort will be necessary among those institutions and agencies that people seek out in their leisure. Perhaps foremost among such organizations should be municipal recreation and park departments. Even as presently structured, many such departments could provide the opportunities Holt desires for citizens, including singing or playing musical instruments, participating in unsupervised sports, using potters' equipment, hearing and participating in discussions of topics of interest, and voicing requests for a number of kinds of learning equipment and facilities.

Perhaps the most important qualification municipal recreation and park agencies can contribute to Holt's vision is their considerable experience in dealing with people of all ages and socioeconomic levels in the provision of activity where the external obligations to participate are minimal.

GEOFFREY GODBEY, Instructor
Recreation and Parks Program
Pennsylvania State University
Abington, Pa.

I agree with John Holt that many of our schools are indeed prisons. I find many of his proposals excellent, but I am surprised that Mr. Holt thinks they would lead to great economics.

I can hardly think of a more economical way to raise children than cramming them forty to a room with one professional to supervise (even if that professional is not as underpaid as she once was and even if that professional has nothing else to do) unless it be to let their mothers raise them free of charge (the mothers could be scrubbing floors at the same time).

Surely more libraries would require more librarians? Extending resources for education of adults would require more money rather than less?

I agree with Mr. Holt that the pressure for more and more years of schooling is unfortunate since so often many of these years are not fruit-

ful. To make the years more fruitful and perhaps shorter would require more individual attention to child rather than less—whether it is provided by teachers or librarians or other resource people. I think we have to face it that the cost of education really is high.

NELLA FERMI WEINER
Chicago

JOHN HOLT REPLIES:

Mr. Godbey's suggestion is excellent. I must remember, when young people say to me that they want to work with young people, or in education, but don't like schools, to suggest that they consider working in parks and recreation programs. There are many ways, in addition to working in and for a school, of being a teacher.

In reply to Nella Weiner's letter, I offered libraries as an example of an educational institution that is open to everyone to use when he wishes in his own way, for his own purpose. But we could, if we wanted, and with very little money, have many small branch libraries, in storefronts, even converted trucks and buses, using largely paperback books, magazines, and newspapers, that would make it possible for most people to learn and *continue to learn* far more about the world and its needs than they might learn in school. Many important educational arrangements, like some I suggest in *Freedom and Beyond*, Ivan Illich suggests in some of his writings, or that we can already see in various forms around us, such as film universities and skill exchanges, would well and cost very little money. And I feel very strongly that what most children need is *not* more "individual attention" from people who have nothing to do but attend to them, but a chance to grow in and into a society they can understand and trust and in which they may have a chance to play a serious and useful part—in short a chance to escape from the prolonged infancy into which we now lock the

IT

With access to little but scattered reports that offered lobbying phenomena but not Justice Department reasoning, it's good to have Harlan Blake's "Beyond the ITT Case" in your June issue. The three "justifications" for the Hartford Insurance

many merger are almost unbelievable. Mr. Blake's comment that "the offender and quickest to jump bidding of special interests in a trust area has unfortunately congress" makes me wonder. It not be that we are witnessing congressional-industrial complex slowing our American justice healthy competitive progress as is the increasingly challenged industry-industrial complex? Perhaps the Congress equates big-conglomeratism, with strongness men with security. Feedback now-waning international-super-manueverings may be a cause. The economic obscurantism that from endless mergings gets more profound: often neither ability nor responsibility is found in the mixing of diverse industry with bank and insurance trust "industries." Bad morale in between industries must follow. Should our objective not be to keep our country and the world safe clearly defined economic as well political diversity? Only then can internal and external authority responsibility respect each other thereby add to security.

RAY SOUTHWORTH
Los Angeles, Calif.

Alice's New Restaurant

The best criticism you could have of the Alice Cooper band ["Perverting Arts," by Bob Greene, June] have been to omit it from the menu altogether. Now a great many fans will invariably rush to see it accordingly once again spread news.

EARL A. LOVE
Change Islands, Newfoundland

Diplomatic Notes

Nothing could be better calculated to evoke feelings of impotence and inferiority than Leslie H. Gelb's and Morton H. Halperin's description of the workings of the foreign-affairs bureaucracy ["Diplomatic Notes," p. 10]. Before reading the article, I remember of that bureaucracy—truly amazed that any President who was committed to the goal of reforming the apparatus could do so if he were going to put up with the hostility of entrenched men. It now seems

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clear that the bureaucracy is largely independent of any authority—legislative, executive, or otherwise. When set upon a course of action, it may obstruct, deceive, and ultimately disobey the President. The arrogance of the military in this regard is particularly appalling.

The implications of what the authors have revealed are so terrifying that their conclusions strike me as overly optimistic and their suggestions for improvement inadequate. They would have the President "use" the system, encourage debate and disagreement, and "ferret out" the best ideas. But they have just shown us that the system manipulates the President, not vice versa. Nothing short of direct personal control over the smallest administrative detail, a clearly impossible alternative, will correct the evils inherent in the system Gelb and Halperin describe.

JAMES WORTHEN
Washington, D.C.

Boredom on the assembly line

Thank you very much for the splendid June issue, and I don't say that just because I had a piece in it, though I was glad to see it there. Altogether, aside from that, I think it is the most exciting and important issue of the magazine I have seen for some time.

I particularly enjoyed Barbara Garson's article on work ["Lud-dites in Lordstown"]. I think the monotonous, dehumanizing, and stupefying nature of much modern work is one of the most critical problems of our society today, and one about which we must all and very soon do some hard thinking.

JOHN HOLT
Boston, Mass.

The article by Barbara Garson is so appallingly inaccurate in certain respects that I feel it necessary to set the record straight.

No one can quarrel with the statements by workers in which they describe their unhappiness with General Motors' Assembly Division, and assembly-line work in general. They reflect what the UAW has been saying for many years about the boredom, repetitiveness, lack of job satisfaction, and authoritarianism of management, all typical of auto-assembly operations. But too often, in other

respects, Miss Garson states as fact what is pure fancy.

Miss Garson wrote, "The Vega workers are echoing a rank-and-file demand that has been suppressed by both union and management for the past twenty years: HUMANIZE WORKING CONDITIONS." In every set of negotiations with the auto companies . . . improvement of working conditions has been given as high a priority by the union as have wages and benefits. . . .

The UAW-GM contract contains many specific provisions that set forth workers' rights regarding production standards and working conditions. Moreover, specific plant-level problems are handled on a plant-level basis, with the local union having the right to strike, both during the term of the national agreement and at its termination. Few other unions protect their members through such a contractual right to strike over working conditions and production standards. . . .

Unfortunately, the assembly line can be described only as an ever-approaching "monster" and short of doing away with it altogether, it requires unending attention, which it gets from the UAW, to keep the work pace it demands at a safe and reasonable level.

Contrary to Miss Garson's claim that the rank-and-file demand for humanizing working conditions has been suppressed by the union, it is an issue constantly in the forefront of union struggle and concern—and has been since the UAW was born. . . .

No GM national contract (or Ford or Chrysler contract for that matter) has ever been rejected by the members. They vote by secret ballot on accepting or rejecting a proposed settlement after having received a full, complete, and forthright explanation of its terms. Each contract settlement has contained not only economic benefits but improvements in the agreement's working provisions as well.

Every local union also negotiates a separate settlement of its local plant-level problems, receiving assistance from the international union as requested. Local unions have been authorized to strike over local issues, and this is so whether there is a national strike or not. . . .

While Miss Garson cannot be held directly accountable for comments made by workers, she nevertheless

might have checked for accuracy. The international union provides enormous assistance to striking workers contrary to the comment, "... don't give 'em no help. They give 'em no funds..." The international union had as many as thirty staff representatives on hand aiding the shop committee and committeemen in winning their demands during the Lordstown strike.

The strike benefit program of UAW is among the best in the country for industrial unions and provides addition to weekly benefits, the continuation of premium payments for health care and life insurance to insure these protections for the workers and their families during the strike.

It should be noted, moreover, that only the workers involved make the decision by secret ballot whether to strike. The workers end the strike when they vote by secret ballot to ratify the negotiated settlement.

The thrust of Miss Garson's article with regard to the worker anger and bitterness over assembly-line work and General Motors' drive to make more and more profit is well worth the telling. And, admittedly, the "ultimate answer" to the frustrations of auto assembly work is yet to be found.

It is unfortunate, however, that the story—which needs to be told again and again—is so badly tarnished by Miss Garson's failure to check the facts.

IRVING BLUESTONE
Vice-President
Director, General Motors Department
UAW
Detroit, Mich.

BARBARA GARSON REPLIES:

It may be, as Mr. Bluestone said, that "improvement of working conditions has been given as high a priority by the union as have wages and benefits."

But however they've tried, they have not succeeded. In fact, working conditions get worse and worse. Twenty years ago, the line ran for four or forty-five cars an hour; now most plants it's around sixty. And Lordstown, it's 101! The increase has been produced, for the most part, not by a greater expenditure of capital but by a greater expenditure of sweat.

One feature of the national contract makes all new GM factories for automatically under UAW jurisdiction, including Lordstown. Yet the union did nothing effective in a

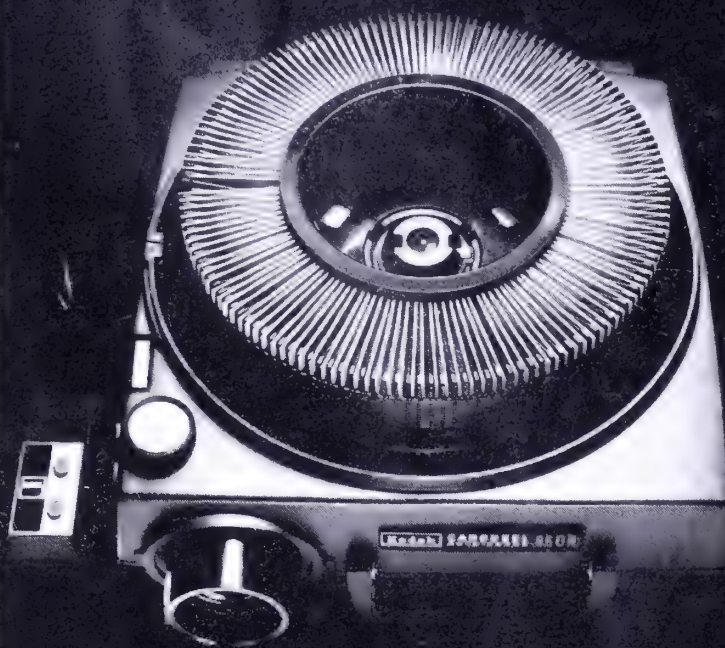
to stop the increasing demands
workers in the new plant; they de-
until the workers couldn't
any more. They delayed the
a couple of weeks and then
ent thirteen international rep-
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id help. But when they were
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ect the speed of the line and
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ointment with the contract was
ent; only 50 per cent showed up
e on the settlement, and one-
of those voted against it. (In
st, 85 per cent turned out for
rike vote, and 97 per cent of
voted for it.) Among the ab-
s were many who were un-
with the settlement but unable
nulate alternatives to what was
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en representatives.

not saying that the union lead-
doesn't want better working
ions. Of course they do. If bet-
working conditions could be had
e asking, the UAW leadership
certainly ask. But questions of
work methods, and the nature
product cut heavily into the
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These things can't be fought for
firm but gentlemanly way that
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They could be achieved only by
it as intense as the illegal sit-ins
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e fight for working conditions
s letting workers do what they
on the shop floor when they are
, despite contracts that make
officials legally responsible to
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To win the new demands, the
would have to help its members
ne self-confident, able to formu-
strike, and bargain for them-
s. The union officials would have
lp organize the force they now

m sorry to spend so much space
king a union that is liberal, hon-
nd active in defending the gains
forty years ago. My article was
concerned with the union, but
the workers who suffer with bor-
painful, and meaningless work. I
t on them, not "somebody else"
ve their problems. And to these
g workers, the union is definitely
ebody else."

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THE INVISIBLE ARMY



Joseph Smith

I WONDER HOW MANY *Harper's* readers have spent more than five hours, say, talking with a veteran about his experiences in Vietnam. The figure is arbitrary, simply an attempt to create a sense of scale for a common and unsettling phenomenon: It comes a point, after many hours of talk with veterans, when you become aware that they carry with them two sets of pictures, two sets of positions about the war and their experiences in it. One set—for public consumption, as it were, like snapshots in a wallet—is relatively neat, content, emotionless; it is comprised of answers meant to turn away further questions, or at the very least to lead them to a predictable course. Gradually, and with trust, does a second set of views emerge; they are far less ordered, more contradictory, charged with more emotion. They variably contain elements of anger, and despair, and they come from some deep inner space accompanied by a sense of great vulnerability.

The most comfortable—and dangerous—myth about Vietnam veterans is that they have not been deeply affected by their service in the war. They have. But as a society, we have done practically nothing to discuss the dimensions of their change or to survey its contours. Instead, we comfort ourselves with the thought that men have always gone off to war, that they've always had readjustment problems on their return, and that eventually they always manage successfully to rejoin the society.

Veterans thus become merely another aspect of business-as-usual. It seems to be saying to them, "This is essentially an aberrational occurrence, a momentary warping of reality to those of you who served in it. No doubt, but something to be put behind you, forgotten at the first opportunity." We greet returning veterans with the expressionless mechanical face of normal bureaucratic procedure and busy ourselves, as we have throughout the war, with everyday affairs. The individual veteran is left to thread his way alone through crowds of strangers, as if the uncertainty itself, like a spell, would work its forgetfulness.

Tony Jones, an associate editor of Harper's, was a consultant to the Veterans World Project at Southern Illinois University/Edwardsville, in the spring of 1971.

the degree that we deal at all with the special situation of veterans, with the surgical gloves of statistical analysis. We know there will be a million Vietnam-era veterans reacting to the society; we know or predict the percentages that will be employed, that will have drug problems, that will be in need of physical rehabilitation, that will visit employment offices, that will go to school, that will spend the rest of their lives in hospitals, that will apply for GI Bill benefits. But of the men themselves—what they think, hope, fear, need, fear—we know practically nothing.

With a depersonalized view of the war depends in some degree on the persistence of class distinction. War has hardly ever done more to lap at the edge of the middle class and in that sense it has been an underclass's war, carried out primarily by professionals, the blacks, the uneducated, the mavericks of all sorts. So there has never been a general understanding of what a man might be in that distant, living a time out of time. The best explanation was that the stupid drafted and the patriotic enlisted. The implicit assumption was that in any way each individual had written his own contract with the war, was getting back a tangible reward—as a way to escape the ghetto; as a misadventure to break out of the strictures of automation or production; as a roman to fulfill some personal heroic dream; as a patriot, to act on beliefs firmly held.

But in its broadest terms, class distinction has simply amounted to an unquestioned acceptance of difference, a dim sense that those who were engaged in the war were different in the manner from those who weren't engaged in it. Nor did the middle class quite abandon the conviction that a man had a choice about being engaged, even if that meant only that he failed to exercise a choice not to engage.

There must also be an element of fatalism. Why else would we so single-mindedly concentrate on the pathology of veterans' unemployment, drug addiction, crime, alienation—on the persistently refusing to look for the positive potential, individually and collectively, that they present? We assert, with varying degrees of righteousness, that the veterans' "problem" is a social or

economic or political problem, forgetting that above all it is a human question. And somewhere in that missed connection lurks a Roman nightmare, a terror at the idea of a class of legionnaires who are owed more than they have been paid and who, if they speak in unison, will extract their price from the society in a painful reckoning.

As a result, we resist providing veterans with special dispensations of any sort. We require them to stand in the same lines, deal with the same forms, trudge the same paths as anyone else. They can go back to school, but no requirements will be waived and no credit will be given for the experience they have gained. They can apply for jobs, but they are told they have to take their chances with everyone else and that suggestions like job-splitting (one full-time job held by two veterans, each working part time) really aren't very practical since they cause extra paperwork. They can join the American Legion or Veterans of Foreign Wars, but they have to be prepared to wear their hair short and overlook the differences between their own war and Korea or World War II.

Nowhere does the veteran see reflected his own view of himself: a person with special resources to offer, but also with special needs to be met. The society fixes him with a blind eye, and he retreats from that blank gaze, learning to say what is expected rather than what he really feels.

The society's message to the veteran is clear: "We require invisibility of you."

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THE INVISIBLE ARMY

dissonances amplified by the enormous efficiency of the process. Bewilderment is hard to hold at bay, especially when he finds that the war that dominated his existence so recently has only a tiny purchase on the national consciousness.

Then, to one degree or another, each veteran must navigate a hall of mirrors where image chases reality chases image chases reality. It starts from the point that most veterans never believed that Vietnam was "real" life. For GIs in Vietnam, the United States was "the world," as if in acknowledgment of the fact that life really happened back here. Despite the interminable debates, the constant argument, the war was never invested with enough meaning, never occupied enough of our everyday thoughts, for the men engaged in it to think it meant anything important — good or bad — or would change the way the world ran. More than anything else, the war represented an exile for them. The important things were going on back home, and to the extent that they felt connected at all they tended to visualize themselves at the terminus of an isolated tentacle of purpose, separated from the organism as a whole.

But from the perspective of "the world," they quickly learn, the war resembles a puppet show. What they see on television and read in the newspapers bears little correspondence to what they saw, felt, heard when they were in Vietnam. Their political and moral views of the war, to the degree that they hold them, are infinitely more complicated than those that structure the national debate; while we have moved toward the blacks and whites of polarization, their views are drawn with all the subtle and ambiguous shades provided by personal experience. Because of their distrust of slogans and simplifications, only a tiny percentage of the veterans have enlisted in political or ideological campaigns (and what impact they will have as a group on Election Day no one can pretend to predict). The result, paradoxically, is that Vietnam frequently becomes a fuller reality for the veteran *after* he returns home.

The veteran's dilemma, then, is simply which reality to trust. And until he can resolve the conflict in his own way and to his own satisfaction, until he can sort out and order the images and realities, he floats in a vacant uncertainty. When a veteran

says—as most do—"I need to get my head together," it is this real problem with which he is wrestling.

THE CONTINUED INABILITY of society and the veteran to connect each other and to establish a basis for reintegration will be an increasingly costly failure. Already it has been estimated that the cost of normal veterans' benefits will exceed the direct cost of the war. Even such a huge sum seems insignificant next to the waste in wasted potential; very simply, veterans constitute a unique resource.

The conventional wisdom holds that because this has been a bad war, those involved in it could hardly salvage anything of value from the experience. On the contrary, the evidence seems to be that Vietnam was an intense and productive, if sometimes horrifying, educational experience for a great many veterans. In all wars, it functioned as a crucible for maturity; but this war—different in circumstance, nature, and outcome from any other in American history—had special lessons.

For one thing, an indeterminable number of veterans learned from the experience a self-reliance that this society has never had. Techniques for breeding that self-reliance in the physical sense so much as the intellectual: understanding the critical importance of, and having the capacity for, individual judgment. None of the truly hard questions dealt with in Army manuals, or provided for by Army procedures, despite the lack of a coherent institutional framework, or even an understandable set of explanations, many men succeeded in developing their own existential solutions.

Vietnam was a constant procession of contradictory images, and practically everyone's experience encompassed both the logical and absurd, the banal and heroic, the human and inhuman. Sanity depended either on being able to ignore the contradictions or on being able to fit them into some larger pattern, a larger frame of reference. How do you balance hours of terror against days of boredom? Danger against comfort? Destructive force against the reciprocal risk?

Such problems unquestionably immobilized some men, left them wandering in a trackless forest where any action is indistinguishable from any other. But other men fashioned their own answers, not necessarily elegant

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The \$50 Reading-Pacer...yours
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*During its seven-year development, this program came to the attention of Rutgers University, which has long been in the forefront among educational institutions in providing reading-improvement training for its students. A committee of five reading experts from the Rutgers staff reviewed the program's content, and as a result of their report the University decided to become official sponsor of the project.

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The **Reading Improvement Program** was **developed** over a period of **seven years** by a panel of reading **experts**. It is **sponsored** by **Rutgers University** and **administered** by the **Book-of-the-Month Club**. More than **100,000** people have **taken** it with **excellent** results.

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That is why we would like to **send you** the **first portfolio** of the **Reading Improvement Program**, along with the **Reading-Pacer**, to try in your own home for **two weeks** at **no risk**. If, at the end of that time, you feel the **program** has **no further interest** for you, simply **send back** the materials and **owe nothing**. Many people find they actually **increase** their **reading speed** by as much as **50%** before the end of the **two-week trial**—and are eager to **continue** with the **program**.

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or sophisticated, but serviceable. And if their individual codes got in the way of discipline, and occasionally resulted in disobeyed orders or impromptu mutinies, they were also life jackets in a sea of strange situations.

For a society rushing pell-mell into an uncharted future, that form of resilience and self-sufficiency is of inestimable value.

A second distinctive resource of veterans is their fund of practical experience in how to make institutional structures serve individual needs. Many veterans would be ideal candidates for positions as "change agents," that newly developing breed whose stock in trade is the ability to restore vitality to fossilized bureaucratic structures or, failing that, to find ways to bypass them.

In Vietnam the soldier's primary image of America is that of a machine. The intricate military apparatus transports him, feeds him, clothes him, cares for him, orders him around. Power is measured by the number of machine parts under one's command. War is waged predominantly by machine.

The soldier's challenge is to attempt to bend or control the machine

at whatever points it has the most direct influence over his life. Manipulating its hidden levers brings freedom of movement, choice assignments, luxuries, promotions, and in general makes life more amenable. To a greater degree than previous wars, Vietnam taught many men how to make the bureaucratic, hierarchical machine serve their own purposes. Lacking the conviction that their daily lives and activities were measured against high ideals being served, at the least these men learned techniques that would cross circuits in their favor; at most, they learned how to make the machinery grind to a full halt by throwing their bodies somewhere in the gears, at times so skillfully they could later escape uninjured.

If the veterans' mechanical image of America is granted, then a sense of individuality rests on the confidence that the machine can be influenced, possibly manipulated, to meet important and immediate individual needs. While the machine as a whole may be incomprehensible, an absurd level of order away, there is still hope so long as the local segment of it responds to logic and in effect can be "managed." If this knowledge is left to

serve only selfish aims, it will fuel the growing phenomenon of individual guerrilla warfare against social institutions, otherwise known as ripping off the corporate society. Yet harnessed to a sense of social purpose, this capacity among veterans could be put to valuable use. In simple practical terms, among several million veterans there are a great number accustomed to working for change, skilled at finding their way through bureaucratic mazes, and unimpaired by officialdom. In a variety of milieus, they could help assure that our institutional structures remain flexible and responsive to changing needs.

A BALANCED HUMAN VIEW of Vietnam veterans demands weighing their strengths along with their disabilities. One of the first documents to treat the veteran with respect and seriousness is an informal, 125-page report called "Wasted Men," prepared by the Veterans World Project at Southern Illinois University.*

"Wasted Men" was put together by sixty-odd Illinois veterans as a summation of a self-study project that began in the summer of 1971. A large part of its significance stems from the evidence it offers that veterans are willing to work hard to understand the situation in which they find themselves. They are doing their homework, and the value of the report is not only in the objective data it provides but in the subjective process it illuminates. The actual report is based on the participating veterans' own experiences supplemented by information gleaned from interviews and questionnaire responses from about 700 other veterans, 100 employers, and numerous local, state, and federal officials working with veterans. While the report is unpretentious, even self-critical of its limitations, it represents one of the few serious attempts to examine the encounter between the returning veteran and the society.

The idea for the project came from Peter Gillingham, a forty-one-year-old veteran of Korea and former foundation official who was concerned

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*Copies of the report are available in limited supply for \$3 and can be obtained by writing Veterans World Project, Southern Illinois University, Edwardsville, Illinois 62025.

Was Velikovsky Right After All?

When Dr. Immanuel Velikovsky startled the nation in 1950 with his book, *Worlds in Collision*, he was greeted by a storm of intemperate criticism from prominent scientists around the world. A Michigan professor of astronomy wrote in a letter to Velikovsky's publisher: "We preserve democracy when education in true scientific principles... can be nullified by the promulgation of such lies—yes, as are contained in wholesale lots in *Worlds in Collision*?... No, I do not read the book... And I do not intend to waste my time reading it."

Velikovsky's crime was to have proposed that sound evidence exists for the occurrence of near collisions between Earth, Venus, and Mars in prehistoric times—collisions which destroyed civilizations and sculpted Earth's surface. Such events figured prominently, Velikovsky maintained, in the escape of the ancient Israelites from Egypt.

In 1962 a few scientists, willing to brave the official scorn, spoke up for Velikovsky. Astronomer Lloyd Motz of Columbia University and physicist V. Bargmann of Princeton, writing in *Science* (Dec. 21), praised Velikovsky's successful prediction of two astonishing discoveries—extremely high surface temperature of Venus (hotter than molten iron) and the emission of radio signals from Jupiter. "Although we disagree with Velikovsky's theories," the two scientists wrote, "we feel compelled to make this statement to establish Velikovsky's priority of prediction of these two points and to urge, in view of these predictions, that his other conclusions be objectively re-examined."

But it has only been the past two or three years which have seen leading scientists a more widespread acknowledgement of Velikovsky's

vindication and a mushrooming interest in his work. Space age discoveries forced this reevaluation. For example—

- Last December 29 Dr. S.K. Runcorn, a leading authority on magnetism, told an A.A.A.S. gathering, "When we received the Apollo landing sample, as with the other groups who had been studying the magnetic properties, we were all surprised to find remanent magnetization."

- But Velikovsky had written in the *N.Y. Times* on July 21, 1969 (before the lunar landings): "The moon has a very weak magnetic field; yet its rocks and lavas could conceivably be rich in remanent magnetism resulting from strong currents when in the embrace of exogenous magnetic fields." The actual discovery of this magnetism has posed a perplexing riddle for scientists that, apart from Velikovsky's explanation, remains unsolved.

Velikovsky was once derided for claiming that Venus might rotate backward, that the moon, Mars, and Venus are losing heat, that moonquakes are frequent, that the moon's surface contains radioactive "hot spots," that the Minoan linear B script was an early form of Greek, that human settlements would be discovered in the now uninhabitable Siberian wastes... But the record now favors Velikovsky on all these points, as on many others.

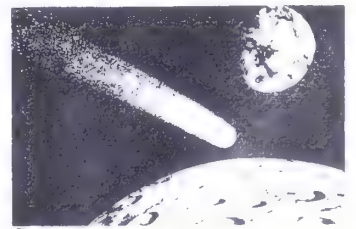
An international selection committee is being set up to date Egyptian New Kingdom objects; preliminary tests have already favored Velikovsky's revised chronology. A group of physicists are undertaking a computer analysis of ancient astronomical records to determine whether the solar system's order has changed during man's history.

"do not know of any specific prediction you made that has since been proven to be false."

So stated the late H.H. Hess, chairman of the Princeton University geology department, and chairman, Space Science Board, National Academy of Science. A full evaluation of Velikovsky's record is set forth in a special issue of *Pensee* magazine: IMMANUEL VELIKOVSKY RECONSIDERED. This will be the most discussed and hotly debated magazine this year. Contributors include Dr. Horace Kallen, co-founder and former dean of graduate faculty, New School for Social Research; Dr. Lynn Trainor, professor of physics, University of Toronto; Dr. William Mullen, in the history and classics departments of the division of interdisciplinary general studies, University of California (Berkeley); as well as Velikovsky (who contributes three major articles), and numerous other scholars. You will find the following features in IMMANUEL VELIKOVSKY RECONSIDERED:

- a list of nearly 40 "impossible" scientific claims Velikovsky made in 1950, all of which were substantiated by later investigations.
- an interdisciplinary survey of the new avenues of research opened up by Velikovsky's work.
- a full-length analysis of Stonehenge and its meaning in the light of cosmic catastrophes in man's history.
- a debate: Are the moon's scars only 3,000 years old?
- Pharaoh Akhnaten and his revolutionary worship—Was Venus instrumental in the mystery?

Pensee is published by the Student Academic Freedom Forum, a tax-exempt, educational foundation. Single copies cost \$2.00; you may purchase 10 or more for \$1.50 each.



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about the small percentage of Vietnam-era veterans using the GI Bill to continue their educations (roughly 20 per cent, compared to 50 per cent following World War II). After talking with veterans, he came to the conclusion that education was failing them by refusing to grant opportunities—and academic credit—for veterans to explore the questions and issues that most concerned them; the evidence was overwhelming that by and large the educational establishment found nothing special about veterans and was unprepared to bend any rules or procedures for their benefit. As a result, the veterans who equated their return to the United States with being locked in a closed room were simply unwilling to voluntarily confine themselves further in one of its closets. Of those who did return to school, a disproportionately high number dropped out within the first year.

Moved by the potential waste of human resources he saw in the situation, Gillingham set out to find ways that veterans could be encouraged, in an academic setting, to define their own needs and design their own programs. He then proposed, and persuaded SIU to accept, an internship program whereby a group of local veterans could study the difficulties that faced them and their peers. The concept was intentionally fluid, and the first ground rule was that the participating veterans would be free to take the project in whatever directions they felt would be most fruitful.

Once the project itself got under way, the energies released by the veterans dwarfed even the outsized energies Gillingham had exhibited in carrying the idea through its initial stages. By all reports, the project was an extraordinarily intense experience for those involved—by turns emotional and analytical, cathartic and exploratory, threatening and reassuring, and, overall, contradictory enough to inspire confidence that it was dealing with the real situations of real people.

"Wasted Men," as a consequence, speaks in many voices. Black veterans argue with white, passionate personal statements overlap collective analyses, statistical evidence is interleaved with intuitive judgments. Similarly, the report treats a huge range of concerns. One moment there is a nuts-and-bolts discussion of the way State Employment Service forms fail to

provide ways for the job-seeking veteran to communicate the full range of his service-related experience and skills. The next moment veterans' wives are discussing the marital and sexual problems that flow out of the tensions of readjusting to American society. Later, the report wrestles with the philosophical issue of how the destructive force he is capable of delivering affects a combat soldier's self-perception. The intent of such an improvised orchestration, no doubt, is to increase the likelihood of striking a chord that will bring response. Ultimately, "Wasted Men" provides poignant testimony of the veterans' uncertainty about how best to catch the ear of the society, how to make us hear what they have trouble even finding words to say.

IN ITS JUMBLE of insights and personal vignettes, the report contains strong evidence in support of the following conclusions:

- The problems of transition and return result in a full-fledged "Vietnam-veteran syndrome" that appears to be of far greater magnitude than was true of previous wars.

- The most difficult aspect of readjustment for the contemporary veteran is making the transition into a civilian economy. By the report's reckoning, the national Jobs for Veterans and Job Fair programs have been dismal failures, providing little more than unfulfilled promises.

- Veterans seeking further education face severe hardship, not only because GI Bill stipends are so modest and restrictions have been added to the original legislation but because they have different attitudes toward higher education than did their counterparts of World War II.

- There is an appalling lack of vigorous or imaginative national leadership dealing with the veterans' situation. Administrative tangles, overlapping responsibilities and jurisdictions, bureaucratic inertia, and lack of contact with Vietnam-era veterans have conspired to prohibit new programs or new ways of thinking about veterans.

- The black veteran suffers from special difficulties in reintegrating with the society, frequently as a result of unjust "bad paper" (less than honorable) discharges.

The mistrust of the present methods for dealing with veterans is based

on the report's conviction that the panoply of current programs is largely ineffective in acknowledging responding to what Vietnam-era veterans feel are their primary needs. In the report's words:

It is essential to make the people aware that the civilian federal-state agency system for veterans is not operating so badly, yet is so well entrenched and self-sufficient without any reference to or concern for its constituency of Vietnam generation veterans, that it is at least as serious as the now well-recognized "welfare mess," and probably worse.... The treatment most veterans are now getting from the agencies tends to strengthen and solidify the worst possible negative stereotypes about the whole system about our government and indeed our whole society.

A reading of the report leaves no doubt that a thoroughgoing shakeup of the present bureaucracies, accompanied by a sudden infusion of Vietnam-era veterans in all levels of the Veterans Administration and of State Employment Services, would noticeably improve the veterans' lot. But the challenge is larger: in the report's view, we need new structures that provide veterans with the freedom to exercise their own initiatives. The outlines of a blueprint for such change can be found in the report itself. Its primary value is as a window into the process by which such change should take place—in a symbiotic relationship with the veterans who will be affected by it—rather than as a finished set of recommendations.

Throughout "Wasted Men" there are hints of the anger that exists among veterans. While the tone of the report is civilized and even respectful, there are subtle warnings of a rage that could escape its bounds if a storm being bred of innumerable individual frustrations. In its closing line, "Let us hope we do not reap whirlwind," the report expresses an unstated theme: if the immense energies of several million veterans are denied productive outlet or engagement, then we must be prepared to accept the consequences. If that is an apocalyptic ring, its intent is simply to be honest about a very basic matter: the veterans have brought the war back home. It exists in their heads and in their lives, and we as a society cannot long avoid dealing with that fact.

The image shows a close-up of a Taylor Lake Country Red wine label. The label features the brand name "TAYLOR" in large, bold, black letters, with a small maple leaf logo inside the letter "O". Below this, it says "NEW YORK STATE" in a smaller font. A central illustration depicts a scenic view of a lake surrounded by green hills and a small white building. The wine name "Lake Country Red" is written in a large, elegant, red script font. Below the name, the words "SOFT, LIGHT, DINNER WINE" are printed in a bold, black, sans-serif font. At the bottom of the label, smaller text reads "PRODUCED BY THE TAYLOR WINE COMPANY" and "EST. 1880 ALCOHOL 11%". To the left of the label, a plate of food, including what appears to be a steak and vegetables, is partially visible. To the right, a glass of red wine and a lit candle in a glass holder are shown, creating a warm, inviting atmosphere.

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Lake Country Red
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PRODUCED BY THE TAYLOR WINE COMPANY
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Serve it early! Soft, light Lake Country Red is delightful, anytime.
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Even those who want to play Tarzan.



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wherever you choose.

This is Drysdale Falls. While
there are no vines or animal
cries it's a perfect place for the
Tarzan in your soul. Perched on
a jutting rock you can emit a
yell the envy of our jungle
adventurer, followed by a dive
into a pool of clear, cool water.
Johnny Weismuller couldn't do
better.

Thirty minutes from here is
the Atlantic Ocean (thirty
minutes from all our lakes, and
rivers and streams is the Atlan-
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Once there you can change
your guise as quickly as you
can change your clothes.
Surfer, swimmer, skindiver,
sailor, or simply lazy vacationer.

If the shore fits...

Around Yarmouth you can
become a Hemingway hero as
you battle a 900 pound tuna.

Rod on shoulder you can
repart to the St. Mary's river and
become Huck Finn. (Mind you,
Huck Finn never fished for
salmon, but then he was never
in Nova Scotia, either.)



The Cabot Trail should do
very nicely for a Marco Polo.

And your Arnold Palmer
should be well pleased by the
courses in our province. Ingo-
nish or New Ashburn will be
more than a match for your
drive.

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to be yourself. And for that
Nova Scotia will be a welcome
relief. With fresh air, rolling
green hills and a friendliness
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what you do.

Come one, or become all. It's
all the same. A land of a thou-
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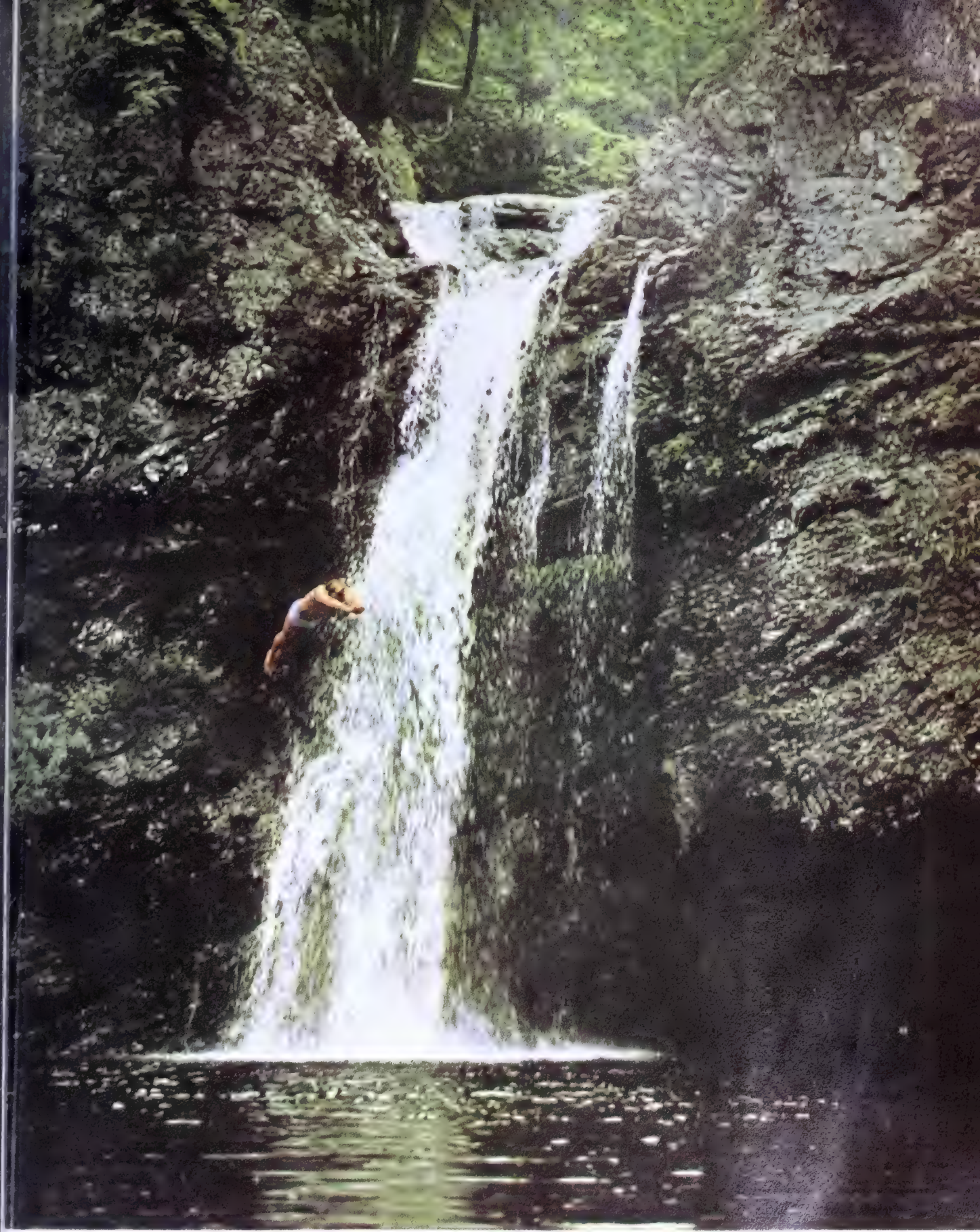
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IN PRAISE OF TRAINS

A revisionist theory of progress



WHEN TRAINS WERE TRAINS . . .

The traveler going West steps to the ticket office of the Pennsylvania, the Erie, or the New York Central Railroad. He purchases his ticket for San Francisco. He gives his trunk to a baggage-master, gets for it a little piece of metal, and sees and cares for it no more. A porter shows him his place in the Pullman car. He takes his seat, pulls off his boots, puts on his slippers, opens his bag, takes out his Harper's Magazine, and his traveling cares are at an end. For six days and nights he is rolled swiftly across the continent . . . He traverses broad plains, passes over immense viaducts, whirls swiftly over mountain torrents on iron bridges, climbs or pierces mountains; but he never leaves his parlor; if need be, his meals are brought to him where he sits; and at length . . . he is set down in the station at San Francisco. He looks at the clock in the station-room, compares it with the time-table in his hand, and finds that his journey has been accomplished with all the regularity and punctuality of the sun.

—"The American Railroad,"
by Lyman Abbott
Harper's, August 1874

WHEN TRAINS BEGAN vanishing in America, people blithely assumed that the bus, the truck, the plane, and the private car could perform all of the railroad's specialized functions and could do a better job as well. Only now have we begun to recognize the appalling results. By shifting the main burden of transportation to cars and trucks, we have ex-

travagantly multiplied the number of vehicles in constant operation, decreased their speed, wasted time, money, and petroleum, slowed freight and mail deliveries, and increased human tensions. Meantime, we have nullified the shorter work week—and the promised gain in leisure—by spending more hours in monotonous daily travel, under conditions highly inimical to health.

This is locomotor ataxia, a fatal disease. Already the creeping paralysis has set in: congested airports, delayed landings and departures, stalled expressways, choked streets, cluttered parking lots, lethal smog—all these are early warnings of far more serious breakdowns ahead. Motoring was once a psychological stimulus and recreation: in urban areas it is no longer even a convenience. People who have to go a quarter of a mile or more to find a single parking space—if they are lucky—can hardly boast of "door to door" transportation. So much for free movement and speed!

No one has summed up this situation better than Governor William Cahill of New Jersey, a state that is one of the chief victims of lopsided highway modernization. "We are choking," he observed lately, "on the fumes of our own exhaust. We are spending literally millions of unpro-

ductive hours examining the bumper of our neighbors' cars, and we are immobilized, waiting for trains that never arrive. The time has come to say 'Enough!'"

By rights, this outcry should come mainly from the old, the feeble, the crippled, the sick, and the many people with defective eyesight who may not or should not drive motorcars. It should also come from the poor, who have neither private nor public vehicles to carry them to work. Even in cities, these groups have become "shut-ins" through the abandonment of public transportation. They now depend almost entirely upon the charity of their neighbors and relatives for occasional transportation. Their pathetic voice has still to be heard.

But those who most unmistakably have had enough are the motorists who commute daily to the city. More and more, they recognize that the expressway has become a crow's foot. When the citizens of San Francisco recently voted a \$750 million bond issue to build a modern rapid transit system, they voted not merely to abolish the daily crawl in private cars but to rebuild a functioning transportation system using many different types of locomotion, at different speeds, for different purposes. Even the pedestrian will be recognized as an essential part of every updated system.

Lewis Mumford has been writing about the state of our cities and our transportation systems for almost fifty years.

TO UNDERSTAND all the working parts that must be restored or only invented to create a balanced transportation system, let us first take a look at what we have lost. This is all the more necessary because people since 1930 have no notion what- of the central role of the railroad that a wonderful sense of freedom gave the individual traveler.

Between 1920 and 1940 the U.S. had one of the best passenger services, both regional and national, on the planet. Contrary to the illusions of short-sighted railroad executives, the passenger services, because of the urban concentrations they made possible, were the essential underpinning of profitable freight and express operations. During this period the roads, though badly handicapped by their own bureaucratic procedures, inflexible trade-union regulations, and instituted many vital improvements. While some of the local parts of the system were prematurely abandoned after 1920, no heavy damage yet been done. The abandonment of the electric trolley network and local steam railroads was more than made up for by the extensive use of the family auto and the motor bus. At the same time, newly surfaced arterial roads and parkways opened up many beautiful landscapes and picnic areas. The whole transportation system was actually improved by the motorcar, not yet devastated by it.

Meanwhile, the railroads themselves had initiated various over- technological improvements. The more progressive railroads electrified both their suburban lines and their long-distance routes, as between New Haven and Washington. They introduced streamlining and powerful diesel locomotives for swifter freight trains, and made air-conditioned coaches as comfortable as Pullman cars.

In all these innovations, the railroad was years ahead of the auto industry. If technological backwardness had been the deciding factor in the competition between trains and autos, the motor car would have lost out, not the railroad. Indeed, far from being out of the running by the steady increase of motor traffic after 1920, railroads flourished and reached their peak of service during World War II. In 1944, freight traffic in ton-miles stood at two-and-a-half times the level of 1938, and passenger miles had increased fourfold, in spite of the rail-

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Refreshing after-dinner idea—with a touch of Old World elegance. Green Creme de Menthe over crushed ice—or on the rocks. It's more than delicious—it's De Kuyper.

(Say it like the Dutch do: De-ki-per.)

roads' turning over 30,000 of their trained personnel to the armed forces. Hardly the record of a backward and ailing mode of transportation.

As long as the transportation system was in balance, the railroad, as the central element in a national system, enabled all the subordinate parts to function effectively. When the railroads walked out of their responsibility for passenger transportation, the whole system became unbalanced. Both air and motor transportation required heavy public assistance in order partly to offset the railroads' deliberate junking of passenger services. Instead of moving to nationalize the railroad system, the Government connived at its demise. It subsidized private transportation by building a vast highway system on a national scale at the taxpayers' expense.

The most fatal blow was delivered by the Highway Revenue Act of 1956. This act was jammed through the Congress, without serious public discussion, on two pretexts: that it would vastly improve transportation facilities, and that it was an imperative military measure to provide for mass evacuation from cities in case of an atomic attack. When one realizes what happens on a throughway in the very partial evacuation that takes place at the end of the day, it is a wonder that even the Pentagon could have lent itself to this flagrant nonsense.

The Highway Act allotted \$26 billion to the states, to be spent over twenty years. This supplied 90 per cent of the funds needed to build land-eating highways, mainly throughways, with the states contributing only 10 per cent. No larger or fuller pork barrel had ever been opened. State highway engineers, contractors, and subsidiary interests, acting without the slightest professional knowledge of the problems of urban and regional development, became the arbiters of our national destiny. On the assumption that the sole object of a highway system is to increase the speed and volume of motor traffic, they have laid waste the central city, butchered the landscape, opened up the countryside to random exploitation by real estate speculators, and turned precious recreation areas into smog-filled motor slums.

The effect of the national Highway Act was to duplicate the existing na-

tional railroad network. As a result, the net gain for efficient *transportation*, not just motor traffic, was much smaller than people have assumed. Too often the new motorways have closely paralleled existing railroad lines. No quicker way of killing off the railroad could have been invented. And among other things, this modernized national highway network was an outright gift to the trucking industry.

This was the final blow. If even half the amount devoted to highway building had been assigned to rehabilitating the railroad—to repair thirty years of making do with obsolete equipment, with deteriorated trackage and roadbeds, with scamped and underserved passenger facilities—the railroad would not have fallen into disrepute. A generation ago railroad equipment was on a replacement basis, but now it needs rebuilding from top to bottom, a process that demands fresh investment in the car- and locomotive-building industries, where even the engineering know-how has been lost.

THE MOST SIGNAL advantage of railroad transportation over the motorcar is never mentioned when the claims of the railroad for public support and rehabilitation are being weighed. This is the railroad's remarkable performance in conserving the traveler's life, as opposed to the motorcar's annual record for wholesale slaughter. The difference in safety between the two systems is so fantastically in the railroad's favor that most people are understandably reluctant to acknowledge the full price in human lives we have paid for the motorcar.

Between 1903 and 1931 the highest number of railroad passengers killed over the worst *four-year* period was 460, with 10,321 injured. But in the four years between 1928 and 1931 the total number killed was only seventy-eight, an average of twenty-six a year—repeat twenty-six—while only 3,021 were injured. Compare this record with the murderous body count of the motorcar: now over fifty-six thousand dead a year, with more than two million annually injured or maimed for life. Even when corrected for total mileage, the motorcar's rate of death per 100,000 miles is colossal: fifty-three times greater than the railroad's.

Until now, this wholesale sacrifice of human life has been cheerfully written off as a necessary price for technological progress. But note that loss could be cut at least in half by decreasing the amount of unnecessary motor travel—made possible by restoring a larger share of both passenger and freight traffic to the railroad.

By now even the auto industry has become sensitive to the disgraceful safety record of the car and, although reluctantly, gone along with the effort to lessen the body count in injuries by the kind of technological devices many people pin so much faith on. In the interests of safety, the motorist is now to be harnessed and imprisoned as if he were an astronaut. Since this will take away the last vestige of freedom the auto has promised, the only compensation will be higher speeds on the road, and still worse accidents, for the protective armament now advocated is completely crashproof only at a speed lower than that imposed by any state law.

To cut down on the annual loss of life on motorways, a radical proposal is needed: namely, to shift an increasing amount of passenger mileage back to the railroads and other safer if slower forms of locomotion. When we are prepared to go even further in restoring life, literally, to the whole transportation system, we shall build walkways, bicycle paths, and bridle paths to encourage means of getting about other than by motorcars. And if our society knew the meaning of recreation, we would deliberately restore older means of transportation by river and canals and sea as alternatives to our high-speed monomania. Thanks to a more enlightened younger generation, the horse and the bicycle and the hiker are in fact all coming back.

EVEN PEOPLE WHO PERCEIVE both the limitations of the motorcar and the advantages of passenger trains still exaggerate the importance of speed as a main factor in the transportation crisis. They believe that except for short-distance commutation in heavily populated areas like the Boston-Washington corridor, the railroad has been knocked out by the plane. So many propose to design trains that will be fast enough to compete with planes over long distances

th the diagnosis and the cure are
r. To focus on speed alone is to
t that regularity, reliability, and
ency are equally important. If
s were running at 300 miles an
between Boston and Washing-
he airlines would be more com-
y underused and crippled than
ailroad now is. In a diversified
portation system, designed to
bute its load over different car-
to meet many different needs,
plane is obviously a desirable
ion to, but not a substitute for,
ailroad. For distances over 500
miles, the jet plane has of course a
endous advantage in speed over
motorcar and the railroad, despite
serious drawbacks of air pollu-
congestion, and blockage under
weather conditions. Even on the
e of fatal deaths and crippling
injuries, the plane's record, calcu-
lated in passenger miles, is far su-
perior to the motorcar's, though
inferior to the railroad's.

at in achieving speed, the jet
e must bypass local stops, and
leaves the in-between regions
undisturbed. Obviously one of the
factors that slows up the railroad—
the intervals between station stops
could also slow up the plane. No
mode of transportation and no
speed can satisfy the needs of a
paced transportation system. But
properly treated, as cooperators not
competitors, the railroad will remain
an indispensable auxiliary to the
jet even over long distances under
the worst weather conditions when air
travels are impossible.

at there is certainly no sense in
drawing away government funds try-
ing to duplicate the speed of the air-
plane with an entirely new kind of
vehicle, on the latest science-
fiction model. Even if such efforts got
beyond the experimental stage the
benefit would be colossal and the net
cost would be nil. If successful, the
result would be to banish long-
distance air travel over land.

What is needed for a balanced
transportation system is the recogni-
tion that the plane is not an accept-
able agent of mass transportation:
its use should be encouraged
only when it functions more com-
fortably than the motorcar or the
road train. Jumbo planes flying
profitably, with not enough passen-
gers to pay for fuel, have already
demonstrated that speed is no attrac-
tion when no one wants to fly.

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flavour-age
our juniper
berries."



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Gordon's keeps
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(Once air travel is cut back to reasonable proportions by the withdrawal of government subsidies, the railroad and the plane would become partners, not rivals, each specializing in those facilities it can handle most efficiently and economically. But many other factors besides speed must enter into our calculations. Convenience, comfort, frequency of service, safety, and a minimum waste of land and energy resources are infinitely more important than speed or financial profit. This gives the railroad once more a central position in any rational transportation policy, provided the American people open their eyes to all they have lost by permitting our national railroad system to be dismantled and junked.

WHAT STEPS must be taken, then, to rebuild a balanced transportation network—national, regional, and local?

First: Revise our present priorities in transportation. Halt further highway construction before any more urban neighborhoods are depopulated or spoiled for family residence by high-rise buildings, and before any more agricultural land is covered with wall-to-wall carpets of concrete. Turn the federal funds allotted to highways over to the rebuilding of the entire rail network—not just to maintain transportation already cut back to the barest minimum but to extend services deliberately abandoned by Amtrak. The needs of public transportation must not be confused with mere mass transportation.

Second: As a *minimum* immediate goal, restore as many passenger trains as were available in 1950, and enlist the aid of the labor unions in keeping them running, by providing at least minimal trains of two or three cars, newly designed, with full provision for baggage, manned by skeleton crews. This restoration of adequate service is the prime condition for making the railroad popular again. Insofar as this demands sacrifices from labor, let the railroad hierarchy set an example by taking commensurate cuts and making even more unthinkable sacrifices.

Third: Banish trucks and trailers of freight-car dimensions from all public roads, urban or rural. This should shift much long-distance freight to smaller vehicles, usable for

piggyback transportation by railroad. This is an imperative measure for bringing back the recreational advantages of the motorcar.

Fourth: Phase out jumbo passenger jets for mass travel; likewise jumbo freight planes. Eliminate supersonic planes permanently as an ecological misdemeanor and a human disaster. Supersonic planes are undemocratic toys serving as national status symbols. Their supposed saving in hours has been made absurd by the fact of worldwide instant telephone communication.

Fifth: Back to the rails. Allocate public funds not only for redesigning and manufacturing rolling stock, as well as repairing neglected equipment, but for training and reassembling a new generation of railroad workers, and regaining traditional know-how lost with the pensioning off of experienced workers.

Sixth: Reduce the disgraceful body count from auto accidents by lessening needless motor travel—such as long-distance commutation and cross-country haulage. This can be achieved largely by restoring all of the railroad's attractions of comfort, safety, absence of tensions, and diminishment of fatigue over long distances.

To cope with our varied transportation needs, we must use and unify every available method of transportation, not just the fastest or the most profitable. Human legs, for example, are crucial to any organic system. The pedestrian, who relies on food for fuel, and who needs no special parking facilities, remains the ideal transportation medium. The most useful contribution to overcoming urban congestion and pollution has been the provision of walkways and pedestrian malls—not moving sidewalks or automated vehicles. To bring more of the necessary goods of life within walking distance was the original contribution of the city, and it will once more become the goal of intelligent city planning.

Waterway transport for both passengers and freight has become as essential today as it was originally, if the transportation system is not to collapse from overload. In fact, the restoration of waterways has already begun. This is all the more important since more than half the U.S. population lives in counties within fifty miles of the coasts, and an even larger percentage lives near navigable lakes and rivers and canals.

Such major canals as surveyed for railroad competition and were once filled up or covered by highways are once again in profitable operation and are taking freight away from the railroads. To ensure a diversified transportation system and a wider distribution of the load, substantial government subsidies should be given to encourage the building and use of vessels of all kinds for water transportation—emphasizing economy in handling heavy loads and recreational pleasure rather than speed. The recent resumption of riverboat service on the Ohio and Mississippi rivers is not necessarily the last gasp of a dying service: if followed through, it may mark the first cry of an integrated transportation system.

Obviously there is much more to creating a diversified, economical, and efficient transportation system than merely keeping the railroad from permanently going out of business. But for the present, the rehabilitation of the railroad is the key to getting a new grip on the whole problem of transportation and communication, of urbanization and recreation. We cannot introduce all the facilities of a balanced transportation system without introducing many coordinate measures and activities outside the field of transportation itself.

What is hopeful about the situation is that the change, if it takes place at all, will probably come at many places at once: beginning at first with protests against traffic slowdowns, smog, and the mounting spoilage by industrial polluters and highway engineers. From all over the country we get reports that people are awakening to the fact that they have been cheated and deceived by promises of corporate technological progress and merely pecuniary affluence. The environmental deficits and human penalties are increasingly outweighing the supposed technological benefits.

Even if this awakening produces appropriate political and economic action, we must realize that there are no easy answers, for there is no simple source of evil whose removal would make everything right again. For anything like an effective transformation, each individual, each institution, and each corporate body must initiate a change in choices and goals.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE/AUGUST 1971

What Does Saturday Review?

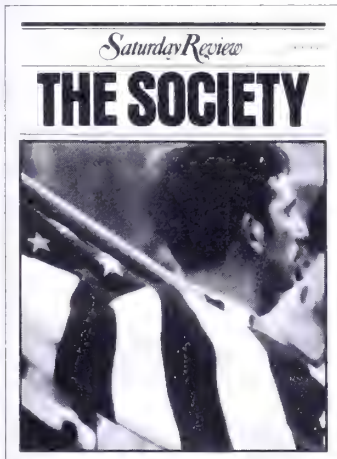
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The editors of Saturday Review have taken a hard look at your conversation.

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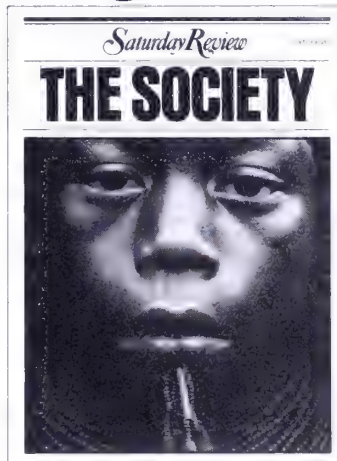
So we've created a new magazine to do the job.

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The new magazine is called Saturday Review - The Society.

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Its main fare will be things you don't get to read about in the newspapers.

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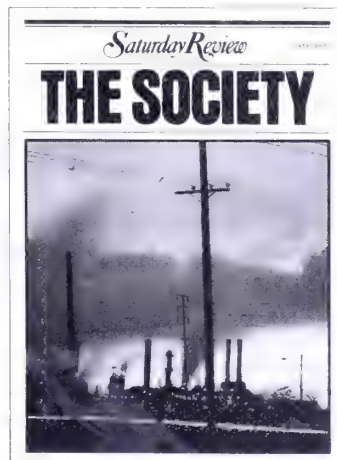
— How welfare programs are starting to be measured on "performance and evaluation review technique" charts.

— How a bounty system is helping to clean up the turbid waters of the Hudson River.

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TEA AND IDEOLOGY

by Edward Neilan and Charles R. Smith



How to trade in the China market

If the Chinese have any object in life, it is trade and money. They are born speculators. As soon as a boy can walk, he begins to traffic with his companions. His life is spent in buying and selling, and he will close a bargain with his last breath. It is all the same to him whether the traffic be legal or illegal, honest or dishonest. From selling a house to playing at cards or dice, they are ready for any thing which seems to promise gain. . . . The excess to which the vice is carried in the cities is incredible. In the north, . . . you may often meet, during the intense cold of winter, men rushing out of gambling-houses in a state of complete nudity, having lost all their clothes at play. But this is not the worst. Men who have lost all, including their clothes, "will play for their fingers, which they cut off with a most frightful stoicism."

— John Bonner
(review of *A Journey through the Chinese Empire*, by M. Huc)
Harper's, June 1855

THE TWENTY-ONE-STORY Bank of China building, which stands at the intersection of Queen's Road and Des Voeux Road, Central, in Hong Kong, is more than a bank. It is the headquarters for every official and unofficial activity of the People's Republic of China in the British Crown Colony. It contains offices of all the state foreign trading corporations, sports federations, cultural organizations, and intelligence-gathering operations. Across the street from the Bank of China—an ideological mile—stands the twenty-five-story Hong Kong Hilton Hotel. In the years since the Hilton opened in 1963, pedestrian traffic between the two buildings has

been very light. Recently that traffic pattern changed.

Since June 1971, when President Nixon announced a relaxation of trade restrictions with China, an almost steady stream of American businessmen have presented themselves at the Bank of China. Some never get inside. Those who do, tell a blank-faced Chinese official of great deals they hatched back in Chicago or "L.A." They usually come out sheepishly a few moments later—too soon to have accomplished anything.

"These naïve get-rich-quick fellows who don't even bother to check with bankers here or the American Consulate are driving the Communists nuts," observed a longtime British colonial. "One of the Chinese from their bank told me at tiffin the other day that he wonders if Chou En-lai knew what he was getting into by opening the trade door to Americans."

BACK IN 1937 an American businessman named Carl Crowe wrote a book entitled *400 Million Customers* about the potential of mainland China as a market for American goods and services. The concept captured the imagination of many aspiring and established businessmen, and the book went through several hardcover and paperback printings. Crowe's China market never materialized. But this rather severe fact of history has not prevented American businessmen from giving it a try.

No sooner were long-standing trade embargoes on goods to Communist

China relaxed than the U.S. Department of Commerce in Washington and its field offices around the country were deluged with "more requests for information than we have ever received on any other country in a single year." The prospect of selling to the Chinese—the market is now nearly 800 million—Coca-Colas, Brut colognes, credit cards, no-load mutual funds, and other items of Consumer Americana is heady stuff indeed.

The galloping interest of mid-1971 turned to stark pandemonium when President Nixon announced that he had accepted an invitation to visit Peking "sometime before May 1972." The Department of Commerce, hardly recovered from the first onslaught of requests for China market studies, was deluged again. There was also a rash of China trade "seminars" long on enthusiasm, short on facts, at chambers of commerce throughout the country. From out of the woodwork came such organizations as the China Trade Association in Washington, D.C. Its director, attorney Mark Klingenberg, offered (at \$150 annual subscription) to keep clients posted on "business developments inside Red China."

DESPITE THE SOARING MYTH of the China market, the realities of the short-term situation are pretty sobering. Colin Clout, a British

The authors are journalists who have each reported on Asian affairs for more than a dozen years. Neilan for Copley News Service, Smith for UPI.

freaks

The Jesus Trip: Advent of the Jesus Freaks

"At least they're not on drugs." "They are moral." Much is being said regarding the Jesus movement. Will it have lasting significance or is it a fad? Lowell D. Streiker's vivid first-hand account is "... well worth reading."

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JOSH, AWAY IN AUGUST

by Arno Karlen

Somewhere he splashes
in surf
with his new
father, brown mop
and grave sly
eyes (*he's a deep*
one black old
Mikie said),
little-man torso,
fragile skin
glowing (*lichtig*,
light one,
said godfather
Phil), and
his brother runs
two steps be-
hind squealing
his young-brother's
anthem—*me too!*
Josh learned my
dark scowl
at three, as
I learned
from my dad.
At six did
such trickster
laughing
lurk in mine?
We almost named
you Saul, but
it's a bloody
name. I call
you Joshua, my
Josh, sea-spume,
faith and flesh,
lichtig, deep
one, son.

banker who has worked "both sides of the street," says any important trade between mainland China and the United States is a long way off. Clout, president of the Hong Kong and Shanghai Banking Corporation of California, has been much in demand lately, and has traveled widely to speak on the topic, "Doing Business with China," to standing-room-only audiences. He prefaces his remarks to these groups with the statement that British Hong Kong is interested in continuing to be the middleman in trade between China and the outside world.

Clout says his lack of enthusiasm is much more than "the cliché of British understatement." It is shaped, he says, by his own years of living (as a bank officer) in Communist China, and his official dealings with the Chinese trading corporations in both Shanghai and Hong Kong. "I was talking recently to a banker from Hong Kong, a Chinese friend of mine, who told me he was getting rather weary of the number of Americans who came into his office and asked him about trade with China. In the end my friend said he asked one of the Americans, 'Do you know when America recognized Russia?' and pointed out to him that this was in the 1930s under Roosevelt. He said that for nearly forty years the Americans have recognized Russia and at the present moment the only Americans in Russia who are not diplomatic servants are a few mechanics of Pan American Airways who are helping service what is really a very unprofitable business." Apart from this, Clout said, the American trade with Russia after forty years totals only \$150 million annually. "My Chinese friend in Hong Kong asks the Americans who visit him: 'How do you expect trade with China to be any different?'"

Emile Van Heuval, a West European businessman who has been visiting China regularly since 1950, has a somewhat different perspective. He says the Chinese have accomplished much at great effort—and at great cost in freedom. He does feel, however, that the forty Communist Chinese retail stores in Hong Kong have already left GUM, Moscow's largest department store, "a long way behind" in marketing. "One day," says Van Heuval, "this experiment with the Hong Kong guinea pig should be of the utmost value in the development of a distribution net-

work for sophisticated consumer goods responsive to the wishes of China's population." Comparison of the China market with trade in the Soviet Union are not necessarily valid, according to many economists. They point to thriving Taiwan, Singapore, and Hong Kong, where Chinese entrepreneurial bent transformed drowsy commercial centers into boom economies.

Roger Severance of the U.S. Department of Commerce's East European desk—which handles Mainland China trade matters—is one of the more optimistic about long-term business prospects in China for America. "There is a lot that U.S. businessmen can do by looking over the figures of prewar trade between our country and noting what products might be sold again."

SOME ENTHUSIASM appears justified by a voluminous report, "China Trade Prospects and U.S. Policy." The study provides a long-term framework for speculation about the China market and has virtually become the script for the White House's moves on liberalizing trade with China. President Nixon's international economic advisers admit it is consulted frequently.

Professor Robert Dernberger, Associate Professor of Economics at the University of Michigan, and one of the coauthors of the report, feels that only a small change in the political climate of China could open the floodgates of "the world's largest potential consumer market."

So far, only a few American firms have cracked the market. They have done so by utilizing intermediaries. This handful includes such major manufacturers as General Motors and two large chemical companies, Monsanto and Hercules. Among the other American companies whose products have been sold to China recently are American Optical, Sperry Rand, and Cummins Diesel Engine Company.

Two-way trade between China and the U.S. amounted to only about \$100 million in 1971, most of it sales of Chinese goods to America. The figure was a small part of China's \$4 billion total trade for the year. But there are signs that Yankee trade will get a larger slice this year.

More than thirty Americans attended the Canton Trade Fair be-

on April 15 and May 15 this year, by the time the Americans headed to Hong Kong they had signed contracts to buy goods worth more than the entire U.S.-China trade volume of 1971. Most of the purchases—porcelain, carpets, bamboo, jewelry, textile products, and household items.

Some executives who attended the summit expressed disappointment that the Chinese weren't buying much. The impression was deceptive, for the Chinese are indeed contracting for some major U.S. items. RCA sold a \$15 million earth satellite station to the Chinese in February, and several deals for high-technology communications equipment are pending. The U.S. has asked Washington for an export license to sell three to six commercial jets, a new long-range version of the 707, to China for \$11 million apiece. Another Chinese purchase was the New York motel they bought for \$1.3 million to house their United Nations delegation.

Clearly, the trade is advancing faster than the skeptics predicted. The frustrations of doing business with Mainland China—tough negotiating, transactions in European currencies, differing business practices—are considerable. But the major constraint on American pursuit of trade with Communist China is the long-established and highly profitable trade that many firms conduct with Taiwan. Both Taipei and Peking frown on dealing with firms that trade with the "other China."

Because China, like other Communist nations, is not accorded "most favored nation" status by the U.S., it increases the cost of Chinese products by as much as 30 per cent. Despite the continuing "China boom," stimulated by Nixon's Peking visit, even American consumers reason to overlook the higher prices in exchange for the uniqueness of owning something Chinese."

Washington attorney Klingenberg, after dining over lunch at Canton's Oriole Hotel in May, said: "Trade will proceed at the pace of the Chinese, of course. I wouldn't think there was any reason for American enthusiasm at this point. It's like a poker game." Besides the U.S. tariffs, Klingenberg noted that a major inhibitor of trade is the Chinese refusal so far to accept the long-term credits presumably required to buy American industrial plants outright.



If this were an ordinary gin, we would have put it in an ordinary gin bottle.
Charles Tanqueray

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But major U.S. banks, notably Bank of America and First National City Bank, are talking with the gnomes of Peking in an effort to convince them to accept long-term credits.

TOURISM IS A PROMISING AREA. Pan American Airways and American President Lines are holding intense discussions on an air-sea-rail tour package to China that would include travel on the Chinese railways. A vice-president of American Express in New York admitted that his firm had been "trying for a long while" to get into China, and acknowledged that a packaged "Great Wall Tour" would "outsell the Leaning Tower of Pisa any day." He said that although he expected progress in the China market to be at a faster pace than in the Soviet Union, he noted that his firm's credit cards became usable in Moscow only last year, "and we've had an office there for more than ten years." One possible drawback is tipping, which is unheard of in China. "That's why they're holding back on tourism," says one American tour operator. "They're afraid their people will become corrupted by the high-tipping American tourist."

CHINA'S STRATEGY for industrialization—a main goal according to Premier Chou En-lai—emphasizes modernizing agriculture and those industries most directly related to processing agricultural raw materials. Investment is otherwise directed primarily toward consolidating and strengthening the country's present industrial position and developing its scientific and technical resources.

Up to now a policy of economic self-sufficiency has led China to rely on its own resources and industrial capability to every extent possible. Central planning is used to focus the nation's energy toward rapid economic development. According to a U.S. Department of Commerce assessment of the China market, this "indicates a potential for exporting capital goods to China that will expand over the next decades, with an emphasis on agricultural machinery, complete plants (especially for producing chemicals), machinery and equipment for the steel mining, transport, construction, and petroleum indus-

tries and industrial raw materials." The Chinese are also known to be in the market for metals such as copper and lead, specialized transportation equipment, and a variety of office machines, copiers, and computers.

China's foreign trade is a state monopoly, controlled by the Ministry of Foreign Trade. It is conducted exclusively through a network of foreign trade corporations that are organized according to commodities or services. Each of these trade corporations has its head office in Peking. China now has trading relations with more than 100 nations, and has shown a desire to finance its imports with export earnings. However, in contrast to the practices of other centrally planned economies, China trades on a multi-lateral basis and does not insist on a separate barter arrangement with each country. Peking planners have avoided becoming dependent on any one nation as a source of supply, and China trade very often has been channeled to particular countries for strictly political reasons.

THERE ARE SOME of the techniques and procedures involved in doing business with China:

- The first rule seems to be, "write a letter; don't come in person." A prospective seller, according to the Chinese Embassy in Ottawa, should write directly to the appropriate foreign trade corporation in Peking, or to the nearest Chinese Embassy.

- The letter should be sufficiently detailed and comprehensive to allow the Chinese to evaluate it commercially. "It is not recommended that this first overture include price quotations," says the U.S. Department of Commerce. However, full information about the firm, its activities, and its products is essential. Mention of willingness to provide further details, answer any questions, and arrange personal follow-up meetings is recommended.

- The Chinese can be expected to reply only if they are interested in a proposal. The initial response to a proposal is, typically, a request for more specific information, such as price quotations; and correspondence with Chinese trade corporations can be very long and drawn out. Samples should be sent only after a request has been made by the Chinese.

- A prospective trader with China

might find his response is an invitation to visit either the spring or autumn trade fair at Canton, which is reached by train from Hong Kong. Such an invitation generally means the Chinese are ready to do business.

- One of the most important prerequisites for doing business in China, old hands say, is an intimate awareness that success requires patience, persistence, experience, and respect for Chinese customs and temperament. "Blowing your stack over some delay or inconvenience is the surest way to have the door shown to you," says a West German chemical representative.

- Chinese businessmen traditionally place great emphasis on etiquette, and a Western businessman should conduct himself with quiet dignity and reserve. Experienced Western businessmen who have traded with China report that negotiations are usually preceded and followed by a meal and sometimes a short lecture on Communist ideology.

China's version of business school is the little red book, the thoughts of Chairman Mao Tse-tung. Key functions in the trading corporations are chosen more for their excellence as model Maoists than for their skill at figuring cash flows or plotting price curves. This is in keeping with Mao's dictum: ideology comes first and specialists and experts should not have administrative control. This adds to the difficulty in doing business.

However, there is evidence of some oscillation by the Chinese on the concepts of strict ideological background vs. management science, according to Barry M. Richman, faculty member at the UCLA Graduate School of Business Administration. Sprinkled among the predominately nonbusiness-oriented Maoist managers, Richman and others have noted, a few Chinese who learned their economic and business practices in such diverse locales as the London School of Economics, Stanford Business School, and in the commercial world of old Shanghai and new Hong Kong.

The most important truth to emerge from any analysis of the future of the China market for Americans is that its development is likely to depend more on political decisions and factors than on economic ones. The primary economic statistic to keep in mind is that one-quarter of mankind already is Chinese.

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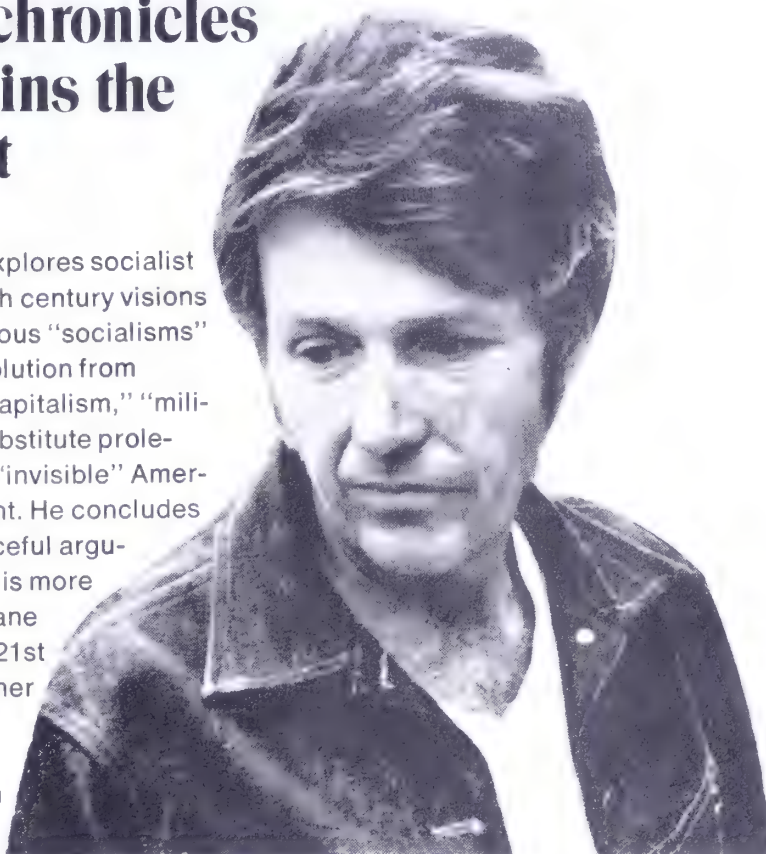


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COUNTERSIGNS

In defense of laughter

The Presidential campaign opens this month in Miami Beach, and for the next four months there will be no escaping it. Not only will it dominate the news but also it will light down, as with heavy stones, the conversation of all those who want themselves among the company of the informed. Even the few people without such pretensions will feel obliged to feign a seemly interest and take, unhappily for their acquaintances, "a point of view."

It is the presumed seriousness of the thing that distorts the general perspective. If the candidates could be seen to resemble actors in a grandiose melodrama, then their elaborate posturing might be easier to applaud. We have the same fondness for political theater that we have for the Rose Bowl pageants, and yet we prefer not to admit the similarities between the two spectacles.

It is even possible that the modern Presidential campaign, like the newspaper scandal and the Congressional hearing, has become a diminished substitute for the ancient Greek drama. The actors appear in ceremonial masks before the microphones and television cameras (equivalents of the stone amphitheater), they allow the audience a moment of catharsis (a moment sometimes unfortunately prolonged), and then they withdraw to the anonymity of bureaucratic corridors.

We no longer expect anything else to follow from the ritual performance. The matter who wins what election. The Government continues to deliver messages in the same indecipherable code.

The celebration of the ITT scandal this past spring offered yet another

proof of our craving for dramatic illusion. Hardly anybody expected the substance of reform, but the incident afforded a pretext for loud and unanimous crying in the cardboard wilderness. It was enough that the cartoonists could portray ITT in the costume of the evil vested interest (the traditional top hats and broad waistcoats associated with the robber barons of the 1890s); it was enough that Democratic politicians could declaim upon the perfidy of Republican politicians; it was enough that the rest of us could comfort ourselves with the certain knowledge of villainy in high places.

But who could imagine anybody going off to jail? Who could imagine Richard Kleindienst failing to be confirmed as the Attorney General? Even to consider such gross consequences would be to cast doubt on the theatrical conventions.

The subsequent hearings before the Senate Judiciary Committee extended the melodramatic purpose of the newspaper scandal. Dita Beard testified while sitting up in a hospital bed, and a procession of later witnesses competed with one another for the honor of presenting the clumsiest testimony.

Most Senate hearings resemble an autopsy, which also is a form of theater—the cause of death demonstrated for the elucidation of those who will remark on the brilliance of the surgeon rather than on the misfortune of the deceased. Anybody who has listened to the evidence of airline pilots must know, even now, that sooner or later two planes will collide over New York or Chicago. But no hearing will be convened until the accident actually takes place.

Where would be the publicity in a premature investigation? What Senator could stand forth as the protector of the public welfare? The pose lacks rhetorical persuasiveness until several hundred people get killed.

As with the newspaper scandal or the Senate hearing, so also with the Presidential campaign. Between now and November, the candidates will introduce the customary issues with the aplomb of jugglers throwing Indian clubs. The members of the vast and captive audience will pass judgment on their performances with the same degree of critical insight they reserve for popular movies and Broadway musicals.

None of which should give us reason for complaint. Instead we should be grateful for the benevolence of the promoters (among them the gentlemen at ITT) willing to bear the huge costs of so elaborate an entertainment. The staging of it will employ a great number of people in otherwise marginal professions (button manufacturers, printers of handbills, movie actors between movies, publishers of topical books, etc.), and the additional news stories will allow the newspapers to devote that much more space to the advertising of new cars and home furnishings.

If we could but accept the campaign as a pageant, paid for by generous men hoping to preserve our high-school image of democracy, then we could abandon ourselves to our fondness for slogans and band music. Nobody would be required to memorize the gibberish of political analysis, and the next four months could become a public holiday rather than an occasion for despair. □

CHECKING OUT DITA BEARD'S MEN



Jack Anderson and Brit Hume

Annals of authentication: how a young muckraker broke the ITT case

JACK ANDERSON WAS TALKING on the telephone with his feet on his desk when I walked in that Wednesday morning, the first of March. The final edition of the *Washington Post*, open before him, carried a brief, last-minute story on page one, to the effect that Richard Kleindienst had asked for a special hearing of the Senate Judiciary Committee, which had recently unanimously approved his nomination as the Nixon Administration's new Attorney General. The appointment had been scheduled for a vote by the full Senate on Thursday with virtually no opposition expected. Now Kleindienst wanted it put off a day so that he could rebut charges of irregularities in the Justice Department's abrupt out-of-court settlement of three antitrust suits against the International Telephone and Telegraph conglomerate. The charges had first appeared in Anderson's syndicated column the day before.

"Well, now, Senator," Anderson was saying, "I know you'll want to be fair. I know you don't want to have a one-sided hearing. So I hope you'll let us come and give our side." He looked up at me and smiled. "I know you will, Senator," he went on. "I understand your position. I appreciate it. Thank you. Goodbye." He hung up and turned to me. "That was Eastland," he said, chuckling. "The last thing he wants is me on the stand. But he knows we could raise hell about

not being allowed to speak so he finally said he'll try to get me on. I'll need a statement to read. You'll have to write it because I haven't got the time, and you'll have to come with me because there will probably be questions only you can answer."

Eight days earlier, on February 22, Opal Ginn, a large, likable, and outspoken woman who had been Anderson's trusted assistant and secretary for sixteen years, handed me a document as I sat at my typewriter, busy with a story. It had been made available to Anderson, who was out of town, by a confidential source.* My job was to check its authenticity. Opal remarked as she dropped it on my desk that it was a "good one," but I was too preoccupied to do more than note that it was on ITT stationery.

When I read it carefully later, I realized that it was the single most incriminating piece of

*I didn't know where the document had come from but I knew I would not have the job of checking it out if it had been slipped to us by the author. The column's sources are perhaps its most precious asset, and extensive efforts are made to protect them. Anderson does not normally tell his three-man staff the identity of his sources, and we don't tell him the names of ours without compelling reason. The fewer people who know these things the better. We feel particularly strongly about this since I am currently fighting a federal court order to reveal the source of a story that drew a libel suit from the United Mine Workers.

*Brit Hume has been an associate of Jack Anderson for two years. He is the author of *Death and the Mines* (Grossman, 1971).*

er I had ever seen. It was the original of a page memo, dated June 25, 1971, and addressed to W. R. Merriam, head of ITT's Washington office. It was purportedly from a "D. D. id." An initial "D" was penciled in next to author's last name. Written in a sarcastic, descending tone, the memo urged Merriam to use more discretion in discussing the company's pledge of up to \$400,000 in cash for the coming Republican Convention in San Diego. John Mitchell has certainly kept it on the higher end, only, we should be able to do the same," the memo read. "I am convinced," the writer continued, "because of several conversations with Louie re Mitchell that our noble commitment has gone a long way toward our negotiations on the mergers eventually coming out as we want them. Certainly the President has told me to see that things are worked out fairly. It's still only McLaren's mickey mouse we are wearing." The memo ended: "Mitchell is definitely helping us, but cannot let it be known. Please destroy this, huh."

I had no idea who "Louie" and "Hal" were, but I knew, of course, that John Mitchell was the incoming Attorney General. I also knew that Richard McLaren had been the highly regarded head of the Justice Department's Antitrust Division, which had brought three landmark suits against ITT. The cases had seemed bound for the Supreme Court until they were suddenly settled in previous July. Although the settlement required ITT to make a massive divestiture, it had come as a surprise for two reasons. First, it allowed the company to keep the Hartford Fire Insurance Company, thus ratifying the largest merger in corporate history. Second, McLaren had repeatedly expressed his determination to bring such an anticonglomerate case to the Supreme Court where he believed existing antitrust laws would be found applicable to conglomerates. A Supreme Court test of the conglomerate cases was the centerpiece of his antitrust strategy. But soon after the sudden settlement with ITT, McLaren was just as suddenly appointed to the federal bench in Chicago and confirmed by the Senate in a single day, without hearings. He left with his principal objective unfulfilled.

The sight of Dita

THE WHOLE OF THIS SEQUENCE of events had raised eyebrows all over Washington, but there were more than in a sparsely furnished office in a downtown art-supply store, where an amiable young lawyer named Reuben Robertson resided over the antitrust activities of Ralph Nader's Center for the Study of Responsive Law. I had known Reuben since well before I began working for Jack Anderson. We saw each other frequently, and he had often told me of his and

Nader's efforts to stop the ITT-Hartford Fire merger in the Connecticut courts. He had also told me of his suspicions about the settlement of the antitrust cases and encouraged me to look into it. The last time we had discussed the subject, he had called my attention to a story written from San Diego for the *Evening Star* by Robert Walters, one of the most resourceful reporters in Washington. The story raised questions about the coincidence of the settlement and the ITT cash pledge for the Republican Convention. My reaction had been that there might be a connection, but that it would be extremely difficult to prove because, in Washington, case-fixing is not normally as overt and crude as a simple bribe. Yet I now had a memo strongly suggesting that the antitrust settlement was directly linked to the convention pledge.

I picked up the phone, called Reuben, and began reading the document to him. When I reached the key parts, he excitedly interrupted to invite me over right away.

At his office, Robertson quickly identified "Hal" as ITT's driving president, Harold Geneen, but neither of us could identify "Louie." We then discussed how to authenticate the document. I had already decided there was only one way, and that was to confront Dita Beard and hope that, if the memo were real, I could get her to admit it. Reuben had reservations. He was afraid she would simply deny it, after which there would be no hope of confirming it through any other ITT source because everyone in the company would immediately be alerted. My concern was that if I spoke to anyone else at ITT about it, Mrs. Beard would learn we had the memo. With time to think, she would undoubtedly deny writing it. Then, no matter what anyone else said, it would be extremely difficult to establish the memo's authenticity.

I called Mrs. Beard's office on Reuben's phone. She wasn't in, but I left my name with her secretary, telling her I worked for Jack Anderson though not what my call was about. I let Reuben copy the memo and went back to my office.

My plan was this: I would tell Mrs. Beard I had a document from her office files that interested me as a possible story. Actually, of course, the document was more likely from Merriam's files, but I didn't want to give her any advance idea of what I had. I would tell her I was worried the document might be misleading if taken out of the context of other correspondence on the same subject. I would decline to discuss it on the phone and ask to see her. Then I would make a copy, stash it safely in my desk, and take the original to show to her. I ruled out asking her directly if the memo were real. This would make it clear that I didn't know. I also decided against saying I knew it was real, because this might seem an obvious bluff. After all, if I knew it was real, I would have no reason to say so. I didn't

"Anderson does not normally tell his three-man staff the identity of his sources and we don't tell him the name of ours without compelling reasons."

want to raise the question of authenticity at all. I knew that if the memo were a fake, she would immediately say so, no matter what I said. If it were real, however, I hoped that seeing the original in my hands would cause her to jump to conclusions about my sources inside ITT. Then a denial would seem futile or even risky.

Dita Beard did not return my call Tuesday. I wasn't surprised: lobbyists rarely want to talk to anyone working for Jack Anderson. When I called her again the following morning, I decided to tell her secretary I had a document from Mrs. Beard's files that I wanted to discuss with her. Mrs. Beard was out, but my message did the trick; she returned my call within forty-five minutes. I was casual and cheerful, trying to avoid betraying my excitement. She said she was "dying of curiosity" and accepted my suggestion that I come right over. ITT's Washington offices are only two blocks from ours, and I arrived at the reception room of the executive offices on the second floor shortly before noon. I was first met not by Mrs. Beard but by a pleasant-looking dark-haired man in his forties who identified himself as Bernie Goodrich, manager of ITT's Washington press relations. He showed me into an adjacent conference room and took a seat across from me at the long table. Moments later, we were joined by Jack Horner, another, older ITT PR man whom I had never met but whom I had talked with by phone in connection with other stories. He greeted me as if we were great pals. Then, after a few minutes, Dita Beard bustled in through a door behind me.

She was an astonishing sight. A large woman in her mid-fifties, she had gray hair that showed traces of having once been red or blond, or dyed one of those colors. Her skin was leathery and puffy and she wore no makeup. A paper clip held her horn-rimmed eyeglasses together where one of the hinges had broken. She had on a char- treuse, short-sleeve sweatshirt and a pair of soiled yellow cotton slacks. Her flat, slip-on shoes were battered and dirty. Her voice had an edge of raspiness that might have been the result of the Chesterfield Kings she chain-smoked. The impression she gave, though, was not of a broken-down woman but of a middle-aged tomboy. She moved and spoke with self-assurance, and it occurred to me as we shook hands that she must have considerable influence in that office to get away with being dressed as she was in the middle of the week. She reminded me of Tugboat Annie. I liked her.

I explained to her my concern that the document might be misleading, adding, however, that "we have confidence in our sources." I said I wanted her to have a chance to check it against other correspondence on the subject so that it could be seen in its proper context. I tried to speak calmly and seem at ease. Then I reached into my coat pocket, took out the memo, un-

folded it, and slid it down the table in front of her. She examined it in silence. My heart was pounding hard, but I sat back in my chair and tried not to stare at her.

She began shaking her head. "It didn't work out at all," she said, apparently referring to her company role in the convention. "We weren't involved at all. We *aren't* involved at all. You see, it all happened so goddamn fast. We were trying to help get it into San Diego. We offered to do anything we could, which isn't much . . ."

She went on this way for a while, reading a bit, then shaking her head, repeating her disclaimers, not of the document but of its implications. So far, so good, I thought. She was terribly flustered, denying things I was almost certain were true. But she was not denying that she had written the memo; in fact, at one point, she nodded in passing that the penciled initial at the top of the first page was "my own little 'D'." I felt I had it then.

Dita Beard continued her rambling and somewhat contradictory comments: "I had nothing to do with the settlement . . . I had been asked to see what we could do about the settlement . . . The timing was stinking. I was doing this [the convention plans] without having any idea what was happening in the Justice Department. All I ever did was offer to help raise that money. We were going to help Sheraton [an ITT subsidiary] raise that money . . ."

I interrupted to ask her if she wanted to check her files. She accepted and left the room with Goodrich, taking the document with her. Horner and I conversed awkwardly for several minutes. When they returned, she was carrying a manila folder filled with pink carbons. "My files are a mess," she said. "I can't find anything. There's nothing in my chronological file." She sat down and looked at me, her face filled with apprehension. "All right," she said with a sigh of resignation, "what do you want to know about it?" I moved to a seat next to her and we began going through the document together. My questions were gentle and general, and I avoided pressing her about the most incriminating passages. With help from Goodrich and Horner, I espied the company's official line on the Sheraton contribution to the Republican Convention. Goodrich, who Mrs. Beard later told me had been kicking her under the table repeatedly during the meeting, gave me a copy of a Sheraton press release explaining the matter. "Louie turned out to be Louie Nunn, the Republican ex-governor of Kentucky, who she said was old personal friend."

Before leaving I let them make a copy of the memo and told them I might not be able to confer with them again before the following week. They would have plenty of time, I said, to search their files and discuss the matter with company officials before we went any further. This was

nt to keep alive their hopes that we might not
e a story after all. I didn't want them to panic
release the document themselves, together
their own self-serving explanation, in an ef-
to blunt the impact of the column.
went back to the office and called Reuben
ell him the news. He was surprised that the
ct approach had worked.

In the confessional

HAT WAS ON WEDNESDAY. After flying to
Dayton for a talk show, I was in the office
1:30 P.M. the next day—sooner than I'd ex-
ected—and called Dita Beard. She was out, and
ft word for her to call me back. No word by
time I left for home at five-thirty, however,
that night I had to go directly to a Cub Scout
ner with my son and didn't get home until
r nine o'clock. Shortly thereafter, the office
ed to say that Dita Beard had phoned soon
r I left; she wanted to see me urgently. I
k her number and called her immediately.
I didn't expect to hear from you until next
k," she said, sounding weary and upset.
then said she was eager to talk to me, add-
"I've never done anything that was wrong
crooked in my life, and I just want you to
ieve that." I said I expected to be busy the
t day, but that I was free at the moment.
gave me directions to her place in South
ngton, Virginia.

Despite the rainy night, I found Mrs. Beard's
ne without difficulty. It was a modest, red-
ck house in an old residential section. A large
ie lay on the front stoop as I walked up and
g the bell. The front door was open, and I
ld see several people in the living room. Mrs.
rd approached the door, peered at me, then
reated. A young man then let me in. The
osphere was tense and gloomy, as if there
been a death in the family. Mrs. Beard stood
he middle of the living room gazing at me
efully, almost fearfully. I tried to strike a
erful note, introducing myself to the others
n a friendly smile. The boy who had opened
door was Mrs. Beard's teenage son Bull. The
ers were Beverly Sincavage, her secretary,
Walter Benning, a paunchy, balding, middle-
man I later learned was an ITT employee
n Fort Wayne, Indiana. They made no move
eave the living room, and since I wanted to
alone with her, I asked Mrs. Beard where
could go to have a talk. She suggested the
khen.

Ve sat on wooden slat stools that were most
omfortable. Mrs. Beard was wearing the same
hes as when I had seen her at her office
day before. Her brassy self-assurance was
e, though, and it was evident from the red-
s and swelling around her eyes that she had

been crying. There was also a trace of thickness
in her voice as she nursed a highball and smoked
one Chesterfield after another.

Our conversation lasted about two hours. In
her desperation to persuade me of her—and
ITT's—innocence, she veered erratically from
one subject to another. At times, she was cocky
and cynical—the tough lady lobbyist. Then she
would become pathetic and emotional, fighting
back tears and not always succeeding. At other
times, she was bitter and assertive, calling upon
an extensive vocabulary of four-letter words.

"She was an
astonishing
sight . . . The
impression she
gave was not of
a broken-down
woman but of a
middle-aged
tomboy."



Dita Beard

THE Hume CHECKING OUT DITA BEARD'S MEMO

She began by offering me a drink, which I declined. She apologized for the two PR men having been present at the first meeting, implying contemptuously that she could have explained things better without them. She then accused a Washington PR consultant named Jack Gleason of having leaked us the memo. ITT was one of Gleason's accounts, she said, and he worked closely with Bill Merriam, who must have given him the memo. I replied that I'd never heard of Jack Gleason, which I hadn't, and she shot me a suspicious glance. I wanted to steer the conversation toward the memo, but she embarked on a lengthy autobiography. She had been a debutante in Washington in 1939, worked for a while on Capitol Hill, and married twice. With her second husband, Randy Beard, she had lived for a time in Alabama, where she said they had had a beautiful home filled with antiques. Eventually, the family fell upon hard times, and she was forced to sell her home, leave Beard, and return with her five children to Washington. For a while, she had worked as a secretary and moonlighted driving used cars from a Washington distribution center to various points in the East. Eventually, she got a job as a secretary at ITT when the company opened a Washington office in the early 1960s. Her earlier experience on Capitol Hill proved useful, and she soon began doing political chores. She was now ITT's only registered Washington lobbyist.

She broke off her story several times to ask, pleadingly, if we were going to destroy her. I said that our only intention was to find the truth about her memo. At one point, she remarked that there was no point in trying to fool me about the document. "I wrote it," she said. "Of course I wrote it." I knew this already, of course; it was the whole basis of our meeting; but I was glad nevertheless to hear her affirm it so explicitly. She said she wrote it in an effort to "put some sense into the head of that stupid shit Merriam." One of her repeated themes was that Merriam was politically naïve and that she had worded the memo strongly to be sure he got the point. She never quite said that she had embellished the facts to make the necessary impression, but this was the obvious implication.

She explained that the idea of helping bring the Republican Convention to San Diego grew out of a conversation she'd had early in 1971 with California Republican Lieutenant Governor Ed Reinecke, who she said was an old friend. Reinecke had been assigned to help get the convention into California, and he had mentioned the matter to her during a visit to Washington, suggesting San Diego as a possibility. Mrs. Beard said she went out to San Diego several times in the next few months, sizing up the city for hotel space and trying to determine if the new Sheraton Hotel under construction would be finished in time. If it were, Sheraton would

have three hotels in operation during the convention, which would mean a lot of free publicity for the ITT subsidiary. Finally, she raised the subject with Harold Geneen during the company's annual meeting in San Diego in May. He reacted enthusiastically, she said, and expressed willingness to underwrite the convention for several hundred thousand dollars. She insisted that neither Geneen nor anyone else in the company believed ITT would have to put up the full sum; they were only making a commitment so that San Diego would have something to fall back on if local fund-raising efforts fell short. She said that John Mitchell was informed of the promise by Reinecke when he visited the attorney General during one of his trips to Washington. But she insisted repeatedly that the convention pledge was totally unrelated to the antitrust suits.

If they were unrelated, I asked again, then what did she mean by her memo? I never got a useful answer until I expressed the theory that any deal on the cases must have come while there was still the danger that they would go to the Supreme Court, still the danger of ITT losing them all and losing the precious Hartford Fire Insurance Co. She gave me a startled glance, as if I had hit on something. I decided this was the time to press her. I asked if there had been such a deal. "If I tell you," she said, "will you destroy me?" I said I was less interested in the memo than in the truth and would be glad to keep her out of the story if it could be written without mentioning her. "Could it?" I asked. She shook her head, biting her lip. Again, I asked if there had been an agreement between ITT and the Administration along the lines I had mentioned. She nodded. She was weeping now, with her head in her hands. Was it negotiated by her? Again, a yes nod. With Mitchell? Again, yes, nodding. Where? Embarrassed, she got up and went into the bathroom. I paced the floor during the few minutes she was gone. It was 11:00 P.

WHEN SHE CAME OUT, she had composed herself enough to relate this story: she had been invited to be Governor Nunn's guest at the Kentucky Derby in May 1971, as she had been each year during his term. He told her John Mitchell was expected to be there. She mentioned this in a memo to ITT's senior vice-president for public relations, Edward J. Gerrity, who subsequently gave her instructions by phone as to what to say to Mitchell if she got a chance to discuss the antitrust cases.

The chance came at a buffet dinner at the governor's mansion after the race. Though it was the first time she had met Mitchell, he took her aside with Nunn as dinner was being served and scolded her harshly for the lobbying she had done in Congress on the antitrust cases. She said

cited with remarkable accuracy speeches she arranged to have delivered in both Houses. She was angry that she had chosen this approach rather than coming to him directly. He told her she had heard of her before coming to Washington and that she was known as the "politician" in company. Mitchell said he had even been ordered by the President to "lay off" ITT. When I questioned this, Mrs. Beard changed her version of what the President told Mitchell to, "make a reasonable settlement." She said she was badly shaken by Mitchell's scolding, which seemed to last for an hour. But after he'd finished, she regained enough composure to ask him if he were going to discuss the cases. "What do you want?" she asked. "We want Hartford Fire and part of Ingersoll [a manufacturing concern]," she repeated saying. He said, "You can't have part of Ingersoll," but subsequently relented. That was all, she said, just an informal agreement covering two of the principal issues in the cases. She stressed, however, that Geneen knew nothing about it. This struck me as odd, but she stuck to it. She also insisted under repeated questioning that there was no connection between the settlement and the convention pledge.

Finally, as we were going back over the main points of what she had told me, she mentioned almost as an afterthought that when she had arrived in the office that morning, security officials from New York had been there and a decision had been made to destroy a large number of documents from her files by putting them through a shredding machine. The episode upset her, she said, because a number of her personal papers went through the shredder also. She said the documents were destroyed to prevent their being subpoenaed when her memo became public.

Ducks in a row

EARLY THE NEXT AFTERNOON, I called the Justice Department to get Attorney General Mitchell's side of the story. His press assistant, Mark Hushen, insisted I ask my questions through him. I asked him to pose two questions: did Mitchell and Mrs. Beard discuss the ITT case, however briefly, at Governor Nunn's party, and did they discuss the convention, even momentarily? After I had hung up, one of my associates suggested that I add another question: did they talk at all? When I called Hushen back, he was in with Mitchell and the call was transferred there.

When I asked Hushen the third question, he said, "Oh, we'd never deny that."

"So they did have a conversation?" I asked.

"Yes," he replied, "but it was like 'hello-goodbye.'"

When he then said he would be back in touch later with more details, I stressed that we were on deadline and hung up.

Several hours passed, during which I finished drafting a column, including Hushen's denial at the very end. I read it to Anderson over the phone to Minneapolis, where he had gone to

"Her account of the Kentucky Derby party was being denied at the Justice Department. She said, 'Oh, can't you just tell them that old Dita told you the truth so they won't lie to protect me?'"



John Mitchell

make a speech. He approved it with minor changes. It was then sent to New York where the United Feature Syndicate mimeographs copies for the approximately 700 papers that subscribe to the column. This was Friday; our column would be ready for publication the following Tuesday.

I remained in the office after sending the story, because if the Justice Department called back with something important, there was still time to send out the new information. Hushen finally did call, shortly after six o'clock. He had no answers to my two questions. Instead, he simply reiterated his earlier denial, adding that Mitchell could "prove" the falsity of Mrs. Beard's memo. He demanded, in tones so high-handed that I had difficulty restraining my temper, that we hold up the story until, as he put it, "we can get all our ducks in a row." My reply was that Mrs. Beard was of sufficient standing that what she said about ITT's affairs was newsworthy and that we couldn't hold up the news after giving all sides a reasonable opportunity to be heard. I didn't tell Hushen that a column was already in the pipeline, but I gave him no assurance that we would await word from the Attorney General before going ahead. I said I was ready to see Mitchell at any time—day, night, or weekend—to hear his side, and that if he could indeed disprove what we had been told, we would gladly say so in the column. I also tried to reach Louie Nunn that afternoon, but was unable to, and he did not return my calls.

Finally, I called Dita Beard because she had told me she would look up the date of Ed Reinicke's meeting with John Mitchell at which the Attorney General was supposedly informed of ITT's commitment for the convention. I thought it could be significant if Mitchell knew about the convention commitment prior to settlement of the antitrust cases. She said she still was uncertain of the date. I mentioned that her account of the Kentucky Derby party was being denied at the Justice Department. She said, "Oh, can't you just tell them that old Dita has told you the truth so they won't lie to protect me?"

Making cases

THE COLUMN I SENT OUT that Friday was the biggest story I had ever had, but I sensed that only part of the truth had been uncovered. Mrs. Beard's seeming confession of the night before had still managed to protect her company and its president. She had denied the worst implications of the memo and had claimed that Geneen never knew about the secret deal with Mitchell. Mitchell's behavior also seemed puzzling. I had told Hushen what information we had. If it had been the whole truth, the Attorney General could easily have figured out some alibi to counter it.

Perhaps he was keeping silent until he could find out exactly how much we knew. I decided the I would have to follow up the first column fast.

The better part of Saturday and Sunday I spent telephoning anyone who might have been able to tell me anything about the way ITT was its antitrust settlement. The principal source of names was, of course, my friend Reuben Roberson, who had an intimate knowledge of the company, in addition to an extensive file of press clippings on the case. Most of what I found was just useful background, important but not enough to build another column around. The late Sunday afternoon, I hit on something. I called a highly regarded former top ITT executive who agreed to talk to me if I kept his name confidential. When I read him the Beard memo he chuckled, but didn't sound surprised.

"Not only is this approach probably true," he said, "this is probably only one of several approaches. ITT is almost famous for this. The overall theory of management is that if one approach can do it, seven approaches can do it seven times better."

"One of the other approaches to the same little target," he said, "was from Geneen through Felix Rohatyn of Lazard Freres to Kleindienst. That would stand a little looking into . . . I'm laboring under the general impression that out of one or more talks between Rohatyn and Kleindienst things began to move. I have no doubt there was something there if you can trace it down."

My next call was to Felix Rohatyn, who I learned was not only a partner in the investment banking firm of Lazard Freres but was also an ITT director and one of the most influential men on Wall Street. I explained who I was and told him I was looking for help in determining the significance of an ITT memo that had come to my attention. I began reading the key parts to him, but before I was finished, he interrupted.

"That's absolute bullshit," he said in a voice vibrating with confidence.

"Well," I said, "I understand that it might be. In fact, I understand you know something about this because you had some meetings with Mr. Kleindienst about the case."

"That's right," he said emphatically, eager to persuade me of the memo's falsity. "I, as a director of ITT and an investment banker, handled some of the negotiations and presentations to Kleindienst and McLaren." He went on to explain that he had had about six meetings with Kleindienst after being assigned by Geneen to "make the case on the economic side." While he met with Kleindienst, he said, there were "parallel meetings" between McLaren and ITT's lawyers.

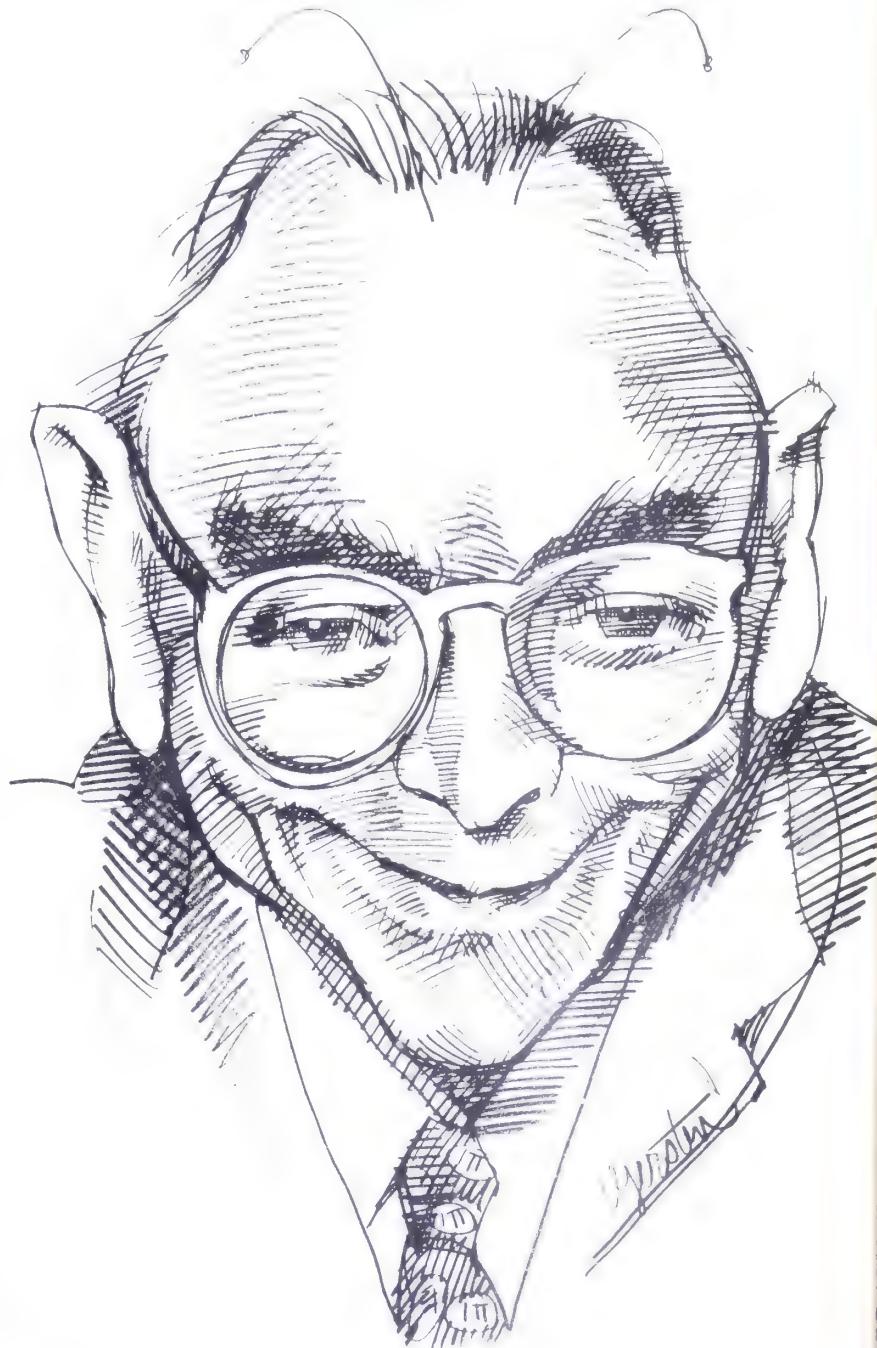
What Rohatyn told me did not contradict what Mrs. Beard had said, but it strongly suggested that her initiatives and the convention contribution were just part of an overall assault on the

blem. It was increasingly evident that ITT simply pulled out all stops to win a settlement of the cases, and somewhere along the way of its moves—or perhaps a combination of them—had worked. I felt that the Rohatyn-Kleindienst meetings were significant, but I was sure how to handle them as news for the column. Later, as I was eating dinner with Reuben Robertson at a restaurant not far from the office, I leafed through some of the documents from Reuben's ITT file and came across a letter Kleindienst had written to Democratic National Chairman Lawrence O'Brien the previous December. O'Brien had raised questions about the coincidence of the antitrust settlement and the contribution cash pledge. In his reply, Kleindienst wrote that the settlement was "handled and negotiated exclusively" by McLaren and his staff. That Rohatyn had told me made it obvious that this was not true and gave me the news angle I needed.

THE COLUMN I DRAFTED on Monday morning accused Richard Kleindienst of an "outright lie" about the ITT case. It was sent out for Thursday publication. I was unable to get much more reporting done that day because, by afternoon, everyone in Washington seemed to know that we had a big story coming out the next day based, in part, on a secret document from ITT's files. Only a few months earlier, Anderson had made national headlines for days with his revelations about the secret minutes of White House strategy sessions on the India-Pakistan war. What I punched the story in the rest of the media was Anderson's release of many of the secret documents themselves, which put the lie to the Administration's public claims of neutrality. Reporters who hoped we might repeat the same procedure with the ITT memo began calling me. I was eager to cooperate, for several reasons. The most obvious was that this could give far wider play to our story. Equally important, however, was my feeling that this was the kind of story that might develop into a major issue. It dramatized one of the most sordid aspects of American politics: the private-interest financing of elections and the influence that money buys. Even if Mrs. Beard's calculation that the \$400,000 had turned the Justice Department around in the merger cases proved to be inaccurate, the very fact that she would believe such a thing was revealing. And so was the fact that she would state it with apparent pride in a memo to a vice-president of the company. The problem of money and influence in Washington had been talked about for years, throughout the reigns of both parties, but little had been done. A new campaign-finance law promised to force the big spenders out in the open, but it seemed unlikely to diminish seriously their influence.

This story seemed certain to embarrass Mrs. Beard and ITT and to damage the careers of those in government whom the company had influenced. It would probably also make it harder for companies to swing similar deals in the future. But I was less interested in these results than in the possibility of stamping the whole episode indelibly on the public consciousness as an example of the way things are in Washington. This would have far more lasting effects, and, although I couldn't tell what they would be, I believed they would have to be positive.

"The overall theory of management at ITT is that if one approach can do it, seven approaches can do it seven times better."



Harold Geneen

Brit Hume
CHECKING OUT
DATA BEARDS
MEMO

When requests for the document first began coming in, I offered it to the *Washington Post*, our subscriber in the capital and one of the most influential papers in the country. It was also made available to our other major morning newspapers. It was late in the day, and I didn't have much hope the *Post* or the other morning papers would make a separate story of the document. Afterward, I gave it to the afternoon *Washington Star*, the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, and the *Louisville Courier-Journal*. Both the *Star* and the *Post-Dispatch* had done major stories on the

ITT case in the past, and I hoped they would be interested in this new development. The *Courier-Journal* had an obvious interest because of the involvement of Louie Nunn.

Sometime after 6:00 P.M., I got a call from Jack Hushen at Justice. "Thanks a lot," he said bitterly. "You've written exactly the kind of column I didn't want you to write." He accused me of violating an understanding with him about holding off until the Attorney General was ready to speak. I told him angrily that there was no such agreement and that I was surprised he would think there was. He then read me a statement from Mitchell denying any deals with ITT and saying he "was not involved in any way with the Republican National Committee convention negotiations and had no knowledge of anyone from the committee or elsewhere dealing with International Telephone and Telegraph." I also put out a statement later that evening, denying a deal and adding, "Neither Mrs. Beard nor anyone else except legal counsel was authorized to carry on such negotiations." This, of course, was a patent contradiction in view of what Rohatyn had told me.

I also suspected that Mitchell's plea of ignorance about the convention was false, since he had been calling the Administration's political shots from the Justice Department for a long time before stepping down to run the President's reelection campaign. My suspicions were confirmed the next morning, when I got a call from Ed Gillenwaters, an aide to California's Lieutenant Governor Ed Reinecke, whom I had called over the weekend but failed to reach. I was disappointed at not getting Reinecke on the phone but decided to put my questions to Gillenwaters. When I asked, was the meeting with the Attorney General when he was told of the convention commitment from ITT?

Gillenwaters apparently hadn't seen Mitchell's statement because he readily gave an answer that would be of no help to John Mitchell. If he had been at the meeting himself, he said, and it had occurred on May 17 in Washington. Mitchell had been skeptical about the chances of getting the convention into San Diego but was in favor of it nonetheless, he said. Had he and Reinecke told Mitchell about Sheraton's commitment of \$400,000? "You bet," said Gillenwaters.

So now I had two more lies, one from ITT and one from the Attorney General. I prepared a column for Friday publication, charging that the company and the Justice Department were "trying to lie their way out of a scandal" over the antitrust cases.

About midday I heard from Jack Hushen again. The ITT story had made the front page of the *Star*, and he had gotten word we were coming out with a column on Kleindienst. He demanded to know if this was true. I told him it was. He was furious and we shouted at each other a



Richard Kleindienst

re hanging up. Since it was now Tuesday and Kleindienst column wasn't due out until Thursday, I arranged to move the release date one day to help head off any efforts by the Justice Department to queer it with a statement threat. Later on that same Tuesday evening, Kleindienst made the fateful decision to ask the Judiciary Committee to hear his rebuttal.

Learning what matters

MED WITH A STACK OF COPIES of the statement I had written for Anderson to read, two of us grabbed a taxi for Capitol Hill on Thursday morning. Jack was calm; I was very nervous. I still felt the columns we had done would withstand scrutiny, and the press was playing up the story. It had led the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* and was on page one of the *New York Times*. Nevertheless, it seemed to me very uneasy that Kleindienst would have asked for the hearing if he didn't have an ace up his sleeve. "This is the stupidest thing he could have done. It's the best thing that could have happened to us."

There was a long line of spectators standing in the hallway outside the cramped Judiciary hearing room when Anderson and I arrived. We were given front-row seats by the police. The room was packed. All four press tables were full, and reporters were standing against the wall. Kleindienst was seated at the witness table directly in front of the semicircular dais where the Senate sat. He was flanked by a man I recognized from a photograph as Felix Rohatyn and by George Richard McLaren. Now I was really beginning to worry.

As Kleindienst began his statement, however, my fears eased. He denied that he "influenced the settlement of government antitrust litigation for partisan political reasons." But he did not deny meetings with Rohatyn. Instead, he acknowledged them and described them in great detail. McLaren then outlined the reasons for settling the cases and insisted they were compelling. Rohatyn did not have a statement; he was there to answer questions. He soon got one from Senator Philip Hart, the gentlemanly Democrat from Michigan. "You thought you were negotiating a settlement, did you not?" Hart asked of the meetings with Kleindienst.

I did not think I was negotiating a settlement. Rohatyn responded in a voice that was firmer and meeker than the one that had come over the phone from Kennedy Airport a few days earlier.

"What did you think you were doing," said McLaren, "giving an economics course?" "I was trying to make an economic case, sir, for hardship."

It was evident by the lunch break that this

would be no quick hearing. The liberal Democrats on the Committee—Hart, Edward Kennedy, Birch Bayh, and John Tunney—were loaded with questions, and it would be some time before they were finished. As Anderson and I stepped into the hallway, the TV reporters asked him for an interview. Kleindienst was not available. Anderson said that Kleindienst was denying charges that had not been made and admitting the charges that had been made. I knew that would get on the air that night. During the afternoon session, I whispered to Jack that things seemed to be going well. He said, "It doesn't matter what happens in here. What matters is what these reporters say about it." I didn't think the press could help but stress what Kleindienst had admitted, rather than what he had denied.

When the hearing ended late that afternoon, the liberal Democrats were still going strong with questions, and it was obvious the three witnesses would be back for at least one, and possibly several, more days. The huge press corps on hand assured wide coverage. But there was still the chance the press would stress Kleindienst's denials. That would have a dampening effect on the affair, making it a dispute rather than the scandal I believed it was. As Jack and I walked out of the building that afternoon, I paused to look at a *Washington Star* late edition on sale in a coin box. "Kleindienst Tells of ITT Meetings," said a bold headline across the top of the front page. Next to it was a picture of Kleindienst, looking uncomfortable and nervous, with smoke from his cigarette curling about his face. Leaning toward him, as if to whisper some confidence, was Felix Rohatyn, his dark hair and eyes making him appear somehow sinister. I never saw such a guilty-looking pair. I knew then that the story was launched. □

To many Americans, the end of the story was as curious as the beginning. On June 8, the Senate confirmed Richard Kleindienst's nomination by a vote of 64 to 19, thereby ending one of the longest battles in the history of Presidential Cabinet appointments. After more than three months of intense debate over his integrity and intelligence, Kleindienst announced that he was "humbled and flattered by this vote." He added: "I'm glad it's over. If I had to do it again, I would hopefully do it the same way as I did, content to let the processes of our government work."

On June 12, as this magazine went to press, Richard Kleindienst was sworn in as Attorney General of the United States. President Nixon himself was on hand to praise his appointee's "intellectual capabilities, honesty, integrity, and devotion to the law." Attorney General Kleindienst beamed. A red-coated Marine band played festive tunes. Ordinary citizens may draw whatever moral seems appropriate.

"Kleindienst was denying charges that had not been made and admitting the charges that had been made."

Patrick Young

A MODEST PROPOSAL

Pulling the plug
on Lake Erie

THE BATTLE OF LAKE ERIE took place in 1813, when Oliver Hazard Perry subdued the British naval squadron at Put-in-Bay. For ecologists, however, the real Battle of Lake Erie is now; the enemy is ourselves. The lake is being inundated by human, industrial, and agricultural wastes—nutrient-rich gunk that fertilizes algae, which then erupt and consume the water's vital oxygen. Lack of oxygen is suffocating the 9,940-square-mile lake as surely as a lack of oxygen kills the human body.

Frank Ogden watches this deterioration with a perverse satisfaction, for the failure to cleanse the lake and its tributary streams makes more likely the ultimate adoption of the solution he and his friends propose for Erie's pollution problems.

Quite simply, they want to drain it.

"Lake Erie is a cesspool and it's beyond hope," Ogden says. "So let's turn defeat into something positive for the area. In 25,000 years, the erosion of Niagara Falls is going to drain the lake anyway."

A faculty member of the Ontario College of Art in Toronto, Frank Ogden bases his Erie idea on the inspired toils of the Dutch, who have reclaimed vast acreages from the sea, pumping out the water to make new fields flower. Pulling the plug on Lake Erie would be an easier engineering feat, Ogden insists, leaving behind a shallow basin of more than five million acres for new cities, farms, and recreation areas. Canals for pleasure craft and cargo-laden steamships would lace this Promised Land, which would even include a tiny nation—a new home for the U.N.

A grand piece of planetary engineering requires a grand name, one like Project Sudarzana. "It comes from the exclamation the Mongol invaders reportedly made when they first saw the Plains of India," Ogden says. "It means beautiful vision, and I see it as that, a beautiful vision of a new plain."

Project Sudarzana originated with the International Synetics Foundation, an informal think tank Ogden organized with seven friends from Vancouver, British Columbia. The idea blossomed

in early 1963 when Ogden and colleagues gathered in a copper-mine tunnel (nothing unusual—they once met in the gondola of a cage balloon) that jutted under Howe Sound near Britannia Beach, British Columbia. "I was thinking water," Ogden recalls. The basic idea came from Wayne MacCulloch, a school teacher. Collectively they saw within a few hours what MacCulloch's idea could be-

SINCE PUBLISHED IN DETAIL, the foundation proposal is easy to grasp, if not agreeable. Noting that the lake's average depth is fifty feet, it suggests lowering the water level to seventy feet, draining all but Erie's deep pocket, a 210-foot hole off Long Point, Ontario. Thus Erie would shrink from an inland sea to a relative puddle, an irregularly shaped body of water roughly thirty miles long and twenty miles wide.

The draining process would begin at the lake's eastern end. A ninety-foot channel would be chiseled through Niagara Falls to control the outflow of water down to Lake Ontario. To allow locks for shipping, the new cut would require Ontario's twenty-seven-mile Welland Ship Canal, whose eight locks now carry shipping traffic down between the two lakes. Once through Niagara Falls, St. Lawrence Seaway traffic would pass through the drained lake bed; a canal straddling the U.S.-Canadian border. Smaller channels would branch off to connect port cities or new docking facilities built along them. A dam-and-lock system near Detroit would hold back Lake Huron's waters and provide shipping access to the upper Great Lakes. In the front property owners would be compensated with new lands on the canals and rivers, or with the shores of new lakes set in the recreational areas.

For millions of years, rains and snows have fallen upon the lands surrounding Lake Erie, eroding soil enriched by the timeless decay of trees and bushes and grasses. Countless streams and rivers have carried this black earth to



e, where it has settled, building up layers of
celess silt over much of the bottom. "The
t soil in North America is at the bottom of
t lake," says Ogden.

On this bottom land Ogden sees new cities,
ms to feed millions, huge recreation areas.
e cities would be a utopian's delight, designed
living, not mere survival. Motor vehicles
uld be limited. Monorails, moving sidewalks,
l community-owned bicycles would move resi-
nts around town. The cities would seek pollu-
n-free industries rather than dirty plants
ching noxious fumes. Buildings would blend
h the natural contours of the land. Apartment
uses would resemble giant grape clusters, with
h grape an individual apartment unit.
rapes, as they grow on the vine, are an ideal
angement," says Ogden. "Each grape has the
ximum viewing area."

The key to Ogden's pollutionless paradise is a
l-experimental process of water disposal called
"implosion chamber." This is a deep, cov-
d pit in which refuse is burned at high tem-
peratures. "The ones I've seen are covered with
ers of sand," he says. "A hole is drilled
ough the top, igniting fluid is poured down
tube, and air is forced in, so the flame is fed
ot of oxygen. If there's an automobile, glass,
atever, it just melts down to almost nothing.
nety-two per cent of the volume vanishes. Of
8 per cent that's left, approximately three-
arters can be used for highway surfacing and
kinds of building materials because it's so
nn hard. Also, there is water in the chamber
d it is being heated tremendously. So the
am could be used to generate electricity, or
could be piped to these new cities for heating,
both."

Upon the new land would rise a tiny nation
dicated to world peace and international
nderstanding. "The whole United Nations
ould move there," Ogden says, supremely con-
ent that the U.N. would accept his lakeland
chтенstein. "What we're proposing is that
nada and the United States each donate forty
are miles. This would be declared the U.N.

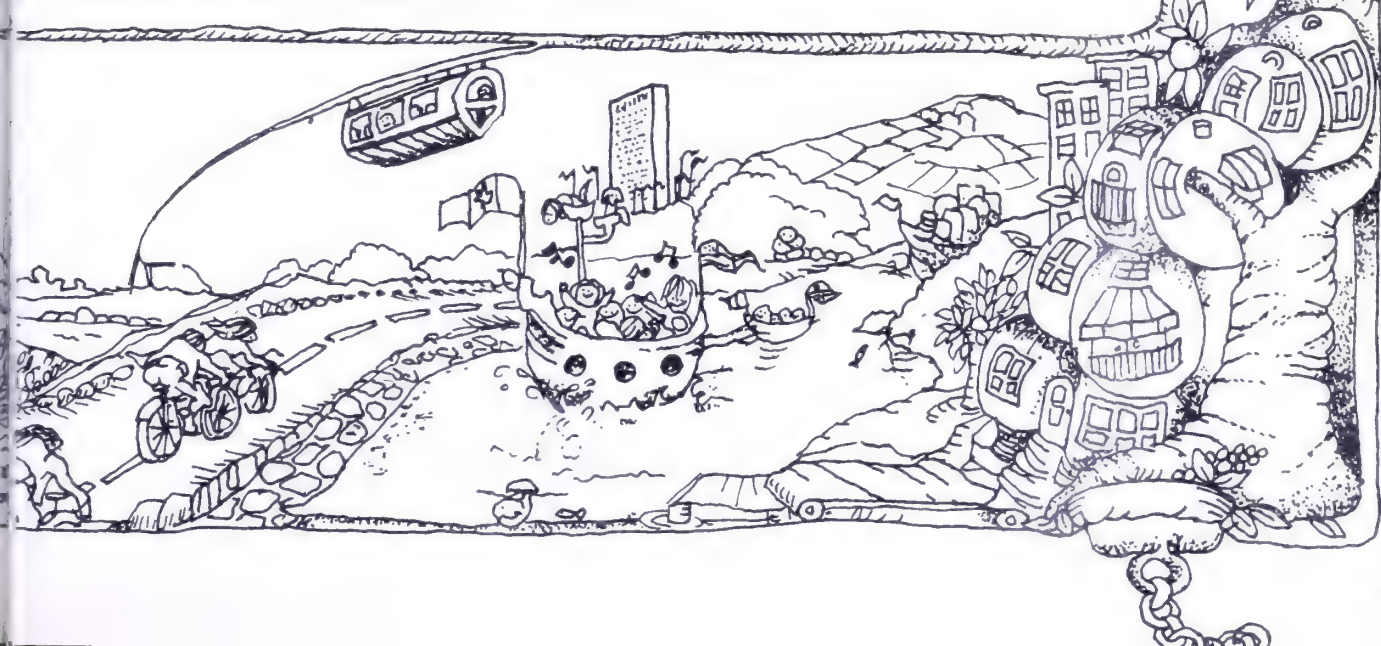
Country, or whatever. We are suggesting an
international library, university, medical center,
and a park containing the world's largest zoo,
housed under a geodesic dome. Visitors would
view the wild animals in their native environ-
ment safely by walking through plastic tubes."

WHILE CREATING NEW CITIES and lands, the
draining of Lake Erie would destroy
Niagara Falls, stilling its thunder and drying its
perpetual mist. Lovers and others who once
gazed at the falls' power and beauty would find
instead the world's largest rock garden, covered
by a gigantic geodesic dome. The land beneath
would be heated to tropical temperatures year-
round. The rocks would flower with tropical
flora. "I think Niagara Falls has had its day,"
says Ogden. "In this age of increasing sexual
permissiveness, marriage is out. Without mar-
riage, who needs a honeymoon, and without a
honeymoon, who needs Niagara Falls? If you
want to see falls, go see Angel Falls in South
America or something on the Zambezi River in
Africa."

Ogden is not worried about the climate
changes that would follow the loss of Erie's
moderating effect on local weather. According
to meteorologists, he says, the area would have
slightly colder winters and slightly hotter sum-
mers. Rainfall would decrease, but not much.
"Water tables would drop in the immediate
vicinity of the existing lake borders," he ex-
plains, "but the drop would be far less just
five miles from the present shoreline."

Ogden acknowledges that he and his fellow
visionaries have not yet put a price tag on their
cosmic dream of draining Erie. But the sale or
lease of rich new lands, they argue, would surely
pay all costs. "America needs a new frontier,"
declares Frank Ogden, as if proposing the coloni-
zation of Mars. "Here you won't have to tear
down anything, causing expropriation battles
and alienating people. You've got a new place
that nobody has been before. It should be
drained." □

*Patrick Young is the
science writer for The
National Observer.*



ALEXANDER SOLZHENITSYN AND THE EPIC TRADITION

Introducing "August 1914"

THE SOVIET UNION has two living Nobel prizewinners for literature, Mikhail Sholokhov and Alexander Solzhenitsyn. Sholokhov, a spent writer, enjoys something like the status of the Kremlin's court buffoon: he is always good for a laugh if your taste runs to vulgar abuse. Solzhenitsyn, on the other hand, is banished to the provinces like Ovid— forbidden to speak to his own people for fear that he may corrupt them.

To compound the irony, Solzhenitsyn is now at the zenith of his creativity. Behind him are two major novels, *Cancer Ward* and *The First Circle*, and the novella *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich*, the most influential piece of Russian prose for half a century. Even so, he has apparently long cherished the idea of a work very different in kind from those that have already earned him the Nobel Prize. The first part of this work is *August 1914*.

It is a long book—about 275,000 words. In essence a classic historical novel, it is written on three levels. At level one, Solzhenitsyn paints in the background to the main story, giving us a picture of certain segments of Russian society on the eve of World War I. Level two is a series of vivid close-up sequences of the Russian Army's disastrous East Prussian campaign of August 1914, seen through the eyes of the men who bore the brunt of the fighting—the subalterns and the footsloggers in the ranks. This level frequently merges with level three, a reconstruction of the actions of the Russian high command during that campaign, in particular of the commanders of the Russian Second Army, who in August 1914 bungled and lost the decisive battle of Tannenberg against superior German generalship.

The story really begins as far back as 1892, when the specter of German military power moved the Russian general staff to forge an alliance with France. In 1913 the allies drew up contingency plans to counter Germany's two principal options should she start an aggressive war: to make the first strike either eastward or westward. In the event of an attack in the west against France, Russia agreed to put 700,000 men into the field and to invade German territory at its most exposed point—East Prussia—on the twentieth day of mobilization.

In fact, Russia's mobilization plans were so inadequate that in twenty days she could get only *hai*, the necessary effectives to the front. As a result, the two Russian armies facing East Prussia—General Rennenkampf's First Army to the east and General Samsonov's Second Army to the

south—started the war seriously under-strength. Samsonov in particular was short of horse-drawn transport; this in a region that had only one single-track railway and only one metaled road in vast areas of almost trackless waste.

War was declared on August 1, and despite their unpreparedness both Russian armies began their advance on August 16. At this point Solzhenitsyn's narrative begins, the locale being General Samsonov's Second Army Headquarters in northwest Poland.

In the opening phase, Samsonov's troops have to slog through the sandy expanses of the frontier region, which the Russian government had for years left roadless as a defensive measure intended to delay a possible German invasion of Poland; by a cruel irony this very policy now proved a fatal hindrance to Russian troops marching into Germany. After crossing the frontier, Second Army pushed on for several days unopposed. This was because the main German forces in East Prussia—the 8th Army, commanded by General von Prittwitz—were engaged in dealing with the Russian First Army under General Rennenkampf, which had already invaded the province from the east. After suffering a defeat by Rennenkampf, and alarmed at the prospect of Samsonov's Second Army also moving against him from Poland, von Prittwitz pulled the 8th Army back behind the Vistula and called for reinforcements from the Western Front. (Throughout the East Prussian campaign the Germans were outnumbered 2.7 to 1.) The German high command reacted to von Prittwitz's appeal for help by sacking him and replacing him with Hindenburg, with Ludendorff as chief of staff.

At once the plan was changed. Hindenburg and Ludendorff left a light screen of forces to hold off Rennenkampf—who had inexplicably come to a dead stop—and rapidly switched the bulk of the 8th Army to oppose Samsonov. This was an incredibly dangerous move; had Rennenkampf continued his advance, the Germans would have been crushed between the upper and nether millstones of the two converging Russian armies. The Germans gambled, though, on highly reliable information that the two Russian generals had long hated one another—and that Rennenkampf would not move to help Samsonov. The gamble paid off, and the result was Tannenberg.

IN DESCRIBING THE COMPLEXITIES of the fighting, Solzhenitsyn's aim is to bring out two themes: one is the stupidity, self-delusion, and gross incompetence of the Russian high command; the other is the unbelievable endurance and bravery shown by the wretched Russian troops, flung

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pared into battle and led to destruction by their crimi-
inefficient commanders. He shows with devastating ef-
for instance, how the Russian Army field telephones
so hopelessly inadequate that Samsonov and his gen-
had to use either dispatch riders (who usually had no
and couldn't read them anyway) or wireless. As for
communication (when it worked), the Russian oper-
were unable to master the use of code and sent all their
ges *en clair*. When Ludendorff arrived in East Prussia
ce over as chief of staff, the first document that was
ed to him was an intercepted Russian radio signal giving
e dispositions of Samsonov's army. As the other chief
in the Russian defeat, Solzhenitsyn concentrates on
pitiful supply system. The Russian troops had already
med their emergency rations of hardtack—indeed, had
on nothing else for a week—before the German
erattack even began.

ving set the scene of Samsonov's exhausted, hungry men
ling on into the eerily empty countryside of East Prus-
olzhenitsyn delivers a punch to the reader's solar plexus.

This is a twenty-page description of how the Russian in-
fantry, in hastily dug trenches, was suddenly subjected to the
totally new experience of a long, intensive artillery barrage
delivered by the most technically advanced and efficient
army in the world. From then on, nothing was the same.
Within five days, thanks to Rennenkampf's negligence and
immobility, the Germans encircled most of Samsonov's
troops, who then either fled in total disarray or were captured
by the thousands. Within ten days of crossing the frontier
into East Prussia, Samsonov's army was destroyed. Himself
cut off with the remnants of his staff, Samsonov walked alone
to a clearing in the forest, knelt down, and shot himself.

Nearly at the end of the book, Solzhenitsyn switches back
to describe life in Russia. By thus reverting to level one,
he presumably intends to stress the tragic contrast between
stagnant, civilian Russia and the front line in East Prussia,
where the tsarist regime confronts its stark incapacity to
govern a state in the face of the cruel realities of the twen-
tieth century.

This is the crux of the whole book. In the final two chap-



Solzhenitsyn drives the point home with remarkable force and economy.*The story culminates in a conference presided over by the Commander-in-Chief, the Grand Duke Nicholas, attended by all his staff and the generals involved in the debacle of Tannenberg, at which the guilty men furiously justify themselves and throw the responsibility on the wretched, dead Samsonov. We know that the culprits will never be purged: all of them are shielded by influence and patronage at court. Incapable of facing the appalling implications of the East Prussian defeat, the generals end the meeting in a mood of deluded euphoria. They cheer the arrival of a telegram from the Galician front announcing the capture of L'vov from the Austrians, blindly disregarding the fact that the Austrian Army escaped intact because the Russians were too incompetent to pursue the retreating enemy. Unable even to make use of their victories, the dinosaurs blunder on.

Like other great historical novelists, notably Tolstoy in *War and Peace*, Solzhenitsyn has created a fictional observer who can plausibly inhabit *all* levels of the narrative and thereby knit them into an entity. This is a character called Vorotyntsev. He is a colonel, a general-staff officer sent by the Grand Duke Nicholas as an independent liaison officer direct to General Samsonov at Second Army Headquarters. With his roving commission from the Commander-in-Chief himself, Vorotyntsev is perfectly equipped to perceive the bravery or cowardice of everyone from privates to generals. Unattached to any one unit, Colonel Vorotyntsev can be present at decisive actions throughout the battle, thus viewing at first hand the consequences of the bungled decisions he had witnessed being perpetrated at headquarters.

Vorotyntsev's great moment comes when he reports back to the Grand Duke Nicholas at General Headquarters for the postmortem on Tannenberg. Since Vorotyntsev is the only officer present who actually witnessed the defeat of Second Army, the Commander-in-Chief allows him to address the emergency conference of generals. Vorotyntsev stoutly defends Samsonov, gives an unanswerable account of the high command's failures, and, at the end, unable to restrain himself any longer, accuses Samsonov's immediate superior, General Zhilinsky, of being the man whose incompetence was the real cause of the defeat. This direct arraignment of a senior officer is more than even the Grand Duke, who respects Vorotyntsev, can tolerate: Colonel Vorotyntsev is ordered to leave the conference. He clicks his heels, salutes, and marches out of the room. With this the book ends.

AUGUST 1914 is the start—and only the start, provided Solzhenitsyn is able to finish it—of a novel at least on the scale of *War and Peace*. We have in this book the first (and already very substantial) part of an undertaking that answers to the classic definition of the epic: its material is history—real or legendary; its intention is to reveal a people to itself; and its significance is at the same time universal.

Russia has lived through such colossal upheavals in this century, has suffered so much, has so often been the battlefield of militant ideologies, has seen the noblest ideals perverted and debased, has forced so many tragically insoluble moral dilemmas upon her people, that no reasonably intelligent Russian can avoid going through life haunted by dread

questions. What has it all been for? Need it have been this? What can possibly justify the violent deaths of tens of millions of Russians in fifty years? Is there any sense in history? Where did it all go wrong? Why are we, of all people, doomed to exchange one despotism for another in seemingly unbroken succession?

Like a few other brave and irrepressible Russian writers, Solzhenitsyn has dared to pose aloud such despairing questions, including one of the most insistent: when and how did our present nightmare begin? Solzhenitsyn clearly believes that this question can best be resolved in terms of Russian history itself, not in abstractions or in parables. Since the Soviet Russians' view of themselves is distorted by a systematically falsified view of the past, Solzhenitsyn sees it as his vocation to challenge that falsification directly. He has therefore chosen to begin at what is, in terms of contemporary history, the beginning. Hence the title of this book.

Although to pin down a starting point in the chain of historical causality is by definition a hopeless task, there clearly are events whose sheer magnitude gives them a claim to a certain causal autonomy. There cannot be much doubt that World War I was such an event and that it, rather than the Russian Revolution that was in a real sense caused by it, marked the true start of our fearful epoch. Solzhenitsyn seems to have come to this conclusion. Despite the insistent pressures of Soviet education, he has managed to remain free of the myth that all Russian history from the nineteenth century onward was a steady, inexorable progression toward the inevitable triumph of the Bolshevik revolution in 1917, with the cataclysm of World War I diminished to the status of an adjunct to the main process, the culmination of which was Lenin's seizure of power. *August 1914* is nothing else, an implicit rejection of the Soviet Communist party's view of history.

We must wait for the rest of this novel to be sure, but this first part indicates that Solzhenitsyn utterly denies the deterministic application of the word "inevitable" to history, as implying an apotheosis of "History" as a force independent of the sum of mankind; here he takes issue with the Hegelian element in Marxism. Instead, as far as can be judged in the absence of any specific reference to the subject by Solzhenitsyn himself, he inclines at least in part to the Tolstoyan view of history as an infinitude of interlocking causal chains. But he has by no means swallowed Tolstoy whole: in *August 1914* he actually takes issue with Tolstoy over the latter's negative view of the role of the individual in history.

At the more pragmatic level, it is clearly in Russia's involvement in World War I, when she was hopelessly unprepared to wage a modern war and needed instead a prolonged period of peaceful development, that Solzhenitsyn sees the fatal error that precipitated the revolutions of 1917—whose results we know so well. In setting out to refute the knowingly false Communist party version of history and to reject the discredited historicism on which the present Soviet regime relies for its justification, Solzhenitsyn is aiming a blow not only at one of the ideological roots of the existing system but more generally at the organized perversion of consciousness that has been the result of treating humankind as a mere object, as no more than fuel for driving the locomotive of "history" toward Communism—a terminus that recedes as fast as the engineers shovel on more coal.

*Ed. Note: These questions follow this essay.

ALEXANDER SOLZHENITSYN: AUGUST 1914

Chapter 63

DURING THE REIGN of Alexander III, the Grand Duke Nikolai Nikolaevich was in disfavor, and was not included in the Tsar's entourage. Under Nicholas II he was given preferment over the rest of other grand dukes, among whom he stood out head and shoulders, both physically and intellectually. Yet his position was not secure. At times he exerted a strong influence on the Tsar and brought him to his will. It was said, for instance, that it was the Grand Duke Nikolai Nikolaevich who, by threatening to shoot himself in the Emperor's study, had forced Nicholas II to issue the constitutional manifesto of October 17, 1905, and to convoke the Duma. The Grand Duke was in touch with public opinion; he did not turn away from the demands of the various political parties, but listened to them. There were occasions, however, when he was in a hopeless behind-the-scenes struggle against the Empress, when he lost appointments, influence, and support, and relapsed into the shadows. Thus the dissolution of the Council of State Defense in 1908 was motivated by sheer jealousy, the aim being to deprive the Grand Duke Nikolai Nikolaevich of his chairmanship of the Council, a move which also had the effect of putting a stop to the work of reforming the Russian army which the Grand Duke and General Palitsyn had inaugurated after the Russo-Japanese War. Since then Nikolai Nikolaevich had been excluded from all participation in strategic planning and in the general formulation of army policy, merely retaining the rank of general and the post of Commander of the St. Petersburg Military District.

As the likelihood of war grew, the Emperor was persuaded that only he himself had the right and the ability to command the Russian army; consequently, in his own arbitrary, and, to a trained military mind, incomprehensible fashion, he set about choosing his close advisers and subordinates. As chief of staff to the Commander-in-Chief he appointed Yanushkevich, well known as an office-

bound pen-pusher. He was, in fact, a professor at the General Staff Academy, but only the professor of military administration; he was well versed in the organization, logistics, and accounting procedures of the army, but had not the faintest conception of the command of troops in the field. This lack might have been made up by the appointment of a strong, competent quartermaster general, but instead the Tsar selected for the post the plodding, slow-witted, and narrow-minded General Danilov.

When war came, however, the Emperor, either through failure of nerve or on constitutional grounds or from awareness of the public mood, changed his mind. Despite his previous decision, and against court opposition, he appointed the Grand Duke Nikolai Nikolaevich Commander-in-Chief. And in his usual charming, unbusinesslike manner, he asked the Grand Duke, as a personal favor, not to change the staff of General Headquarters but to leave his appointees in their posts.

Nikolai Nikolaevich had always regarded the will of the Lord's Anointed as sacred. He had been brought up to regard his nephew as his ruler; otherwise the monarchical principle was meaningless.

Previously, in anticipation of his appointment as Commander-in-Chief, Nikolai Nikolaevich had intended to make a clean sweep of headquarters and staff it with efficient and deserving men; he had enjoyed the thought of how he would astonish Russia and shock the court by appointing General Palitsyn as chief of staff, and as quartermaster general the modest, unassuming General Alexeyev, a man with an amazingly clear military mind, whose talents the Grand Duke had been the first to discover at a conference held to discuss the annual maneuvers. Obligated to accede to the Tsar's request, he had to start work with a headquarters staff made up of incompetent men who had been wished upon him and who were more of a hindrance than a help; he also had to accept a war plan which he had not drawn up, which was at odds with his own



thinking, and which, indeed, he knew nothing of when he took over his appointment.

He was, however, surprised, delighted, and encouraged by a divine omen. On arrival at General Headquarters at Baranovichi, the Grand Duke had a sudden premonition that his tenure of the supreme command would be a fortunate one and that Russia would therefore be victorious. This was vouchsafed to him through an extraordinary, almost impossible and therefore mystical coincidence. In the small town of Baranovichi (which was little more than a railway junction, and to which General Headquarters had been transferred from St. Petersburg), the church turned out to be dedicated to St. Nicholas. Not St. Nicholas of Myra, whose shrines were to be found all over Holy Russia—that would have been quite unremarkable—but the Blessed Nikolai Kochan, a fool-in-Christ and miracle-worker from Novgorod, whose feast day was July 27 (almost the day of their arrival at Baranovichi). This was the Commander-in-Chief's own name day, and the Blessed Nicholas was, therefore, his patron saint. There were practically no other churches dedicated to him in the whole of Russia. This coincidence could not be mere chance; it was a mystic sign. In order to have time to meditate upon the full, true significance of this heavenly portent, the Grand Duke clearly ought not to absent himself long from this place of good omen. Rather than spend his time among the regiments and divisions in the front lines, he should remain at Baranovichi, where all the railway lines intersected; it was here that fate intended him to bring about a Russian victory!

The decision to keep General Headquarters permanently at one site resulted in a steady, comfortable routine in which duty and leisure alternated in measured sequence. The two trains comprising General Headquarters were drawn up at the edge of a forest; the Commander-in-Chief's personal train was stationed almost in the middle of it. The quartermaster general's department, where all operational and strategic matters were dealt with, was billeted in a little house chosen because it was a mere twenty paces from the coach that had the Grand Duke's sleeping quarters. If any messages or other news arrived at night, the Commander-in-Chief was not disturbed; only after he had risen at nine o'clock in the morning, had washed and said his prayers, were messages brought for him to study over his morning tea. After tea the chief of staff came to make his report. Two hours were spent in discussing operational matters, followed by lunch at noon. The Grand Duke then lay down to rest, and afterward went for a drive in his car (never faster than fifteen miles an hour, for fear of accidents). It was by then time for afternoon tea, after which there were no further serious duties, the rest of the day being taken up with minor matters such as the affairs of his personal suite, or with private talks. Before dinner the Grand Duke would sit down in his coach to write his daily letter to his wife in Kiev, in which he gave a minute account of the events of the day. He found life impossible without mental communion with his beloved wife: this was one thing which he would have to forgo if he were to spend time visiting the front-line units; as it was, the permanence of his location at General Headquarters enabled the Commander-in-Chief to receive his wife's letters with absolute regularity. At half past seven in the evening, in Petersburg, dinner for all officers of the staff was served in the dining car, always with vodka and

wine; later there was tea again, although attendance at it was not obligatory.

Daily at vespers and at the liturgy on feast days, the Commander-in-Chief attended his own church, the choir of which consisted of especially chosen singers from the court chapel in St. Petersburg and the Kazan Cathedral. When alone the Grand Duke always felt himself to be in the presence of God; he never sat down to a meal without saying grace, and every night he would pray for a long time on his knees, bowing his forehead to the ground, completely absorbed in his prayers, convinced they were of the greatest practical benefit.

HOWEVER, NO VICTORIES CAME. Even on the Prussian front, things were not going well, while in East Prussia the battle of Gumbinnen was followed by a second, culminating success: Russian armies were not pushing the enemy either into the sea or across the Vistula. Samsonov began by capturing several towns, then communications were broken off. The real news was of Artamonov's dismissal; in the Grand Duke's opinion, this had been done much too hastily—removing one's corps commanders in that fashion was no way to fight a war. Then came general silence. On the sixteenth Zhilinskiy arrived in Baranovichi, complaining that Samsonov had arbitrarily broken off communications and was now completely out of touch. Colonel Vorotyntsev, who had been sent to Second Army, had for some reason not yet returned. This prolonged lack of information was most unsettling. All day long on the seventeenth there was still no news. On the night of the eighteenth the Grand Duke was awakened on receipt of a strange, dubious, and alarming telegram, although enciphered in the correct military code, it had been sent by the normal civilian telegraph service, bypassing Army Group Headquarters, and read: "After five-day battle region Neidenburg-Hohenstein-Bischofsburg greater part of Second Army destroyed. Army commander shot himself. Remnants of army fleeing across Russian frontier." It was signed only by the Chief of Signals of Second Army. Why had it not been signed by a more senior officer? Why not by the chief of staff? What was the answer to this mystery? Was it a mistake made under stress by some nervous officer? Why had nothing been heard from Zhilinskiy and Oranovsky, Northwestern Army Group Headquarters, who should have been able to provide more information?

Yet the only communication received from Zhilinskiy and Oranovsky throughout August 18 was a statement attributing all blame to Samsonov, and an account, which read like a boy's adventure story, of how the headquarters staff of Second Army had escaped encirclement. The report ended: "No information to hand concerning the position of the corps of Second Army. One may assume that I Corps is still engaged around Neidenburg . . . Large numbers of stragglers from XV Corps are arriving in Ostrolenka."

This was too little to clarify the situation, but enough to cause disquiet.

Nevertheless, Danilov and Yanushkevich were still trying to persuade the Grand Duke that the situation did not amount to an irretrievable disaster and that it might yet turn out favorably. All the same, the Commander-in-Chief felt a twinge of unease: if nothing more precise than Zhilinskiy's vague assumption was known about I Corps, which was

tively close and accessible, then what of those corps which were farther away? He sensed the onset of a catastrophe in which human forces were powerless to intervene and heaven itself could save them. He went to vespers as usual and later in his private compartment on the train he remained alone for a long time, praying on his narrow, hard knees in front of the lighted icon lamps, a tall figure in this posture.

So far, there was still no formal, written report from Zhilinsky on the rout of Second Army, and consequently the Grand Duke was not justified in submitting a similar official report to the Tsar. However, for the next few days he went through his routine dully and mechanically: tall and state-like as a poplar, stiffly erect, shoulders squared, he strode out the site of General Headquarters or walked up and down the little garden that had been laid out alongside the railway track. The keen, soldierly expression which made him look so much younger than his age had vanished from his face; he was now patently almost an old man. With his usual reserved courtesy he chatted with members of his personal suite and with officers of the staff, although, according to the tacit rules of security observed at headquarters, important matters were never discussed anywhere except in the building occupied by the quartermaster general's staff. It was particularly important to conceal the news from the representatives of the Allies—the Frenchman, the Englishman, the Belgian, the Serb, and the Montenegrin—who were dining in the same train and always dined with the Russian officers; there was no need for them to know the bad news until it had to be publicly admitted. And although the disquieting rumors passed to and fro in whispers and faces began to look grim, they all followed the Grand Duke's example, and life at General Headquarters outwardly maintained its unbroken routine. Apparently nonchalant, Count Nigden of the Chevalier Guards, the Grand Duke's aide-camp, still walked up and down between the Grand Duke's coach and the quartermaster general's house giving his piercing whistle to summon and dispatch his carrier pigeons, and continued to train his pet badger.

By the nineteenth, however, the time had come not only to report the catastrophe to the Tsar but to release a statement to the newspapers, for rumors were filtering through the press.

The Grand Duke took refuge in uncommunicative gloom; he could not predict how the Tsar, who was notoriously flexible in his attitude toward his favorites, would react to the news. His reply to reports never came quickly, so they would have to wait for two or three days. Of course the Empress, together with the Rasputin party at court and Sukhomlinov, would inevitably try to use the defeat in East Prussia as a weapon against the Grand Duke, and they might even succeed in having him dismissed without being given a chance to justify himself. Seen from Petersburg, the vast distances which separated Neidenburg or Bialystok from Baranovichi meant nothing; they would have little difficulty in convincing the Tsar that the whole affair was the fault of the Commander-in-Chief.

But even more oppressive than waiting for the monarch's reply was the Grand Duke's nagging awareness of his own ignorance of the events for which he expected to be punished. What had happened? How had it happened? What was the extent of the disaster? It was all still confused or



Harvey Dinnerstein

unknown. Zhilinsky had powerful connections at court, and the Grand Duke was not in a position simply to order him to give a rapid and comprehensive account of what had happened as he would have done with any other subordinate. It might be that he knew the answers but was concealing them, while the Commander-in-Chief bore the ultimate responsibility.

ON THE NIGHT OF THE TWENTIETH, General Headquarters again demanded a detailed report from Northwestern Army Group Headquarters, but Oranovsky replied that he too was still unable to obtain enough information for a comprehensive statement.

Until then, although the nights had been cold, the days had been regularly and oppressively hot. On the morning of the twentieth, however, the sun had not shone in its full splendor, the weather had been overcast since dawn, and the sky had grown imperceptibly hazier hour by hour. There were no clouds and only a very light wind, but it was chilly. Then a gray mist had arisen in the west and by noon the whole sky was lowering and gray.

Although heavyhearted, the Grand Duke did his best to keep to the usual routine. At the appointed time he came out of his coach dressed for his daily airing, which today was to be on horseback. Then he saw the Chief of Army Communications, a ponderous, slow-moving, but kindhearted man who collected cigar labels. The Commander-in-Chief remembered that he had some labels from a new brand of cigars, told his colleague to wait, and went back into his coach to get them.

As he came out of the coach, he saw coming toward him, striding out of the forest, none other than Colonel Vorotyntsev. Could he be dreaming? Was this Vorotyntsev, alive and well? Here was the man he needed more than anyone else.

Vorotyntsev was walking swiftly, glancing around as though trying to overtake someone so as to be the first to arrive. But there was no one else apart from the Chief of Communications (delighted with his cigar labels), an aide-de-camp and the liaison general, who was standing a little farther away. Vorotyntsev was wearing no greatcoat, only his tunic, as though he had been at headquarters all the time. Although his was the unmistakable stride of a regimental officer, it betrayed a slight stiffness which almost amounted to a limp. One of his shoulders was noticeably higher than the other, there was a scab of clotted blood on his jaw, and his cheeks were unevenly shaven.

"Vorotyntsev!" the Grand Duke was the first to exclaim with pleasure before the colonel had time to approach and make his report. "You're back! Why hasn't anyone told me?"

Vorotyntsev saluted with rather less smartness than was normal at General Headquarters and with a trace of the same stiffness that was in his gait, as though his arm was heavier than usual.

"Your Highness! I've only just arrived—about ten minutes ago..."

(He had not "only just" arrived but had been lurking in the forest for several hours, where he had left Blagodaryov with his greatcoat and knapsack. Knowing how things worked at headquarters, he had purposely arranged this direct meeting with the Grand Duke, so as to avoid seeing Yanushkevich and Danilov.)

"Are you wounded?" With a rapid, expressive movement of his eyebrows, the Commander-in-Chief indicated that he had guessed at Vorotyntsev's bandaged shoulder under his tunic.

"Oh, it's nothing."

With urgent entreaty in his eyes he stared at the Grand Duke. The latter's strong, angular features had at once taken on a more youthful look, although the change was provoked by a sense of alarm.

"Well," he said, "what's been happening out there? Tell me!"

Vorotyntsev was standing stiffly to attention in the regulation manner required when reporting to a senior officer, but his eyes were watching the aide-de-camp and the general, who was approaching from the opposite direction. If only he could gain the Grand Duke's attention before all these others bore down on him!

"Your Highness, I request your permission to be heard in confidence."

"Yes, of course." The Grand Duke gave a decisive nod and with a characteristically abrupt movement he turned sharply

on his heel. His long, thin, booted legs were already mounting the steps of his railway coach as he ordered his aide-de-camp not to admit anyone.

The interior of the coach had been converted into a study. Carpeted from wall to wall, it contained a desk, a large icon of Christ, and a portrait of the Tsar; a presentation sword crossed with its scabbard, hung on the wall.

The Supreme Commander-in-Chief of all the armed forces of mighty Russia—serious, intelligent, and accessible to a rational argument—was now facing the colonel across the desk, undisturbed by advisers, eager to hear the news which Vorotyntsev alone could give him.

In all Vorotyntsev's military career he had never been in such a situation before—and never would be again. It was a unique, unrepeatable encounter: a chance for a clear-thinking combatant officer to exert a direct influence on the functioning of the entire military machine. All his previous service had been a prelude to this culminating moment: his thoughts were ordered and purposeful, his mind keyed up to full pitch. He had slept like a log for almost two nights and a day, and although his body still ached and throbbed, his head was clear. The fortunate start to the interview increased his mental alertness.

He began his account, talking with ease and fluency. Never overawed in any company, he was unaffected by the august presence of the Grand Duke. In crisp, summary terms he described the inadequacy of the preparations for the Second Army's advance; how it had been forced ahead too hard and too fast; how Samsonov had intended the operation to go, and how it had actually gone; how the Germans had reacted; how many major opportunities had been lost as a result. Throughout the period of the Second Army's encirclement by the Germans, and afterward among the survivors, Vorotyntsev had asked questions and collected data whenever possible, and all this information now helped him to reinterpret the clear mental picture of the battlefield with which he had so boldly strode into Samsonov's headquarters only nine days ago. But more than that, he brought with him into the Commander-in-Chief's private quarters the scorching breath of battle which he had inhaled during the ebb and flow of the fighting around Usdau and in the hopeless attempts to defend Neidenburg with a few companies of the Estland Regiment. He brought with him, too, that passionate sense of conviction which increases belief less by its veracity than by its origin in personal suffering. He spoke with the special insight of one who had witnessed Yaroslav Kharitonov's boyish delight when, discovering that the troops ahead of them were Russians, he had said: "You mean... you haven't been surrounded? And the people behind you are Russians too, not Germans?"

Graven equally on his memory were the words of Arseny Blagodaryov as he gave a sigh of relief like a blast from a blacksmith's bellows: "Is that Russia ahead of us? Where? Thank God—we thought we'd never drag ourselves that far..."

Then, collapsing like an empty sack, he had rammed his now unnecessary butcher's knife into the ground.

Everything which the Commander-in-Chief, unable to see or imagine the reality, had summoned into motion from a great distance was now being brought back by Vorotyntsev and dumped in the middle of his desk.

As far as he knew it, the colonel undertook to describe the

of each battalion of almost every regiment—which ones had been destroyed while fighting rear-guard actions, which ones had escaped. The artillery had been completely wiped out and no less than seventy thousand men had been caught in the ring of encirclement, though there remained the conviction that the remarkable number of between ten and fifteen thousand had managed to get away, without the benefit of leadership from their generals.

Didn't the Commander-in-Chief know any of this already? Had Northwestern Army Group Headquarters told him nothing?

The Commander-in-Chief's long, thin, well-bred features were taken on the intent look of a hunter. He hardly interrupted or asked questions (Vorotyntsev's account was in any case fluent and articulate), only occasionally picking up his fountain pen with a mechanical gesture, but not taking notes. He chewed on his cigar and smoked it furiously, as though every length was keeping him from reaching the truth. To say that he sympathized with the men of Samsonov's army was an understatement: he was absorbed in the story, was himself transformed into one of the unfortunate participants in that disastrous battle.

The hope grew in Vorotyntsev that he had not plunged in headlong into that hellfire, had not wasted his time there as a mere looker, and that he would soon justify himself by causing the heavy hand of the Grand Duke to be raised in retribution against all those blockheaded fools. Vorotyntsev had never been guilty of overmuch respect for his superiors in rank, and no less so than ever. He discussed corps commanders as though they were inefficient platoon leaders whom he himself could dismiss.

Suddenly, while talking about Artamonov, who more than any other commander had aroused his anger, he sensed a cooling of the Commander-in-Chief's attitude and a hostility in his glance. For all the dissimilarity between the two, he could not help being reminded of the look of blank penetrability which he had seen in the eyes of Artamonov. The Grand Duke agreed that the story about the fatal error was incomprehensible; but it might, of course, have been due to a mistake made by a junior officer.

It was a weakness of the Grand Duke's that he tended to accept and overlook the failings of his subordinates. Unlike the Tsar, who, while smiling his habitual shy smile, was quite capable of casting his favorite of yesterday into outer darkness, the Grand Duke was proud of his positively quixotic loyalty; he would always defend anyone whom he had once aided.

Even if the man were an incompetent clown...

As a way of testing the Grand Duke's reactions, Vorotyntsev listed the names of the brave regiments that had been annihilated at Usdau by Artamonov's act of criminal deception, taking care to mention the Yenisei Regiment at whose ceremonial parade the Grand Duke himself had so recently led the ceremonial parade at Peterhof.

At this, the Commander-in-Chief said: "Of course, there must be the most rigorous inquiry. But he is a brave general and a deeply religious man."

At this moment his interest in Vorotyntsev's story, all his sympathetic attention, seemed to undergo an eclipse by a heavy cloud of grand-ducal solemnity.

Vorotyntsev fell silent. If the order to retreat from Usdau was not absolute folly, if it was not a crime to pull back

troops who after hours of bombardment had spontaneously gone over to the attack, if the decision to cause a thoroughly battle-worthy corps to withdraw twenty-five miles, thereby destroying an army, was not treachery; if all this was not good reason to call Artamonov to account and tear the general's epaulettes from his shoulders—what then was the point of mobilizing an army at all? What was the point of declaring war?

Why, the Grand Duke's very coach should have reared up in horror at Vorotyntsev's account! The whole train ought to have shuddered and jumped the rails! But it stayed unshaken and the remains of some tea, cooling in a glass, did not so much as tremble. The Commander-in-Chief's strong right hand was not going to be raised in punishment and redress, and Vorotyntsev's superhuman efforts had been made in vain. He had accumulated all the initial impetus needed to move a vast mass, he had been utterly convinced that he was about to jolt it into motion—yet, after all, the mass had proved smoothly resistant, and his outstretched arms had slithered ineffectually off its rounded surface.

He had attempted to move the immovable.

His strength had not failed him while he was giving his report, although he had talked long and hard. Now he was spent; he needed to rest and draw breath.



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The Commander-in-Chief, too, sat there like a beaten man, shoulders slumped, his martial bearing gone.

"I thank you, Colonel. What you have said will not be forgotten. General Zhilinsky arrives here tomorrow, and we will arrange a conference in the Operations Section. You will attend and make your report."

Hope revived in Vorotyntsev as he stared across the desk at the sad, thin old man with the long, horselike face. Perhaps tomorrow the whole affair might be brought into the open; perhaps the right steps would be taken after all. In fact, Artamonov was not important; what was important was that the appropriate lessons should be learned.

The Grand Duke made a gesture indicating that the audience was over. Vorotyntsev stood up and requested permission to go. Only now did he realize that he had been sitting there for two hours.

Nikolai Nikolaevich's strong mouth was twisted into a deep grimace of pain. Vorotyntsev could believe his report had not been entirely useless.

There was a knock at the door, and Derfelden, an aide-de-camp, hurried in with a sealed telegram. Leaning forward respectfully, the tall Horse Guard announced as he handed it over: "From His Majesty!"

He turned on his heel and started to leave.

The Commander-in-Chief rose and read the telegram standing.

Vorotyntsev's mind was still in such a whirl that he failed to realize that he had no right to be present during the reading of a telegram from the Tsar. He had a confused impression that something still remained to be said.

By the fading daylight (the weather outside was becoming more and more dull and overcast) he saw the noble features of the Grand Duke lighten, grow calmer and younger. The crooked line of grief which Vorotyntsev's story had just chiseled around his mouth smoothed out and vanished.

The Commander-in-Chief stretched out his long arm after the retiring Derfelden.

"Captain! Ask the archpriest to come and see me—I saw him pass by a moment ago."

All his erect dignity of bearing had returned to the resilient, wiry old man. He took up a majestic stance in front of the portrait of his sovereign, ruler of all Russia by the mandate of Heaven.

Vorotyntsev stood half a head shorter than the Grand Duke. Once again he saluted and asked leave to go, but the Commander-in-Chief replied solemnly: "No, Colonel. Since you are here, and since you have not shirked your duty in telling me your unhappy story, you have earned the right to be the first to hear our consolation for it. Listen to the comfort His Majesty offers us, hear how graciously he has responded to the report of the catastrophe!"

And he read out the telegram in a clear voice, savoring every word of the text more than if he had composed it himself: "'Dear Uncle Nick, I grieve deeply with you over the loss of our gallant Russian soldiers. But we must submit to the will of God. He who endures to the end shall be saved. Yours, Nicky.'"

"'He who endures to the end . . . shall be saved!'" Entranced, the handsome, erect old campaigner repeated the phrase in a reverent tone as though reporting to some invisible senior officer. Relishing the old-fashioned, biblical

words, he seemed to find new meaning in their repetition.

There was a knock and the archpriest entered, a man with a thin, gentle, intelligent face.

"Listen, Father Georgii! Hear how kind His Majesty has been to us, what joy he sends us! 'Dear Uncle Nick, I grieve deeply with you over the loss of our gallant Russian soldiers. But we must submit to the will of God. He who endures to the end shall be saved. Yours, Nicky.'"

Composing his features into a suitable expression, the archpriest crossed himself toward the icon.

"And there is another message as well," the Grand Duke went on. "The Tsar informs us that he has ordered the icon 'The Blessed Virgin Appearing in a Vision to the Holy Father Sergius' to be dispatched immediately to General Headquarters from the Monastery of the Trinity and Father Sergius. What a joy this is!"

"That is splendid news, Your Highness!" said the archpriest, stressing his remark with a dignified bow. "This exceptional icon was painted on a piece of wood from the coffin of Father Sergius himself. For three centuries it has accompanied our armies into battle. It was with Tsar Alexander Mikhailovich on his Lithuanian campaign; it was with Peter the Great at the battle of Poltava, and with Tsar Alexander the Blessed on his European campaign. It was also . . . the Commander-in-Chief's headquarters in the war against Japan."

"This is wonderful! It is a sign of God's grace!" The Grand Duke strode excitedly across the floor, covering the distance in two of his long strides. "This icon will bring the aid of the Mother of God!"

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PRAYING KNEADS NO DOUGH

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Document No. 5
AUGUST 20, 1914

TO THE EMPEROR NICHOLAS II:

Happy inform Your Majesty good news victory won by General Ruzsky's army at L'vov after week's uninterrupted fighting. Austrians retreating in complete disorder, some in headlong flight, abandoning light and heavy weapons, artillery and transport. Enemy suffered heavy losses, large numbers of prisoners taken . . .

(Signed) Nicholas
Adjutant General
Commander-in-Chief

Document No. 6
(German leaflet dropped from aircraft)

RUSSIAN SOLDIERS!
THE TRUTH IS BEING KEPT FROM YOU.

THE RUSSIAN SECOND ARMY IS DESTROYED! 300 GUNS, ALL TRANSPORT, 93 THOUSAND MEN TAKEN PRISONER . . . THE RUSSIAN PRISONERS OF WAR ARE MOST SATISFIED WITH THEIR TREATMENT AND DO NOT WANT TO RETURN TO RUSSIA, AS THEIR LIVING CONDITIONS IN GERMANY ARE GOOD.

BELGIUM IS BEATEN. OUR TROOPS ARE ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF PARIS. . . .

THE SEASON HAD TURNED TO AUTUMN so quickly, it seemed incredible that only two days ago it had been hot summer weather and a greatcoat had burdened one's shoulders. But today it was just right. An autumn wind was blowing gustily through the sparse pine forest, and now and again a shower would fall from the cloudy, changeable sky. In weather like this, it was good not to have to crawl about in the swamps.

The two men, Vorotyntsev and Svechin, had turned up the collars of their greatcoats, thrust their hands into their pockets, and were walking, without swords, almost as if talking about off-duty. Around them stood the tall, bare trees, only their tops moving slightly in the wind.

"No!" Vorotyntsev shook his head. The two days he had spent at General Headquarters had not succeeded in calming his feelings.

To speak out once and for all and say what one really thinks—it's more than a pleasure, it's a sacred duty! One ought to get it all off one's chest and then die afterward if necessary."

All Svechin's features—ears, nose, mouth, flashing eyes—were built on the generous scale which denotes a man of passion, yet he was grimly imperturbable and unconvinced by Vorotyntsev's outburst.

Have you ever seen a junior officer in the Russian army expect his seniors to change their minds by making passionate speeches at them? On a minor issue a well-argued order or a well-written document can sometimes be effective, but never in a big thing like this. You don't really believe

that you're going to shake them up and make them see reason all at once, do you? I warn you: you're standing on the edge of a bottomless pool—and not a pool of water either, but pitch. There won't even be a ripple to show where you fell in. You'll only destroy yourself."

"What if I do? 'He who endures to the end shall be saved!' They can't do any more than send me to command a regiment. And I wasn't a bad regimental commander in my time."

Svechin was two years younger than Vorotyntsev, but it was impossible to tell this from his manner of speaking.

"Fine—except that there will be a bunch of thick-headed fools above you, hindering you at every step. They'll give you idiotic orders, you'll have to carry them out, and you'll pay for it in soldiers' lives. You'll end by sending me a telegram at General Headquarters begging me to save you from these imbeciles and get you out of an impossible position! No, my dear fellow, the people who get things done around here are not the rebels but the doers. They go about it discreetly and they don't make a lot of fuss, but they get things done. For instance, if in one day I manage to alter a couple of stupid orders so that they make sense, and by doing so justify a decision made by a brave regimental commander or save a battalion of sappers from being needlessly sent to their deaths, then I reckon my day hasn't been wasted. And with you working alongside me, we could probably see to it that two more orders were redrafted on the right lines—perhaps even four! It's senseless to try to fight the authorities; the way to deal with them is to steer them discreetly



in the right direction. You can be more use to Russia here than anywhere else. If you get yourself kicked out of headquarters they'll simply send in someone else worse. Why let that happen?"

Of all the officers in the Operations Section, indeed in the whole quartermaster general's department, and, for that matter, in the entire General Headquarters, Svechin was the only man Vorotyntsev trusted, and Svechin felt the same about Vorotyntsev. But trust in parts is finally no trust, for if one is to trust, there must be no partitions. The previous evening, after his interview with the Commander-in-Chief, Vorotyntsev had made his report to Yanushkevich and Danilov, but it had been an extremely superficial affair: they had made no attempt to go into detail and would have preferred no report at all. With Svechin, however, he had discussed the subject at length until late at night, and the latter had supplied him with certain extra details only available to someone at General Headquarters. Today, from early morning right up to the last minutes before the conference, they had continued to thrash out the matter.

"No doubt you're right," Vorotyntsev replied with an obstinate grin on his emaciated but still keen and lively face. "But if you had only been through what I've just been through . . . Even your common sense and mine put together wouldn't . . . No, I'm sure this is a state of mind which comes to us only once or twice in a lifetime. I'm determined to see to it that, come what may, the truth and nothing but the truth gets hammered out today. If only the Grand Duke had reacted differently yesterday . . ."

"You must realize that the Grand Duke is simply waiting for the arrival of the telegram announcing the capture of L'vov. They're *all* waiting for that telegram," Svechin went on insistently, unsmilingly, with irrefutable logic, his eyes glaring ferociously as he pressed the point home. "And that telegram will simply be used to obliterate the whole Samsonov affair. They'll set the bells ringing all over Russia to celebrate our own incompetence—because the truth is we had the Austrian army in the grip of a pincer movement and let it go, so that when we captured L'vov it was empty."

But Vorotyntsev was incapable of grasping the significance of the Austrian front; his mind was obsessed by the German encircling movement at Neidenburg.

He replied heatedly: "You might have convinced me and I might have kept my mouth shut if this were purely a military matter. I agree that a defeat in one sector can be counterbalanced by success somewhere else. But this isn't just a military problem any longer, don't you see? It's a *moral* issue! To drive one's people unprepared to slaughter is something far beyond the considerations of mere strategy. 'He who endures to the end . . .!' Thanks to them, *we* are the ones who have to suffer and endure—to the bitter end! And none of *them* even go to the front line to see for themselves! They're quite ready to endure four or five more massive defeats on this scale—but by then only the Lord above will be able to help them!"

"Even so, you won't do any good," Svechin insisted firmly, hissing the words through clenched teeth. "Nothing would be changed and you'd simply get a bloody nose. Russia is doomed to be governed by fools; she knows no other way. I know what I'm talking about. The only thing to do is keep your head down and get on with the job."

"But I can't sit quietly and keep my head down! I won't

be able to sit through this conference without getting up and say what I think. Look—don't you see? It's like an arrow in my chest, burning and throbbing, and I've got to pull it out. How can I settle down to work again until I've done that?"

"I'm afraid you'll do something stupid. Keep an eye open in my direction during the conference."

They had come back to the cluster of buildings beside the headquarters train at the edge of the forest. It was five minutes to ten, and other officers were starting to converge on the cottage that housed the quartermaster general's department.

Just then, on a path at the edge of the wood skirting the command officers' quarters, waddling like a duck in his haste, a fussy little army clerk came toward them. He was followed by Arseny Blagodaryov striding along at one pace to the other man's two, with his naturally straight-backed carriage which owed nothing to military training. Chest out, arms swinging freely as though he had cast all his burdens from his shoulders, Blagodaryov looked around him with an uninhibited curiosity that was quite unaffected by the exalted atmosphere of the headquarters and the proximity of a number of grand dukes.

At once Vorotyntsev's tension and irritation seemed to vanish. He held out his hand to stop the clerk.

Preoccupied but quick-witted, the man saluted, not touching his temple and not holding his elbow fully extended (like all the rankers at headquarters, he was well aware of the exact pecking order among all these senior officers)



Harvey Dinnerstein

spoke first, without waiting to be questioned: "Yes, we're going to take a complete record of the conference, your honor; every word will be noted down."

"H'mm," Vorotyntsev let him go and turned affectionately toward Arseny.

Blagodaryov saluted the two officers, "his" colonel and the other, his elbow well out and his head held straight, without any hint of servility and almost as if the gesture were part of a game.

"Well, Arseny, are you being posted to the artillery?"

"Seems so," said Arseny with a condescending smile.

"Built like a grenadier, isn't he?" said Vorotyntsev to the colonel, as he clenched his fist and gave Arseny a friendly, jarring punch in the chest. "I've arranged for you to be posted to an artillery brigade."

"Yes, er . . . sir . . ." said Blagodaryov, grinning and running his tongue around the inside of his cheek. Then he pulled himself up with a jerk, remembering that this was the way to behave here; they weren't in the front line any more. "Thank you very much indeed!" He saluted again, his large underlip jutting out in what was almost a smile. His attitude was not an acquisition from the terrible days of the encirclement and retreat; he had been just the same when Vorotyntsev had found him at Usdau. Even then he had the ability to strike the right note, not only with "his" colonel but with every officer. He unfailingly used the correct military expressions, one felt certain that he would never overstep the bounds of the prescribed relationship, and yet there were times when his tone implied that it was all a

game. Although quite unschooled, Arseny gave the impression of knowing all there was to know about military science and a great deal more.

"Supposing I'm sent to command a regiment—would you like to come and join me there?"

"Infantry?" Arseny pushed out his lower lip.

"Yes."

Blagodaryov put on an expression as though he were thinking. "No-o-o," he drawled, "I'd still prefer the artillery." But then he pretended to check himself. "But of course—anything you say, sir!"

Vorotyntsev laughed the way one laughs at children. He put both hands on Blagodaryov's shoulders, which meant raising them well above the height of his own; the epaulettes were no longer crumpled but had been smoothed out and stiffened with cardboard.

"I'm not going to give you any more orders, Arseny. You're not angry with me for having taken you away from the Vyborg Regiment, are you? And for having dragged you into the trap set by the Germans?"

"'Course not," Arseny replied quietly and naturally, as though to a friend from his own village. His nose twitched.

While they had been fighting their way out of the German encirclement, there had been no time to talk, and after that, they had both needed a good long sleep to recuperate. Now each had to go his separate way in the service, and in any case there was too much difference in their ranks for a real talk. Somehow the opportunity had passed.

Vorotyntsev felt a lump in his throat and had to swallow.



His squashed-potato nose still twitching slightly, Arseny ran his tongue around the inside of his mouth; his tongue felt as if it were slightly too big.

"Well, who knows . . . perhaps one of these days . . . we can . . . Do your duty, Arseny . . . I expect you'll be a colonel too one day."

They both laughed.

"And make sure you go home in one piece."

"You too, sir!"

Vorotyntsev took off his cap, and Arseny snatched off his own. A cold wind blew around them, and there was a slight drizzle.

They kissed on the lips, Arseny had a hug like a bear. Vorotyntsev turned and ran to catch up with Svechin. Blagodaryov strode on after the fussy, ill-tempered little clerk.

IN THE COTTAGE OCCUPIED by the quartermaster general's department there were no large rooms; the biggest could take just twenty people sitting closely packed. There were not, on paper, as many as twenty key senior officers in the whole of General Headquarters, but twenty were now assembled, all of them obviously men whose opinions were important.

Two small tables were placed at right angles to each other. At one end was the Commander-in-Chief, the tallest man in the room even when sitting down. Beside him, inseparable as ever, was his brother the Grand Duke Pyotr Nikolaevich, wearing an expression of diligent attention (although everyone knew that for years he had been engaged not in military affairs but in ecclesiastical architecture). Next to him was their cousin, Prince Peter Oldenburg (a charming man). Then came His Serene Highness Adjutant General Prince Dmitry Golitsyn (who in recent years had been in charge of the imperial hunting estates). The rest included the liaison general, General Petrovo-Solovovo (a most delightful person, the Marshal of Nobility of Ryazan Province); the Commander-in-Chief's chief of staff, Lieutenant General Yanushkevich; the quartermaster general, Lieutenant General Danilov; and the duty general of General Headquarters. Immediately opposite the Commander-in-Chief, with his back to the wall at the angle of the tables, sat the General Officer Commanding the Northwestern Army Group, General-of-Cavalry Zhilinsky. Next came the representative at headquarters of the Foreign Office, the representative of the Admiralty, and the Chief of Military Communications.

Those for whom there was not room around the tables included several senior officers from the Operations Section, the Commander-in-Chief's duty aide-de-camp, a Kalmuck prince who was Yanushkevich's ADC, and Zhilinsky's ADC; these had to sit where they could, on chairs by the window or the stove, and, when necessary, wrote in note pads held on their knees.

The stove had been lit since early morning and its heat was needed. More and more often, the windowpanes were spattered with showers of chilly rain. Outside it was so dull it was almost dark enough to switch on the electric light.

As there was so little room to spare for standing up, it was agreed that officers would speak sitting down. This gave the meeting the less formal and more businesslike air of an exchange of opinions rather than an affair of set speeches.

At the invitation of the Grand Duke, the conference opened by Zhilinsky. Feeling it unnecessary to look at more than a few of those present, he only half raised his eyebrows and looked either down at his papers or up at the Grand Duke, occasionally extending his field of vision by moving his head. As usual, he spoke with no attempt to color his words with emotion. He did not allow that one present might regard him as the accused. He spoke in a harsh, didactic tone, as the equal of the Commander-in-Chief who had been summoned on terms of parity to discuss an event that was unpleasant but not of major significance.

The tragic catastrophe which had befallen Second Army was wholly the fault of the late General Samsonov. It had begun with Samsonov's failure to carry out the Army Group's initial directive concerning the main axis of advance. (This was then described in detail.) Arbitrarily deviating from the prescribed axis, he had inadmissibly allowed the frontage of his army to become overstretched. He had made his army corps march too far and had thereby overextended the lines of communication and supply. What was worse, he had allowed a gap to open between First Army and Second Army which had hindered their mutual cooperation. Unlike the punctilious General Rennenkampf, Samsonov had furthermore taken an excessively independent attitude toward many other orders issued to him (this followed a detailed list of what these were). Particularly incomprehensible to a normal mind was Samsonov's order of August 14/15 to his center corps to continue advancing when he already knew that both his flanking corps had veered outward from their given axes. This crass error was compounded by Samsonov's impetuous decision to cut off telegraph communication from Neidenburg, thus depriving Army Group Headquarters of any chance of preventing the defeat of Second Army. When, after some delay, Army Group Headquarters discovered the state of affairs, it immediately telegraphed to all the corps of Second Army to retire to their starting lines, and it was entirely the fault of General Samsonov that the center corps did not receive these communications.

The Army Group Commander did not raise his grateful voice in the passages where he accused Samsonov; he served to reinforce the impression of events that he was attempting to convey to the conference—namely, that everything was, quite simply, Samsonov's fault—a view which naturally lessened the feelings of guilt and uneasiness of all present.

No one interrupted, no one whispered or even coughed. Only the flies, brought to life by the heat of the stove, buzzed about the room and settled in black clusters on the whitewashed stove chimney and the ceiling.

Inwardly, Vorotyntsev writhed in agony. At this moment there was no one in Russia, indeed in all war-torn Europe whom he hated more than this man who was nicknamed "the living corpse." He hated his voice, his mud-colored face, his long, dyed moustaches with their ends turned up in an attempt to look impressive. But it was not merely for his performance today that he hated this gravedigger: for the link by link ever since his appointment as Chief of the General Staff, the chain of his incompetence had been hanging around the neck of the Russian army and was dragging it down to destruction. Now he was deliberately exculpating

self without fear of being contradicted or that there might be any other interpretation of events, least of all that might be called to account or dismissed from his post—though even if this should happen there would always be another, eminently suitable job waiting for him somewhere else. He had, after all, fulfilled his chief duty, which was to assist General Joffre and Russia's ally France. At the very least he would be invited to Paris to accept bouquets and flowers from grateful French ladies and to lunch with the President of the Republic.

However, notwithstanding the legacy of the cowardly Samsonov, General Zhilinsky was not going to leave his men without hope. He suggested some bold plans for relieving the situation, namely to stage an immediate re-performance of the combined maneuver of First Army and Second Army around the Masurian Lakes! Rennenkampf was already excellently placed to carry out this operation, having pushed deep into East Prussia, and it only remained to bring Second Army up to strength again with reinforcements, to re-form some of its army corps, and to place its new commander, General Scheidemann, into the same place on the same axis as that chosen before the outbreak of hostilities.

Although Zhilinsky's report had covered everything of importance, it was now the turn of General Danilov to speak. The occasion would not be complete without a word from a man whom everyone present regarded as the leading strategist of the Russian army. As such, it was incumbent on him not only to speak but to utter some profound thoughts, to make it clear that behind that domed forehead that great mind was ceaselessly at work on a host of brilliant strategic concepts. The truth was that his forehead was solid as stone, his mind moved at a snail's pace, and the thoughts that passed through it were worthless. But just because it was so, the quartermaster general launched on his speech with all the smug self-confidence of a limited, second-class intellect.

He fully agreed, he declared, with all the points that the Army Group Commander had just made. (There followed a detailed recapitulation of what they were.) But certain important observations should be added to that account. If Samsonov had not been so far behind schedule but had crossed the German frontier on August 6 according to plan, if he had struck a blow at the enemy's flank in the area of the Masurian Lakes as he had been instructed, instead of waiting until the Germans had had time to wheel and make a frontal attack, then the enemy would undoubtedly have been caught off balance and we should today be celebrating a major victory. Furthermore, the disaster had been in no small part due to the fact that the men of Second Army were exhausted, for which General Samsonov was to blame because of his failure to give his troops their proper rest as laid down in the Manual of Infantry Regulations. He was also guilty of many other errors of lesser importance. Even worse than what he said was the stupefying air of importance which the quartermaster general assumed when he finished speaking. His very face, with its timid, flat, shapeless little ears, and thin, spindly moustaches incongruous that they seemed glued on, was stamped with blinkered dullness and inertia of some minor provincial official. Yet the airs the man gave himself! When he stopped speaking, it was as though he dared not go further because

it would mean touching on some profound secret that he could not divulge because the present assembly was not selective enough. Deliberately he was creating the impression of martyrdom: he, Danilov, must guard the secret and carry on his narrow shoulders the full weight of military responsibility in all its complexity; onerous though the burden was, he, the expert, would solve all their problems for them. He alone, he implied, was the key figure in Russian strategy: officers junior to him could never be so well informed or so capable, while above him were only the active but inexperienced Yanushkevich and the Grand Duke, who, though brave and keen, was quite untrained as a strategist.

Now the floor passed to the Commander-in-Chief's chief of staff. How he wished he could miss his turn! Dark-eyed and bushy-moustached, Yanushkevich was a small man with a puffy face, an insinuating manner, and a deep affection for paper and files. Appointed in a fortunate moment by the good-natured Tsar, the affable Yanushkevich when faced with strategic operational matters had felt as frightened and lost as Little Red Riding Hood in the dark forest. But it was flattering to occupy such an exalted post, and his delight in being offered it overcame his fears; in any case, how could he disappoint the charming, blue-eyed Emperor, who was as shy as Yanushkevich himself, and admit that he knew nothing at all about the job? Whenever he went driving in a carriage or walked across the parquet-floored expanses of the palaces of St. Petersburg, he could not help watching himself from the wings and repeating with fearful delight: "Lieutenant-General Yanushkevich, Chief of the Russian Imperial General Staff!" As he owed his promotion to the War Minister, he did express certain doubts to him, but Sukhomlinov brushed them aside in his usual hearty, optimistic manner: "You'll manage, old man, you'll manage!" From the first day of his appointment, Yanushkevich found



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himself the prisoner of Danilov, who was the only man who knew anything about operational matters and whose tone of voice never failed to convey reproach that Yanushkevich rather than he had been made chief of staff. Yanushkevich, on the other hand, did at least know one thing: that there were several officers in the Russian army who were much greater strategists than Danilov. But the latter was Sukhomlinov's nominee, and Yanushkevich, having privately admitted to Danilov that he regarded him as his superior in military thinking, and having promised to make sure that the latter was given exactly the same decorations and promotions as himself, had come to the conclusion that it was after all better to leave Danilov in the job. Like two boats secured to each other, only together could they sail through this war: Yanushkevich looked after the administrative side; Danilov after the strategy.

Yanushkevich went through agony every morning during the inevitable conferences on operational matters, but he was obliged to look as if he knew what he was talking about. But now the effort required was far greater: he had to maintain sufficient dignity so that no one would suspect how terrified he was of tripping up and how desperately inadequate he felt. How could he possibly criticize Zhilinsky, when the latter was a full general and, although formally his subordinate, in fact senior to him in the general staff list, and when he himself had been promoted to lieutenant general ahead of his proper seniority?

In carefully rounded phrases delivered in a respectful tone of voice, Yanushkevich repeated everything that the others had said before him, adding nothing and missing nothing, simply altering the sequence of their remarks.

AND SO IT BECAME INCREASINGLY CLEAR to the conference just how deeply General Samsonov was to blame for the destruction of Second Army. What a relief that he had removed himself by committing suicide. The other generals, of course, would never have made the same mistakes. And therefore the meeting had lost much of its tenseness; everything had been exhaustively discussed, every point covered.

Meanwhile, Vorotyntsev, his pencil racing nervously across a sheet of paper on his map board, had been noting down their excuses and evasions, together with a shattering series of counter-arguments. Higher up on the same sheet of paper, in a steadier and more even hand, written the night before in black ink with a Japanese fountain pen, he had listed the main points of his case. When Yanushkevich spoke, he did not even bother to make notes; scarcely listening, he half closed his eyes to avoid the sight of them all and in their place summoned up a mental picture of Samsonov's frank, guileless features—not as they must be now, lying in some unknown forest thicket, or as they were at Orlau when he had said farewell to his men, but at Ostrolenka, when he was still fully in charge, still capable of saving the battle (though even then there had been something helpless about his expression). And Vorotyntsev remembered the push, like wild boars, through the undergrowth as they escaped, remembered Kachkin's wild-boar grin as he carried Ofrosimov on his shoulders, and how Blagodaryov had collapsed when they reached the Russian lines as though he had just plowed two or three hundred

acres, and how as a final gesture he had thrust the point of his knife into the ground with his last strength.

Vorotyntsev started up from his chair as though about to stand and speak without permission, but Svechin, who was beside him, squeezed his elbow to advise caution. The Grand Duke did not look in his direction.

With one thin cavalryman's leg crossed over the other, unbending, unapproachable, the ends of his moustache turned slightly downward, the Grand Duke stared ahead and if he did look at anyone in particular he glared straight down the table into the grayish-yellow face of Zhilinsky with its idiotically raised eyebrows. Only recently, in response to complaints, he had personally empowered Zhilinsky to dismiss Samsonov if it proved necessary, but now yesterday it had become more and more obvious to him that it was Zhilinsky who was chiefly to blame for the catastrophe. His immediate dismissal would be a most suitable demonstration of the Commander-in-Chief's powers and the best possible lesson to the other generals. It would, however, be a pointless move: Zhilinsky's post as commander of North-western Army Group was too low for a man of his seniority and he would be glad to be rid of it. He would immediately rush to Petersburg to complain to the Empress Dowager, the Tsarina, to whisper in corners with Sukhomlinov, and to smile at Rasputin. In the overheated atmosphere of court politics, anything was likely to be seized upon and turned against Nikolai Nikolaevich: if the war was going badly, it was because he lacked the qualities of a Supreme Commander; if things were going well, it was said that he was ambitious, that he was a threat to the imperial family, and that he was acting the part of "Nicholas III."

The Lord above knew how deeply the Grand Duke was grieved over the loss of the flower of his officer corps and the desperate sufferings of his troops caught in the German encirclement. But even the loss of seventy thousand men as casualties and prisoners of war was not the loss of Russia; Russia was a hundred and seventy million people. Anyhow, to save them *all*, one must win not merely a battle or two at the front but first and foremost the much more serious battle going on at court to gain the heart of his beloved Empress. To do this, he would have liked to get rid of the old Sukhomlinov, banish the filthy Rasputin (or, better, hang him), and finally, and most important of all, to get the Empress shut up in a nunnery. (This was, of course, impossible; the Tsar would never agree to it and the Grand Duke was incapable of acting against the Tsar's wishes, yet . . . for Russia's sake . . . he could still dream of it.) In order not to spoil the chances of carrying out this plan, it was important for the time being not to strengthen the hand of the court party by provoking the ill will of Zhilinsky. Out of love for Greater Russia the Grand Duke had to stifle his feelings of pity and affection for that microcosm of Russia represented by Samsonov's army, which by now in any case annihilated.

Nevertheless, it was necessary to shock Zhilinsky, to give him a thorough fright by letting Vorotyntsev loose on him. The Grand Duke had not forgotten Vorotyntsev all this time; he had been watching the man's unease and suppressing his fury out of the corner of his eye.

Outside, the weather was as gloomy as ever, the rain pattered on the panes, and it was by now so dark that the light turned on the electric light. The whitewashed walls m

room appear very bright, and everything stood out in the best detail.

It was now the turn of the diplomat who represented the Foreign Office at General Headquarters. He asked the generals not to forget Russia's relations with foreign states, her obligations, and other factors of external policy. France was convinced that Russia was capable of making an enormous contribution to the common cause. The French government had been making representations to the Russian government protesting that Russia had so far failed to put her full military potential into the field; that the advance into East Prussia was a halfhearted measure; that according to French intelligence—which admittedly contradicted the information available to the Russians—far from having transferred army corps from the Western to the Eastern front, the Germans had transferred them from the Russian front to the West, and that as an ally France had the right to remind Russia of her promise to launch an energetic advance on . . . in.

But as etiquette demands that one take no notice of a tactless or improper word spoken in polite society, so all the dukes and generals now ignored that last embarrassing word, some by gazing out the window, some by looking at the wall opposite them, others by staring down at their papers. In actual fact, the word "Berlin" had not been uttered. The diplomat's implication had been uncomfortably clear: everyone knew that it was the Tsar's wish that Germany should come to the aid of their French ally at all costs and with all possible speed. Naturally, the Russian losses were painful to bear, but the important thing was not to let the Allies down.

The Chief of Army Communications then reported that the German front was being reinforced at full pressure, for which purpose a steady stream of troops was being transferred from the military command of Asiatic Russia. At this point three Caucasian army corps—one from Turkestan and two from Siberia—were on their way or were already arriving in the west, and three more Siberian corps would arrive soon. Thus the material preparations for an immediate Russian counterattack, so essential from a moral point of view, were already well under way.

This, said Zhilinsky, was the reason he was asking those present at the conference to give him permission to repeat his operation around the Masurian Lakes.

VOROTYNTSEV KNEW THAT IF HE JUMPED to his feet now he would not only lose everything—his rank, his seniority, his whole army career—but that the top of his own head was likely to explode under the sheer pent-up pressure of frustration. Lies, lies, were there no limits to this man's falsehood? Wrenching his elbow out of Svechin's grip and forgetting that officers were not supposed to stand up at this conference, he rose in fury. His wrath was so great that he had forgotten he had intended to start his speech. Then he heard the firm voice of the Grand Duke: "I shall now ask Colonel Vorotyntsev to give a report on his personal impressions. He has been with Second Army."

Vorotyntsev's headlong, passionate, overmastering anger was only too visible; then discretion gained the upper hand and he took a grip on his pounding heart as he remembered



Photoworld

the proverb "Master of your own anger—master of all."

"This conference is all the more necessary, Your Imperial Highness, since Rennenkampf's army is threatened at this very moment and may suffer an even worse fate than Samsonov's."

(Too loud; keep it quieter, don't show your feelings so openly.)

Everyone present, including the Grand Duke, shuddered and stirred uneasily as though someone had smashed a windowpane and the cold, wet wind was raging in from outside. His self-control increasing from sentence to sentence, Vorotyntsev gave what appeared to be a carefully prepared speech in which all viewpoints were judiciously weighed.

"Gentlemen! No one from Second Army has been invited to this conference; indeed, there is practically no one left to invite. But I was there during the last few days and I hope I may be allowed to put forward the views which would have been expressed by men who are now dead or have been taken prisoner. I shall speak with the frankness which soldiers are taught to use and for which the dead may be forgiven . . ."

(He must keep his voice from breaking, must not gulp for breath!) ". . . I shall not speak of the gallantry shown by the men and their officers—no one at this meeting has cast any doubt on that. The names of certain regimental commanders—Pervushin, Alexeyev, Kabanov, Kakhovskoy—deserve to be recorded in the annals of bravery. The fact that upward of fifteen thousand men escaped from encirclement is due to the efforts of a few men at the level of colonel and staff captain, and to no one seated here! Whenever the Germans had less than a twofold superiority in artillery, and sometimes even when they did, our units won the tactical battle. Under the heaviest possible bombardment

they held their defensive lines for hours, as did the Vyborg Regiment at Usdau. Yet in spite of this the battle as it was fought at army level resulted not merely in failure, as has been suggested here, but in total rout!" He stressed the word so violently that the whole room almost exploded. The blast of it lashed across the generals' faces.

The word "rout" was a challenge even to the Commander-in-Chief. He could not admit that much to the Tsar, despite his intention to hang his head in shame before His Majesty. He could not admit it, but he did not interrupt Vorotyntsev. Dignified, stern, aristocratic, he sat proudly and stiffly, so close by birth yet still so far from the seat of monarchy.

"... I have heard today how all the blame lies with General Samsonov. How convenient; the dead, after all, cannot answer back. It is particularly convenient since it absolves all of us here from any need to make amends. Convenient it may be, but if no changes are made—if you will forgive me for assuming the self-imposed role of prophet—then catastrophes like this will be repeated and we shall lose the whole war!"

There was a rustle of indignation. Zhilinsky raised his dull eyes to the Commander-in-Chief with a look which said it was high time to make this impertinent colonel stop talking and sit down.

But the Grand Duke, who could act sharply enough when he wanted to, did not move his stiffly upright head. He showed only that he was master of the situation.

"... Furthermore, on behalf of the late Alexander Vasilievich Samsonov, I feel obliged to object to those who have already spoken. When he arrived at Bialystok from Turkestan, it was his opinion that the plan prepared in advance ordering him to move his army forward into the depths of the Masurian Lakes region, into an obvious geographical vacuum, was absurd. He wrote his alternative operational proposals in a detailed report to the Commander-in-Chief, and on July 29 he handed it to Lieutenant General Oranovsky, chief of staff of the Army Group!"

(Your voice is getting shriller—keep it down, keep it down.)

"... Days passed and he grew uneasy. No reply to his report was forthcoming. He asked me specifically to clarify the matter at General Headquarters, and only yesterday I discovered that the Grand Duke had never been given the report!"

Zhilinsky, the "living corpse," gave Vorotyntsev a deathly stare. As the Commander-in-Chief himself said nothing, he felt the moment had come to intervene. "I know nothing of this report."

"So much the worse for you, Your Excellency!" Vorotyntsev seemed positively pleased at this interruption, which gave him the opportunity to turn on Zhilinsky. "That means the truth cannot be discovered without a court of inquiry! And if one is held, I shall request the court to find that paper."

Once again a shiver of horror crossed the generals' faces. It was already clear what kind of a court inquiry this impudent colonel... Everyone stared at the Commander-in-Chief: this mad colonel must be stopped!

But the Grand Duke kept his unwavering gaze riveted at a point above Zhilinsky's head.

His voice for once losing its characteristic dryness, Zhilin-

sky strongly protested: "Most probably General Samsonov withdrew his report and took it back."

Vorotyntsev, as if he had been waiting for this objection, retaliated hotly: "No, he did not take it back, that has been verified!" And he stared unwaveringly back at Zhilinsky, Zhilinsky who at Ostrolenka, at Neidenburg, at Orlau had been an invisible presence, but was now sitting an arm's length away—a deathly gray, bony old man with a stiff neck, who suffered from a continual need to go to the lavatory. "The variation in the axis of advance, which General Samsonov proposed and which he partially put into effect, was the correct one, because it meant outflanking the enemy far more deeply than was proposed by Army Group Headquarters. The only defect was that it did not go deep enough. And the extension of the army's frontage was due in no less a measure to the Army Group Commander's incomprehensible obstinacy in refusing to send troops to fill the gap on the edge of the Masurian Lakes."

"That was not a gap—that was the boundary between the two armies, where they were supposed to link up," Zhilinsky interrupted in a firmer and sharper voice than before.

By now Vorotyntsev was aware of a tacit agreement between himself and the Commander-in-Chief: the latter was not going to interrupt him. And none of the other generals, singly or together, was in a position to contradict him. He had made the breakthrough. His mission had not been in vain. Cooler now, his tone more judicious and his lips twitching in sarcasm, he mercilessly thrashed Zhilinsky with sentences, each one curling like a whiplash.

"How could the two armies link up, when one of them was being made to advance by forced marches and the other had practically been sent on leave? How could they link up, when after the battle of Gumbinnen five of General Rennenkampf's cavalry divisions failed to set off in pursuit of the enemy and were not sent to the rescue of Second Army at the time when it was in crucial trouble? It all seems as if Army Group Headquarters purposely made it impossible to coordinate the actions of the two armies by ordering First Army to advance a week earlier than Second Army. Why was this so? Or was it intended to link up the two armies by transferring General Scheidemann's corps from Rennenkampf on August 10, and then on the fourteenth ordering it to go to Warsaw? Apparently it was not necessary in East Prussia on the very day that the decisive battle was being fought that was to seal the fate of Second Army."

How on earth did Vorotyntsev know about that particular episode? Here was an error of which General Headquarters itself was guilty. Danilov glanced suspiciously at Sveinberg and said uneasily: "That was done for strategic considerations. Ninth Army was being prepared to advance on Berlin..."

"Meanwhile, Second Army could be thrown to the wolves, I suppose?" Vorotyntsev rudely cut him off. "All the while Scheidemann's corps was sent to help Second Army on August 15, and yet Army Group Headquarters ordered it to march in the wrong direction! But on the sixteenth the corps was ordered back to Warsaw, and on the seventeenth General Rennenkampf redirected it northward—was that the linkup of the two armies? And yet Northwestern Army Group was created solely to coordinate the actions of First and Second Armies. General Samsonov has been acc-

showing a lack of decisiveness, but what more crass example of indecision could there be than the Army Group Commander's when, on the grounds of 'security,' 'guarding the lines of communication,' 'covering the rear,' etc. refused to allow *half the army* to move farther forward in Bischofsburg and Soldau!"

Vorotyntsev had pressed home his point with such vehemence that Zhilinsky's moustaches, which were already trembling with fury, looked as if they might go up in smoke at any moment.

"Half the army? What do you mean—half the army?" There was a buzz of objection, not only from Danilov but from his stupid protégé, a colonel who went by the nickname of "Brother Cain."

"Just count, gentlemen. Two army corps, one on the right flank and one on the left, and three cavalry divisions—that makes up exactly half the army. And with the other half Samsonov was ordered to advance and win a victory. And Army Group *had* to keep control of the flanking corps, in the very least it should have done was to move them to help out the center corps when it was in trouble. Yes, I agree that General Samsonov made mistakes, but they were tactical mistakes. The strategic mistakes must be laid at the door of Army Group Headquarters. Samsonov on his side did not have numerical superiority over the enemy, but Army Group did, and in spite of that the battle was lost. We must draw our conclusions, gentlemen—otherwise, what is the point of this conference? What, in the end, is the point of having staff and General Headquarters at all? *We are incapable of deploying units bigger than a regiment*—that is the conclusion!"

"Your Highness, I request you to put an end to this colonel's idiotic remarks!" Zhilinsky demanded, thumping the table to show that he was not yet quite a "corpse."

The Grand Duke stared coldly at Zhilinsky with his large, expressive, oval eyes. Then he said firmly and quietly: "Colonel Vorotyntsev is talking sense. I myself have learned much from what he has said. In my opinion, General Headquarters"—here he looked at Danilov, who lowered his bovine forehead, a movement politely imitated by Yanushkevich—"exerted practically no direction over this operation at all, entrusting it entirely to Northwestern Army Group."

He knew quite well how worthless Danilov was. Often, when reading reports that Danilov had himself prepared, the Grand Duke was far quicker at grasping the gist than the slow-witted general.

"And if the colonel commits an error, you are always at liberty to correct him."

Groaning, Zhilinsky rose and went out to answer the call of nature.

THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF felt greatly tempted. The facts of the case had all been given. They should be studied further, and a court of inquiry set up. Zhilinsky should be dismissed with ignominy, and General Headquarters would be in the clear.

However, by his gracious telegram of the day before, the Tsar had shown the Grand Duke a way out: the way of forgiveness, of letting bygones be bygones. Also, another imperial edict, as yet unannounced, had just arrived, authorizing Oranovsky's promotion to the rank of full general; matters



concerning promotion took their course independently of the progress of war, and there was no holding them up.

Just as the cavalry, having broken through a defensive position with some losses, has a free hand to ravage the enemy's rear, so Vorotyntsev now had a chance to gallop around and deal out a few more saber blows. The real conference, in fact, was only just beginning!

"... However, I had intended to deal with broader issues. What was it that sapped the strength of Second Army? It was having to march on foot across our own deserted, trackless Russian territory. Even before reaching the frontier, even before making contact with the enemy, the troops had to spend five, six days slogging their way through sand! And then we had to transport ammunition, guns, food, supplies, across that same expanse—and what with? With inadequate transport. Why were no supplies built up in readiness along the frontier before the war began?"

Yanushkevich frowned. It was positively painful to have to listen to this unrepentant "young Turk" from Golovin's class at the General Staff Academy. Why was the Grand Duke subjecting them to this torture?

"If we had done so, the enemy might have seized those supplies," he explained cuttingly from under his bushy moustache.

"But really," Vorotyntsev remonstrated, his jaw mottled purple with anger, "is it preferable to lose twenty thousand men killed and seventy thousand prisoners rather than a few dozen military storage depots?"

"The storage depots were not built near the frontier," Danilov confidently insisted, "because we had not planned to conduct an offensive on that front, but to defend it."

This was true. In mentioning it, however, he had touched on the fact that the whole war plan had been hastily altered—altered, indeed, by none other than Zhilinsky himself during his time as Chief of the General Staff, an action which had been approved not only by the War Minister, but by the Tsar himself. This was the new plan which the Grand Duke had been forced to accept a month ago. Here Vorotyntsev was on thin ice and could venture no further. He was just about to make another pointed remark when the door opened and Zhilinsky waddled back to his seat.

"... But the chief reason why Samsonov's army was destroyed was that it, like the rest of the Russian army, was not ready to advance so soon. Everyone here is aware that full readiness was calculated as being attainable two months after the date of mobilization. A month at the very least was needed to enable any sort of advance to take place."

Zhilinsky had reached his seat, but he did not sit down. The discussion was getting too near the bone, so he remained standing, facing Vorotyntsev, his fists resting on the table. Throwing out his chest like a boxer, purple in the face with tension, Vorotyntsev aimed his remarks at Zhilinsky alone. "The fatal decision was taken when, out of a desire to please the French, we gave that lighthearted promise to begin war operations on the *fifteenth* day of mobilization, a date on which the Russian army would be at *one-third* readiness! What incompetence—to promise to send our forces into battle only partly mobilized and wholly unprepared!"

"Your Highness!" Zhilinsky exclaimed to the Grand Duke. "This is an insult to Russia's national honor! The decision was approved by the Tsar! By the convention signed with our ally France..."

Seizing the last second of the Commander-in-Chief's patience with him, Vorotyntsev hurled back an answer with hatred: "According to that convention, Russia promised 'decisive help,' not suicide! It was your signature which committed Russia to suicide, Your Excellency!"

(Yanushkevich, his head lowered cravenly, was forgotten. It was he who had demanded of Northwestern Army Group that the advance should start four days earlier than planned...)

"It was signed by the War Minister, too!" shouted Zhilinsky, but in a voice that was beginning to crack and had lost its force. "And approved by His Majesty. An officer like you has no business to be at General Headquarters! And no business to be in the Russian army either! Your Imperial Highness..."

Handsome and dignified as ever, the Grand Duke sat there though carved in stone, half turned from the table, one hand crossed over the other. To Vorotyntsev he said sadly, with stony insistence: "Yes, Colonel. You have overstepped the bounds of what is permissible. It was not for this that I allowed you to speak."

His speech was over—the last words, perhaps, of his whole military career. Yet it pained him not to be able to say one final thing: not to speak what he knew to be true, which was unbearable. Having lost everything, having nothing more to fear, free of all inhibitions, seeing with his mirror eye the men of the Dorogobuga Regiment bearing the dead colonel on their shoulders, carrying the wounded lieutenant, seeing Staff Captain Semechkin, that bold, cheerful, little turkey cock of a man, breaking his way through the German lines with two companies of the Zvenigorod Regiment, Vorotyntsev turned and gave a ringing reply to the Commander-in-Chief: "Your Imperial Highness! I am you and like General Zhilinsky, I too am an officer of the army, and all we Russian officers bear a responsibility for the history of Russia. We simply cannot be allowed to sit on losing campaign after campaign. Tomorrow it will be the turn of the French to despise us!"

Suddenly the Grand Duke flared up in one of his rare bursts of anger and cut him short: "Colonel! Leave the conference!"

Vorotyntsev felt a great sense of relief and freedom: the burning arrow had been wrenched out of his chest. Yet he had taken some flesh with it too. He said no more. He sprang to attention, his hands down the seams of his trousers. He turned about with a click of the heels and marched toward the door.

Through the door, toward him, came an aide-de-camp beaming with delight. "Your Imperial Highness! A telegram from the Southwestern Front!"

This was it. This was what they had been waiting for. Turning, the Grand Duke stood up. The others rose.

"Gentlemen! The mother of God has not abandoned Holy Russia! The city of L'vov has been captured. A colossal victory. We must give the news to the press."

* * *

UNTRUTH DID NOT BEGIN WITH US;
NOR WILL IT END WITH US.

1969—1970

VERSE

SELF-PORTRAIT
by Philip Booth

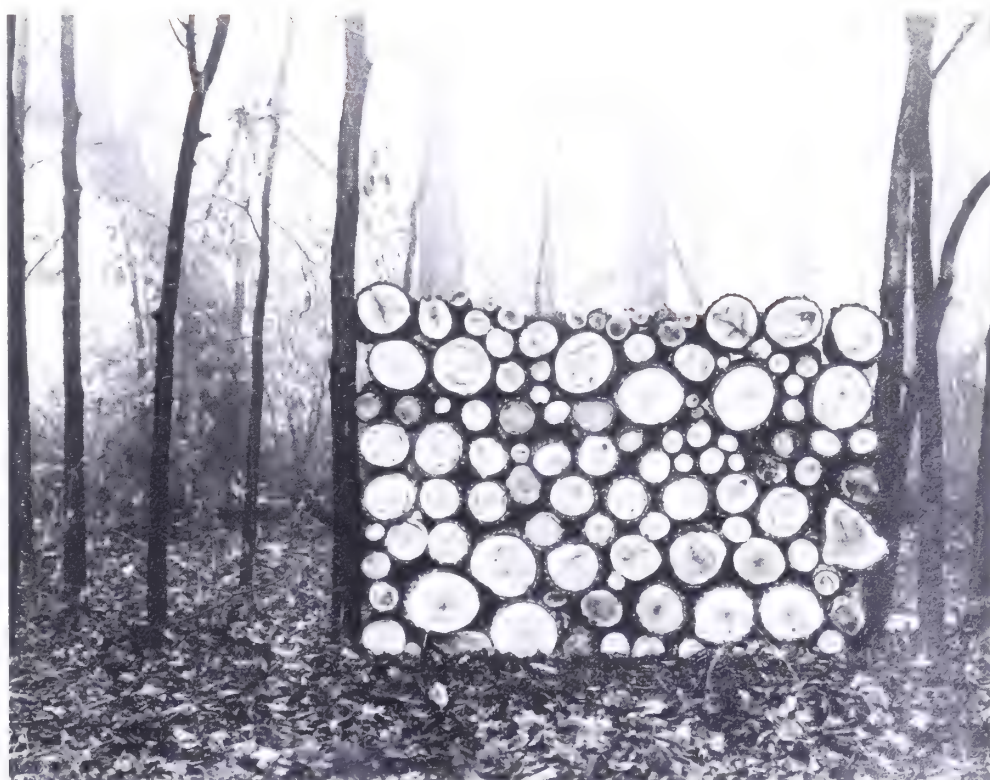
I am the man who sawed these logs.
I am the man who lugged these logs,
the man who bedded them, one at a time,
between two trees in a hardwood grove.

I am the man who focused on light,
I am the man whose hand got cold;
mine was the eye that saw through fog
to contrasts timed to lighten a wall.

I am a man who ought to be writing.
Words are my trade. I ought to be at it:
every tree in the fog has a name.
But dark or darker? What does light mean?

I am the man who bought a dark house.
I am the man who sealed light from a room.
I think in the dark how little I know.
Who can I tell how quiet I feel?

I am a man who knows he owns woods;
the same man, still, who keeps looking for words.
The logs between trees in the grove are the poem.
I mean nothing except what I love.



ONCE A JEW, SOMETIMES A JEW

Israel v. Meyer Lansky, a moral dilemma for the righteous



MEYER LANSKY, SITTING with his wife and poodle in the Yiddish restaurant on Ben Yehuda Street, looks anything but “the man who runs the mob that runs America.” When he stands to greet a couple of intruders, the short, compact body brings to mind the Sunday morning frames of old handball players at the Passaic, New Jersey, YMHA. Lansky’s eyes are sky-blue, and on this chilly day he is wearing a brown tweed sportcoat over a three-hole gray shirt buttoned to the throat.

I am with Uri Dan, one of Israel’s top newspapermen. The night before, upon hearing that Dan had published a series of exclusive interviews with Lansky, I embarked on a casual hustle dedicated to having him introduce me to the great Jewish outlaw. Now, without a nod, with no time to contemplate the occasion, I am sitting next to Meyer Lansky and he is touting me off stuffed miltz.

“But my grandmother used to make stuffed miltz,” I say.

“There is a place for stuffed miltz,” Meyer Lansky says, “but here I advise kishke.”

The kishke is delicious.

“Where are you from?” Lansky asks.

“New York.”

“Do you get to the hockey games?”

“Just last week.”

“I miss the hockey most of all.”

LANSKY MOVED TO ISRAEL in July 1970. The U.S. State Department canceled his passport a year later, presumably because he refused to return to Miami to answer two indictments arising out of alleged skimming of gambling receipts in Las Vegas. Although neither charge is extraditable under the United States-Israel extradition treaty, the Israeli government then refused to renew Lansky’s tourist visa and denied his application for citizenship under the Law of Return. This caused a small furor in Israel—among other events, hundreds of students and professors signed a petition supporting Lansky’s bid—and when I met him he was sweating on an appeal pending before the Israeli Supreme Court.

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appeal is based on the fundamental tenet of Zionism, which holds that all persons born Jewish mothers are ipso facto members of the Jewish nation, automatically entitled to live as citizens in the homeland. Until a decade ago there would have been no question about Meyer's right to Israeli citizenship. In 1962, however, Dr. Robert Soblen fled to Israel from New York after the U.S. Supreme Court refused to review his conviction for conspiracy to commit espionage. Under pressure from our State Department and the American Jewish community, David Ben Gurion booted Soblen out of the country without benefit of a court hearing. Israeli opinion was outraged for a time at this summary action, but the net result was an amendment to the Law of Return permitting the denial of citizenship to "undesirables," including persons with criminal pasts likely to threaten the "peace of the State."

On the abstract, this amendment creates philosophical problems Talmudic in scope. (It also reflects a fundamental ghetto mentality in the way anyone would expect to find it.) It is enough to cross a rabbi's eyes," laughs Meyer, as Lansky toys with the coffee cup. "If a Jew is part of the Jewish nation, how do we have the right to deport a member of our nation? If Meyer was a sabra we couldn't throw him out if he raped Golda. But, we say, sabra or not, every Jew is the same, except that most are too stupid to come to this paradise to which Meyer comes here to live and now we have to kick him out. It's crazy."

Life is a sham—Israel has been known to bend its laws to satisfy American wishes. Even Meyer Lansky's only conviction in his seventy years was for common gambling—for which he served three months in jail in 1953—the money in Tel Aviv says that the Israeli Supreme Court will find him a "threat to the peace of the State."

"Fantoms for Lansky—it's a perfect trade," says Uri Dan.

But Lansky appears optimistic.

"My lawyer tells me I have a good chance," says Meyer. "But it's tense, it's got to my ulcer. I lose there'll be no bitterness about this. I just don't want to let this Justice Department guy in Miami ride my name to a conviction."

Lansky's ulcer led to his last arrest, in Miami in March 1970, for possession of drugs. The charge was dismissed when the drug turned out to be a mild sedative to relieve indigestion, prescribed to escape the latter, or to avoid the burning heat, Lansky went to Israel four months later. The indictments that underline his difficulties came in March, 1971. In June of that year, Lansky was again indicted by the federal government on tax charges arising out

of money he allegedly made from the booking of gambling junkets to London.)

I suggest to Lansky that he has a perfect right to be bitter over the Israeli government's efforts to kick him out of the country.

"I understand you did plenty for Israel through the years, particularly in 1948 when they were up against it."

Lansky pauses, playing with his cup, his eyes down. He does not smile.

"Let's just say that the Jewish people have not suffered because I was one of them."

I am reminded of Benya Krik, the greatest of Isaac Babel's Jewish gangsters—Benya the King.

Benya says little, but what he says is tasty. He says little, and one would like him to say more.

(Lansky told Uri Dan of a visit by Israeli secret agents in 1948. The Israelis were concerned over large quantities of arms being smuggled to the Arabs through the Port of New York. Lansky was slipped the name of the prime suspect, a man from Pittsburgh. "I dealt with the matter immediately," Lansky said. "There were no more complaints about Arab arms shipments.")

Where do the police begin, and where does Benya end? wailed Tartakovsky, the wealthiest Jew in Odessa, after Benya Krik made a spectacular raid on his riches. *The police end where Benya begins*, replied sensible folk.

Babel was one of the few authors in modern history to write about Jewish outlaws. Diaspora literature, from Sholom Aleichem's *Tevya* to Bellow's *Dangling Man* to Roth's dangling dingus, portrays the Jew as Chosen Victim, sainted fool, back-bent and nose-hooked into the noble needlework of the Great Plight. "The virtue of powerlessness, the power of helplessness, the company of the dispossessed, the sanctity of the insulted and the injured"—these are the "great themes" of the literature as celebrated by none other than Irving Howe.

Where, against the music of such fiddlers on the gallows, is there a tune left for the Jewish gangster?

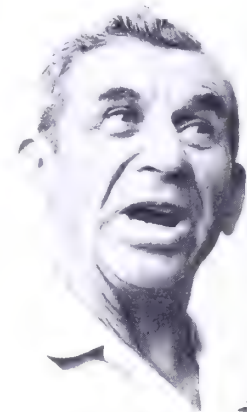
Yet this was not Babel's Odessa at the turn of the century, just as it was not Meyer Lansky's Lower East Side circa 1917. Not altogether, anyway.

Forget for a while that you have spectacles on your nose and autumn in your heart. Reb Arye-Leib tells the young man who wonders why Benya Krik, alone among Odessa's outlaws, climbed to the top of the ladder.

"The first time I defended my honor as a Jew," says Lansky, "was when the Irish kids asked me to play basketball in a schoolyard game. In those days the Irishers would pull the beards of old Jews and open the flies of Jewish kids to check their origins. During the game one of them made an anti-Semitic remark. I slugged

ON THE VIETNAM WAR:

"My son Paul, a West Point graduate, was recruiting for the Point in the middle Sixties. The one question he dreaded hearing from the kids was: 'Why are we in Vietnam?'"



ON FRANK COSTELLO:

"Who am I not to salute him, when I saw him mostly in the company of Bernie Gimbel? Sure I knew him. Who do you think comes to gambling casinos, Yeshiva students and rabbis?"

Sidney Zion
ONCE A JEW.
SOMETIMES
A JEW

him, even though I was a shrimp. The other Irishers liked that; they told me that from now on they'd call me Mike. I said no thanks, the name is Meyer."

THROUGHOUT HISTORY Jews have found it necessary to forget the spectacles on their noses and the autumn in their hearts. But only for a while. One such a while came to New York in the middle Thirties when the German-American Bund tossed verbal thunderbolts (and worse) at Jews from their brown-shirted enclave in Yorkville, the "Reich Valley."

Rabbi Stephen Wise, the exalted leader of Reform Jewry, became upset by these happenings, and in 1935 he sent word to Lansky that "something must be done" about the Nazi outrages. Lansky agreed to supply the necessary means and asked for only one consideration: that the Jewish press lay off him and the methods he might have to employ.

For the next couple of years the Nazi strut was increasingly tripped up by Jews tossing sticks and stones and bombs. Heads were smashed, bones broken, and the thud of fat German necks hitting sidewalks sounded a new kind of Jewish rumba. The bomb throwers and fist swingers were drawn from every level of Jewish life. Few were aware that Lansky was behind the operations.

"And who do you think came out against us?" Lansky says. "The Jewish press, of course. They called us Jewish gangsters, these fair souls who sat peacefully in their beautiful homes while we were on the lines defending Jewish honor. They kept up the pressure, they wanted us destroyed, we were 'shaming' Jewry by attacking Nazis. The heat got too much for Rabbi Wise, and he ordered us to put an end to our actions."

I told Lansky that Rabbi Wise had been less successful in his efforts to silence Ben Hecht some years later. As head of the Committee to Save the Jews of Europe, Hecht in 1943 wrote a pageant called "We Will Never Die." Rabbi Wise got hold of the script. He phoned Hecht and "ordered" him to stop work on the show and to be sure to consult him if in the future he wished to work for the Jewish cause. Hecht hung up on him.

Governor Thomas E. Dewey then agreed to proclaim a day of mourning for the murdered Jews of Europe in conjunction with the production of Hecht's pageant at Madison Square Garden. Rabbi Wise and a delegation of important Jews journeyed to Albany, asked Dewey not to issue the proclamation, and warned him that he would lose the Jewish vote if he didn't break with Hecht and his "dangerous and irresponsible racketeers who are bringing terrible disgrace to our already harassed people."

When Ben Hecht got word of this, he called

Wise and let loose with a barrage of barracks-room language. As Ben's widow Rose recalls recently, "He started by telling this 'Chief Rabbi of the World' that he'd rip his balls off. And that it got unprintable."

Governor Dewey went ahead and proclaimed the day of mourning and 40,000 people jammed the Garden for the two performances of "We Will Never Die."

Lansky nodded wisely at the recounting of this tale, but his eyes betrayed a touch of shock that anyone would dare talk that way to a rabbi. Lansky, the terrible mobster, obediently accords "the word" from a rabbi; Ben Hecht, then the highest paid screenwriter in Hollywood, tells me to gazump himself.

Ben Hecht, like Babel, was one of those rare birds with enough serenity—and gaiety—to celebrate Jewish criminals. He wrote of them humorously, as though it never occurred to him that Jews were not allowed to have their outbursts. Imagine the futures book of the Anti-Defamation League if such thinking became contagious. Dore Schary on the panel shows—every night!—clucking his tongue, shaking his head, recounting for a deadly bored world the glorious passivity of Jewish culture.

TO DENY LANSKY, it occurred to me while talking to him, is to betray a full-blown ghetto mentality. One need make no bridge to his character to say this—quite the contrary. For what more abject kowtowing to the goyish world can be conjured up than to say that we will vomit out our gangsters to impress you with our goodness.

And that is what the argument is all about in *State of Israel v. Meyer Lansky*.

We are dealing with a farrago of ironies, from the absurd to the tragic.

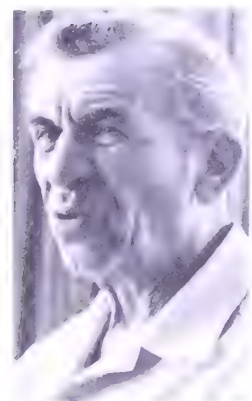
The absurd first.

Not to break the hearts of Hadassah and the like, but the picture the West has of the Israeli is an upright, law-abiding, early-to-bed, hardworking citizen for the commonweal is a good one. He is hardworking, to be sure. He had better work hard if he is to avoid the tentacles of the tax collector who will grab most of his wage if he is not constantly *au courant* with the latest bookkeeping devices. He had better work hard if he is to turn the corner on a pervasive bureaucracy that has made *protektia*—influence—the dominant force in the realm. He had better work hard if he is to survive a runaway inflation that has small apartments in Jerusalem selling for \$70,000, cars and wagons going for \$8,000—an inflation based on an economic system that has been aptly described as a combination of "nineteenth-century socialism and twenty-first-century capitalism."

Tax avoidance, *protektia*—these are the

ON JULIUS AND ETHEL
ROSENBERG:

"It was a disgrace, giving them the chair. If they weren't Jews they'd be alive today. Only a Jewish judge would have done that to them, trying to pander to the goyim."



me in Israel, and he who lives by them the wherewithal to indulge all the anes. A visitor to Israel, unless he is on our, or is a correspondent for the *Neu-nes*, quickly discovers that just about g is available in the Promised Land—bbling to hookers to hashish.

a well-known fact," Ephraim Kishon, li Art Buchwald, put it recently in his n the afternoon paper *Maariv*, "that of the average citizen in our State is a system of laws whose ordinances out-small print how they ought to be cir- ed."

ese rules do not apply to Lansky. dded.

nsky's case" he wrote, "we ignore the e game as well as the standards of due n his case we are all pillars of rectitude, are as guileless as distilled water. Our become solemn, our eyebrows shoot up o nostrils quiver.

agine: a former member of the Mafia among us. Among us! Sitting! experts of the fast buck are rolling their venwards. The champions of Mediter- riberly are wagging a warning finger. iends are shocked, the government is ng—our conscience has woken, shout- ely."

URFACE HYPOCRISY of the Lansky case obviously a banquet for satire. Yet the n be said of any nation's selective m. The difference here—aside from vices" being generally unknown to the world—has to do with what the country ed to be about.

is to say that it is a sad spectacle to he founding fathers of Israel, who upon heir *shtetls* in Eastern Europe so as- y attempted to shed all signs of ghetto y, acting out in the Lansky affair the

classic ghetto syndrome: "How will it look for the goyim?"

But is that what's going on here?

There are Israelis who vehemently deny it, who insist that the deportation of Lansky is simply a practical accommodation to American pressure.

If they are right, it's bad enough. For as such it would serve as ammunition for Israel's enemies who have long claimed that the state is little more than a U.S. satellite.

But there is nothing to this "pressure" argument. Is it not preposterous to believe that the United States would permit its global policy to be affected by what the Israelis do with Meyer Lansky?

If the question does not thunderously answer itself in the affirmative, then Israel's dependence on the United States stands on a reed so thin as to make the angels tremble.

No, it is not what the United States will do to Israel if Meyer Lansky is permitted to live in the Holy Land; it is what the world will *think* now that America has spotlighted the case.

"How will it look for the goyim?"

Well, how will it look for the independence of the Israeli judiciary if the Supreme Court, which will decide the appeal shortly, rules against Lansky on the basis of hearsay evidence? Because for all everyone may "know" about Meyer Lansky—and we all grew up "knowing" plenty—his rap sheet still records only that conviction for common gambling. The rest of the "proof" against him consists of news stories, Kefauver Committee hearings, and "confidential" FBI reports.

As my cousin Maxie would say, thanks a lot.

Courts in other democratic nations have occasionally bailed out the honor of their governments. Can such a miracle be brought forth in Jerusalem?

And Benya Krik had his way, for he was passionate, and passion rules the universe.

Still, that was Odessa—before we were free. □

ONE FOOT ON THE GROUND

"Kennedy used to come down to my casino in Cuba, always with a pretty girl on his arm. He was a nice guy—and a heavy plunger."



ON RICHARD NIXON:

"Imagine Nixon saying that President Kennedy would have gone to China! As Chester Bowles pointed out, it was Nixon, and people like him, who kept Kennedy from doing anything constructive about China."

er Lansky, born Maier eljansky in Grodno, Russia, 2, shares with virtually all rs of the sporting life a e shyness toward the press, gh he was friendly with such es as Damon Runyan, Walter ell, and Quentin Reynolds, y made it an imperative never k for publication. Under pres- a hostile Israeli press pushing deportation, he broke the ne months ago. The result ong interview with Uri Dan,

published in installments in *Maariv*, the influential afternoon paper. As could be anticipated, the interview was largely self-serving. Lansky portrayed himself as a retired gambling impresario who had quit the business in 1959, an assertion guaranteed to bring howls of scorn from all known law-enforcement officials in the United States, not to say Interpol. The little guy went on to deny any involvement with gambling in the Bahamas, said he had nothing to do with Louis "Lepke" Buchalter's

notorious Murder, Inc. of the 1930s, and scoffed at the notion that he heads up a National Crime Syndicate.

However one may scoff or smile (or both) at this self-portrait, the interview was dotted with nuggets and can be said to be something of an historical document—if for no other reason than its uniqueness in a literature of crime known for its absence of dialogue from the *dramatis personae*. (For choice Lanskyisms, see the margins of these pages.)

RATIOCINATIONS

The question of caraway

WHEN I STARTED OUT, a year or so ago, to write an encyclopedia of food (*Food: An Informal Dictionary*, to be published by Simon and Schuster), I anticipated a lengthy job of compilation, but no grave difficulties of definition. I had three four-drawer filing cases containing a twenty-year accumulation of documentation on food; a fairly good library of gastronomic books and general reference works; and even a certain amount of food lore in my head. All that remained to be done, I assumed naïvely, was to assemble everything in readable form. The facts were there.

It turned out that the facts were not there. I have discovered that even the best reference books are stuffed with errors; they not only contradict each other, they frequently contradict themselves. Man has been consuming some foods for centuries without ever knowing what he was eating. The identification of foods is a problem that often requires the talents not of a writer or a gourmet but of a detective. Puzzles pop up in the most unexpected places. Who would have thought, for instance, that I would have to turn myself into a Sherlock Holmes to discover the exact nature of caraway? I have been familiar all my life with caraway seeds, springing out from rye bread in the United States or turning up with Munster cheese in France. It was a spice devoid of mystery—or so I thought. But today, after grappling for some weeks with the search for the real caraway, I have discovered that what I had always thought was caraway—and what you, no doubt, have also always thought was caraway—is not caraway at all.

My detective work began when I fell into its clutches with unsuspecting innocence. I wasn't even thinking about caraway at the time; I was thinking about anise. Having finished my dictionary entry on that spice, I summed it up thus:

Green anise is European; star anise is Asiatic. Green anise is a bush; star anise is a tree. Green anise belongs to the family Umbelliferae; star anise belongs to the family Magnoliaceae. These are the two genuine anises. There are also false anise, which is caraway; sweet anise, which is fennel; bastard anise (or in France, Vosges anise), which is carvi; and the anise mentioned in the Bible, which is probably not anise at all, but aneth, which is dill.

This was published in Paris; somehow other it worked its way to Colorado and evoked a letter from a woman who is a member of the Herb Society of America and clearly knows a lot about herbs and spices. She had a question: what is carvi? It sounded like an easy one. I was confident that I could step to my bookshelves, pull out an excellent French work on spices, and send back the answer in five minutes. The book failed me this time. It had plenty to say about carvi—and about caraway too—but after reading it all carefully, I came to the conclusion that the author, usually so well informed, did not really know what carvi was, or caraway either. I plunged into my library and my files.

USUALLY THE QUICKEST METHOD in such situations is to start with the most obvious book—the dictionary. Webster's Unabridged had not heard about carvi, but it did know caraway, and supplied the information that in most cases enters a search: its scientific name. It was *Carum carvi*.



fortunately, this suggested that carvi and caraway were the same thing; and if there was anything of which I was certain it was that these were two distinct spices. What I had discovered about anise indicated that, since false anise was named as caraway and bastard anise as carvi, these two anises are not the same, neither would carvi and caraway be the same. Moreover, I knew that in medieval times what were called the "four hot spices" were anise, fennel, carvi, and caraway. A modern gastronomic work I consulted said that carvi had a flavor midway between that of fennel and anise, and could be substituted for caraway in any dish that called for that ingredient, a recommendation that obviously makes no sense if the two are identical.

I tried a French-English dictionary that had helped me well in the past. It informed me that caraway was field carvi and that carvi was field caraway. I started biting my nails. An esteemed French encyclopedia then added the news that carvi is known in that language as mountain caraway. A British work added to the confusion by spelling the scientific name of caraway as *Carum carui*. *Carui* certainly pronounces like caraway, but spellings in which "v" and "u" replace one another are treacherous. The ancient Romans frequently substituted "v" for "u" in inscriptions because it was easier to carve into stone; and a couple of centuries ago scholars depended on which character the printer had within reach. I didn't feel that I dared advance any theory on *carui*.

At this point, I made a detour to examine a suggestion of my Colorado correspondent's that carvi might be skirret. Though skirret is not a member of the genus *Carum*, but of *Sium sisarum*, this did not seem improbable. Skirret in French is sometimes called mountain caraway, like carvi. Its root is edible, which is also true of carvi. Finally, its name is derived, with a good deal of distortion, from the Persian *karavyja*, via the Arabic *karawiya*, as is that of caraway. It seemed a promising clue, but it was a false one; skirret turned out not to be carvi.

Abandoning the English language, which I suspected of having gotten off the track, I turned to French. In that language, as in English, I thought I knew what caraway was. It was *cumin*, which was what the French called the seed served with smelly, runny Munster cheese, which I knew as the same one I had always called caraway in English: *cumin*, moreover, was translated regularly as caraway. Like caraway, *cumin* is a word of exotic etymology. It comes from the Greek *kuminon*, which comes from the Hebrew *kamon*, which comes from Babylonian. It is the same word as the German *Kümmel*, which we know from the caraway-flavored eau-de-vie. (It exists in Russian too—*keummel*.)

French, as everybody knows, is a precise language. When you know the French name for anything, you really have it pinned down. There is no room for doubt. Except for *cumin*.

I discovered that my French reference books, some of which are very good indeed, displayed a curious reticence about giving the scientific

"Like caraway. *cumin* is a word of exotic etymology. It comes from the Greek *kuminon*, which comes from the Hebrew, *kamon*, which comes from Babylonian."



names of either *carvi* or *cumin*. I judged that if the encyclopedists were ducking the obligation of identifying the two spices, it must be because they didn't really know what they were dealing with. The most conspicuous example of this avoidance of the issue was that of the excellent spice book mentioned above. It gave scientific names for almost every entry it contained, and usually included a drawing of the plant that produced each of them. Its failure to do either in this case was therefore particularly noticeable; yet it devoted four pages to *carvi* and as many to *cumin*. The information was interesting; unfortunately, there was no way of telling to which particular spice it applied. It seemed clear that the author didn't quite know what, exactly, he was talking about; but at least he knew that he didn't know. This was one notch above the position of some other French authorities, who didn't know what they were talking about either but didn't even know that they didn't know. Thus one respected French gastronomic dictionary stated brashly that "the use of *carvi* is greatly restricted nowadays, except perhaps in Nordic countries." This had the advantage of being precise and the disadvantage of being wrong.

THE BOOKS HAD FAILED ME. I turned to field research. Two blocks from my Paris apartment there is a shop that specializes in exotic foods. Its proprietor is an extremely well-informed young man who performed his military service mostly in the overseas possessions of France in the days when France still possessed a colonial empire. —a wonderful opportunity for anyone interested in the foods of different countries, since it afforded glimpses of tropical America (Martinique, Guadeloupe, French Guiana), the Far East (Indochina, the French territories in India, New Caledonia), and Africa (all the way from the Mediterranean to the Congo, with side trips to Somalia and Madagascar). I had consulted him once before, about the custard apple and its innumerable cousins, and he had known all the answers. So I took my *carvi*-caraway problem to him. I came away with three small cellophane envelopes filled with seeds and, consequently, information.

The first was marked *cumin*. What I expected to find in that envelope was what the French called *cumin* when they served it with Munster, and what I had always called caraway—the dark-striped seed whose pattern always reminds me of a potato bug. It wasn't that at all. The seeds were about the same size and shape as my caraway, but lighter in color, resembling chaff, with longitudinal indentations running through their middles. I had never seen them before. *Cumin*. I learned, was a native of northern and central Europe; this particular sample had been grown in Holland.

The second envelope was marked *karouia*. This is an Arabic word, obviously the same as the *karawiya* mentioned already. The explanation given for its name in North Africa, that the seeds in this envelope had been grown where the name comes from Caria, in Asia Minor, where *karouia* was thought to have originated. This seems to be in slight conflict with the theory that the original name for caraway was *Perforaria* for Caria was on the Aegean sea, and Persia inland, beyond it; but the two accounts are necessarily irreconcilable; and there remains the possibility that Caria, instead of giving its name to caraway, took its name from it. In any case, *karouia* turned out to be a little lighter in color, longer in shape, and flatter in form than what I now knew was *cumin*: but it was much like it. Mixed with the seeds were some that looked like tiny bits of straw, probably an unnecessary part of the spice, but an indication that a little less care had been bestowed on the presentation of the product in North Africa than in Holland. *Karouia* is perhaps what the botanists call *Carum copticum*.

It was the third envelope that answered my questions. It was marked *carvi*, and what it contained was the familiar caraway of the United States, the familiar *cumin* of France. Caraway—what I had always called caraway—was not caraway at all, it was *carvi*. *Cumin*—what I had always called *cumin*—was not *cumin*: it was *carvi* too—the seed the learned French encyclopedists had relegated to the north, not realizing that they had been eating it all their lives and calling it *cumin*.

WHAT WAS CARVI? my correspondent asked. It was caraway. But then, what was caraway? Was it *cumin*? In French, there seemed to be little doubt about it: *karouia* and *cumin* are so much alike. In English, the *cumin* exists too, but it does not belong to the genus *Carum*, like *carvi* and *karouia*. Its scientific name is *Cuminum cyminum*, it is a native of Central Asia and Turkistan, and it has been introduced to the United States. From my Denver Colorado correspondent I secured some seeds of the naturalized American *cumin*. They seemed to be halfway between my Dutch *cumin* and African *karouia*. Scientific names notwithstanding, I would hazard the guess that *cumin* is *carvi* and *karouia* is caraway—the real caraway.

So there we are. Caraway is an impostor. It ought to be called *carvi*. But it won't be. At the present date, nobody is going to change the established name of a familiar spice in the interests of scientific accuracy. We will continue to eat *carvi* and we will continue to call it *cumin*. Or perhaps you will. I won't. I dislike *carvi*. For me, caraway by any other name would taste as bad.



THE WHITE NIGGERS OF NEWARK

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE CITY, far from the rotting row houses of the black ghetto, its dropouts and junkies, safe in the sanctity of the neat, white, working-class neighborhood, there is a grimy poolroom that is lit too brightly. The white kids with long, matted hair drift in from the night, forming a circle around the two ratty little pool tables. Their shrill laughter spills out from under the bright fluorescent lights onto darkened Bloomfield Avenue. Dropouts. A few junkies. Most are congameers, some in Levi jackets, as if it were a norm. Only two girls are in the crowd, both shyly shooting pool, chewing gum seriously. The girls in tight sweaters. On the sidewalk, they flick glowing cigarette butts into the gutter. They lean against the poolroom's two huge front windows where the faded red letters of another time can still be seen spelling "Confectionery."

They don't come here after spending their days looking fruitlessly for work and sleeping aimlessly away out of their own kind of ghetto. The 17-year-old with the trimmed beard and fading, liquid eyes, who calls himself "J.B.," says he shoots heroin a couple of times a week but gets turned away by methadone programs that are looking for harder addicts, especially blacks. The self-confident eighteen-year-old Gerard Furrule, who works his way easily

around a pool table, quit school in ninth grade, worked in a print shop for a dollar an hour, and now gets \$1.90 in the mail room of a big company. In this candy store turned poolroom, he is considered a success. He is going to classes in the evening, trying to get his high-school diploma. College? "Only niggers go to college," one of his buddies says morosely. Gerard smiles.

These kids are part of a dwindling white minority in Newark, New Jersey, where blacks are 54 per cent and Puerto Ricans 13 per cent of the 382,000 people and where, after long decades of powerlessness, blacks have taken political control. The result has been a new set of angry lines between whites and blacks, drawn as never before in an American city. Black power has been converted into reality with such headiness, and the outside white establishment has applauded the turnabout so vigorously, that many whites in Newark have been left with a corrosive sense of invisibility. Colleges that send recruiters to Newark do so in search of blacks, not working-class whites. Federal programs designed to help youngsters get jobs, keep them off drugs, provide them with recreation, and improve their schooling are aimed at blacks, staffed by blacks, and located in black neighborhoods. They do not reach the white kids who hang out at the J & J Confectionery.

Mirror images

black city

by David K. Shipler

But simple neglect fails to explain completely the difficulties of Newark's poor and working-class whites, just as it never fully summed up the black experience in America. The whites, especially the Italians, are deeply distrusted by many blacks who have attained power, including the city's first black mayor, Kenneth A. Gibson, who sees himself still struggling against the organized crime, corruption, and white racism that gripped the city government under his predecessor, Hugh J. Addonizio. Just before the 1970 election, Addonizio was indicted on sixty-four counts of extortion and conspiracy, along with several city councilmen, former public works directors, and reputed Mafia figures. The indictment, which led to a ten-year federal prison sentence for Addonizio and contributed to his defeat by Gibson, also contaminated all the city's Italians, even those who were disgusted by the corruption, for it reinforced—both to the blacks and to outsiders—a sinister stereotype.

Now, after all the shifts of power, going to Newark is like stepping into a hall of mirrors where familiar images are inverted and twisted into remarkable, confusing shapes that destroy any sense of equilibrium. The familiar American patterns of racism and exploitation dissolve into a mad array of reversals and contradictions.

Gibson is widely regarded by whites as a moderate, undramatic, conscientious man who hasn't the strength to resist the pressure of some militant blacks for the transformation of Newark

into what they call "New Ark," a romantic vision of black nationalism and black pride. The major architect of this vision—and of Gibson's election—is the poet and playwright LeRoi Jones, who has adopted the African name of Imamu Baraka. His brilliant pursuit of political power and cultural strength for blacks has frightened many whites, who see in the dashikis of the black councilmen, the clenched-fist salutes of the Board of Education members, and the black-liberation flags in the schools the symbols of a new racism.

The institution most sensitive to this surge in black pride is the Board of Education, always in the past a crucial instrument of white power. Gibson's black appointees have proved more militant than the mayor, and since they constitute the majority of the board, some of them at public meetings sneer and laugh at the white members. Many white citizens say they no longer dare enter the board's hearing room with its dark-stained wood and curved, polished wood paneling. The few whites who do go to monthly hearings are often hooted and ridiculed by the black audiences, and their testimony is ignored by the predominantly black board.

In the spring of 1971, at the height of an emotional teachers' strike, a black physician, Dr. E. Wyman Garrett, rose at a public hearing and pointed to a white board member, John Cervase, and said: "Cervase, we know where you live. We're going to get you. We're really going to get you." Then he allegedly ordered several black men to beat up a white reporter who had written down his threat.

Amateur racism

WE'RE THE NIGGERS NOW, that's what's happened," said Stephen N. Adubato, just as who's on top. The group that's second is gonna catch shit—they're gonna be niggers. That is what this country's really all about." Adubato hunched intently over his desk. "The blacks aren't so sophisticated with their racism. They're just learning what power is about, what America's about. They're more overt, and so are we—we're not sophisticated about our racism. We're amateurs too." Once a school teacher, Adubato is emerging as a political leader in Newark's North Ward, the stronghold of the city's remaining working-class Italian-Americans, who make up most of the city's white population. He spent his younger years fighting for the rights of blacks, and he campaigned for Gibson. But as the power of the blacks grew in the city, and as he discovered that nobody was willing to help the Italians, he turned his attention to his own people. He left teaching and won election as Democratic leader in the North Ward.

"Let me give you this analogy," he said. "Let me see the Italian community in Newark and



community in Newark face to face, really rowd, lined up in a crowd. And the pressure, momentum, is with the blacks, and they're ang us backward, and we're not acting like whites, 'cause we're fighting back, you know, clawing and punching and kicking in the and all the rest. But if you reach up and look id that line, that black line, you'll see all e white liberals and do-gooders and the e who really won't meet the problem, push-ncouraging, you know, and putting on more ure. It's a nice picture, you can almost see ya see it?" He laughed.

nd of course we look bad because we're r' and swearin', and we say 'nigger' all the and the people in the back always said o' when that was right and now 'black.' talk the right way, and they're actually as- g. Someone's got to be hurt, that's what I someone's got to be hurt."

ubato is full of statistics that show the ex- of the hurt: a study by the Board of Educa- for example, revealing that the percentage ite Newark high-school graduates going to e dropped from 50 per cent in 1969 to 45 ent in 1970, while the proportion of blacks rom 49 to 52 per cent.

here's a great need in the black area for the s that are being done, and they're only hing the surface," Adubato said. "But take ases of terminal cancer. The black cancer re acute, in six months it's terminal; the cancer is less acute, it would take eighteen as before it's terminal. Now some asshole l by looking at that analogy, you know what ys? Well, the whites are three times better o what does he do? He goes on the black exclusively. Nobody attends to the white r."

BARRINGER HIGH SCHOOL, white teenagers—who make up about one-fourth of the stu- body—find themselves engulfed by a whirl- of blackness: black history, black litera- black culture, black pride, all the compo- of self-assertion and identity that have been l as healthy for a people enslaved and a down and brutalized over the centuries. ot so healthy for the whites. Every morn- Swahili music" is played over the school's e address system, and some white students t as offensive and threatening as blacks find "Dixie." The day after the Board of ation voted to hang the black, red, and flag of black liberation in every classroom a majority of black students (a move ulti- y barred by the courts), someone got on A system and said, "Brothers be cool, sisters eet, and others—well, just others." ites stay out of the cafeteria, which is turf; they don't go to basketball games,

since the team is black. And just as blacks used to avoid dances at school in Adubato's day, now whites avoid them, taking the cue from the dance posters in the hallways with pictures of black couples cut out of black magazines. "I never saw a sign in the school of a social event that applied to me," said Stephen Mustacchio, an eighteen-year-old senior. "The same thing with the school chorus: 'Brothers and sisters, if you want to find yourself, join the chorus.' I mean, you know, the white people can't join the chorus if they want to?" One boy ventured into a college recruiter's meeting where it had been announced, as usual, that "a representative will be here today to re- cruit black and Puerto Rican students," and found talk only of black clubs and black studies, "like I didn't belong there," he said. He didn't apply.

In English class, "you have to read black literature," Steve said. "They never give you any white literature to read. You have to read *Black Voices*, there's a book out called *Black Voices*, then we had to read Malcolm X, then there's another one about a black child. We don't have to read anything about a white person."

Most of the teachers at Barringer are white, but they are fearful of the black students declar- ing them "insensitive," which Adubato noted means insensitive not to Italians or to whites— just to blacks.

The sense of worthlessness and inferiority that has so long afflicted blacks now seems to threaten

"The familiar American pat- terns of racism and exploitation dissolve into a mad array of reversals and contradictions."



David K. Shipler

THE WHITE NIGGERS OF NEWARK

these white youngsters, many of whom are struggling to get to college, something their parents could not do. They and their parents see themselves in double jeopardy, a minority in their own city, yet too urban and too Italian to be part of the American mainstream, which they characterize as suburban and WASP.

"When you really feel this is like when you get into college," said Lucille Poet, a bright-eyed college sophomore whose father is a foreman in a factory. "You can't get a scholarship because you're not quite poor enough—well, really, you're not black. And you get into college and they look at you, you come from Newark, and you're caught in the middle: you're not rich enough to be really a white person, but you're not poor enough to be a colored person."

When she finished, a roomful of North Ward kids let the silence hang for a long moment.

BUT THE KIDS FAIL TO SEE the parallels between their experience and the complaints of blacks about predominantly white schools where no black literature is read and no blacks appear as characters in American history. When the similarity was suggested, Lucille's brother Maurice snapped, "Why should that affect us?" And Steve Mustacchio explained, "When I reached high school my whole attitude changed toward them. 'cause I wasn't really in too much contact with them. I went to a private white grammar school. I hardly spoke about them or anything, but when I got to high school, I had to go to school with them, I grew to hate them. When I got to school, and I saw who they were, I came to hate them."

In their candor, the Barringer kids contrast sharply with another group of white Newark teenagers, who go to Vailsburg High School, the last high school in the city in which whites still constitute the majority, and only 30 per cent of the students are black. Sitting in a circle one evening on the floor of a room belonging to a young divinity student who is trying to help organize the white community, about a dozen white Vailsburg students were asked if they had black friends. "Of course!" they shouted in an annoyed chorus. Pressed for specifics, the kids got tense. Only one girl could name a friend who was black, and her friend went to another school.

The Vailsburg kids have the luxury of fighting very hard to be, or at least to appear, open-minded. The same is often true of North Ward youngsters who have gone to mostly white private high schools. Everyone in that room could list clear differences between his own and his parents' attitudes toward blacks. Always the parents were bigots or racists.

By contrast, the Barringer teenagers generally agree with their parents' anti-black views, and Steve Mustacchio even disputes his mother's

liberal attitude that "I work with them and along with them." "She works in a candy store with the older type of people," Steve said. "I don't have to put up with everything."

Some kids try to resist black pressure; others succumb. The Rev. John R. Sharp, a Presbyterian minister in the mostly white Vailsburg section, describes an effort his church made to organize a summer basketball tournament in which white neighborhood youngsters would have a chance to take part in the downtown recreation programs, which are run mostly for blacks.

"Our kids would go down and get on the bus and they would freeze, they couldn't play," Sharp said. "They'd lose their cool, they would be uptight playing in an all-black neighborhood and the blacks would continue to take advantage of that and just keep up a running commentary. 'You better go on back to white town' and 'at 'em and call 'em honkies. And our kids would be on best behavior—they wouldn't retaliate. And they wouldn't go back next time.'"

Sharp counts himself among the few liberals in Newark. He resembles the young, moderate black leaders of a previous generation, seeking to show the majority that his constituents are human beings who defy easy stereotypes and present no threat. He is even hanging on in the face of open hostility, living in a mostly white neighborhood and suffering the telephone calls of some black parents who tell him, "Keep the honky kids away from our kids." Sharp explained that the blacks are worried about white youngsters eroding the black identity of their children.

In response to the dominance of the black power structure, especially in the schools, Sharp and other white leaders have tried to do what black leaders in many communities managed years ago—unite the diverse elements in their neighborhood to speak with one voice on selected issues. The result is an unaffiliated organization known as the Unified Vailsburg Committee, which contains not only liberal John Birchers and Wallace supporters as well. "One of the conservatives said, 'We could probably be more moderate, Reverend, but if we don't stand up, they'd walk over us, and so what we do is the way to the right. We take a position, and we won't move, and we let you guys do a negotiation.'"

This role as white organizer leads Sharp to some remarkable statements, the kind of comments that were not at all remarkable when white leaders used to make them about their own people. "If they felt they had a voice," Sharp said wistfully of his white constituency. "The victory is to get the Board of Education to deal with the people and not deal with the stereotypes—it's awful hard. Now it's a problem of trying to convince the black majority to be human and just toward the white minority."

THE SYMMETRY OF BLACK AND WHITE response to power and powerlessness has trans-
 ed a good many romantic notions into real
 litical questions. "It's the same way as white
 ide has gotten bad," said Frank DonDiego,
 o grew up in Newark and now goes to college
 Rutgers. "The blacks have gotten their pride,
 d it started in the beginning really beautiful,
 t now they've gone into the same white hang-
 s; pride has become a superiority trip."

Aubato's response to the dominance of the
 icks is considerably different from Sharp's,
 t no less pragmatic. He reaches back for his
 n roots as an Italian, arguing that as a minor-
 ethnic group, Italians should be given the
 ne kind of representation on public bodies, in
 y Hall, and in federal programs that blacks
 ve won for themselves in cities where they are
 : minority. He scorns Gibson's two major
 alian appointees—one a deputy mayor, one a
 ool board member—as "Uncle Marios" who
 ink black."

Even though most teachers, policemen, and
 men are still white, the alleged preference of
 city's institutions for blacks is an emotional,
 e-filled topic of conversation at the Italian
 ial clubs in the North Ward, where men gather
 the evenings to watch ball games on televi-
 n or shoot pool or drink or play cards or eat
 ge meals they cook themselves in ancient
 chens laden with enormous pots and greasy
 ves. The rhetoric swirls back and forth be-
 en fact and myth.

What about Newark Airport? The construc-
 n of the new airport? They held up con-
 ction for a year already, they stopped all
 struction on it, being that it's being built in

Newark they want 50 per cent of the working
 force minorities, if they're qualified or not, be-
 cause they're black or Puerto Rican. That means
 if I'm a qualified man, a bricklayer. I'm gonna
 lose a fuckin' job because I'm gonna be replaced
 by a shine that has no qualifications. But being
 it's being built in Newark, it's supposedly a ma-
 jority of fuckin' shines, they want the shines to
 do the bricklayin', even if they're not qualified."
 Pete Cannestro, a young truck driver for Sears,
 shakes his head in disbelief. Then he repeats the
 complaint that many Italians voice in Newark.
 that the federal government and private lending
 institutions give blacks preference when it comes
 to mortgages or business loans. "They would
 turn me down and back the shine," Cannestro
 says. "I know about five people that had ex-
 periences like that."

Whether or not such tales are true, they exist
 with fiery credibility around the card tables in
 the Italian clubs. These are working men who
 generally make under \$10,000, own \$8,000 brick
 or wooden row houses on dingy streets, cannot
 get fire insurance because of the 1967 riots in the
 city's ghettos, pay one of the nation's highest
 property tax rates (nearly \$10 per \$100), and
 submit to what some of them bitterly term a
 "double tax," the tuition for the parochial schools
 they feel they owe their children. They are
 racists, sure, and they like George Wallace and
 Anthony Imperiale, the beefy white militant and
 vigilante leader who is now a state assembly-
 man from the North Ward. But simply to dismiss
 them as racists and thereby discard their anger
 and their hurt is to make a sad mistake, one for
 which they hate the news media and the Estab-
 lishment in Washington and the suburban exec-

"Whites stay out
 of the cafeteria,
 which is black
 turf; they don't
 go to basketball
 games, since the
 team is black."



utives who crowd downtown Newark during daylight to run the businesses that exclude Italians at least as efficiently as they exclude blacks.

"The liberals are so good at understanding every other group, why don't they want to understand us?" Adubato asks. "Our mothers work in factories—we're the white pigs."

The urge to flee

MANY WHITES WHO HAVE DECIDED to stay in Newark have begun to see themselves as victims not only of the new black power but also of the larger greed and indifference of outside white America. Many understand that they and the blacks are equal victims of the rampant block-busting being attempted in white neighborhoods of their city, where they are barraged by letters and phone calls from real estate agents who spread fear and urge sales at low prices so that the houses can be resold at inflated levels to black families. Signs painted with the word "SOLD" in electric red or orange have been nailed up by real estate agents so that they stick out horizontally from houses, flagging the points of panic on an otherwise peaceful residential block. Some residents of Vailsburg, which has a lovely, more suburban look than the North Ward, have even begun countering with signs declaring, "This House Is NOT For Sale."

The whites who stay expose themselves to the pain of seeing their old neighborhoods, where they and their fathers and grandfathers once lived, ravaged by poverty and decay. They see it every time they drive into downtown Newark, past the old streets, the old corners, past the Boys' Clubs and the YMCAs where they spent hours as children, but where their children cannot go.

Sticking it out in Newark, stopping the trend that saw 10,000 whites leave in the 1960s, is a political strategy in Adubato's terms, essential to his goal of consolidating Italian power in the city. It is also a matter of pride to some, and it stirs sharp debate within families. In one of the shabby brick row houses on a narrow street in the North Ward, a forty-six-year-old man who works the nightshift in a Pabst Blue Ribbon brewery, his wife, and their twenty-two-year-old son talked through the question of leaving. They have lived all their lives in Newark, their parents having arrived there from Italy, but their block has become mostly Puerto Rican, and crime has increased in recent years. The father, a serious, well-read man although he had only two years of high school, was adamant about staying. The mother and the son, a college student who lives at home, wanted to leave. They asked that their names not be used.

"There's no magic in black skin, and some of us are beginning to realize you cannot run," the father said, "because if you run from Wakeman

Avenue today, you're going to run from Prospect Avenue tomorrow, and if it's from Prospect Avenue tomorrow, you're gonna run from Llewellyn Park, which is an exclusive suburban residential area, the following day. When do you stop running?" He asked his daughter to get him the Scotch, and he poured some into a shot glass. The bottle in one hand, the glass in the other, he drank and gestured as he talked. His wife, fighting a cold, rubbed her raw nose with a handkerchief.

"I happen to be here all day," she said. "My husband is away at work, so I'm stuck with the trials that go on, whether they be black or Spanish, so I have the inclination to run. I can cope with the winters, but the summer—it seems as if the warm weather sets everybody off. I do not enjoy the summers here at all. The winters, I close the door, it gets dark early and I'm glad."

"Pride," the son said to his father. "What is the sense of staying in a city, any city, right? Now Newark is just about the worst city in the country. I'm only living in Newark right now because I have to. I'm not running from Newark. I'm running from a bunch of garbage, which is alien to my nature and I don't want to be part of it."

"For you, son, this is okay," his father answered with a tone of finality. "I'm staying in Newark because I simply do not want someone pushing me out. I do not want the idea that I am running away."

Not all young Italians in Newark want to flee. Jim Cundari, for one, a handsome, twenty-seven-year-old lawyer whose family moved from the city a few years ago, found the suburbs barren and came back. "If you go to a shopping center community, you lose that little corner grocery store where you go and get your Italian cheeses and your sausage and bologna, and you lose the warmth and comfort of having the close row houses and the stoops and the kind of social activity. You just lose the closeness with your whole sense of your history and your traditions."

When Newark was authorized by the federal government to expand its Model Cities program to include not just the central ghetto but the entire city, Cundari, with Adubato's help, tried to get a job in the Newark Model Cities agency to represent the Italians. He was refused; the agency remains virtually all black, and Model Cities funds are still not getting into white neighborhoods. Cundari found a post in the office of the city's Business Administrator, but the morning he showed up for work, he was met on the steps of City Hall by an aide to Mayor Gibson, and informed that there was no job for him. During the months that followed, he was told repeatedly that the budget couldn't support him. "I was pretty well convinced that the reason I wasn't getting in was because I was Italian and they didn't want an Italian with a head on his shoulders being in a position of responsibility."

y, through Gibson's personal intervention, ri was hired and put in charge of the city's ng efforts in Trenton, the state capital.

SON HAS TRIED HARD to integrate his staff and limit patronage to the less crucial anti-type programs, but an acute apprehen- seems to run through his efforts. He com- that white civil servants who cannot be subvert his policies by a kind of passive nce, refusing to do anything they are not y ordered to do. He has named whites to tant posts, such as police director, fire di- and business administrator. But they are lians.

son's nervousness is not exactly surprising. ty Council, still mostly Italians, opposes every turn. It insisted on retaining as city r an accountant who in twenty-four years ver found a problem with Newark's books ho, for the same length of time, had done diting for the family of Anthony (Tony Boiardo, named by law enforcement offi- s the Mafia head in Newark. In addition, st venomous hatred of blacks and of Gib- mself during his campaign came from s—the former police director, Dominick for example, and Anthony Imperiale, who l of rapists and insurrectionists taking over y if Gibson became mayor.

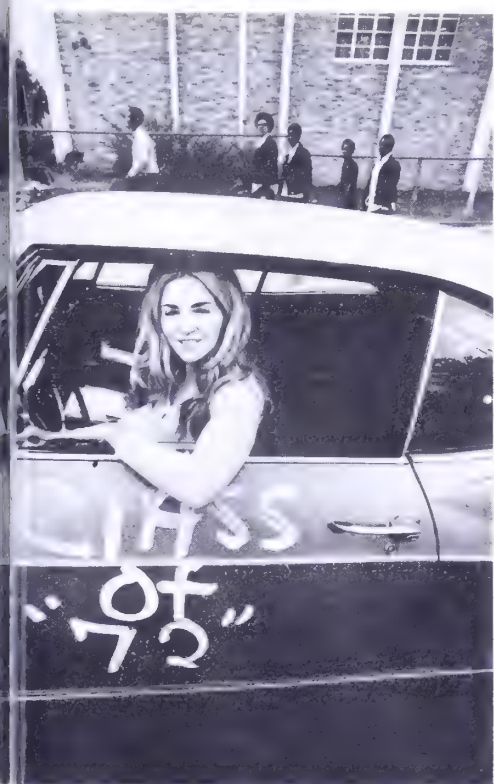
en Gibson came into office in July of 1970, nd city government a shambles, mangled ce corruption easy. There was almost no management to dilute the power of the

top city officials, with the result that there was not much management at all. The city had not a single licensed engineer to check for error or fraud in work done by private firms on millions of dollars' worth of sewer and road projects. Virtually every city contract had been let with a 10 per cent kickback to city officials. Some sewers were built to nowhere, simply ending under-ground. Corruption heightened the special viciousness about Newark, the rawness in the racism of both whites and blacks. And it damaged the chances for reconciliation.

"There is no real concept of brotherhood in this city," Cudari said. "We all have our own agendas, for the simple reason that we all have such real problems. The consciousness of who you are and what you are is so rampant in the city, as soon as something becomes identified as yours, that's it. There's no one going into an Italian barbershop and trying to challenge whether they'll cut a black man's hair. There's no one trying to implement busing to bring whites and blacks into closer community. It just doesn't work that way. No one wants it. In a city like this, people would be content with separate but equal facilities, and no one would challenge it."

Newark may be the real truth about America, the nation's subconscious finally stripped of its rationalizations and platitudes. The city wallows in the swath of stinking factories that belch filth from the Jersey flats into the shadow of the Statue of Liberty. It has also tarnished the other symbols of America by making hatred look like honesty, by making old dreams laughable. □

"The blacks are worried about the white youngsters eroding the black identity of their children."



BANGLADESH IN MORNING

A new nation emerges from a terrible darkness



On the night Bhutto announced that he would free the Sheik, the young men who had fought the war and the young men who wished they had fought the war and the poor men of Dacca came out into the streets. Soon the small groups of men, men lithe by race and lithe by diet, and swathed in lungis, the long cotton skirt of South-east Asia, merged into a mass that surged through the dusty, smoky haze of the evening streets. "Joi Bangla, Joi Bangla, Sheik Mujib, Sheik Mujib," they shouted; and when a television movie camera approached they drew to it, moths to fire, and jumped before the camera, thousands of brown hands flashing up into the klieg lights. The Mukti Bahini guerrillas fired their Sten guns into the air, for they had no other instrument of celebration, but some refused, knowingly, saying it was best to conserve ammunition. Many of the young men looked up at the great orange moon that had just risen over the cement and clay and bamboo walls of the city, and stood awed, scarcely believing, for the mountains of the moon were formed into the shape of Bangladesh. There were some few who realized that their country had no distinct shape and in that alone it mirrored the mountains of the moon, but most took it as the most wondrous of signs.

Laurence Leamer was a Peace Corps volunteer in Nepal, where he lived in a remote village. He was a Ford study fellow in international development for two years and an International Fellow at Columbia for another. His book, *The Paper Revolutionaries*, is a study of youth culture and the underground press to be published in August by Simon and Schuster.

EVEN BEFORE DAWN they began arriving. They traveled by launch and dugout on the rivers that are the arteries of Bangladesh, the water mud-brown and thick as blood, and full of *hilsa* and the other large fish that jump into the air so that the water below seems thickly populated as the land above. They traveled by steamer on the two great rivers, Ganges and the Brahmaputra, passing across grayish-blue water that faded into the gray-blue sky, moving among square-masted fishing *noaykas*, keeping far from the narrow strip of shore that give way to more water, more boats. They traveled by bus and truck and car across this land they call their mother, across the flatness of the land, past burned villages, fallow fields. They traveled on trains, the cinders and smoke passing along the body of the train out into the yellowish-brown landscape stretched out, relieved only by occasional villages of bamboo and mud clustered among palm banana trees, and then further back another village, and another, back beyond the eye, beyond the horizon. They traveled by foot, walking along the narrow paved roads into the city, into Dacca that now on the tenth of January was full of dryness and dust of the winter season. They came

ing flags that tailors had stitched together, g red circles onto the green backgrounds, then out of golden cloth cutting outline maps of Bangladesh—each one a crazy patchwork of tations—and affixing them onto the red s. In their hands they cradled *malas* of marigolds and roses, and they walked with banners and posters of exaltation and joy.

On the streets filled with the rhythmic chatter of Bengali, with layer upon layer of emotion and anticipation, with tens and tens and tens of thousands of Bengalis hurrying toward the racecourse or the airport or the road between.

Today the Sheik would return, return to them after nine months in prison, after horror beyond imagination, after . . . there was no reason any longer to grieve about it. Today he would return, know that they loved him, know how he embodied the Bengali spirit; now it would be all right.

SHEIK MUJIB HAD become Bangladesh. The Bengalis are a race of talkers, and words and ideas mesmerize them, have a life of their own. Often makes their implementation seem almost irrelevant. But Sheik Mujib could take the extravagant and dramatic rhetoric and ground it with reality, with the reality of his own struggle and his own sense of the Bengali people. Almost a quarter of a century he had fought the Awami League, the middle-class Bengali group that sought to wrest control over East Pakistan from the dominant West Pakistanis. The government realized the potential of this Bengali nationalism, and they imprisoned Sheik Mujib for a total of ten and one half years. They kept him in solitary confinement. They tortured him. They denied him books and writing material. Each jail term only further tightened Sheik Mujib's grip on the Awami League and his leadership of this movement for provincial autonomy. In the December 1970 election, the first free election in Pakistani history, the Awami League won 160 of the 162 seats allotted to East Pakistan. President Yahya Khan postponed the meeting of the National Assembly and began negotiating with Sheik Mujib. Bengali Army officers and political leaders warned Sheik Mujib that Yahya Khan was merely stalling until he had reinforced the Pakistani Army in East Pakistan, but Sheik Mujib would not listen.

In the evening of March 25, 1971, the tanks and half-tracks rolled out of the cantonment and moved out across Dacca, to crush the Bengalis. Late in the morning the Pak soldiers moved to the home of Sheik Mujib. Some hours before the Sheik had learned what was to come and his students and politicians had pleaded with him to go underground, but he had refused. He knew full well if he were to escape, if for his sake he were to suffer less than others, then he would break his covenant with the Bengali people.

He was a brave man surely. He sent his friends away, and he waited until they came and took him away to prison in West Pakistan.

He would be returning now, his covenant sanctified anew. The lands stood barren, corpses still unburied, factories silent, bridges demolished, the people hungry, but now they would begin again. He was more than a great leader to them, the father of their country. He was *Bangabandhu*, the friend of Bengal. He had a power that entered into the realm of the spirit. To see him, to touch him, was to receive what the Hindus called *darshana*, Sanskrit for "holy audience."

In the upstairs back room of the city Awami League office, Aftab Uddin Ahamed, a seller of trinkets and baubles, lay on a wooden cot, his lips as dry as the last leaf of autumn, his hair matted and snarled, his face unshaven. The week before he had promised Allah that he would take no food or water until Sheik Mujib returned. Not far from Dacca Airport, in a bamboo hut near the brown swamp at the outer edge of the poor community of Nakhla Papra, Kumila Khatoo rested on a mat on the mud floor. A week before when she had heard that Bhutto, the new president of Pakistan, would release the Sheik, she had begun to fast and say her prayers, and she lay there in her cotton sari and her single bracelet, waiting.

The return of Sheik Mujib symbolized victory not only over the West Pakistanis but over centuries of oppressors. The Aryans, the Moguls, the British all had dominated Bengal; and to all, the Bengalis had proved a treacherous and volatile race. At times they might pour their emotions into poetry and song. At times they might seem obsequious and fawning, even more so than a subject people need be, and then once again they would rise in violent revolt. With the creation of Pakistan in 1947, the Muslims of East Bengal had rid themselves of the Hindus who had dominated the commerce in the major cities and owned most of the large land holdings. But they had merely exchanged overlords. West Pakistan remained a semifeudal land dominated by a few dozen families, and this oligarchy soon expanded its hegemony over land to commerce and industry as well, and to East Pakistan as well as to West.* Only now, with this independent Bangladesh, would the Bengalis rule their own land.

*Twenty families controlled 66 per cent of the industrial capital and over 80 per cent of the banking. The GNP grew at over 5 per cent a year, but by 1970 the vast majority of the people were either no better or not substantially better off than they had been two decades before, and 15 to 20 per cent may have been worse off. Between 1950 and 1960 the average daily consumption of food declined from 2,010 to 1,970 calories, and the intake of protein was less than half that of inmates in German concentration camps during the last days of the second world war. Whatever the poor of the West suffered, those in the East suffered tenfold. Back in 1951-2, per capita income in the East had been 85 per cent of the West's, but by 1967-8 it had fallen to 62 per cent.

"The lands stood barren, corpses still unburied, factories silent, bridges demolished, the people hungry, but now they would begin again."

Language Learner
BANGLADESH
IN MORNING

AT THE AIRPORT THEY WAITED, then, on this fine warm morning, the bureaucrats, ministers, officials, officers, diplomats, journalists, Mukti leaders, and student leaders. The Bangladesh Army, Navy, and Air Force units stood at attention in their new uniforms, standing as tall as if they thought that their caps could touch the sun.

Peons had already laid out two red carpets, one to grace Sheik Mujib's path as he met Bengali dignitaries, and a second for greeting the diplomatic community; both carpets were shiny and pink, covered with black marks and purple water stains. Here they stood, then, the elite of Bangladesh. Even stripped of their garments they would appear a race apart from those who waited outside the airport gates. In South Asia the prosperous wear some of their wealth on their bellies, their jowls, their thighs. Syed Nazrul Islam, the acting President, a plump man, full of sensuous well-being, stood swathed in white flowing pants and shirt and sleeveless "Mujib" vest that covered his fleshy, moist skin. Tajuddin Ahmed, the acting Prime Minister, wore green pants and shirt and sandals; and he too had a cherubic face, a stomach like the Chinese god of wealth, and a neck ringed with fat.

These cabinet ministers had fled to India when

the Pak repression had begun, and they had formed a government-in-exile. They had spent much of their time feasting and drinking in Calcutta, and the struggle in Bangladesh had grown far beyond them. They had squandered the time. They had formulated no real plans. They had returned to Dacca five days after the end of the war, escorted by the Indian Army, armed only with their rhetoric and their devotion to Sheik Mujib. The Awami League really had no ideas. The party lived solely on the fervor of nationalism and the belief that life in Bangladesh would have to change.

The student leaders, too, stood near the apex of this hierarchy of fervor. Unlike the common people they loved *their* Sheik Mujib. "Whatever is done by the people of Bangladesh is not beyond the knowledge of Sheik Mujibur Rahman," Nurul Alam Siddique, president of the pro-Awami League Student League would say, and his three colleagues would nod in approval. At the airport the four student leaders and the ministers came together touching, holding hands, hugging. The ministers were not pandering to the student leaders, for the universities, the colleges, the schools had provided most of the boys and young men who joined the Mukti Bahini and fought the Pakistani Army. These students generally did not join f



Jason Le

logical reasons or out of loyalty to the Awami League. They fought out of outrage and idealism. They fought, too, many of them, because they had little choice, because the Pakistanis were bringing down Bengali youth, because the Pakistanis considered a fresh face or a youthful body enough of treachery.

The four student leaders were not masters of movement, and they trafficked mainly in words, speech, and rhetoric. In this, however, they had few peers. They had given Bangladesh its flag, and they would give this day its perfect symbol. The Sheikh was to have ridden from the airport to the racecourse in a black Mercedes, but the night before the students had said no, he would not do. And they had brought an old open truck to the airport, a truck decorated with red-and-blue bunting, with tires as smooth as glass, and a front windshield shattered by a bullet, and they said that the Sheikh would sit here on a brown sofa in the back of the truck, that here he could greet his people.

Pestilence

THE STUDENT LEADERS and the cabinet ministers would stand beside the Sheikh, and direct from behind in a jeep would come some of the Mukti Bahini. Here Sheikh Helal Uddin, a twelve-year-old nephew of Sheikh Mujib's, decided he would ride. He was now in the airport café at a table by himself, wearing his olive-green uniform, stuffing uncut bread into his mouth. The café was crowded with journalists and officials hurriedly drinking tea and bread, and Sheikh Helal Uddin sat there, the only child in the room, alone at his table. He was small, small even for his age, well under five feet, and sinewy, so shy that he seemed to have a perpetual blush on his face. Yet he had a certain pride and confidence that allowed him to sit there alone, untroubled by those who crowded the seat.

On the night of March 25, when the repression began, Helal Uddin had realized something was wrong, though he did not know what it might be. He had run away from his family in Khulna and to Faridpur, his uncle's home district. There he stayed with his grandparents. One night they heard the Pak Army was coming, and they fled across the river. As he looked back, he could see his house on fire. A week later they returned and found the village burned to the ground and the bodies lying with their throats cut open. The soldiers had machine-gunned or bayoneted them to death, and they had raped the women, burned the houses and the fields, and now the boys who were still alive were going to join the Mukti Bahini.

Helal Uddin went with them to the village of Bhalanj in Khulna district. The Mukti captain told Helal Uddin that he was too young, he could

not even lift a rifle. But, finally, the captain let him stay. He learned to put magazines in the machine guns, though he could never quite manage to take one out. They traveled by night and slept by day, and only after liberation in December did they come out in the open. It was then that they found the men huddled in the hold of a boat. The men were afraid, and when the guerrillas found arms in the boat, they admitted that they were Razakars, members of the Pak paramilitia. The Razakars led them to their camp where the Mukti found still more Razakars, until they had 204 in all. The guerrillas took their prisoners to the village where the Razakars said they had stayed. The village had been burned down, and the people who were still alive said that the Razakars had done it, had taken their rice and looted their homes and killed their men; and now even the Mukti captain, who at first had wanted merely to imprison the Razakars, agreed that they should be killed. And so they killed them, and Sheikh Helal Uddin drove his bayonet into the bellies of six of them.

THE LIBERATION STRUGGLE aged such boys far beyond what usually passes for manhood and maturity. There had been rites of passage, of horror and heroism, beyond words, beyond comprehension. At first to the Bengali people themselves the Pakistani oppression had remained just another pestilence, along with floods, money-lenders, disease, famine. Then in November 1970 a great cyclone came raging up out of the Bay of Bengal. Half a million died, and those who keep records of such things called the cyclone the greatest natural disaster in human history. The Pakistani government did almost nothing to relieve the suffering, to feed the starving, to bury the rotting, bloated bodies of the drowned. This conscious disdain aroused the dormant, passive feelings of the Bengali people and drove them to a peak of fury.

In March 1971, when Sheikh Mujib called for a noncooperation movement to force Yahya Khan to grant East Pakistan provincial autonomy, all across East Bengal the shops, the offices, the factories, the mills closed, and even those who had known Gandhi and his movement stood awed at the discipline and will of the Bengali people.

On the evening of the twenty-fifth, when the Awami League office in the great port city of Chittagong received the telephone call saying that the Pakistani tanks were moving through Dacca, the party workers spread out across the city shouting the news. The Bengalis came out in the streets in the dark hours of the early morning. They yelled "*Joi Bangla*" (Victory to Bengal), and they walked and ran toward the army cantonment where the Pakistanis were killing hundreds of Bengali recruits in their sleep. The Bengalis carried spears, rifles, shot-

"The return of Sheikh Mujib symbolized victory not only over the West Pakistanis but over centuries of oppressors."

guns, bows and arrows, and *daos*, the curved knife of Bengal, and they took up positions in the hills and trees and roads that surround the great cantonment area stretching for miles on the edge of the city. Some of the Bengalis were so fierce in their fury, so outraged, that they could not be held back, and they ran forward into the cantonment until they were cut down by machine-gun bursts, a few of them rising again to throw their spears arching up into the sky.

That night the East Bengal Regiment (EBR) of the Pak Army revolted. In the early morning hours, Major Zia Rahman led a contingent of the 8th EBR out of the cantonment to regroup in the Kalurghat area. There he met Captain Harun of the East Pakistan Rifles (EPR), the Bengali border patrol, and they formed what was the first Bangladesh liberation army. Shopkeepers opened their gun shops, the police their armory, the gun clubs their arsenals, sportsmen their gun cases. Merchants gave rice and cloth and cigarettes and medicine. The women of the city prepared food and the people donated money—rickshaw drivers a few annas, rich men thousands of rupees.

For several days the Bengalis held out, keeping the Pak Army penned up in the cantonment, undaunted by the shelling from the PNS *Babur* in the harbor and the sniping from Pak soldiers holding fortified positions in the city. When the Pakistani soldiers first came out of the cantonment they deceived the Bengalis by dressing as civilians, carrying the flag of Bangladesh, and shouting "*Joi Bangla*." When the first four tanks came out of the cantonment soon afterward, it is said that some of the students decided they would have to be stopped. The people of the city would need more time to escape. Already, on March 26, the Bengalis had dug trenches in front of the K-Rahman Ice Cream factory along the route where the tanks would have to come. The plan was for some of the students to fire guns at the tanks, to attract them so that they would come rumbling over the ditches where other boys would lie crouched with mines. The boys who were to divert the tanks could not afford to fail, so they stood up openly and fired their guns, and they were killed by machine-gun bullets. The boys in the ditches could not afford to fail either, so they pressed the mines up against the bottoms of the tanks without setting the timers, and they died in the explosions.

Terror

WHEN THE FIRST Mukti Bahini guerrilla units entered Bangladesh in late April and May, they began to eliminate collaborators from the villages. In the Chittagong area, as all across Bangladesh, these Mukti Bahini were mainly students from homes of prosperous or moderate

circumstances. Now they were terrorists. They went into villages, and when they knew they could trust the villagers, they would tell them that they were Mukti and then ask them if any collaborators or Razakars lived there.

By the summer months the Mukti had killed most of the collaborators who lived in isolated villages, and the Pakistani Army was growing less assured, venturing out of its barracks cantonments into the countryside only in strong numbers and only by day. The soldiers were Punjabis, Afghans, Kashmiris, Sindhis, and Baluchis—martial peoples, manly races. They looked toward the Middle East for their culture and often to the past for their dreams, to the time of Mogul rule. What could they think of these Bengalis, then, these soft brown little men in skirts, prone to gasps of emotion, to tears even, so proud of their Bengali culture, a culture as much Hindu as Muslim, a people more South Asian than "true" Pakistani? These Bengalis were *kafir*, nonbelievers, or so the West Pakistanis thought, and they hated them and their land, this land that had nothing of the austere grandeur of the desert, this land that now in the monsoon had become an immense and fringing expanse of water.

There had been no more sleek and pampered army in all of Asia, a proud force that twice fought the Indians with awesome courage. Now, though, they were slowly turning into a rabble, masquerading in the uniforms of an army; lieutenants and NCOs raped the same women; officers and men shared the same loot. They were growing bloated, prowling the land for booty: women, burning villages. They had no intention of risking their lives when they did not have to.

By August the Mukti could begin to attack police stations in the countryside and cut communications. The Pakistanis placed bamboo spikes along the rail line between Dacca and Chittagong to prevent the guerrillas from creeping in to attack passing trains. They doubled their guard on major buildings and strategic areas, and they began talking nervously about the role Indian infiltrators were playing in guerrilla activities. That was the basis of their propaganda, but they simply could not believe these Bengali boys could be harassing them.

The first major operation in Chittagong took place on the evening of August 15. Thirty-three Mukti commandos dropped into the water of the port. They wore swimming trunks and flippers. They swam on their backs with only the tips of their noses above water. In their arms they cradled eight-pound chemical mines. Sentries fired out across the water, emptying their magazines at shadows. The commandos attached their mines to eleven ships, including merchant ships and patrol boats, and as they swam back across the river the explosions rocked the port; youths, all of them, escaped into the night.

THEY HAD SUCH PRIDE in their victory, this story of the Bengali people. None would mock their courage again. None would call a race of poets and women. If only that that joy, could transform their horrors were memories, the horrors that mocked mocked their liberation, mocked their mocked their joy.

None at least could pretend to forget, but what men such as Mohammed Ul Haque? Before he troubles Haque had been doing well. He was a truck driver, but he had managed to save enough to start a little shop selling bettes and *pan*, the betel nut that South Asians love to chew. He took too much *pan* himself that the indentations from his teeth had turned black, matching the color of his hair and his moustache. He was usually on time at the place where he picked up the fifteen-ton refuse that he drove through Chittagong while workers dumped garbage and dead animals in the back.

Early in April Haque's employer, Asgar Ali, who leased vehicles to the municipality, called him and said that from now on he would have to carry dead bodies. The army sent a superintendent and six outcaste sweepers, who before had worked in the hospitals handling dead bodies and picking up corpses for postmortems.

From morning to night they worked, trip after trip, only twenty or twenty-five bodies at a time, but they could cover the loads with tarps. Haque drove to the municipal garbage dump and buried the bodies in great trenches. Haque would drive to the Wireless Colony where the Urdu-speaking refugees from Bihar and Uttar Pradesh, lived, and they would empty their rooms from the high school piled full of bodies. He would drive to the tannery, and they would remove the bodies of women who had died from the way they had been buried. He would drive along K.C. Dey Road, the main quarter, where building after building had been razed, and the pink inner walls of the houses stood open to the air like flesh, and the stench led them to the rotting corpses. Even for the sweepers, the lowest of the low, it was sometimes too much. They were paid extra money. They could take any money found on the streets and pull off rings and jewelry. But some of them refused to put severed heads into the trucks or pick up arms and legs. After two months the work let up, to six trips or less a day, but in the fall the Army took over the work completely. Yet even now, at times, it seems as if the memory of those bodies is on Haque, as if when he thinks about those days he becomes touched with death itself.



"To the Bengali people the Pakistani oppression remained just another pestilence, along with the floods, moneylenders, disease, famine."

Penny Tweedie

AND WHAT HAS IT ALL DONE to A.K.S. Afsaruddin? What is there in that face now, as he sits at his desk at the East Pakistan Railway office in Chittagong, that thin ascetic *Mullah's* face, the lips as thin as coins, the eyes so close together there is scarcely room for his high narrow nose, the sparse white beard, the teeth the color of old ivory? It is not the eyes—there are fifty-two-year-old men with watery eyes; no, it is the voice, the shudder, the shriek that stays in the voice even when he whispers.

He went back to Faiz Lake at the end of January. He saw the skulls, thirty or more, lying there in a neat geometric pile. He could smell the rotting flesh. He found the scarf of the *Mullah*, the priest of Punjabi Lane, lying in the grass along with bits and pieces of saris and shirts, and it drove him near mad.

Afsaruddin had gone to the mosque that morning of November 10 to say his prayers. When he and the priest and the three other good Muslims who came there each morning left the mosque at about 5:30 A.M., they met a Bihari from the Wireless Colony nearby. "You'll have a bad time today," the Bihari said. "You Bengalis have killed four of our people."

The Bengalis knew what this might mean. The Biharis were the most loyal Pakistanis of them all. Most of them lived in their own communities, and the Pakistan government rewarded their fidelity with middling positions and minor eco-

conomic privilege. In Chittagong over a hundred Biharis had died in two days of communal rioting in early March; more had died in the uprising at the end of March when they had sheltered Pak soldiers and sided with the Army. Since then the Biharis had been taking their revenge. They had expanded their grievances so much that their stories passed beyond the realm of mere exaggeration to one of pure deceit.

Most of the Bengalis who lived in Punjabi Lane, and the Biharis in the Wireless Colony next door, worked for the East Pakistan Railway. In letter, threat, and whispered gossip the Biharis had been questioning the patriotism of all ranking Bengali railway personnel, and they had seen to it that most of them were killed.

"Where did this happen that you are threatening us?" Afsaruddin asked.

"Up the road."

The five religious Muslims walked along the road into a wooded area past the furthest outskirts of the community. As they turned the bend in the road where the four bodies lay in the dust, they came upon a thousand or so Biharis armed with lathis, swords, iron rods, shotguns, rifles, daggers, and kukris. They ran down the road.



Penny Tw

They ran screaming through Punjabi Lane warning people to flee, and Afsaruddin and Ak Hossain, one of the other morning worshippers, ran onward to get help from the police.

Afsaruddin was a good Muslim, for years a strong believer in Pakistan, and he still had faith, in the authority of the state. He begged the police to come; he pleaded, he even went to the two superintendents of police, a Bengali and a West Pakistani. "These are minor matters," the West Pakistani said. "We'll take care of it." The Bengali at last agreed to send a detachment of police, but they got only as far as Pahartali station in the Wireless Colony.

"Nothing is happening," the Bihari officer in charge told them, and they returned to their Chittagong headquarters. Afsaruddin learned that just outside the railway station at the Wireless Colony, the Biharis had stopped the trains that brought the Bengali workers into the railway shops and offices. They stopped the 7:30 A.M. train, and they stopped the 8:10 as well. They had rifles and daggers and Sten guns, and they herded the people together and took them somewhere. But where? Reports of missing people were coming into the police station now, and there was near panic, and still Afsaruddin could find nothing; no proof, no bodies. Not until the evening did he go to the Pahartali bazaar, where he met Gofron Bhuyia, a twenty-eight-year-old shopkeeper with small eyes and a thin face, a triangular shape accentuated by a trim beard.

"Why are you running around like this?" Bhuyia asked. "Why are you running around like this! Looking for bodies! They are on the other side of the hill!"

Bhuyia had been up early sorting out merchandise in his little shop next to the mosque in Punjabi Lane when the Biharis surrounded the community. They forced him to go with them down the road toward an inlet of Faiz Lake, a man-made reservoir surrounded by thickly foliated hills, and one of the most popular scenic places in all of East Pakistan. He could hear voices ahead pleading, begging for mercy. They pushed him up off the road onto a field drenched with blood. He saw headless bodies, their hands still tied behind their backs. He fell to his knees. They began tying his hands behind his back. He flailed out with his one free hand and lunged forward, running toward the inlet, plunging into the water swimming away under a shower of bricks and rifle fire.

He swam to the far side of the inlet where a small hill rose up out of the water, a hill covered with brambles and vines. He had lost his shirt and *lungi* and sandals, and he tore his way through the foliage, clawing a path part way up the hill where he stumbled exhausted into a thicket of thorns. The Biharis walked around the inlet. Some of them came within a few feet of him, but finally they went away.

er lying there a half hour or so, Bhuyia
d a tiny open spot for himself and looked
ross the inlet . . . stunned . . . he could not
... think . . . only look . . . hour after hour.
tied their arms and legs together. Those
resisted they stuck with daggers, chopped
eir heads and threw the bodies into a ditch.
rest they pushed forward toward the lake
ne they cut off their heads with great butcher
s. They had drums of acid they would pour
e corpses to disfigure them beyond recogni-
Women . . . men . . . children . . . for hours
y there before he crawled away.

he Biharis still were keeping the road
cted off so Afsaruddin and three other Ben-
al crept through the woods until they reached
nlet. The moon had risen. It was like the
ng grounds of some race of ancient preda-
r. There could not be so many bodies. In his
or Afsaruddin counted. He wanted a record.
That was what he must do. Five hundred
es lying there. Five hundred. How many
e. legs and arms showing in the ditches, half-
red by dirt, who knew; but five hundred, he
accounted, he knew. He had lost all reason, all
nality; he did not care for his life. This
d not go unnoticed, five hundred bodies.

he next day Afsaruddin went to the military
orities and begged them to bury the bodies
erly, to bury them as Muslims and not just
e them there naked, their private parts show-
He called up the Circuit House, the army
quarters. They told him to shut up and asked
ame. He hung up and that evening went back
ahartali bazaar.

here he met the glass cutter who said he had
more bodies in the narrow valley across
Lake. Afsaruddin was the chronicler of the
or now, the witness, and he would go there.
he would go there and see those bodies too
count them. And so they went—Afsaruddin,
glass cutter, and a third man—to the other
of the lake up the hill to where the Pak Army
dumped the trucks, bodies, decomposing
ies, strewn there, women, girls, young,
nty, thirty, some could scarcely be fifteen.
ly girls, girls of good family, their light skin
e in the moonlight, and their bellies swollen.
many of them, they were pregnant, three or
r months pregnant, and their abdomens had
n cut with a cross, he did not fear now, he did
fear, he did not fear. 1,082 he counted. 1,082.
y must have been kept at the cantonment.
32, he did not fear, the third man fainted and
y dragged him down to the lake and doused
head in water until he came to, and then they
urned to Chittagong.

He would go to the press, he would go to the
ld, he would tell. He knew the *Daily Azadi*,
Chittagong newspaper, and he went there the
t day, but they said they could not write any-
ng. He telephoned Dacca and talked to a high

Bengali official. He tried to get a plane ticket to
Dacca to tell him, but he could not. He went to
the Superintendent of Police's office, time and
time again he went, and because of him and be-
cause of Bhuyia's complaints as well, the police
agreed to look into the matter. And then a Ben-
gali intelligence officer came up to him and told
him that his name had been leaked out. If he did
not leave he would be killed. And so he fled, wear-
ing a *lungi* instead of his usual flowing white
pants and shirt.

He has returned to the railway office now, but
still it is with him. At times he is quiet, and then
it wells up in him again, he remembers, and he
will sob and sob, again and again, until he is
scolded or shamed into being quiet.

There is nowhere Afsaruddin can go to forget.
There is nowhere any Bengali can go. Even at the
airport waiting for the Sheik there are boys who
had to suck the penises of Pakistani *jawans*. At
the end of the runway in the bunkers there are
bras and pieces of saris, and the cantonment is
near where they found girls wearing only shorts,
their hair clipped, so they could not hang them-
selves with their saris or the tresses of their hair.
That stench, that death is on everyone, on every-

“That stench,
that death is on
everyone, on
everyone but
the Sheik; the
Sheik was not
here.”



Penny Tweedle

one but the Sheik: the Sheik was not here. He has suffered, but he has not been here; there is a purity to him and to his suffering, and he alone can purge this land of all this, can bring them peace, can bring them peace, can bring them peace.

The beloved

THE ROYAL AIR FORCE Comet comes out of the eastern sky and passes across Dacca, and then, turning slowly, drops to earth. As the great silver and blue plane touches down, trailing a spume of dust, a single gasp surges through the Bengalis waiting on the tarmac. "*Our beloved leader is here. Our beloved leader is here,*" a voice, a voice on the precipice of hysteria, announces over the public address system. "*He is back after ten months. All the friends and soldiers and workers, we appeal to you to be disciplined. Our beloved leader is here.*"

The people begin sliding past the cordon of soldiers, and these youths of sixteen or seventeen are themselves so awed, so overcome, that they turn dumbfounded toward the plane. He is there. He is there in the doorway. "*We appeal to you to be disciplined.*" Hundreds of Bengalis rush through the cordon. They must touch him. They must get to him, touch him. "*Do not rush. Do not rush. We appeal to you to be disciplined.*" The ministers and high officials leave their places along the red carpet and push toward the gangplank. "*... to be disciplined. Our beloved...*" They must touch him. The ministers hurry up the staircase and garland Sheik Mujib. For a moment he cries, and then he controls himself and walks down to the ground and is engulfed in his welcomers.

The fifty-one-year-old Sheik is tall, almost six feet tall, far taller than most Bengalis, and his head and shoulders move above the crowd, a face transfigured, beyond mere emotion, the gray hair and moustache and full features quintessentially Bengali. The Bengali soldiers are trying to forge a pathway for him, screaming, begging, beseeching people to move, to get back, give *Bangabandhu* some room, don't let him be trampled. "*...rush. Do not rush...*" He is a presence above them, above the day, greeting his troops and the diplomats and then, still walking slowly, moving to the truck. Students and cameramen and onlookers, who have no business there, are climbing onto the truck, jumping on the hood, and the student leaders push them off, bending their fingers and arms until they drop to the ground.

The Sheik and the ministers and the student leaders are on the truck, and the motorcade moves past the cement walls of the airport, and now finally the Sheik sees his people. They are all Bangladesh has, all that Bangladesh can give

him, and his face begins to come alive. The two-and-one-half mile route from the airport to the racecourse is a narrow tunnel through ricksha wallahs, farmers, mill workers, peddlers, business people; students and young people line the route, this their last certain act of devotion. Sheik Mujib merges with the thirty others in the truck, and the truck merges with the soldiers who walk beside and the youths who clap and dance their way down the road, and the procession merges with the people who fall in behind, until the Sheik and the truck and the procession and the people are one organism.

"*Joi Bangla. Joi Bangla. Joi Bangla.*" Victory to Bengal. Victory to Bengal. Victory to Bengal. "*Sheik Mujib Zindabad. Sheik Mujib Zindabad.*" Long live Sheik Mujib. Long live Sheik Mujib. Thousands and thousands of young brown faces, thousands of them. Behind the procession a gigantic plume of dust rises up off the road, hundred feet up into the air, diffusing into grayish mist. The people throw garlands and white pigeons and rose petals, and the hood of the truck is soon a mass of flowers, a nest for the pigeons. Each moment the Sheik's face becomes more vivid, more graced with the emotions of the day, and the people stand there crying with the joy. They want nothing, these people, these hundreds and thousands of people. Give them work to earn enough for rice and a little fish twice a day; that is enough, that is everything, that is what they ask of their Sheik.

Even now they shield him, their bodies shield him. He cannot see that the *bustees*, the crude bamboo huts that once lay along the road, are no longer there, burned down by the Pakistanis. He cannot see the gray MPA hostel that the Pakistanis used as a prison and torturing center, or the private house behind where they slaughtered Bengalis and no one dares venture even now.

Adur Rahman stands along the road, his tears turning to laughter, his laughter again to tears. During the troubles the Pakistanis picked him up and took him to the MPA hostel. They stripped him naked, hung him from the ceiling and beat him with a rubber hose and cane until blood came from his nose. They tortured him in ways he will not talk about. For long afterwards he thought it better far to be dead than to have such memories. But today it is all gone; he is filled with joy.

The crowd presses around the truck like fish swirling in a net, and their joy, their emotion becomes almost a physical presence. For two and one half hours the truck has passed along the road, through the people, and now, turning into the great open field at the racecourse—no, it is not possible, people, people, back into the heart of the afternoon sun, the earth is nothing but people, they hang off trees, the fruit of the trees pressing toward him, a million people pressing toward him. Sheik Mujib cries. He takes his

TO: R. Shnyder son
FROM: L.H. Lougham
DATE: April 17
SUBJECT: Summer in Miami

What, if anything, do you want to do about the conventions?

I am besieged by writers of all descriptions (Washington columnists, unemployed actors, professors of political science, militant housewives, hack journalists and young men aspiring to imitate Norman Mailer); all of them want to go to Miami, and all of them promise to solve the great riddle of American politics.

How do we choose among them?

LHL

HARPER'S MAGAZINE

TO: RS
FROM: LHL
DATE: May 9th
SUBJECT: Miami

Why not both of them?

Germaine can go to the Democratic convention and write about it as a flight from sexuality. Who knows? At least she'll find argument with Mailer on the local television.

I'd like to read Vonnegut on the East Coast and politicians want to say. He has a sideways perception of things, and I doubt that he will be deceived by the familiar illusions.

LHL

To: LHL
From: RS
Date: April 20
Subject: Miami

Subject: Miami and political

I'm sick of wisdom and political savants.

Most of them will do nothing but repeat the conventional wisdom of the newspapers and the 6 o'clock news. The more solemn among them will write for the competition.

Let us try to think of an author whose words will not become stale 20 minutes after the last ballot has been cast. The deadlines prevent us from publishing an article before mid-September at the earliest. If we can't find a writer worth reading that long after the event, then we should forget the whole business.

I would prefer silence to boredom. RS

HARPER'S MAGAZINE

To: LHL
From: RS
Date: May 11
Subject: Miami

DO IT!

6/18 Bbs / Jne / Lemi

TO: RS
FROM: LHL
DATE: April 26
SUBJECT: Miami

That is no easy thing you ask.

5/4
Lemi it supposed to be.
It isn't someone like
Why not Greer or V?
Germaine Vonnegut
Kurt Vonnegut

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white handkerchief from his pocket, and he stands there, the tears washing down his face, smiling and crying, the tears streaming down.

The truck inches onto the field. They are no longer simply a crowd. There are currents, waves, ripples that pass through them, and in the distance they are like an immense field of jute swaying in the warm winter sun. The truck cannot move quite up to the speaker's platform, and the Sheik must get down and walk the last few yards. They had seemed so gentle, so tranquil in their movements, so like a field of jute, but now that mass is pressing upon him, trying to touch him, grabbing at him. They thrust and shove toward him; he appears half dazed, he is jostled and elbowed and pushed; if he should stumble, God knows what would happen. His protectors claw and pummel a path for him, dragging people off the staircase, and half lift the Sheik up to the speaker's platform.

He stands before them now. They have been waiting, many of them for eight hours or more sitting in the sun without food or drink, and they cheer, they shout "*Joi Bangla, Joi Bangla*"; shouts beyond exaltation, deep groaning shouts that burst out of them as if they were ridding themselves of tumors. The shouts, the *Joi Banglas*, surge forward, from behind him, to the sides, rolling up to the platform and beyond. He stands wiping his tears with his fine long hand, scarcely moving, scarcely able to move. While he stands there many of the dignitaries surround a young woman volunteer who has brought a thermos of ice water. They squabble, fighting for a cup of water, two, three cups more, before they walk away, satiated.

"Brothers and sisters of Bangladesh," he begins. "On this auspicious day I remember at the outset those farmers, laborers, students, and intellectuals who embraced martyrdom in the hands of the barbarous Pakistani Army during the last nine months." His voice is an elemental force, like a tidal wave or an earth tremor; a voice that comes not from him but up from the ground; a voice that embodies all the pain, the anguish, the joy; a voice that has claws to it, his every word tearing at the air. "I pray for the salvation of their departed souls. My lifelong desire is fulfilled today. My Golden Bengal is today an independent and sovereign state."

He is speaking extemporaneously but each sentence, each thought, has rhythm and pace, the emotions of each phrase, each idea, rising above what he said before, its excesses, its emotions made tolerable only by what has come before. The young Awami League leaders stand behind Sheik Mujib, and although they are preventing thousands of Bengalis from seeing their leader, they refuse to move. They stand proudly, arms folded, finally sitting down when the speech is more than half over.

"We will not cry anymore," Sheik Mujib says,

and as he speaks he is crying. "'Oh my Golden Bengal I love thee,' Kabiguru Rabindranath Tagore once said, 'Oh mother Bengal you have created seventy million Bengalis but you have not allowed them to grow to manhood.' But this is no longer true of the people of Bangladesh. The people of Bangladesh have proved to the world that they are a nation of heroes."

He carries his people far beyond their troubles; he charges the whole struggle with meaning and as he takes his people from emotion to emotion, memory to memory, hope to hope, he says what has to be said. He has been in prison during nine months of the most momentous change a nation could go through, and yet he is able to speak as if he had never left the country, as if he had led the liberation struggle with his language and a gun. He does not have to ask his advisers what to say this day. He knows. He quiets the hatred against the Biharis by asking the new Bengalis to become true Bengalis. He knows his country needs massive aid from abroad and calls for that aid with pride.

The afternoon is ending in a purple haze, the setting sun turns his face golden. The people are quieting now, swaying to the rhythms of his words, and now his speech crescendoes. It drives his emotions, his language, up to the edge of uncontrol.

"The new Bengal will grow up. The people of Bangladesh will be jubilant, happy, free, and they will have enough to eat. That is the goal of my life. Today I appeal to Allah to give me that blessing."

"My dear brothers, there are still 400,000 Bengalis in West Pakistan."

"My dear brothers, I know the conspiracy has not yet ended."

"Bengalis, be vigilant against conspiracy."

"I cannot speak anymore. Let us pray."

Sheik Mujib leads the people in prayer, and then he shouts, "*Joi Bangla*."

"*Joi Bangla*."

"*Joi Bangla*."

"*Joi Bangla*."

"*Joi Bangla*."

"*Joi Bangla*."

"Bangladesh omor." Bangladesh is immortal.

"*Hoi. Hoi*." It is. It is.

"Bangladesh omor."

"*Hoi. Hoi*."

"Bangladesh omor."

"*Hoi. Hoi*."

"Shaheed smriti." To the memory of the martyrs.

"*Omor hoak*." Let it be immortal.

"Shaheed smriti."

"*Omor hoak*."

"Shaheed smriti."

"*Omor hoak*."

Sheik Mujib sits down on the floor of the platform and his friends come and surround him and look at him with great love. They fan him with

ands. "Oh my God, oh my God, oh my
ne cries. All the emotion has drained out
and out of the day, and as the sun sets
a distant mosque the people pass from
ecourse, pass quietly away, fading into
t.

II

RE WOULD BE NO MORE DAYS like that one.
ere would be speeches and ceremonies,
of them, but they would not be the same.
ays later Sheik Mujib took office as Prime
ier. He arrived at Banga Bhavan, Bengal
wearing the same traditional costume of
hite pants, billowing shirt, and sleeveless
at he had worn on his return to Bangla-
On this day, however, he traveled not in
truck but in a closed black Mercedes. As
ed into the main lounge, an elegant room
ith chandeliers, he passed among diplo-
ugh officials and their brilliantly dressed
Awami League leaders, army officers, and
asional petty bureaucrat. The audience
laded with the appropriate mixture of fervor
traint, and the dignitaries, understanding
stance of power and the rituals of its cele-
til, listened with rapt attention as Sheik
took his oath.

The new Prime Minister and his government
nted problems of almost unprecedented
ude. The conflict had so thoroughly deva-
Bangladesh that it would take two to three
dollars just to repair the damage, the
job of rehabilitation since the days of the
ull Plan after World War II. Relief ships
not even come into the port of Chittagong
e mines and sunken ships still blocked the
bi. The rail line between Chittagong and
the great passageway for goods and ma-
was not yet open. The farmers needed
plant their annual crop of wet rice if the
of Bangladesh were not to be dependent
ef food for another year. Before the mon-
ive months away, there would have to be
nent bridges on the roads; the temporary
res would wash away, leaving Bangladesh
of isolated islands. Tons and tons of food
be stored in warehouses across the country
n, or the people would go hungry.
k Mujib counted on help from the devel-
world as well as on the nearly unanimous
t of the Bengali people. The millions of
es who had fled across the border or to re-
villages did not wait for promises of sus-
e or seed before they began returning
and the roads and rivers were full of peo-
hen the villagers reached their homes, as
is not they found that the Pakistanis had
l them and the monsoon rains had melted
he mud walls.

The villages had almost no seed or bullock or
money, and when a rumor spread across Bangla-
desh that all those who had filled out the green
application cards at the Labor Exchange would
be given work, the people left their villages by
the tens of thousands. The officials at the various
Labor Exchanges told them that there was no
work, but the villagers did not believe them, and
they came, five, six, then ten thousand a day, to
Dacca alone. Their *lungis* and bewildered faces
set them apart from the people of the city, and
once they had their green cards, they hurried
out of Dacca.

The government seemed almost paralyzed.
East Pakistan had been a provincial government.
Now, with the West Pakistani bureaucrats gone,
with many of the Bengali officers dead and those
who remained alive suspect for remaining alive,
and with Bihari clerks and minor officials afraid
to come to their offices, this same provincial gov-
ernment was required to administer the affairs

"His voice is an
elemental force,
like a tidal wave
or an earth
tremor; a voice
that comes not
from him, but
up from the
ground."



Jason Laurie

of what had become the world's eighth largest nation. Those administrators who had remained in the country during the liberation struggle were not willing to risk their positions by making decisions. They merely shuffled papers and passed memos up to the highest levels of government. The cabinet ministers ended up dealing with matters that clerks should have handled. They worried about questions of visas and protocol. They named a national flower, a national bird, and a national marching song. They simply had no idea, no sense of the size of Bangladesh's problems. At the present rate, the population would double in twenty-three years, growing from 75 million to 150 million in what was already one of the world's most densely populated countries. Zahir Ahmed Chowdhury, then Minister of Labor, Health and Family Planning, was said to have three wives and twenty-two children. When the government announced its first list of priorities, birth control ranked twentieth.

Favor seekers besieged the government. The poor of the countryside and of the cities asked very little, but many Bengalis thought they should be able to cash in their anguish for businesses belonging to Biharis and West Pakistanis, for import licenses, for teaching posts, for government sinecures. A great many administrative vacancies did exist, and Awami Leaguers began acquiring them. Some of them were grasping men, puffed up with their new importance. There would be money now, bridge contracts, road contracts, positions managing the industries the government would be taking over, and they and their friends were available. They would do favors, certainly, but for a price. Many of these bureaucrats did not even come to work regularly, and Sheik Mujib had to begin making spot checks on offices to see just which officials were at their desks.

The Prime Minister worked from early morning until after ten at night, but he spent hours of his time more like a *sirdar*, a village chieftain, than the Prime Minister of a great country. He loved his people. He felt a great need to greet delegation after delegation of students, soldiers, villagers, anyone who did not have anything critical to say. He listened to politicians and business people and bureaucrats, listened as they asked for favors or proffered advice, listened because he thought himself the physical embodiment of the nation, listened because it was his job to listen. His decisions often depended on who had talked to him last, and that was much the way the Pakistanis had run the government.

Sheik Mujib still could charge the symbols and rhetoric of the liberation struggle with meaning and intensity, and that was the function he performed above all others. He flew to Calcutta, 150 miles from Dacca, and the people came out to see him by the millions. Sheik Mujib had become a symbol of *their* identity as Bengalis; West Ben-

gali intellectuals had, in fact, begun to accuse India of exploiting West Bengal, just as a decade before the Bengalis of the East had accused Pakistanis.

Sheik Mujib flew to Moscow. Here he signed trade agreements that saddled Bangladesh with further economic burdens. He had little choice because the Western countries were not sending anywhere near the amount of aid he had expected, and the Western voluntary agencies were merely dabbling in relief. They had come, UNICEF, Erik's Children Help, the Red Cross, Save the Children Fund, the United Nations, OXFAM, Ramakrishna, Seventh-Day Adventists, Methodists, CARE—fifty some organizations in all. Over seventy Red Cross workers stayed in the Intercontinental Hotel, a splendid high-rise, \$20 rooms, cheeseburgers, and French cuisine. Traveling from famine to famine, holocaust to holocaust, from Peru to Biafra to Bangladesh, these relief workers were not that much different from diplomats or foreign correspondents. They brought in all the wrong things: 250,000 second long underwear from Germany, baby food in canned herring, heavy blankets, used Western clothing.

Bangladesh needed bulldozers, trucks, bridge-building equipment, boats. Bangladesh needed money, money to pay workers to unload goods to repair roads, money to buy what they needed as they needed it.

The government was doing almost nothing to repair the damaged roads and bridges, and the villagers were trying to fix them with their hands. Even by March work had still not begun clearing the Chittagong harbor, and across Bangladesh the soldiers and Mukti Bahini were doing almost no rehabilitation work. The soldiers themselves, particularly the younger officers, had begun to speak openly against the Indian Army that in December had defeated the Pakistanis and freed Bangladesh. Since then Mrs. Gandhi had proven extremely generous in her aid, the soldiers knew by now that the Indian Army had carried the Pakistani arms back over the border, leaving the Bangladesh Army as little more than a police force. The Indians sent truckload after truckload of mill equipment back to the border too, and much of the jute crop as well.

In many areas the Mukti Bahini were maintaining law and order, but in other areas the guerrillas merely roamed the countryside. They had nothing really to tell the villagers—no guidance, no direction—but the villagers deferred to them nonetheless. In certain districts the Mukti Bahini went out at night hunting down leftist revolutionaries who believed in an ideology similar to that of the pro-Maoist Naxalites of West Bengal. Some of these groups had sided with the Pakistanis during the struggle, but some of them had fought for the liberation of Bangladesh, and often the Mukti Bahini did not make a distinction between

vo. The Maoists gathered arms and waited. believed that soon the people would turn to A few of the Mukti Bahini did join with aists, but only a few. Most could find noth- or their idealism and joy and dedication to on. Their hatreds, their youthful arrogance ild day by day. The worst were those who lone the least during the time of trouble, he worst lived in Dacca. The only direction ad was the direction of their hatred, and as toward the Biharis in their communities rpur and Mohammedpur on the outskirts cca.

the end of January major fighting broke out rpur, and the grayish smoke of shelling ed over the city. The government began g out busloads of Biharis, sending them off o more than a bundle of belongings, taking omen and children to refugee camps, the to prison. Relief workers and journalists ot allowed to enter Mirpur because the vment said that in certain sections the his had built bunkers and other fortifications ere planning a final resistance. Several alists did manage, finally, to get into the y and they found that this was not true. The his had given up their weapons. They were l, and they had little food or water.

It was not the Bengali people, the mourners, ricken, who were treating the Biharis so. e highest authority of the state. The *jawans*

and police must have understood this, accepted it as their license, for the EBR officers and police officials lost control of their men. In Mirpur and Mohammedpur they could not stop them from looting; they could threaten and command, but the looting did not stop.

The people of the cities were growing fearful again. Before they had feared the Pak Army; now they were not sure just what they had to fear. They did fear the bands of *dacoits*, who before had robbed with daggers and *daos*, and now entered homes carrying submachine guns and automatic rifles. They did fear those Mukti Bahini who were hijacking cars at will. Most of all, though, they feared the unknown, the future. Many of those who had been the most critical of the Awami League government had now grown quiet, and those who at first had been euphoric now expressed doubts.

By spring the people were coming, thousands of them a day, to live in Dacca, and their crude shacks spread across the landscape, along railway tracks and roads, wherever they could find a bit of space. They were always there waiting in front of Sheik Mujib's house in Dhanmandi: villagers wanting bullock and seed standing around smoking the tiny cigars called *bidis*; distant relatives and friends more distant still from the Sheik's home district of Faridpur ready to ask one favor or another; students with petitions and poems for *Bangabandhu*; union dele-

"The relief workers were not that much different from diplomats or foreign correspondents. They brought in all the wrong things."



gations demanding higher wages. When Sheik Mujib left his house he might say a few words to them and they would shout, "*Joi Bangla*." Then he would step into the back seat of the Mercedes, and the car would rush into the city, past the ornamental lake near Dhanmandi where every day more of the homeless built their *bustees* until soon it seemed their bamboo shacks would cover the very road on which the Prime Minister traveled.* At the gate to President's House, across from a field where trenches full of human bone had been found, the chauffeur would nudge the car through a crowd of laborers, rickshaw drivers, Indian *jawans*, and villagers. Once inside the compound, Sheik Mujib would get out and hurry into his office.

Outside the curtained, glass doors to the Prime Minister's office, the petitioners waited, ten, fifteen, twenty of them. They all had what they considered reasons of the utmost urgency why they should see the Prime Minister, and they whispered their requests into the ears of the men who controlled Sheik Mujib's schedule. These men who surrounded the Sheik were the sort who always gravitate toward power, *Mosahab* they are called in Bengali, yes-men, their hands as smooth as satin, their language as smooth as their hands. They were just where they wanted to be, and they were marvelously adept at turning away those petitioners whom they did not want the Prime Minister to see.

ONE AFTERNOON AFTER Sheik Mujib had been Prime Minister for a month, he sat on a white couch in his long, high-ceilinged office talking to a journalist. "Oh yes, my boy," he said, "my people have fought empty-handed against the mighty forces of Pakistan." He spoke scarcely above a whisper, the words sighing out of him:

"My people are a brave people, brave not only now but brave for hundreds of years. My people know how to die."

Sheik Mujib lived on pure and perfect emotion. He drew his listener into him, into his Bangladesh, and by fiat, by his mere presence in the room, the listener became a part of Sheik Mujib's Bangladesh. To discuss the realities of the country would be to sully the emotion, and the journalist continued talking in tones of reverence and awe.

"What amazes me," the journalist said, "is that when you came back, you had been in prison for nine months, and yet you knew exactly what to say."

"I know them. They know me. I love them. I love my people and my people love me. And I know their minds and I know their courage. And

At the end of March, government trucks moved the 5,000 or so squatters from the park near Sheik Mujib's home to empty lots five miles from Dacca.

I know their sincerity, and they know my sincerity. And whatever I say the people will believe. There is absolutely no question about it."

His every word embraced his people, and he insisted on their embrace. His feelings went beyond arrogance or pride. This was a vision that sustained and hurt him, and he was true to it, for he carried his emotion out before him like an open wound.

"What about the situation now?" the journalist asked finally. "I see the Labor Exchange. Every day there are more people coming, people by the thousands looking for work."

"It's a serious problem, the unemployment problem," Sheik Mujib said. "Our factories aren't working. I have to arrange it. I can start new industries."

"But some of your most dedicated workers are growing pessimistic," the journalist said. "They say that opportunists are coming in and taking positions. They say that enough is not being done."

"Nothing of the kind. Nobody is coming," Sheik Mujib answered in a voice touched with irritation. He could brook no criticism that hurt him so. "I have my own program before me. I am a clear-cut man. I believe in a secular state. I believe in socialism. The real problem is that all the workers, all the students have lost something."

"Then it's just a normal reaction?"

"No reaction. No reaction. Don't say it's a normal reaction. One or two persons may say things, but there are so many people here in Bangladesh who joined with Yahya Khan, the Razakars. These people might talk, but the people who have sacrificed, the people who have suffered, they know how they have achieved their independence. And they love me, no doubt."

Sheik Mujib ended the interview abruptly. There were some students among those waiting to see the Prime Minister, but many of the young people were growing weary of Sheik Mujib's rhetoric, and they had begun to doubt him. Sheik Mujib embodied Bangladesh and Bengalis, and to doubt him was to doubt himself, their whole struggle, and to be filled with self-loathing and despair.

Despite them and despite Sheik Mujib and his government, though, the life of Bangladesh, the life of the countryside, was reasserting itself. The villagers were rebuilding their homes and plowing their fields. In the summer the great rain of the monsoon fell upon the land, covering the parched and fissured earth, covering the crumbling bunkers of the Pak Army, covering what remained of the skeletons and the tank tracks of the other rubbish of war, covering all with a blanket of water, and, as it always did this time of year, *Sonar Bangla*, golden Bengal, appeared luxuriant and fertile and rich with promise.

COMMENTARY

This new section of Harper's is a forum for writers to express themselves about anything that deeply concerns them. The editors welcome substantially brief contributions on all kinds of issues, major or minor, including some of those raised by the magazine's regular articles. Both this month's Commentaries serve to amplify the articles. Below, Sylvia Kronstadt discusses the implications of Philip Schrag's "Lessons for Libertarians" (July issue), a piece on consumer fraud that described, among other things, Kronstadt's own work as an undercover investigator for New York City's Department of Consumer Affairs.

CONSUMERISM AS A MOVEMENT exudes an exhilarating aura of a war that can guiltlessly be fought out. The need is obvious. The cause is just. The masses are behind it. And the enemy is bad.

For a movement that purports to be dedicated to justice and human welfare, consumerism has been woefully lacking in depth and humanity. There has been a striking unwillingness to confront the consumer issue as an intricate outgrowth of a whole system of values and priorities—a system that also produces wars, depressions, political corruption, and pollution.

It is now commonplace to compare corporate "robbers of the public" with the gun-toting tough who holds up innocent citizens on the streets. The analogy is not overdrawn. Both are criminals in the literal sense, distinguished only by the corporate criminal's financial resources and education, which enable him to rob more massively, more brazenly, and creatively. And, of course, freer of legal and legal retaliation.

Even if the corporate rascal operates with relative impunity compared with the mugger, he also deserves far less understanding. It is no longer reasonable or intelligent to regard the common criminal as merely evil or depraved. We now see him as a victim of his environment, a product of social conditioning, a human being capable of learning to do good or bad. Ultimately, perhaps it is the responsibility of the culture that has robbed him of his basic humanness to rehabilitate him and to rectify the conditions that spawned his criminal aggressions.

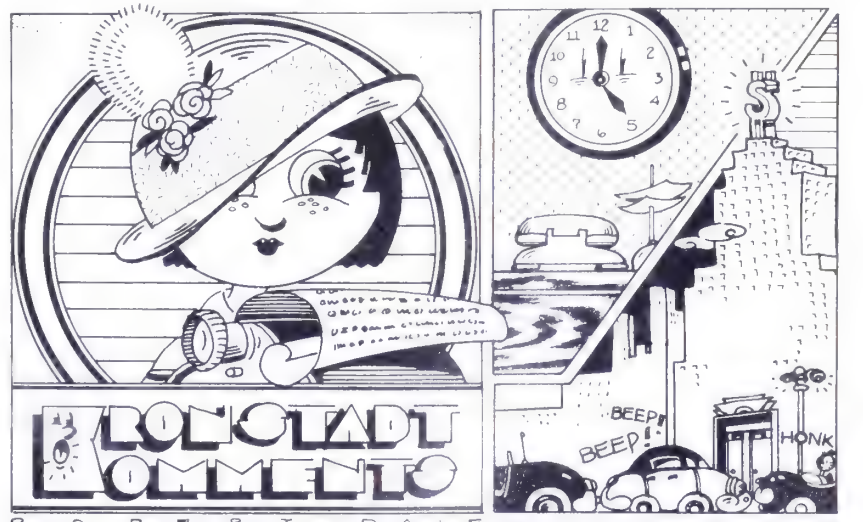
Consumerism has not even begun to view the "white-collar criminals" within any kind of humanistic schema. Perhaps our culture still requires

the luxury of at least one object at which blind outrage can acceptably be vented, or perhaps each social movement must pass through a stage that is characterized by a belief in a concrete, blameworthy, and thoroughly vile villain. At any rate, the consumer movement is saturated with the valiant-crusader mentality; and crusaders, like soldiers, require a detestable foe. For today's energetic consumer advocate, the "worst" crooks make the "best" cases, and the more damnable the deception, the more delicious the outrage. We are muckrakers who avoid digging up the whole story, because what we're in the mood for is a juicy exposé—victory rather than social change.

Thus, just as the unscrupulous businessman thinks of the consumer as object—as a statistic, or a "commission"—in order to cheat him, so consumers and their advocates depersonalize and stereotype the businessman in order to blame him. We have no patience with earnest conversation and presumptions of innocence. We're psyched up for combat.

As a result, we blindly refuse to confront the most fundamental questions of the consumer issue: what is it about our economic system that produces people capable of cheating each other? What ethics, what necessities, what priorities in American culture create—and reward—the kinds of motivations and rationalizations that enable deceit and greed to permeate the apparatus of production and distribution?

The answers to these questions would most assuredly have an effect on the swaggering, un-



AT THE STROKE OF FIVE...

COMMENTARY cluttered outrage of the consumer movement. If we permitted ourselves to "know the enemy," to understand why he is the way he is, our capacity for blame, and for ferocious battle, would be vastly diminished. The giant screen we have erected to create the illusion of a nefarious corporate Oz would topple, and a man would emerge who looks just like us.

Something like this happened to me during my undercover experience at Superior Research, of which Professor Schrag wrote. The first shock was that Ron Lumak, the evil and ruthless mastermind of Superior's operation, was a warm and decent young man—a twenty-one-year-old kid from New Jersey whose foreign-born parents had taught him that to make it big in this land of opportunity was about the noblest thing one could do. He was deeply religious, tied strongly to his family, and he had a code of honor by which he lived scrupulously, but he quickly learned that in order to be really American, he would need two codes—one to use from nine to five, the other during what remained of his day.

Lumak's goal was to have a white Mercedes-Benz and a Fifth Avenue office; and because he was bright and hardworking and a superb imitator, he had both before he was twenty-two years old. But Lumak was not born with those kinds of life-goals, nor did he invent *ex nihilo* the smooth-talking, calculated, subtly coercive style that characterized his "business personality." He learned these things from countless messages that had bombarded him since consciousness, and during apprenticeships with two large firms, from people who were "successful." Money-making was the great American game, and he was playing it by the only rules he knew. Even his markup, which we deemed "unconscionable," was copied directly from the nation's two largest and best-known book-selling firms.

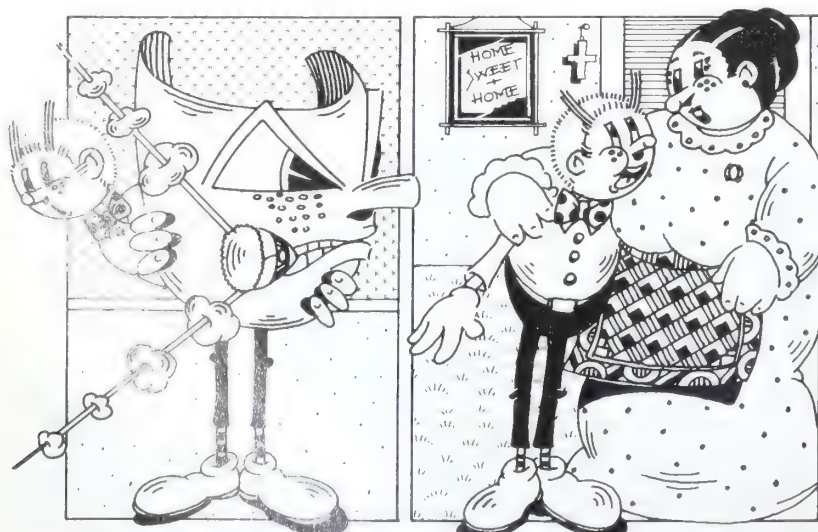
On the one hand, Ron Lumak was a pathetically misdirected young man, a sad waste of intelligence and energy. On the other, he was the

perpetrator of substantial consumer fraud. In my role as consumer advocate, I had permitted myself to act in full consciousness of Lumak as a complex, comprehensible individual. I could not have maintained my vehement aversary stance. I would have crumbled and blurted out the compromising question, "Lumak, why? How can you do these things?"

CONSUMER ADVOCATES HAVE consciously avoided facing the discrepancy between the basic decency of people and their corruption in the marketplace context. If we were to accept the notion that the guilt is in the system, and not in the individuals who fill its slots, our task would become unbearably complex. Faced with the immediacy of defrauded consumers, the need for somebody to throw to the lions is difficult to understand. But this stance has compromised the ultimate credibility of the consumer movement by submerging the humanity of everyone involved. What we are really dealing with is total tragedies, not mere criminals and victims, but we still find the clean decisiveness of executions more satisfying and emotionally more tolerable than dialogue.

If consumerism's shallow field of vision made it easier for consumer advocates to wage their crusades with untroubled relish, it has enabled the consuming public to avoid confronting its collective guilt. One of the consumer movement's most blatant flaws has been the propensity of all of us to compartmentalize roles, to view producers as "them" and consumers as "us." Of course we are all consumers victimized in varying degrees; but so too are we all producers, and potential partners in consumer fraud. Consumers are also TV repairmen, used-car salesmen, encyclopedia peddlers, home-improvement contractors. Consumers are stockholders with voting rights. They are union members with versatile collective-bargaining powers. Consumers work in advertising-accountability departments of the mass media. They license many businesses, and inspect others. Collectively, consumers have tremendous power in their roles as producers, but as individuals, have shown an unwillingness to use that power to any advantage but our own. And because decision-making processes are so diffused, the division of labor so complete, each individual, even one in an executive position, finds it possible to disclaim real responsibility and plead powerlessness, while continuing to enjoy his cut of the status quo.

I recall my sudden disorientation when I discovered that an "oppressed consumer" for whom I was trying to get a substantial refund was employed as a salesman for another company under investigation. I knew that, as a commissioned employee of this company, the man



THE CORPORATE OZ... IS A DIFFERENT MAN!!

gly lying to other consumers in order to
s living, yet I was obtaining a refund for
the ground that *he* had been defrauded.
larly, Ron Lumak's book-selling scheme
ot have survived had there not been scores
le, all of them "consumers," who were
to carry it out for their own gain. These
ls were not depraved big-city smoothies
were college students, divorcées, unem-
computer programmers, aspiring ac-
night-shift waitresses. I remember their
laughs and averted eyes during the sales
g session, as they learned the little lies
ould earn them their livings. Two of them
disgust and reported the operation to
ork City's Department of Consumer Af-
ut dozens of others submerged their guilt
opiate of \$20 commissions. Few sales-
ave ever complained to the Department
the shenanigans of their employer until
ere fired, or themselves cheated by him.
crooked vocational school could not sur-
thout its legions of salesmen—just "aver-
ys trying to earn a living"—who are
to spew out a stream of lies to other "aver-
ys," to get a signature on a contract. The
obile executive cannot turn out shoddy
dangerous cars without the cooperation of
e hierarchy of designers, engineers, and
workers. And they couldn't be sold with-
e manipulative puffery of admen and the
ongues of car dealers. And if more mes-
s were honest, perhaps there would be less
or their services, less need for new parts,
eed for new cars. But then there would
er used cars to sell, and what would all
sed-car dealers do?

guilt is shared. The executives at the top
machine may profit more from consumer
but that is merely a structural reality, and
e foundation of the fraud, nor the driving
behind its perpetuation. In order for deceit
trish, compromise and complicity must
ate the economic system. And at every
he motivation is the same: each of us
more for himself, and to get it we are
to cheat, facilitate cheating, ignore cheat-
rationalize cheating. The fact that those
op are getting more does not alter the fact
e're all grabbing.

are all prisoners of the system, economi-
nd ideologically. The prison's walls are not
cable, but they derive their strength from
et that we are the system's profiteers as
s its victims. Few of us are willing to tear
the walls if it means threatening our rela-
-secure and sumptuous cubicles. Until
ners demand scrupulous integrity from
lves in their roles as producers—even to
own financial detriment—they cannot ex-
ior ultimately merit, a wholesome market-

OUR GENERAL FAILURE to view the madness
of the marketplace as a complex and full-
blown human problem, instead of a somewhat
romanticized confrontation between good and
evil, has thrust the consumer advocate into the
role of heroically protective white knight, a role
that, besides being unrealistic, has the potential
for working to the consumer's detriment.

The power to protect is a large and pre-
sumptuous power, especially since the nature
and scope of the protection to be provided are
seldom well-defined. When we agree to be pro-
tected we rarely envision a loss of our own free-
dom, yet the power of the consumer advocate
can easily become akin to the power of those who
would protect us from prurient movies, radical
speeches, or falling dominoes in far-off places.

The protector must take it upon himself to
evaluate the instincts of his flock. He may de-
termine that the sheep need more help than they
realize. Consumer advocates constantly make
judgments about the ability of consumers to
think for themselves, to recognize reasonable
prices, to ask intelligent questions, to say no.
An example of the result of such judgments is
contained in a recent consent decree obtained
by the Department of Consumer Affairs. In it, a
New York City firm agrees not even to attempt
to peddle its product to consumers who earn less
than a specified weekly income. Clearly, more
than the company's freedom is at stake here.

The goal of the consumer advocate—obviously
a distant one—should be to make his own func-
tion unnecessary. Yet we spend most of our time
investigating and regulating, and little of it
educating. Consumer-protection regulations that
require various kinds of disclosures have done
a great deal to enable consumers to make intel-
ligent, informed buying decisions.

But regulations, though vital, are defensive
reactions that never confront—nor quash—the
impulses that prompt the proscribed behavior.
Their enforcement is difficult, expensive, and
subject to political whim. And their effectiveness
is minimized by the creative accommodations of
corporate masterminds. Improve your locks, and
the thief will devise a more ingenious way to
rob you.

Yet for every day we devote to devising new
locks, we spend only minutes teaching people
the questions they should ask before opening
the door. Education is a slow process, uncon-
ducive to tangible measurement and contro-
versial press releases. But until we have worked
to create a sophisticated and independent con-
suming public, the efforts of the consumer ad-
vocate will lock the consumer in, just as much
as they will free him.

For example, as a result of abuses suffered by
many consumers in door-to-door sales, regula-
tions are being considered that would prohibit
in-house sales of more than a prescribed dollar

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partmentalize
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value. Yet millions of consumers annually make substantial and satisfactory purchases in the comfort of their homes. An attorney at the Department commented that he would exclude everyone but Avon ladies and Fuller Brush men from residential selling, but it is obvious that such a policy would only transfer consumer fraud to a different and less convenient arena, while simultaneously denying consumers the right to determine whom they will admit into their homes and what they will buy from them.

A regulation currently in effect in New York City has shown a similar danger of backfiring to the consumer's detriment. The regulation, which deals with acceptable collections practices, prohibits a collection agent from threatening to sue the consumer for payment, unless he actually does sue "in the usual course of business" or unless he has a bona fide intention to sue the consumer involved. There are a number of companies that, as a matter of policy, will not take legal action against a consumer, but they maintain that the stated or implied threat of suit is vital to their collection efforts. The director of a vocational school recently told me that the proscription against threatening to sue will force him for the first time in six years of business to take legal action against nonpaying students.

Other regulatory efforts by consumer-protection agencies, while causing no direct disadvantage to the consumer, may serve to perpetuate his dependence, and thus to create a continuing demand for the services of the consumer advocate. When we prohibit use of such statements

as "Dinette sets for as low as \$199," we presume that consumers cannot foresee that higher priced models will be available. When we require a vocational school to provide prospective students with statistics on the demand for jobs and the salaries that are available, and we suggest that it should feel obligated to place graduates in jobs, we are implying that consumers cannot, and should not, do these things for themselves. When we place the blame for every canceled contract on some failure of the businessman, we ignore, and thus reinforce, weaknesses of consumers. Consumer advocates do not need to presume that consumers are helpless, blameless automatons in order to find a good deal to keep themselves busy.

At what point does consumer protection come a kind of oppression, with white knigs evolving into storm troopers? How much are we willing to narrow our range of alternatives in order that each possible choice be a "safe" one? Will consumerism have a chilling effect on the desirable and legitimate vigor of the marketplace, just as laws proscribing "bad" speech subtly restrict all speech? And, most important, at what point do we begin stunting the capacity of people to grow, to choose, to risk, to negotiate to become independently wise? These are not necessarily lines we have overstepped, but rather lines we have neglected to draw. Since it is not the nature of power to limit itself, consumers must protect themselves from the enthusiasm and thoroughness of their protectors.

—Sylvia Kronst

In our March issue, Peter Browning analyzed ("Wickey Mouse in the Mountains") the famous environmental case of California's Mineral King valley, where the Sierra Club had challenged the right of Disney Productions to build a huge commercial ski resort on national parkland. Now that the U.S. Supreme Court has temporarily ruled against the Sierra Club, Mr. Browning offers these comments.

ON APRIL 19, by a four-to-three vote, the Supreme Court held that the Sierra Club did not have legal standing to sue government agencies and officers on their decision to permit the Disney development in Mineral King. The lineup was something of a surprise. Justice Thurgood Marshall, usually counted among the Court's liberals, joined with Chief Justice Warren E. Burger and Justices Potter Stewart and Byron White to uphold the government. Justice Harry Blackmun, considered a conservative, sided with Justices William O. Douglas and William Brennan in dissent.

The decision seemed to be a step backward, a

setback for public-interest groups in the increasing controversy over "class action" lawsuits. The Supreme Court has handed down relatively few decisions on the issue, but in those it generally broadened the scope of legal standing. The Mineral King opinion runs counter to that trend, and in particular to decisions made in New York by the U.S. Court of Appeals for the Second Circuit, in the Hudson River Expressway and Storm King Mountain cases.

The decision was based on a narrow procedural issue: that the Sierra Club had failed to allege that it or its members would be directly affected by the Disney development. The Court noted that earlier decisions had established the principle that an alleged injury may reflect aesthetic, conservational, and recreational values as well as economic ones. But the decision stated that broadening the categories of alleged injury was a "different matter from abandoning the requirement that the party seeking review must have himself suffered an injury."

This is an extremely fine point—so fine that almost vanishes. Michael McCloskey, execut

er of the Sierra Club, expressed disappointment that the Supreme Court failed to affirm the long-standing concept that private citizens may go to court on the same basis as an attorney general to seek enforcement of laws and to challenge decisions of public officials. "Rather than showing that we were individually and personally injured," McCloskey said, "we were trying to show that the public was being injured."

Although the Court ruled the Sierra Club did not have standing, it virtually invited the Club to amend its complaint, to specify that it or its members would be injured by the development. In any event, in any case, the ruling serves a highly useful purpose: it points up the fact that the problem is nowhere—not in the Constitution, nor in our federal statutes—is there recognition of the public's right to a decent environment.

Senators Philip Hart of Michigan and George McGovern of South Dakota have sponsored a bill (S. 32, the Environmental Protection Act) which would resolve the question of legal standing by establishing "the right of all citizens to the protection, preservation, and enhancement of the environment." The bill would permit any citizen to sue to enforce that right. Thus individuals and conservation groups could challenge actions and decisions of those agencies and officials responsible for managing our natural resources. The Administration's main objection to the bill is that it gives the judiciary a voice in matters that are now reserved to government agencies—which is precisely its intent. Should the bill pass, it would provide a measure of real power to the people: power to protect the environment from economic pressure and harmful development by the state and federal bureaucracies.

Justice BLACKMUN, in his dissenting opinion, stated that the issues raised by the Sierra Club suit were substantial and deserved serious consideration. More importantly, he stated that the suit was not an ordinary one, that it assayed new issues and posed significant questions about the problems of a deteriorating environment and the resulting ecological disturbances. "Must our legal system be so rigid and our procedural concepts so inflexible?" Justice Blackmun wrote, "that we are ourselves helpless when the existing methods of the traditional concepts do not quite fit the case?" He did not prove to be entirely adequate for new

Justice Blackmun suggested two alternatives. The first would be the simple one of granting the Club standing, on the condition that the Club amend its complaint to meet the Court's requirements for standing. The second would be more progressive and far-reaching: an extension of the traditional concepts of standing, to include organizations such as the Sierra Club on environmental issues.

Justice Douglas, certainly one of the better known conservationists in the country, advanced a more novel concept. He wrote that environmental issues should be litigated "in the name of the inanimate object about to be despoiled, defaced, or invaded by roads and bulldozers and where injury is the subject of public outrage." That is, legal standing should be conferred upon natural objects and locales to sue for their own preservation.

This may strike some as a radical leap into a peculiar judicial future, but it is not a break with tradition or accepted practice. Rather it is a broader application of existing concepts, which would bring more environmental issues properly before the courts. Corporations have legal personalities in corporate law, as have ships in maritime law. To extend this concept in the manner suggested by Justice Douglas is radical only in that it grants to nature the rights we have already conferred upon man-made objects and entities. Indeed, giving the natural world equal status with our own inventions might bespeak a true concern for our environment and our future. The Sierra Club has raised the question of who shall be permitted to speak for the values of nature, and the Supreme Court has replied: no one—unless he can demonstrate that he personally will suffer direct and immediate harm.

Perhaps in our future social organization we will contrive a comprehensive land-use ethic, so that we may protect ourselves, and nature, from ourselves. Unfortunately, the notion that certain areas, certain types of land, should be reserved for specific purposes and not be permitted to succumb to economic pressure is anathema to the American mind. The prevailing attitude is exemplified by a letter to the editor of *Harper's* in response to my article. It was from Thomas Sowell, a professor of economics. He wrote:

Mineral King is like all other economic resources: it is desired by different people for different purposes and there is not enough for everyone to have all he wants. This problem is dealt with every day by having different groups bid against each other . . . It is obvious that these bids are based on—and thereby represent—the individual demands of thousands of potential customers for each of the alternative services that can be provided by the area.

If all that we see at Mineral King is another economic resource, and if its disposition is to be in accord with the demands of potential customers, then we are finished. For too long we have codified economic greed as though it were natural law. Justice Douglas's proposal would do much to redress the imbalance and give us some hope of saving the remaining small portions of our wilderness before they are destroyed or metamorphosed into imitations of our cities.

—Peter Browning

"The notion that certain areas should be reserved for specific purposes and not be permitted to succumb to economic pressure is anathema to the American mind."

BOOKS

Literary life among the Dinka

WE ARE TOO MUCH like the immortal dogs of Borges' speculations; death holds less terror for us than the prognosis of life. What if we should end as vicious loonies, like Stalin? Or ironic vegetables, like Mencken? Perhaps we are all destined to spend our last years as insensible conservatives, the stench of life having finally defeated our nostrils. Or we may merely be silent, winded by the race, held together so tenuously that we are afraid to bear the onslaught that answers the saying of our convictions.

A late death is untimely; vanity makes it so. Damned vanity, what is lacking is a better word, a euphemism of soft vowels to describe our response to the eyes in which we can no longer find ourselves reflected.

It is an old tragedy, we are all buried by the pale sun, but it is the culture-bearer, the one who focuses the myriad reflections of his time, in whom the tragedy is most evident. Sir James Frazer, working from the manuscript notes of C. G. Seligman, described the situation in a passage on the Dinka of the eastern bank of the White Nile. The culture-bearer among the Dinka was more clearly identified than in our society; the Dinka were worshippers of Dengdit (Great Rain), and their culture-bearer was the rainmaker. In the prescribed manner of death of the rainmaker of the Dinka the naked essence of the matter is revealed.

According to Frazer, when the rainmaker of the Dinka became old or ill, a large grave was prepared and the rainmaker lay down in it. His family and friends gathered around the grave to listen as he told of his life and work, the history of the tribe and the manner in which they were expected to act in the future. The telling of his wisdom lasted for twenty-four hours

or more, during which time he neither ate nor drank, but lay on his right side, resting his head on a skin, concentrating his entire being on the telling. After his histories and admonitions were concluded and he had nothing more to say, the rainmaker was covered over with earth and he died of suffocation.

They were savages. Twenty-four hours is hardly more time than it takes for Marlow to tell the story of Lord Jim. The termination of the rite is barbarous. The Dinka lacked our humanity and subtlety; they were neither rich, nor beautiful, nor possessed of a great history; clarity was their only elegance. Were it not for the possible revelations of comparative anthropology they would be forgotten. Rainmakers indeed! When their land in the Sudan isn't parched, it's flooded; they are lucky now to be learning our temperate ways.



Carson McCullers

NYACK is an hour's drive north and west of New York City, approached by a narrow road plotted to wind like a crumbling river between the great trees that darken the summer green. In the town, the road

becomes a ridge, the trees and houses set below, deepset, wooden, frail in the dark. It had been something of a literary community, but the ghost was as cold as history; only Carson McCullers was left.

The house was as if she had invented it; the porch posts more awkward than plumb, the screen door closed with a tenor bang, the lawn neat and green and harboring a wildness that threatened to engulf the house. In it was primly American, New England's manufacture set in the South, the house of a lady of means, less of and childless days in conflict with dust and tarnish; not her house was her rooms: the walls without blemish, the gleam of the dining-room table, the cheery paper were the taste of friends, the work of the black woman who cooked her meals, vacuumed the world, and carried her from the stairs bedroom to the chair in the sitting room, where she sat, covered by a blanket, to receive visitors.

How painfully she spoke, gathering fractions of words in her throat, raising them through creakings to a soprano song, straining to wood-polish the sounds with her mouth. It was after the stroke; her hands were clubbed, she could not walk, she could not write, she could not read unless the type was quadruple-spaced. She had not learned to use the typewriter that had been given to her; it seemed to have been born broken. But she was writing, dictating to a secretary, somehow getting it done, proving at the least that the indomitability of the human spirit, which the resolving power of her work was not artifice.

She had been left with the physical stature of a crippled child. She compared her affliction to that of the judge in *Clock Without Hands*.

Her head was oval in profile, short, thin hair painted to her scalp, revealed a fragility that made

constantly in danger. She tried
arm, to be gay, to be bitchy,
imitations of Edward Albee,
of wearing an ancient Chinese
the opening of a play based
of her novels. In private, she
to have sometimes been sour
ficult.

oman lawyer and a woman
an were her most frequent visi-
d she complained that they did
ne often. She hired help: sec-
who came and went, and a
woman, her constant compan-
o. Mrs. McCullers indicated,
not read.

on McCullers could laugh, but
so knew how desperately we
it, so that near the end of our
e was able to find the strength
urity of her voice for the only
hat afternoon, and she said,
t all have a drink."

An old friend

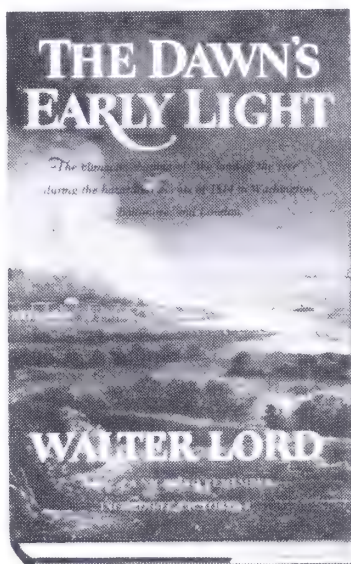
MUST BELIEVE EITHER every-
ing or nothing that novelists
information is lesser work con-
to sane men. The numerators
denominators of madness are
deciphering the aberrations of
by their process of assassin's
is: even R. D. Laing, from
one would expect more, threat-
ow and again to tell us of the
dia of novelists, as if that would
Dublin as real as the streets in
s *Ulysses*, or Greece as real as
world of Homer's epic, or the
rites of God as great as the words
which they are made.

know the joy of art and because
faith in the province of man I
ie in the truth of all fictions, say-
y doubt for that which is pre-
t as fact. Therefore, I present
the truth all that my friend has
ne, and if you choose to say he
manoid, you must bear the burden
volding the knives of reason.

rich man found him on a street
r in the black ghetto of Chicago.
more Irish than African, a tap
r, prizefighter, near-genius who
talk on a dozen subjects in a
e, jumping the connections of
ind at a speed that confounded
teners. The rich man sent him
f the ghetto to a university. He
at Midwestern campus after five
a, *cum laude* and convicted of
egeneration, sentenced to a year
e state prison.

Norton

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AT ALL BOOKSTORES



Norton

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J. and Richard Wright ran a photographic business in Harlem until Wright, Baldwin, and J. split their vision of the black man in America. Wright went to Paris, Baldwin went to Greenwich Village, and J. went home to Chicago. The war came and J. went to Europe, returning with a minor wound—a bullet had passed through his neck, missing the major organs, nerves, and blood vessels; the Irish are lucky.

His first novel was published under a pseudonym. The second novel was more important. He earned good reviews from everyone but Nelson Algren, who later said he had been mistaken in his judgment. The book sold well. J. bought a boat that he left in a garage and a Jaguar racing car that stalled out under thirty miles an hour. He married a physiologist and lived with her in academic celebrity.

J. and his wife were kind to aspiring novelists, feeding them pork chops and encouragement. He gave the advice that uncertain writers like to hear, naming the hours in which one works best on which kind of typewriter and on which color paper while sitting on which kind of chair. He laughed, he was generous, he paid hospital bills and bought drinks, he arranged introductions to editors and agents.

He drank too much; he suffered fits of temper. Women were attracted to him and he was attracted by them. He left his wife. Women who were awed by the speed of his speech and his tense walnut skin praised the novel they had not read; they sat in the rooms where he worked, staring at his hands, counting his breaths while he endured the sweats and smokes of a novel he could not write.

The day when the novel had been published grew more distant. He married again. He supported himself by doing complex mathematical problems for a famous physicist. He set his typewriter on kitchen tables, coffee tables, beds, and the seats of old chairs. His talent was for Naturalism, and he wanted to write an existential novel. The answer to the philosophical problem of the opening of the novel eluded him: he lost the ability to separate the novel from his life. After five years, he said his new wife threw the novel out of a fifth-floor window into a snowstorm. After ten years, he said the same wife burned the second draft. He spoke of the West Indian Mafia, the Sicilian Mafia, children

who stole his few possessions, black militants who threatened him because of the ideas he was writing in his novel-in-progress.

The novel published under his own name had been good work, with antecedents in Mark Twain and the Chicago novelists more than in Africa. His Gatling gun speech pattern, slowed by the typewriter, had been a precise, rhythmic style. Had there been more novels, had he been able to solve the philosophical problems of his fiction life, black literature might have taken another direction, or had another branch at the least, for he had begun the rise from bitterness to tragedy.

He is a technician now, the longtime and perhaps loyal employee of a great public utility. He counts his years toward retirement. Gray has come into his hair, and there are melanin stains on the walnut skin. "I had this talent for math I didn't know what to do with it suddenly everyone wants mathematicians we live in the age of the technician baby kids should be learning to understand math I taught in a high school here in the math department the kids have to know that between every real number is another number that way you get to infinity plus one right it's a flaw in nature the rest of the teachers in the department didn't know what they were talking about they weren't mathematicians they just taught what it said in the book they didn't know why they hated me for it you see I was upsetting the whole system." His women are revealed as methedrine addicts now, stealers of cigarette lighters, cuff links, and half of the money in a sleeping man's wallet. He lives in a transient hotel, having a life filled with secret numbers. His laughter has grown a tail of wheezing. Age has made him into a bubble on sticks, like a frog.

Information pours out of his head, details of disciplines and fiascos he knows in passing, recordings of techniques, lives, sciences, philosophies. It is the common flaw of novelists, the sensibility afloat and acute, Balzac speaking. In the working novelist, it is the saving conversation, the spewing out of the chaff, the discipline of art made rather than life observed; in the man lying on his right side, his head upon a skin, the telling of borrowed detail puts off the suffocating silence.

My old friend, expecting his secrets to be revealed to the enemies who are

now his only art, is it right to s name? Betray him or bury him? Perhaps it would be best to have silent. But he and I both chose writers; neither of us has the courage not to speak.



James T. Faubus

HE LIVED as if surrounded by orange crates, furiously scribbling, peering through thick lenses, page for now and the carbon to posterity's cardboard box set aside his desk, labeled by his precious embalmers at the University of Pennsylvania Library. In his pajamas, in that lately elegant building on the East Side of New York, biographer of Studs Lonigan writing a series of forty books, a use of the novel for the history explication of everything.

The Communists had isolated him, imprisoning him in that gray building, the one writer of his generation who called for atomic war in defense of the ideas of the West. There had been attacks, the "moral equivalent war" perhaps, then they had left him for dead among the ruins of battle that rubble, sitting among the smoky stained bricks, he took to writing history, which is the geography of dead. He had no audience but a single powdered bird dressed in furs, rays and sounding the clanks of costume jewelry.

She called him Jimmy, she brought him food when he forgot to eat, praised him when he said he jogged a mile every morning. He answered with French poetry said in the accents of Chicago, filtered by a nose that had been constricted before Studs had glimpsed the loveliness of women

ht of a girl on a swing in a playground.
ut his thick hair close to the
ess of his head. His shoulders
ormous. He covered himself
ek, dark coat that seemed des-
or West Madison Street or the
ve. He said he was going to get
hem back soon.



Kenneth Patchen

OWL WAS IN HIS EYES by then, the same owl that made the eyes unexpected creatures who d so bitterly in his picture. He had been in pain for years, perhaps more. The doc- ad done it to him, he said: a njury badly repaired, a college ll injury turned into hell by an petent surgeon.

mumbled, his house was dark- or the comfort of the owl. There days when he could not move his bed. He lived an endless mal- ce suit against the doctors and orld that gave them license to y him. How he survived from day I do not know. Miriam, his had become a nursing nun of the nth century, his balm and his reter. It was she who said the ce when his ill humor begot the ins of bitterness.

the time when he had been able ve his house, he had toured the uses and the coffeehouses read- is poetry to the jazz music of Ferguson. Patchen had been a e, by his art or by his life-style, en e. e. cummings and the Beats. the pain in his back had broken

must have been very difficult to been an avant-garde poet who

lived in isolation beside a thunderous California freeway and used darkness to blur the days and nights that passed over his tiny naked house.



Nelson Algren

THERE IS NO PLACE in this or any other society for a man who is made of W. C. Fields and François Villon; there would seem to have been no choice for Algren but to become a novelist, the inventor of a world that is, if not reasonable, at least possible to say beautiful. By the same unhappy logic, it follows that Algren would become a most misunderstood novelist, a hero to hack reporters and jejune sociologists, an inventor who is seldom credited for his inventions, a dreamer of words who is presumed never to close his eyes. So his time is thought to have passed, when in reality the time of a true fictionist is always beginning.

Few men invent themselves more carefully or hide themselves more deeply than Nelson Algren, for he lives a complex comedy of erudition, string ties, Polish sausage, bad poker, and regrets. His apartment on the top floor of one of Chicago's unambitious tenements is decorated with his love of poets and prizefighters, typewriters and television, as if the link between literature and transience must be physically present for him to survive.

The apartment is one block from the Division Street that Algren invented, a street nothing like the street of words, one dirty street of wind-borne scraps of newspapers, undifferentiated storefronts, and as many old men as old women. The street seems tired, Algren seems tired; there are boarded-up store windows, he takes

catnaps. The street is obsessed, locked to the night behind the iron gates that fold across the storefronts, in the days making again and again the transactions of mere physical survival; Algren is obsessed, writing of whores and legless men, politics in the novel, young Marx the humanist speaking through the angerings of Chicago.

When the man of 1935 and 1949 went to Vietnam, he sent back a story of obsessions, a whore whose name began with X and a cowardly yellow dog scavenging in the streets. At a now defunct magazine that rejected the story they said it was his tale twenty times told, nothing new. They were impervious to arguments on the politics, the personal nature of the story and the yellow dog invented by a man who once confessed that he felt guilty because he had not gone to fight and die in the Spanish Civil War.

Perhaps with age the structures begin to sink too far beneath the surface, the work becomes elaboration upon the dreams that succeed and possess the writer. Perhaps the world is imperfect because God tired and had to rest on the seventh day. "I am not writing a novel," Algren said, "for the same reason that I am not buying a new Cadillac—I can't afford the payments."

FRANK SINATRA is officiating at the burial of the inventor of Frankie Machine. *The Man with the Golden Arm*. We are like the Dinka. Edward Albee covered over the dreamer of *The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter*. We destroy our culture-bearers before their mortality is proved and they can no longer intercede with the gods for us. We try. We would like to be safe from the death of those who pretend divinity with words. We are afraid, we demand continuity; if nothing ends except as we decree it, we will not end. As Saul Bellow has pointed out, it is death that drives us, death about which we fear even to whisper.

Rainmakers and writers die and do not die, for myth transcends the physical world: gods and all those who pretend to that debilitating work cannot be silenced once they have spoken. Fabrics fade, the weave does not hold, mountains are worn down, entropy is the reigning fact of the universe—only words, the precise and limitless miracles that lock together to form fictions, are immune. □

I WANT A DEAL

George Malko

Sometimes it isn't easy to choose between a new car and a ton of acorn squash



EVERY WEEKDAY AFTERNOON at 1:30 P.M. Eastern time, 12:30 P.M. Central, incredibly costumed adults eagerly entreat Monty Hall, MC of television's staggeringly successful game show, *Let's Make A Deal*, to offer them a choice between a bankroll and a box, or an envelope or what is behind a curtain, or a chance to price five items within specified limits—all of them hoping to choose luckily and win a prize. If, in the last minutes of the program, Hall invites them to trade back whatever they have won for what is called The Big Deal Of The Day, they may go home with something *really* fabulous: a car! money! a trip around the world!

The first time I watched the show, the spectacle of grown men and women determined to let themselves be joyously humiliated in front of a daily viewing audience of more than ten million Americans was both horrifying and stunningly fascinating. Recently, I asked the show's executive producer, Stefan Hatos, if he could tell me what made those people behave the way they do. "You tell *me*," he said, "why a doctor who makes \$150,000 a year paints himself from butt to navel like the Jolly Green Giant, stands outside in that line in the cold for an hour and a half, to win *what*, that he can't afford to buy, if he wants it? He might win three pigs; he might get a trip to Paris. But for what?"

Hatos, a bald, solidly built man of fifty-one who moves with the fluid, self-confident gait of an experienced club fighter, pauses before answering

his own question. A man of quick enthusiasms, he understands the suspense that can be elicited from the ebb and flow of human emotions. "In many cases, they come down in groups, and it's like a party, a masquerade party, and they have a ball. Being on, being seen, dignifies a person with terrific importance. They're awed. In many cases, the individual has one shining moment. Like Camelot."

The road to this peculiar American Camelot of the '70s begins in a wide alleyway on the grounds of ABC's Los Angeles studios. At six o'clock in the evening, I watch seventy-five people arrange themselves in a loose line. By six-thirty the crowd has swelled to almost 400, every person there wearing some outlandish homemade costume, their faces decorated with fiercely etched scars or lips, or hidden behind masks or beards or funny noses. All mill about like a tensely packed school of fish relentlessly roiled by the unseen presence of a menacing, yet desirable, danger. All are waiting nervously to get into the television studio to watch or, if "the pickers" choose them, to sit on what is called The Trading Floor, to appear as contestants on the one American television game show they understand better than any other, the one show that understands them and their American Dreams with disarming insight, *Let's Make A Deal*.

Some arrive at dawn, only to be told by the patient ABC pages that

George Malko is a playwright who lives in New York with his family. Articles of his have appeared in many magazines.

where they stand in line has lutely nothing to do with whether not they are picked for The Trading Floor. Originally, prospective testants were asked only to some item they could use for home. Then people began bringing signs designed to attract Monty Hall's attention, and one day someone from the program's staff reported back that a real weirdo was waiting in the line wearing a bizarre costume. Should they tactfully keep him from the cameras? Hell no, Hatos decided; and when the show started, Monty asked the fellow why, and he was dressed as he was. "To you notice me," the man answered. That started it. Since then, several hundred people have turned up each taping wearing costume. The show's staff couldn't invent it, so they spent their time doing little else.

A man wearing a black yarmulke arrives and nervously slips in line. Two stringy pigtailed dangle on either side of his face; he is dressed in a ratty-looking caveman outfit and carries a hand-carved wooden club. He looks around at his companions and says, to no one in particular, "I have done some strange things in my life, but this takes the cake."

Everyone seems gripped by a compulsion to say something, to an immediate neighbor, then to the world around him. They have to open their mouths and make themselves known and thereby somehow transform the totally unfamiliar eccentric into their guise into some sort of being from a different perspective. They stand in that line, foreign to themselves, and they

it either funny, or wacky, or of adventure you get yourself y if something really *valuable* ke. Otherwise the only expla- s that they are insane.

torment that animates every- compounded by the knowledge a matter of minutes—"Are picker?" "Hey, where're the ?"—Alan Gilbert, producer d writer of the show's daytime and Berni Gould, another will appear to choose sixty-two from all those gathered. Two is are taped back to back, on day, Thursday, and Friday s, and on Saturday after- o allow men to join their wives ie thirty-one member Trading or each is selected before any- allowed into the studio audi- Everyone knows this must is about to happen, and e wants to be *ready*.

BC pages who patrol the lines tain some semblance of order ally reassure people that the will be there soon, and every- I be seen. One page, a tall nan who looks like the leader DCS class in his smart dark , asks me what I am doing When I tell him I am going to out the show, and these peo- says, "These sick people?" y really sick? I ask. "I guess e says, unconvincingly, and round at them. "They go a lot of changes to be on *Let's Deal* The sad part of it is that ty-two get chosen, and, like, ve to wait a year for tickets." ly the others don't mind, I ob- urely they realize that most take it to The Trading Floor; ing there, part of that wild audience, has got to be fun e page glances at me briefly. rns and stares at a husband e dressed as a matched set of ans and says, "They mind. ind."

DER INTO THE STUDIO. The era crew is doing a run- . Monty Hall is studying a amiliarizing himself with the t for that evening's first tap- take some comment about the steria of the people waiting Hall, who is co-owner and er of the show with Steve has been in show business all the last twelve years as either

MC, producer, or packager of game shows. "The tension on the show is sustained by manipulation," he says with quiet pride, "that is, by construc- tion and orchestration. The acts are so constructed as to build to a climax, either through a series of steps, or through one long series of pricing items where the last item is the decid- ing factor; the thing is projected as a turn of the screw."

For my benefit, Hall asks: "How do you know how far to go?" He is eager to answer all those harsh critics who seem to ignore what Hall feels is the heart and soul of *Let's Make A Deal*—his own performance.

"The MC on this show performs al- most as a psychologist as well as a technician, because so much is left up to chance, so much is ad lib. In a pricing deal, like I had yesterday, the last item was guessed by this couple and they *happened* to be right, and they would have won the car had they stayed with their guess. I made the counterattack; I said, 'All right, if you're not sure about your guess. I'll give you \$250 cash to forget the deal. Three hundred? Three fifty? Three seventy-five? Four hundred? All right. Forget it.'" He pauses. "Four

twenty-five?" And this is for humor, and getting the audience as well as the contestants off-base: 'Four fifty!' " The moment suddenly begins to ac- quire genuine tension; the decision he is pretending to elicit is steadily achieving dramatic content. " 'This is absolutely final—four seventy-five?' Now I've got them shaking and quiv- ering. As I slowly get to five fifty, five seventy-five, *they* will make up their minds. Yes or No.

"I have no set price in mind. I look at their eyes, I watch them, I think I know their point. When I get to that point I won't hit them over the head with it, I'll *slowly* approach it, be- cause I want the show to have that dramatic moment where They Do or They Don't. I don't want to pressure them. If I know by looking at them that their sellout price is six hundred dollars, I could just say, 'Seven fifty!' and I know that they'd fall down and take the money. I don't do that. I feel that would be taking unfair advantage of a situation; it doesn't make any dif- ference to me if they win the car or not. The idea is to *use* the people and *use* the camera. There is as much drama in a close-up of the husband and wife listening to me lift the price

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as there is in any other drama show, except that it's a Now Happening. Once I've proved that they're *going for that car all the way*, the amount of money I offer them is meaningless, it's after the fact, it's after the climax. And then, of course, they open up the curtain and the car is there and They Held Out, or the car isn't there and they could, you know, they could kill themselves."

Alan Gilbert and Berni Gould, the pickers, are nearly checking out some last-minute details before going out into the alleyway. Gilbert is of medium height, with a slight build, a manner casual and yet somehow dapper. He is around fifty, a former New Yorker who came to Los Angeles eight years ago and has comfortably assimilated to the casually extravagant life-style. Gould, by his side, is tweedier, more of a teddy bear, a one-time actor and vaudevillian who sports a brush moustache and has an easy manner and gentle wit. "When we first started the show," Alan Gilbert explains, "about \$200 was the breaking point. We felt pretty confident that if we said, 'Do you want \$200 or what's in that box?' they'd keep the \$200. Now, with inflation, I'd say we're at a *minimum* of \$400."

Years of experience have given Gilbert and his fellow writers tremendous insight into people: this helps them structure deals so that each of the various alternatives is dramatically powerful. The show itself is not "written" in the traditional sense of the word. It is an assemblage of *things*, good and bad, that are strung together to achieve an ultimate balance of dollar value and emotional content. "There are around 200 standard deals we draw on," Gilbert explains. "With variations that probably becomes 1,000."

All prizes offered on the show have been categorized into the reaction they produce. Ultra-expensive prizes are turned down if they are unfamiliar to audiences. What *Let's Make A Deal* looks for is that tense moment when a curtain rises, or a box is pushed aside, and the prize waiting there produces an immediate explosion of response because everybody knows its value. Audience preferences have been obvious since the program's first months on the air nine years ago: first money, then cars, then trips, and then color television sets.

A prize such as a horse and wagon, or three pigs, or a ton of acorn squash,

is called a Zonk. If someone unwisely trades away a \$4,000 car and goes home with three little pigs, that, according to Steve Hatos, is the game. "At no time did we profess to say that we're a show that solved people's problems. You win an airplane—you can't fly an airplane? That's your problem."

Human nature being what it is, *Let's Make A Deal* is an incredible money-maker for all concerned. Every program is bursting with commercials because the show commands a very healthy rating, 32 per cent of the daytime audience as against 37 per cent held by its formidable opposition, CBS's venerable soap opera, *As the World Turns*. "The demographics on this show are tremendous," Hatos says. "We're getting the audiences the advertisers apparently want."

WHEN I GET BACK OUTSIDE, two chartered buses have just pulled in, and 105 costumed passengers are starting to pour out. The pages stand ready to contain them, but give ground when the mob becomes a powerful tidal wave of shrieks and colors and grotesqueries. The sheer extravagance of that many people dressed beyond belief, all merrily tumbling out of the two buses, some clutching paper cups full of whatever they've been drinking on the ride, some still singing snatches of old-fashioned trip songs like "I've Got Sixpence"—all of it is suddenly menacing. Every single passenger is determined to make his presence not only seen, but *felt*.

"Watch out for the skin diver!" one of them yells.

"Hey, looka the chicken!" somebody else shouts.

It is a chicken, a fellow wearing bright yellow long johns, with enormous brightly colored feathers sticking straight up in back, and a light green hood over his head with a very thin cardboard beak attached to his nose. He steps off the bus, moving carefully because he has fixed two giant chicken feet over his shoes, stepping out gingerly, the three-clawed feet making him walk with that combination of hesitancy and pride you usually see in a barnyard.

Almost in unison, with no visible signal from anyone, the pages, who have spread out along the lines in the alleyway and in front of the people who arrived in the two buses, call for

attention and make a few brief announcements. They go over the stage ground rules and then explain the writers, the mythical pickers, win over all the rules after they picked the Traders. Mention of pickers sets off a brief burst of excited shouting. I move nearer page as he says, "We're looking for people with interesting costumes, interesting faces; people who are generally outgoing and like to have a good time. We'd like to see some we'd like to hear laughter."

As if on cue, a stage door opens. Alan Gilbert and Berni Gould appear. It takes the waiting crowd two seconds to realize that the pickers have arrived.

The two move off down the lines of waiting people, and I follow. "We don't want to know anything about these people," Berni says to me over his shoulder as a woman dressed as a big rabbit gives him a friendly smile and says, "Hi." He and I spend several minutes walking up and down the long lines, examining everyone, their glances seemingly curious. Suddenly, they are picking, handing out white or yellow plastic cards, white signifying the chosen will go to The Trading Floor of the first show, the yellow, the second. They move among the people, who stand laughing and screaming and stretching their hands like overjoyed mendicants. Everyone wants to be *seen*, but at the same time they are terrified that they are overly exuberant, too demonstrative might work against them. Berni and Alan separate and go in opposite directions. Alan hands a card to a man in a green-spotted leopard outfit, an old man in a chef's hat carrying a tray of real food, and to the giant chicken. I turn and see Berni thrust a card to a hand that isn't ready to receive it that is still waiting to be part of the right combination of laugh, gesture and exclamation that will create the perfect aura of desirability. But the ticket is, in hand, and the Dalmatian has made it even better she knew she was going to.

Only a few moments have passed since the two began picking, but some of the people have already discarded all modesty and are screaming, "Me! Oh, please, me!!" Of course they want to get onto that Floor. They want to play! And why? And why of it tempered by their total ignorance of what it is Alan Gilbert and Berni Gould *want*. If they knew, they would

give it, or promise it. To think uldn't is to close your eyes to happening in that alleyway.

SIXTY-TWO ARE CHOSEN quick- and gather in a small studio the alleyway from the main Berni looks them over and t's our experience that any- no'd be seen walking through ts dressed like this . . ." He ave to go any further because roar with laughter, so he fin- nudly, "You're our kind of

goes through all the rules and s that the show's system of ing former winners by name. and Social Security number n up anybody who has won ng on the show within the past yrs. "So," he says, firm but d. "has anyone won anything ast five years?"

in the front row says, to him, eighbor, and to herself. "I've on anything in my life."

ods sympathetically and ls them to let Monty know nt to make a deal if he offers l goes on to entertain them ecddotes about people who've rstood deals, and about a couple who blew winning a u got into a fistfight on the lme. I stay in the back and n for Berni this is a small vaude- m and he works it masterfully. r sing sight of the fact that his o focus these people's barely ided enthusiasm and willingness ough for Monty Hall to get ng out of them. When an ABC mes in to get the Traders for r taping, Berni makes his clos- urk. "We love to see you win. ally mean that, because that's kes the show exciting. And." le with gentle admonition, "we rhat you trade according to red."

n where in the room a woman's ys, "I need . . . I need . . . I nd it is not just funny; it is lusive, and expectant, and ter-

the first thirty-one traders ne, those left behind get up der around. A TV monitor in all room goes on and before quite realizes it the first tap- es. I find myself watching the e for the second taping watch estants on the first one. As

people win and lose, those in the small room express enthusiasm, sympathy, and, however briefly, envy. The first show ends, and a short ten minutes later the ABC page returns and invites everyone to follow him.

Some, I suddenly realize, are hesi- tating, almost hanging back, as if the waiting was more bearable than hav- ing to go in and face the possibility of failure. When all finally gather behind the page, he crosses the alleyway and takes them into the studio, to The Trading Floor, a marked-off section of the audience right in front of the display floor. The studio audience, revved up by the first taping, cheers and applauds the new arrivals. They take their places, and moments later the floor manager is calling for quiet. He raises his hand, the cameras are in place, and there is a brief, universal intake of breath.

In the control room the assistant director says, "Tape is rolling," and the director says, "Take Two." Onto the master screen comes a close-up of one of the masqueraders grinning from ear to ear and jiggling up and down in his seat as the show's an- nouncer, Jay Stewart, says, "These people—dressed as they are—come from all over the United States to make deals here in the marketplace of America . . . *Let's Make A Deal!*" A drum roll rises and segues into the opening theme as Stewart concludes, "And now . . . here is America's Top Trader . . . TV's Big Dealer . . . *Monty Hall!*"

Loud applause greets Hall, who is there at the head of an aisle that leads down to The Trading Floor, beaming. He immediately turns to a girl and asks if she'd like to make a deal. She is up like a shot, gasping, "Oh, yes, yes, yes." It is the girl who, during Berni Gould's welcoming speech, told everyone she has never won anything. Monty smiles and watches her as she continues to jump up and down—not hopping, but rising and lowering, rising and lowering, her feet never leaving the floor. She is not really cos- tumed, but carries a toy pistol and a large sign that says something about her being a sharpshooter who wants to hit a deal with Monty. When he offers her \$200 for the toy pistol and sign she goes out of her mind. "Yes! Yes! Yes!" she shrieks, now hopping clear off the floor.

Monty watches, on his guard. He has had his head clubbed, ribs bruised, ligaments torn, and hands cut because

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people's gratitude sometimes gets the better of them. Men and women have wet their pants, and one pregnant lady broke her water; Monty caught her gently under the arm and suggested she sit down. This girl seems all right, the way Monty likes them best, hysterically excited and ready for more. He offers her an envelope for her \$200, explaining it contains either \$400, or \$4. The studio audience, as always, immediately starts screaming advice. In the four minutes that follow, she turns down the envelope only to learn it *did* contain \$400, reveals to Monty that her boyfriend, to whom she keeps looking for help, hasn't proposed marriage yet, turns down another envelope in favor of a curtain—the director calls for a shot of the boyfriend who is grinning nervously—almost collapses when Monty opens the second envelope and shows it contained \$800, and bravely accepts what's behind the curtain, two giant cement mixers. The director cuts to the boyfriend who sinks down in his seat, grinning sheepishly, clutching his head, as the girl leans over and gives Monty a demure thank-you kiss.

After a commercial break Monty chooses four people—among them the giant chicken—who are sitting side by side in the first row, and offers each an envelope. Three contain \$50 and will permit their owners to go on to other deals; the fourth contains only \$20, which means that is all. A woman dressed as a giant box of Valentine candy gets the \$20, smiles wanly, and sits down. Monty gets a closer look at the giant chicken and congratulates him on having the courage to come to an ABC program looking like the NBC peacock. The audience laughs. Monty tells the three they are trading now for what is on the display floor; a box is pushed aside and it is a washer-dryer. Monty invites the giant chicken to step over to a box from which all will draw straws. The giant chicken steps out. The Trading Floor and around in front of the straw box as, in the control room, the assistant director is saying, over and over again patiently, "No, Monty. No, Monty. No, Monty. Commercial. Commercial." Monty finally gets the signal from the floor manager and goes into the commercial. As it approaches its end the director says, into his mike, to the floor manager, "Casey, get the Peacock back to where he's supposed to be."

He is presently blocking the shot. "The Peacock, the Peacock," the director says, and as he explains to the cameraman why the shot is a problem, it begins to dawn on everybody in the control room that this whacked-out, insane-looking *bird* has become, for all of us, a peacock. "If you can," the director responds to a suggestion from the cameraman. "I don't know quite if you're going to be able to do it; you better do it this side because the Peacock can't do it the other way." The assistant director looks up and says, "The Peacock is upstaging the straw box."

AFTER THE COMMERCIAL the Peacock and a woman draw long straws and win washer-dryers, while the third contestant draws a short straw and sits down, then the woman wins a color television set and a gaming table while the Peacock draws a short straw and also sits down. Monty thanks them and holds up a jar of bouillon cubes. He turns to a young girl in a fairy-godmother gown with a giant paper flower sticking up out of her hair and says, "It's yours!" and she and all her friends in the audience scream and cheer. She goes wide-eyed, gets to her feet, starts to sink back, rises again, grabs for Monty's hands, grabs her own face, and when Monty asks if she wants the bouillon, answers, out of breath, barely able to say it, "I do." He invites her to peek into the jar, without opening it, hinting there might be something there: "Is there a key to a car or anything?" She peers into it and looks up and says, softly, "*Money*," and someone in the studio audience yells, "Yip-pee!" Monty says she can keep the bouillon, or trade for what's in the big box on the display floor. "Take the box!" people start yelling immediately. "The box! The box!"

She goes numb. She wets her lips over and over again, repeating, "Umm, umm, umm," in a small, lost voice. Her eyes go from the box to the bouillon and her mouth moves wordlessly, and she clasps the bouillon with all of her might. She finally clenches her eyes shut—the audience is now shouting commands: "The box! The bouillon! The bouillon!!"—blinks them open, and takes the box. Monty deftly relieves her of the bouillon and shows her that in the box there is—the audience *sees* it first and shrieks with delight—an

electronic organ! "There's an deal for you," Monty observes hands the jar of bouillon to the Dalmatian as the girl in the smiles faintly and slowly sinks into her seat.

The lady Dalmatian chooses a curtain over the bouillon and wins a side-by-side refrigerator, a portable automatic washer, and a case of soap. Monty gives the bouillon to a third woman who turns down a small box for bouillon. Monty opens the bouillon jar and shows her there was only one inside. "Had you gone for the bouillon?" he says very slowly, "you could have had *everything* in this deal! Value \$1,600! But all you have is \$300." The director is calling for cuts. Monty turns her face to the sign that reads *EVERYTHING IN THIS DEAL WORTH \$1,600*. He turns to Monty, back to the woman, to the sign, to Monty, to the sign, to her, to Monty, to her, and then to bouillon as she leans over and gives Monty a kiss.

Now it is time for The Big Deal. When Monty asks the girl in the gown if she wants to trade away the electronic organ, she levitates out of her seat, relief bathing her face. The Dalmatian also hops to her feet, bounding vigorously. The Big Deal, Monty announces, is worth \$2,893 in merchandise.

Visibly trembling, the young girl chooses first. She licks her lips. The audience begins to shout at her. "Three! One! One!" Her hands clench and unclench. She keeps taking small breaths, as if building up self up to give herself enough strength to open her mouth and say "Two." Her face immediately goes blank, because it is already too blank. She could be wrong, and there is no way to change her decision. She repeats her choice, "Door Number Two, and what door do you think?" The lady Dalmatian looks reassemblingly as everyone in the control room is chanting, "Three! Three! Three!" They know that that's the Big Deal is. The lady Dalmatian says, "One," and everybody around the show means. For them, the show is over.

Monty goes to the lady Dalmatian first and the young girl is in a huddle—maybe... maybe she did it? Monty describes what the lady Dalmatian and she beams and thanks him. She rises up on tiptoe to kiss him and Monty turns to the young girl and says to her they will see what was behind

n door and . . . she knows. It The Big Deal. The Big Deal is hey go to last! Monty is describ- r prizes and she is trying to look . but she made the wrong . There's a new bedroom suite new mattress and a console , and the young girl is looking pleased. But there is something expression, a tiny sour grace hat says she knows she could chosen Three. That is what she ve with. The audience has been iding each of her prizes, and end it rises to a burst of cheers whistling as Jay Stewart anes she has a total of \$1,452 in . "But neither of you got The eal and take a look at what you ve had," Monty says.

s a car! A station wagon! The nce moans. The girl's face sags. irector is now calling for cuts car, Monty, the young girl, the Dalmatian, and back to the car. udience, from habit, continues plaud lightly, establishing a at undertone. The girl sits down. eighbor leans over to say some- complimentary. The girl nods niles.

rty seconds later the show is The cameras go off, the bright dim, and the audience is ed while the winners go off to pappers reaffirming their bona eand insuring safe delivery of iprizes.

C side, most of the studio audi- edisperses quickly. All of their es have been dissipated and is nothing left to celebrate. The t is over. The girl in the fairy- othor gown appears and hurries d where the chartered buses are d, waiting. I congratulate her hen, because she seems disap- d, ask what's wrong. "I'm just d I didn't pick Three," she says. sould be happier with what I won. mappy. I love it. But . . . we need a so badly it isn't even funny." e exhausted, absolutely drained. earely smiles as she tells me this h second time on The Trading o within eight months. Surprised ur she has been on before. I d myself sympathetically suggest- r husband can come on if they eal need a car so badly. She e ens and says, "Yeah," and then liately grows serious and shakes ead. "I can't get him to do it. eesn't . . . Well, he *might*. I don't o."

"You're not really sorry you didn't get the car, are you?" I ask, not sure if, in that moment, I really want her to confess that the only thing she came for was a car, that anything else is worthless.

"No," she says, her head down. "I'm *happy*."

THERE IS ABOUT Stefan Hatos, and his partner Monty Hall, and about all of the people who work on *Let's Make A Deal*, a mild sense of what can best be described as disbelief. They and the program are making more money than can rationally be attributed to mere hard work. It is a pot of gold, and people get very gingerly when too much of their professional existence involves flirting with luck. They know that their show celebrates seemingly innocent materialism and speaks as much to the promise of what people hope will be a better tomorrow as does one of President Nixon's speeches. At the same time they would probably agree, reluctantly I think, with former winners, who almost universally say that winning really doesn't alter the basic fabric of their lives.

More importantly, when talking about *Let's Make A Deal* they have all successfully insulated themselves against any expressions of cynicism about how they make it happen. Hatos admits candidly, "When Monty and I put it together, the thing that bothered me was that it *never* played badly." He and the staff also don't want to analyze what it is that motivates their contestants. When Hatos says, "These people are God's folks," he is not lying, not being facetious or patronizing, but telling the truth. His uncanny understanding of what they really want out of life at this particular moment in history, his knowledge of what excites them and makes them happy, his ability to show them that *things* possess emotional meaning—all of this has made him and Monty Hall very rich men, and they are both very grateful, and never let themselves forget it. Finally, it would be impossible for all of the people who created and produce *Let's Make A Deal* to see greed and avarice as the basic impulses that drive their contestants, when in the familiar hopes and desires of these thousands of desperately willing people they see nothing less than themselves. □

WIND TO HUMAN VOICE

by Arthur Gregor

Remember, my elusiveness
remains. All flows, all I
bring with me goes. Is it not
enough it stays, the touch
that tears across your face?
No you whisper *no*

To suffer that all passes
is as natural for you
as tearing past is true for me.
By your pain do I learn what I am.
But you too could learn that this,
my freedom, is your own.

Your face shows torment at
each loss. Can you not also see
the endless stream I bring
of light, of shade, and air?
Can you not be content with
this unfailing interplay

of sun on summer grass,
of frost on foliage,
of lamps in chilly rooms?
Must you persist, must you
bemoan each time
when you are weary that
those days years back
when you ran from the sand
up to the terrace of
the summer house where you
were called, will not return?
Can you not remember instead

that you are here, although
that boy you were is dead?
That the light where waves
break out of sight
still glimmers in your head?
That in the waters' depth
the sheen is undisturbed,
only the surfaces are rough
and foul with glare? Can you
not find some comfort in
the changeless nature of my ways?
Not enough you whisper *not enough*

THE HARPER'S GAME

ABSURDLY OBVIOUS

by C. R. Beahan, Jr.

Conventional wisdom is the father of "insoluble" problems. This month's game challenges you to pick such a problem and find an absurdly obvious solution—the one staring everyone in the face. Instead of prosecuting draft-card burners, for instance, you might suggest printing draft cards on fireproof asbestos. Or take airplane hijacking: why not simply reserve—and advertise—one flight a day for the sole use of skyjackers? And to dispose of excess garbage, why not make all food packaging edible—like the ecologically delicious ice-cream cone?

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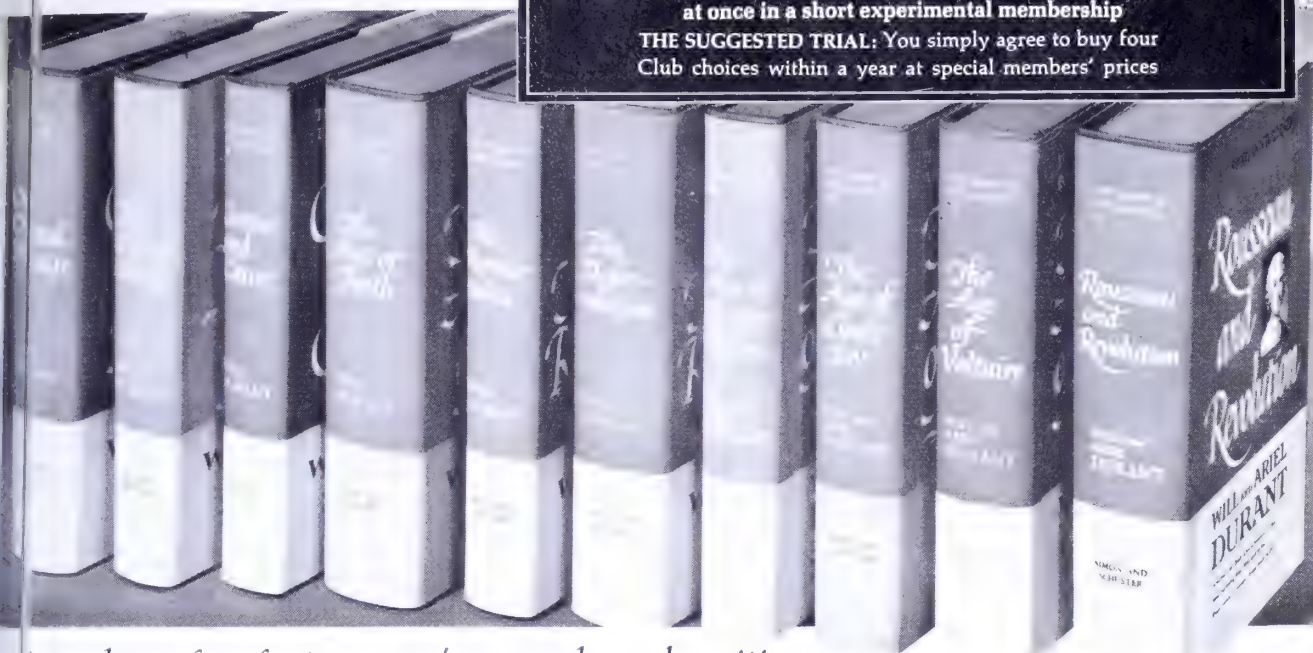
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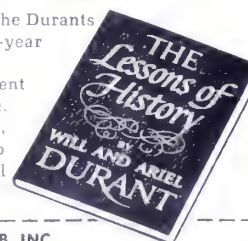
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LETTERS

The Dangers of Early Schooling

Being previously employed as one of the "New York experts" quoted in the July article, "The Dangers of Early Schooling" [by Raymond S. Moore and Dennis R. Moore], and now the mother of a two-year-old, I can only say, "Bravo!" In New York, early-childhood educators have long opposed the "teach 'em sooner-faster-harder" philosophy.

In fact, in agreement with the reasoning of the Messrs. Moore, New York has recognized these dangers and is beginning to plan and implement programs accordingly as local communities request schools to educate or care for their young children. It is attempting to create the environment described in the article: "...an environment free of tasks that will tax his brain, and...a setting that provides warmth, continuity, and security."

Such a learning environment is costly, for it includes adequate staff to provide needed individual attention and learning materials that help children develop their own potentials through climbing, driving wheel toys, exploring spaces, building with blocks, playing roles they have seen in the real world, working with clay and other expressive media, and enjoying books of their own interest with adults or other children. Simultaneously, staff and materials must be provided to help parents become even more involved with their children and their growth potentials.

The program at all is better than a poorly planned program with inadequate staff or than a high-pressure program concentrating on skill achievement and IQ growth. The latter is guilty of assuming "that a child's intelligence can be nurtured by organizing it, and that brightness means readiness for the world of

schooling" in the traditional sense. It is also guilty of turning children off to the educational process at a tender age for another reason—the program is not interesting to the child, nor is it meeting his needs. From prekindergarten to adulthood, we need less emphasis on curriculum and IQ and more emphasis on understanding children and their parents as they interact in the growing, learning process.

LINANNE SACKETT
Troy, N.Y.

We should like to add our experience over a span of forty years to the data assembled by Raymond and Dennis Moore. Children have their own inner time clocks, and Piaget, Freud, and Dewey have added significantly to our understanding of how man develops.

Parents and educators are victims of anxieties as well as of pressures brought on by other institutions. The more they can shove into the child the greater the chances of his success. They do not appreciate that he does not have limitless capacity. In these early years he is incorporating so much that is essential for his particular period of development.

Although we like to think that the child who participates in our nursery school does get his opportunity to "learn" what is fitting for him, the Moores' suggestions for school in the home may have many possibilities. The success of such a program depends on the parents, who must be in a position to devote sufficient time.

In our "preschool" we don't throw out the books and pencils. They are available—but so are paint, water, blocks, mud, friends, and animals, to take a random selection from the curriculum.

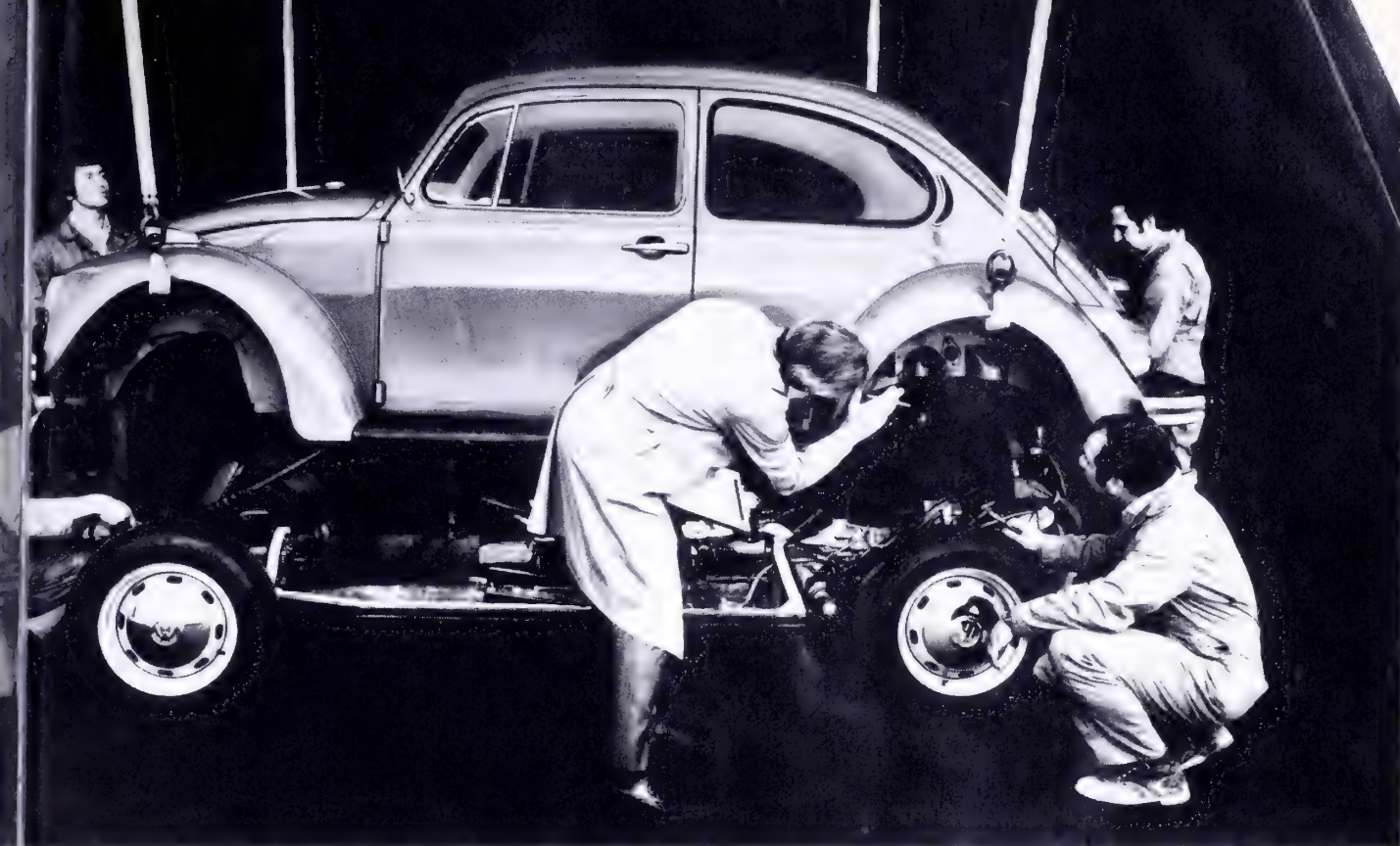
DOROTHY ISRAEL, Principal
The School in Rose Valley
Moylan, Pa.

It seems to me the wrong inferences were made in the way my study was mentioned in the Moores' article. The children used in my study entered first grade in 1946. It was custom in our schools then to provide formal subject matter to all children in first grade. The study was designed to show that presentation of formal subject matter to children before age of six resulted in poor achievement for some of them. This fact was noted in the article. However, it was wrong to equate the presentation of formal subject matter with school training. It is also wrong to imply my study indicated "damage" was involved in preschool training.

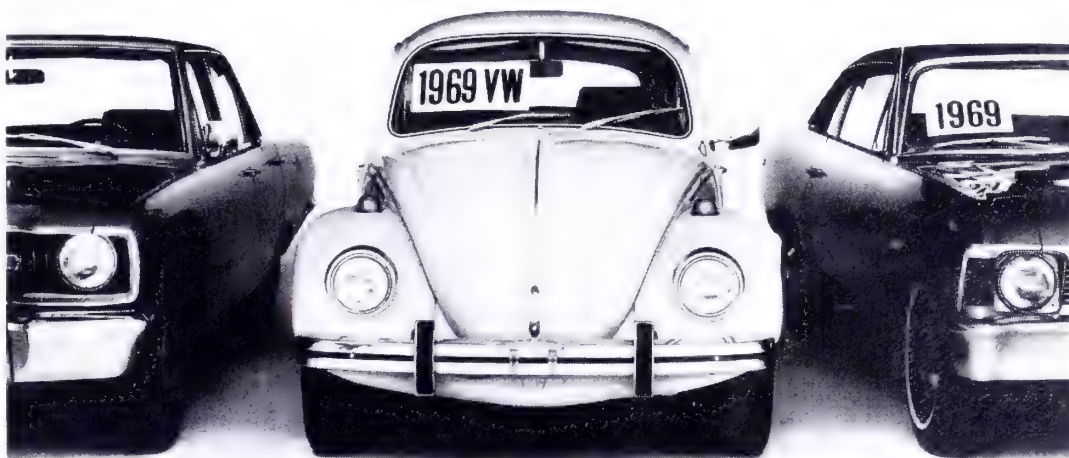
INEZ ZIMMERMAN
Oak Ridge, Tenn.

I would like to respond to Raymond and Dennis Moore's article by expressing an alternative philosophy of early-childhood education.

Early education must be seen as a unique field, not as an extension of primary school. The prekindergarten years are not the place for beginning to teach cognitive skills of any kind. The child at three and four is full with a drive to explore his world and inherent curiosity that has not been dulled... This natural motivation must be the guide for our growth in working with him. Preschool must build on an experimental base, enriching the child's encounters with world and answering his question ways appropriate to his own individual growth process. This may (often does) involve the teacher asking questions along with the child thus expanding the child's awareness. It cannot be subjected to sorts of structured teaching procedures used in the primary grades. This is not to anathematize all beginning steps toward "readiness" (which concept is, in itself, subject to many



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vergent definitions), but to in such steps must follow the c of each child's growth patte must be completely without p

Much of the evidence prese the authors supports this vie for that I must tip my hat t Where I take issue with the the inferences drawn from t dence: while they use it to dis early education out of hand, as reason to take a good hard our basic concepts of pre purposes and goals, and to st our programs in sensitive acco with those goals. Early-childh uation can provide valuable ment to the child's growth, h feeding his natural hunger t about his world and in p growth through interaction w peers. The guiding principle r appropriateness to the child's c velopment; preschool must n cannot attempt to "school" hi

SALLY JO
North Park Colle
Theological Sem
Chica

The Moores' article probab represents a position that should I sented to the public—that we a sure about the effects of early tion and it is not necessarily cial. That you permitted the p tion of an unabashed selecti wholly negative evidence and ment is hard to understand. T dence is mixed, the issues co The public deserves a look mixed evidence and the comp of issues. "Scare journalism balanced by the alternative vie perspective-giving analyses of evidence and issues simply fee alienation of the society by encr ing critics to make a case by sel only the sources that please the this case, the critics imply that cates of a liberal reform in educ are unaware of the problem inv or, being aware of the evidence deliberately subversive. The tr that your authors are either una or deliberately demagogic.

BRUCE R. J
Professor, Teachers C
Columbia Univ
New York,

Messrs. Raymond and D Moore go several pages deta physiological and psychological gers of "early schooling" wi

—RICHARD ROVERE

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EATING CRAWFISH

...The world record at crawfish eating—the record, at least, according to BreauX Bridge, which is, by resolution of the Louisiana Legislature, the Crawfish Capital of the World—was set by a local man name Andrew Thevent, who at one Crawfish Festival ate the tails of thirty-three pounds of crawfish in two hours....

—CALVIN TRILLIN



THE TALK OF THE TOWN

and Comment

the modern campaign, the candidate himself becomes merely one of many relations men who are working over to improve his image. Sometimes the candidate is actually more of a nuisance than a help to the image. The advisers must wish they could get rid of the man altogether and run a campaign on his opposite....

THE SPORTING SCENE

MAINLY ABOUT JONES

The odd thing about the 1972 Mas-... was that it started out as if a mem-... tournament were in the offing. In the first round, for example, one of the figures in American folklore, Sam-... Jackson Snead, posted a three-under-9, which placed him only one shot behind the leader, Jack Nicklaus, and... was such snap to Snead's stride... much verve to his golf that although... I knew he was born in "19 and 12,"... puts it, and will turn sixty this... he had the look of a true con-... r....

—HERBERT WARREN WIND



ink I know what's causing your migraine."

THE PARTY

The two sisters were waiting for me in the bedroom, on the bed, amidst the... and hats, umbrellas, airline bags. I... them each a drink and we watched... game together, the *Osservatore*... piano team vs. the Diet of Worms, ...rms leading by six points....

—DONALD BARTHELME

PROFILES

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Nicol Williamson

...A White House guard stops us as we enter.

GUARD: Are you the entertainment?

NICOL: I beg your pardon?

GUARD: I said are you the entertainment?

NICOL: Yes. To be exact, I am the entertainment. In just one moment, a dove will escape from my hip pocket and I shall pull the flags of all nations out of my mouth....

—KENNETH TYNAN

A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE RIVER WORLD

...I was going to St. Louis, to Cairo, to Memphis, to Natchez, to Baton Rouge, to New Orleans—I was going down the river as far as I could go. I was going as far as I could find a towboat to carry me. The packet boat has vanished from America. It has gone the way the passenger train is going. It was too slow, too comfortable, too restful. But freight still moves on the rivers. The volume, in fact, increases every year. And one can sometimes arrange for accommodations on a towboat....

—BERTON ROUECHÉ

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Alchemy



If ever there was a great example of how the best popular movies come out of a merger of commerce and art, "The Godfather" is it. The movie starts from a trash novel that is generally considered gripping and compulsively readable, though (maybe because movies more than satisfy my appetite for trash) I found it unreadable....

—PAULINE KAEHL



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LETTERS

ever defining what they mean by term. Their article is thus somewhat less than helpful to parents or teachers seeking enlightenment.

To us it seems that the danger is not in the fact that a young child tends something called a "school," but in what is done to him when he is actually there. What type of schooling was involved in the various negative studies the authors cite?

No facts are stated in the article, nor would it make sense, to suppose that schools with a perceptive, realistic style would have the same ill effects as one in which the 3 R's were taught.

The authors apparently agree with Jean Piaget that a child's development should be maximized, though not accelerated. There are schools with just that conscious purpose. We feel fortunate that Stephen, our daughter, has since age two and a half been going to such a school, the Ancon School here in Chicago. . . .

Very cursorily, the Montessori approach at Ancona is twofold: (1) to eliminate to the greatest extent possible interferences with a child's desire to satisfy curiosity, to learn, to master, and (2) to place in his reach interesting and enjoyable tools, materials and general opportunities to help him fill that desire. Much of what is done is by means of concrete, self-correcting devices. The child, though not intrusively directed, is not taught by adults; he really teaches himself. He does it through "play" (using the word in the broad sense as the antithesis to unpleasant chore).

Stephen has been at Ancon two and three-quarter hours per day five days a week, for five and a half months now. . . . His verbal and physical skills, personality and independence have grown dramatically. For all that is important, he loves the school and is always enthusiastic to go.

But, the Messrs. Moore tell us, we should instead do all that in the home. Speaking for ourselves, we try to give Stephen and his little sister a stimulating environment. To a pretty fair degree we think we have succeeded. But we candidly admit we cannot duplicate at home what Stephen has at Ancona in trained teachers, tools and materials, in social contact with other children and the help he gets from them (and the pleasure he will have later of helping still younger children). We are perhaps limited in that we cannot find or afford day nannies and sitters to take care

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home and little sister while one of us supervises a learning session. The authors' "school in the home" proposal is therefore inadequate and impractical, a poor substitute for a school like Ancona.

No, if the authors are really saying all types of early schooling are bad, they are mistaken. Should their views prevail, Stephen and many, many like him would be deprived of the pleasure and benefit of maximizing the learning and personality potential of their early years. At the same time, it would be equally wrong to suggest that just any type of early schooling is good or that schooling should be compulsory. Before parents send a young child to school, they should realistically appraise the child—and themselves—sit in on classes, if possible compare other schools (we did), and not push early learning of the 3 R's (though some of that is likely to come anyway without pushing).

And, above all, parents should remember that early schooling is not supposed to replace or substitute for warm and deep parent-child relationships.

MR. AND MRS. FRANK L. WINTER
Chicago, Ill.

THE MESSRS. MOORE REPLY:

To Inez King: The word "formal" is highly relative, e.g., the New York Regents speak of "a strong belief in formal education" for early childhood. To be fair, we assume this to be a high-quality effort. Also, California calls for *academic* development of young children. Regarding use of her study, we ask that if the many studies such as Miss King's find comparatively poor results for five- and six-year-old school entrants, are the results for three- and four-year-olds likely to be any better? Any other assumption must hold that the relative quality of the preschools in any given district is better than that of the remaining schools.

To Sally Johnson: We do not "dismiss all early education out of hand." Research indicates that an education for most children should be in the home, free but not indulgent, with essentially affective rather than cognitive emphasis.

To Bruce Joyce: Is our evidence wholly negative? It depends upon how one thinks or what interests possess him. The evidence and issues are indeed complex. One side only has primarily been presented heretofore.

We believe the other side also be presented, so of course appear negative. If Mr. Joyce aware of our evidence, why has he presented it? We are finding scholars and researchers who are aware. Many of our best teachers have modified their views in years (Earl Schaefer, Dale Burton Blatt, Frank Garfunkel). If Mr. Joyce has systematic evidence from reproducible research, contrary to our findings, we would welcome it.

To Mr. and Mrs. Winter: We understand these parents. Their very warm feelings for their child will be a large factor in his development. However, (1) the sampling is a single individual; (2) the information is based on thousands of cases in hundreds of studies, and at this time they likely have not had time to measure potential neurological or psychological damage. We would not say "all types of early schooling are bad."

EDITOR'S NOTE:

The full text of "The Danger of Early Schooling" will appear in the *Congressional Record* instead of the *Teachers College Record* as previously stated.

Counterfeit

It is more than a little ironic that Harper's piece on "the perils of journalism" ["Counterfeit News," May] was written by someone whose name, for reasons of his own, chose to keep his name a secret. That would be right had he chosen to confine himself to the broader issues. He made valid points about the ethical implications of secret publishing ventures. But his vicious sideswipes at some of the people involved—particularly Strobe Talbott, whom I know to be a sophisticated, honest, and highly talented journalist—are quite sinister and despicable in light of the author's cowardly anonymity.

How is the reader to know whether the petty axes the self-righteous Bush has to grind? On the basis of this article and incredible *nom de plume* one might easily conclude that he is motivated at least as much by envy as by a deep personal involvement in what he calls "the ethic and essence of journalism."

STANLEY W. CLARK
Time-Life News Service
Saigon, South Vietnam



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BUCINATOR REPLIES.

I would be stricken to think that anybody might now believe that back in May I uttered something vicious about that good man, Strobe Talbott. But no: Cloud rants without carefully reading or reasoning. What Bucinator actually said was that though "young, intense, rather naïve . . . Talbott is a man of honor and great ability."

Let's revisit the circumstances. Talbott is the American Sovietologist who, while still a graduate student at Oxford, was recruited by certain functionaries at Time Inc. to translate the so-called Khrushchev memoirs. Bucinator also made clear that translating and editing the manuscript handed to him was all that Talbott did. Cloud, who now surfaces for the first time in this affair, is Time's bureau chief in Saigon; he has been in Southeast Asia for the best part of three years, a taxing and unusually long tour. Before that he was briefly the second man in Time's Moscow bureau, until renewal of his visa was refused by the Russians—though everyone believes this was in retaliation for something Cloud had no responsibility for, namely a Time cover

portrait that angered its subject, Leonid Brezhnev. (These pressures do have consequences, though trivial ones: as recently as the Nixon visit to Moscow, Time copy was being edited to soften an unflattering description of the physical appearance of the Soviet leaders.) Lastly, Bucinator is the pseudonymous author of a short essay about the perils of secret journalism, wherein it was urged that Time Inc.'s handling of the Khrushchev memoirs had some curious parallels to the Clifford Irving-Howard Hughes memoirs.

Cloud puts the *tu quoque* on Bucinator's own anonymity. His diction has the brave temper of the bully beating up the professed pacifist. But that aside, the ironies of anonymity are more piquant than he supposes. Unless, of course, *he* is Bucinator? Some of his colleagues have squirmed pretty ingeniously to get off the short list of suspects. On the other hand, to my amazement and delight, at least two people, one not even with Time Inc., have shyly come forward to confess Bucinatorship. But of course Bucinator's crooked trumpet is none but the latest in a tradition many centuries old, one that journalists are

obliged to revive whenever the power of the powerful must be evaded in order to speak truth.

Beyond that, does Cloud suppose that "broader issues" of secret journalism have nothing to do with the persons involved? Bucinator said that the Khrushchev memoirs were bad history, bad journalism, and also bad ethics, of which Strobe Talbott was the victim, his honorable position used as well as his talent. Cloud is the broader issue. If Cloud is Strobe Talbott's true friend, that's what Cloud should be angry about.

Portugal Tries to Wake

I read with intense interest John Fischer's article on Portugal [in the "Easy Chair"] in the July Harper's.

As publicity for Portugal is part of my job, I feel impelled to comment on what Mr. Fischer calls "the Portuguese ineptness at press-agent work." The hard sell is not in the Portuguese tradition, but helping tourists is. Mr. Fischer mentions three sights he would have missed if he had been "tipped off by knowledgeable friends." He could have obtained these tips from TAP, as our pocket paperback *Dollar Wise Guide to Portugal* recommends the York House on page 54, the Gulbenkian Foundation on page 104, and the Madre de Deus church on page 107. Other sources such as the Portuguese Tourist Commission, a good travel agent, or any standard guidebook would also have given similar information. And the prices quoted in the guidebooks would perhaps refute Mr. Fischer's charge that "food and lodgings cost about the same as in the United States."

But I do agree with him in his belief that Portugal is one of the places in the world where the old-fashioned virtues and charm still prevail.

BERN MARCOWITZ

Public Relations Manager, U.S. TAP Portuguese Airway
New York, N.Y.

JOHN FISCHER REPLIES:

Mr. Marcowitz neatly confirms my point. None of the TAP office has ever mentioned the existence of the *Dollar Wise Guide*, nor did I ever see it displayed or advertised anywhere in Portugal. And the "prices" quoted in the standard guidebooks now seem considerably out of date.

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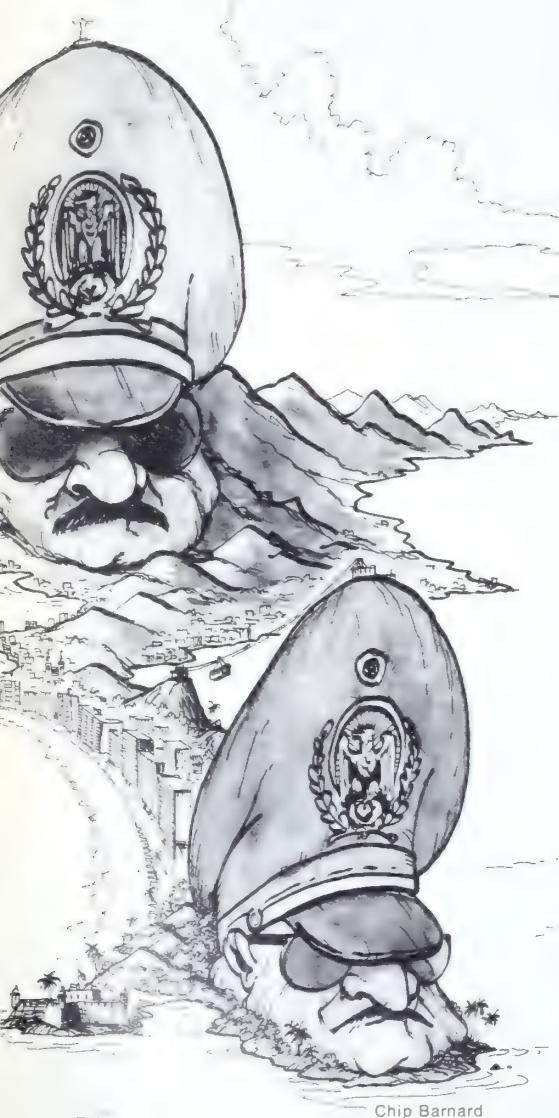
Of course, the extra time and training that operators receive in order to handle emergency calls costs extra money. But it's worth it. Because you know there's always help on the other end of your telephone line if you dial "0."

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LETTER FROM RIO

"Fairly cruel but sensible policies"



A few months ago, I would hear every week of some personal friend or acquaintance who had just been tortured. Many of my former students have been subjected to electric shock, beaten and had their bones broken by the police, and they killed my best friend in an interrogation session. But now you hear less about torture. There are not many people left worth torturing. —An intellectual critic

Of course the economic miracle will continue. This is a rich country with tremendous opportunities and we have found the way to develop.

—A retired admiral

THE BRAZILIAN REVOLUTION, which recently celebrated its eighth birthday, is a unique political phenomenon. Although Brazil is now run largely by the Army with the aid of the police, it is neither a conventional police state nor a traditional Latin American military government. Nor, for most of the people who live there, is it an "economic miracle." Between the torture rate and the growth rate there is a profound and subtle connection. The generals who hold Brazil in a more effective grip than exists in any government elsewhere in Latin America worship economic development. They are prepared to achieve it through a judicious mixture of official terrorism, modern techniques of propaganda and social control, and what former Minister of Economic Planning Roberto Campos calls "bucaneer capitalism."

In every conversation I had in Brazil, whether with generals, high government officials, corporation presidents, professors, or students, it was evident that police torture was much on their minds. One can gain an instant and, I suspect, reasonably accurate impression of some of the

major competing forces in Brazilian life by listening to what people say about torture.

The official government attitude concedes that some "excesses" have occurred but insists that torture is not a policy. Indeed, Jarbas Passarinho, the Minister of Education, well over a year ago publicly denounced torture, and at least one brigadier general was transferred to a mild disgrace because he had authorized the use of electric shock on political prisoners. At the same time the generals with whom I talked took obvious pride in their "stability" that had been achieved by their "strong measures." "In 1964," one admiral said, "our country was on the brink of collapse: terror, bank robberies, Communists in government, and a 94 per cent rate of inflation. The Revolution brought discipline and order essential for economic progress."

There are signs that the rule in Brazil are divided about the most effective techniques of social control. Some favor putting more emphasis on the rack, others on the TV tube. One indication of this tension is the history of the Revolution itself. The generation of generals, who seized power in 1964, were, within the spectrum of Brazilian military politics, liberals. The first president, General Castelo Branco, though prepared to take strong action against any political activity identified as "subversion," looked forward to the restoration of military rule.

The state elections of 1965 destroyed those hopes. The opposition candidates did too well; under pressure from the right-wing generals

Richard Barnet, co-director of the Institute for Policy Studies in Washington, has written several books on foreign and military policy, the most recent of which is The Roots of Power (Atheneum).

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SINCE 1715

nationalist, more authoritarian (less concerned about maintaining a constitutional facade) Caspary assumed extensive dictatorial powers. In 1968 a leftist movement began to grow in the universities and there was a blight of bank robberies and urban terrorism that culminated in the kidnapping of the American ambassador. The government of Costa e Silva, in power since 1964, responded with the suspension of the writ of *habeas corpus* and the blatant use of torture.

Costa e Silva, a prominent banker and plantation owner who was enthusiastic about the tough measures the government had employed to curb inflation, defeat terrorism, and promote economic growth. For him there was no doubt that anyone who had suffered physical unpleasantness at the hands of the government deserved it. None of his friends or associates encountered the slightest trouble. He believed that the government had succeeded in keeping inflation down only by taking the power of the unions and controlling wages. (There has been no legal strike in Brazil since 1964. The few illegal strikes were brutally repressed.) "Foreigners don't understand that we need a strong government here. The people are not ready for your kind of democracy. At my suggestion that perhaps the government was now secure enough to return to a system of direct elections, he became agitated. "There will be elections for a long time and they shouldn't be. The Communists will win." With only an official opposition party and an official opposition permitted and the Communist Party illegal, his fears seemed rational, but the emotion in his voice led me to doubt that they were real.

Intellectuals, would-be political activists, and students, the police torturers succeeded in imposing a code of behavior. After almost four years of systematic sadism, the lines are blurred. No one in Brazil doubts that the press is a persuasive instrument of control. Official terrorism has been led brilliantly for two reasons. First, the government has made it clear that it will resort to any methods, no matter how barbarous, to discourage associations it considers dangerous. Second, it has used such spectacular acts as loosing a live alligator on a young woman who would not talk. The deterrent effect is obvious. People are reluctant to confide in their closest friends for fear that they will reveal

incriminating information under torture. Second, the application of torture is highly selective. If you are not an intellectual, student, political activist, or rural organizer, you have nothing much to worry about. So far the Brazilian generals have been much more discriminating in the use of torture than the governments of South Vietnam or Greece. They have been careful not to define "enemy of the state" too broadly. Often in the past, official torture had a radicalizing effect on the population; no one knew who would be next, and so people organized in self-defense.

Intellectuals, students, former politicians, and priests, who, one of the generals at the Superior War College told me, comprise the only plausible threat to the regime, now know what they can and cannot safely do. The regime does not attempt to be totalitarian. Long hair and mod clothes abound. Professors can write sharply critical books provided they are written in such a way as to be of interest only to other professors. I talked with editors, college presidents, professors, and students who were apparently unafraid to criticize the government to a foreign stranger in a public place. But access to the mass media for criticism is forbidden; there is no room on television for anything but official truth. Professors and students alike take it for granted that there are police informers in each class.

The press is completely controlled, but the emphasis is on self-censorship. Each paper has a person on its own staff who acts as resident censor. His job is to receive official word as to what news is fit to print and to negotiate the close questions with the government. Individuals with good police contacts are in great demand for such jobs; in some cases the line is not altogether clear, and personal relationships can help liberalize the rules. Frequently the government issues conflicting signals to the press. In one recent case, newspapers were originally forbidden to print that a state governor had been forced to resign because of corruption. Then the word came down that the otherwise mysterious resignation could be explained by mentioning his wrongdoing. But when the magazine *Veja*, a *Time*-style weekly, appeared, all its issues were immediately confiscated.

Beyond the narrow segment of the population for whom the prospect of torture is real, the principal instru-



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LETTER FROM RIO

ment of social control is mass propaganda. Posters celebrating the economic miracle are everywhere. The ubiquitous slogan is YOU ARE SAVING BRAZIL. Government TV commercials are omnipresent. A favorite features a ship tossing on a sea. Suddenly all is calm, and the Brazilian flag flutters across the sky. "Eight years ago there was no helm," an announcer begins, "now we have order and progress."

All dictatorships make progress use of mass media, but an important characteristic of twentieth-century fascism and Communism has been coerced mass participation. In Brazil, however, there is no mass participation in rallies, parades, or other demonstrations for enlisting active manifestation of support from the population. It is perhaps the world's first technocracy, a dictatorship deriving significant support from the glazed eyes of millions of viewers, each sitting in isolation.

TO ENLIST SUPPORT of various groups, the Brazilian regime has put its primary emphasis on what is called "social integration." It has presented the characterization of Brazil as a "military government," and explained that Brazil's military leaders must rely on civilian technicians and managers to run the country. But they are attempting the systematic militarization of civilian elites, indoctrinating them in the ideological goals of the Revolution and by setting out new rules for a continuing civilian-military partnership under the effective control of the military.

Perhaps the best way to gain insight into the thinking of the Brazilian military is to visit the Superior War College. Crucial to the development of the College has been U. S. military assistance, and it is through this connection that U. S. influence on the Revolution has been most significant. General Vernon Walters, recently appointed Deputy Director of the CIA, was Military Attaché in Brazil when the Superior War College was taken over in 1964. Many Brazilian politicians believe that General Walters' role in the affair was more than reportorial. Today U. S. officers continue to be assigned to staff positions at the War College. The college are virtual replicas of what is taught at the National War College in Washington. The admiration of the Brazilian

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... military for their American counterparts is reciprocated. One high U. S. military officer with whom I talked expressed complete satisfaction with the regime. He suggested that perhaps we were getting to a point in the United States where some similar strong measures might be necessary. "These people understand that sometimes you have to sacrifice a little liberty for the country."

Over two-thirds of the students at the Superior War College are civilians—lawyers, accountants, judges, corporation presidents. They are eager to spend the months required for the course because the contacts with the military are considered invaluable. To accelerate the process of integration, a number of top military men have taken jobs as high corporate executives. I had a talk with General Golbery Silva, formerly chief of intelligence and now president of Dow Chemical Company of Brazil.

The generals who run Brazil understand very well the importance of maintaining close connections with the foreign companies that now control the most dynamic sectors of the economy, because the stability of their rule depends on their ability to

market hope in the economic miracle. Anyone with enough money to participate in Brazil's booming stock market does not need to be convinced. Even department-store clerks and secretaries can now afford cars, thanks to the availability of consumer credit. Civil servants and persons on fixed incomes are grateful to the government for curbing the inflation that threatened to bankrupt them in the early 1960s. The inflation rate is now under 25 per cent a year, and the government recently promised to reduce it to 10 per cent.

But for most Brazilians who do not participate in the new affluence, life under the Revolution is demonstrably worse than before. According to official figures, the unemployment rate exceeds 8 per cent. (It is actually much higher since anyone who did even a single odd job during the year is counted among the employed.) For those who do find work, real wages are declining. According to figures released by the Ministry of Finance, the real average wage had dropped between 1964 and 1969 by 38 per cent, and the concentration of wealth had increased. In 1960 the top 4 per cent of the population possessed 16

per cent of the national wealth. In 1970 they had increased their share to 20 per cent.

Roberto Campos, who devised the basic strategy for the economic miracle, provided me with the explanation for these figures: the government had followed a policy of investing in high-technology labor-saving industry; it had frozen wages and increased such basic inputs as rents by 180 per cent. Acknowledging that this was "brutal medicine," Campos maintained that it was necessary to "take a relaxed view of social justice" in order to stimulate productivity. Income should go to those who can produce. An "obsessive income distribution" would lead to a "premature welfare state" and the ruin of the economy. There is no need to suggest that what Campos calls these "fairly cruel but sensible policies" will be changed in the future.

A SHORT STAY in Brazil is enough to convince the visitor that the Revolution has been brutally effective in carrying out its goals. The political opposition is terrorized and emasculated. The regime enjoys considerable popularity with the most powerful sectors of the population. The people who are outside the money economy or barely inside it are unorganized and apathetic. Yet there is a curious feeling of instability. Even enthusiastic supporters of the Revolution seem nervous about the future. The government apparently feels insecure that it has scrapped plans for liberalization. The head of the official government party, ARENA, recently announced a crash program to "secrete the ideology of the Revolution in definite and lasting terms," making clear that the inspiration for the ideology would be the Superior College and that its cardinal principle would be "obedience." There are obvious signs of strain among the military generals. President Medici, a military promise candidate, was elected in 1969 by a secret vote limited to military star generals.

The continuation of social peace in Brazil will depend upon the continuation of the economic miracle. If it does continue, there appear to be enough people willing to sacrifice political liberty for economic growth which would make Brazil's night the generals a long one indeed.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE SEPTEMBER

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Jack Hope

MAN IN VIBRAM SOLES

How to win at hiking

AMONG OUTDOORSMEN, I reasoned, the hiker is most blessed, his motives most pure, his spirit most attuned to the natural world. Unlike the hunter or fisherman, he is not drawn to the outdoors by base and selfish goals—the need to conquer or consume—but by a simple love of the land. And unlike the auto tourist, the motorboatist, the downhill skier, the driver of trail bikes or snowmobiles, he breaks his ties with the attitudes and artifacts of industrial society, shuns the machine-assisted outdoor encounter, and seeks a meeting with nature on nature's terms.

As an environmentalist, I viewed the new American interest in hiking with unbridled optimism. While outdoor recreation in general is increasing at an annual rate of 8 to 9 per cent, public participation in backcountry hiking is rising at a rate of roughly 40 per cent per year, according to the estimates of various governmental agencies. More than a change in recreational tastes, I felt, the burgeoning popularity of hiking signaled a revolution in temperament, a rejection of the competitive, achievement-oriented, Protestant-ethic-like values that have traditionally shaped the interaction of American man with his natural surroundings.

The hiker—is it not borne out by the nature of his activity?—is, above all, a Thoreauvian, a man of keen but gentle perceptions, whose approach to his environment is not demanding or manipulative, but is dominated by a passivity, a receptivity, a yearning to open wide the pores of his senses, to gain the insights and

intuitions provided by an encounter with the Organic Oneness. He is a stroller, an ambler, not driven by deadlines and compulsions but carried easily along by the rhythms of wilderness and the whims of his spirit. In the fields and forests, he proceeds slowly, silently, even reverently, noting carefully the hues of autumn leaves, brushing his hand—ever so gently—across the surface of a lichen-covered boulder, listening eagerly for the distant music of a mountain stream, sharing his simple lunch of beechnuts and thimbleberries with a passing chipmunk or red squirrel. He is—this man in Vibram soles—a being unencumbered, neither rigid nor conforming, but freed from the narrow adherence to the beaten path, the antithesis of aggression and the harbinger of a new era of harmony between man and nature.

Thus I reasoned.

AND THUS, IN THE spring of 1972, I joined the Eastern Mountain Club, one of the most popular hiking fraternities in the United States. I sent in the five dollars for guest membership, received a green privilege card and the club's lengthy list of spring weekend outings, and, one week later, went forth on a twelve-mile one-day trip, formally launching my career as an affiliated hiker.

"I am Emil Stonebreaker. This hike will be twelve miles. We will proceed on the SBM to the TT, the TT to the

AT, the AT to the RD, and will leave the trail to bushwhack the last three miles. We will do Pyngap Mountain, Cat's Elbow, West Mourning, and several less important peaks. Pace will be moderate to moderately strenuous. There will be rock scrambling on the assaults of Pyngap Mountain and Cat's Elbow.

"This hike is generally described as a 3C. However, if the group elects to travel an additional two miles at the end of the trip, and it can be listed as a 3D. Are there any questions before we begin?"

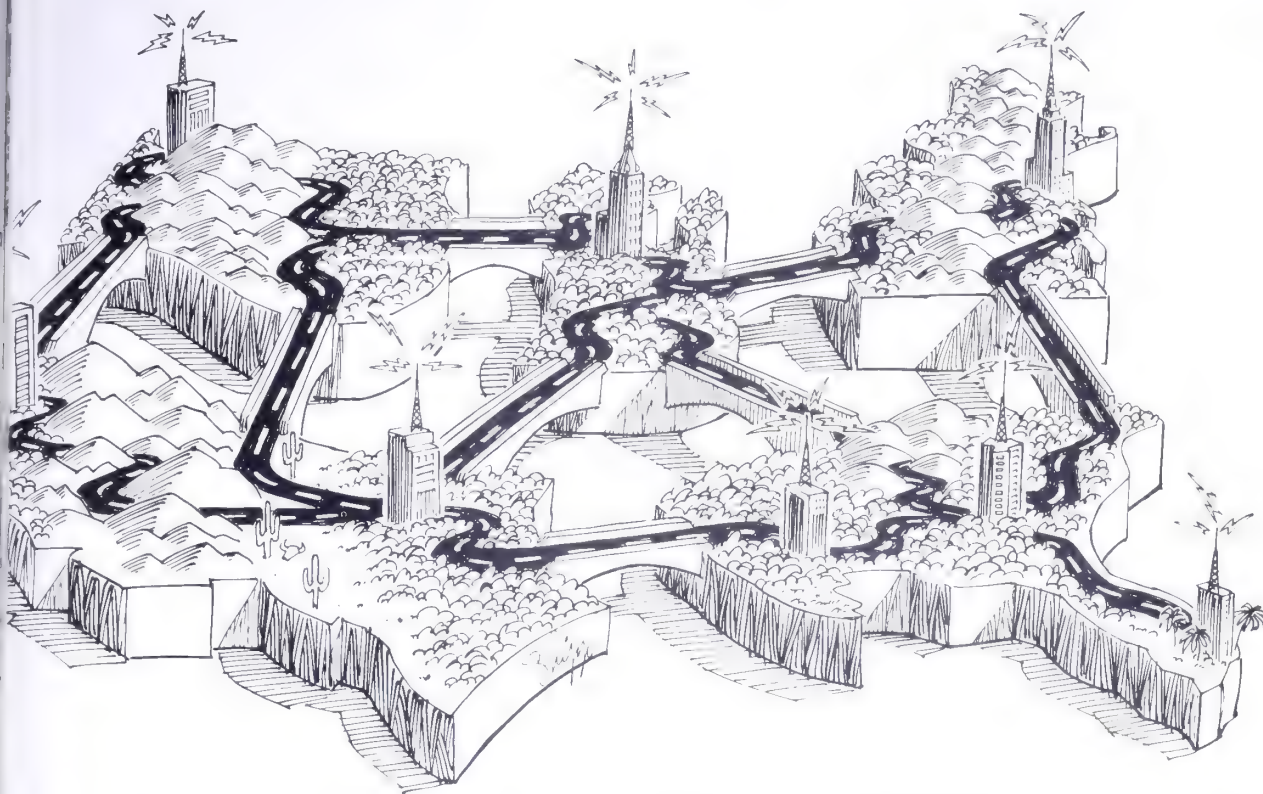
In early morning, April 29, I started with fifteen EMC members at a gravelled roadside turnoff in Hamman State Park, as our leader, a short, powerfully built man in his forties—described the route we were about to take, named the peaks we would climb and the trails we would travel (the Suffern-Bear Mountain, the Timp-Torne, the Appalachian, and the Ramapo-Dunderberg).

It was a fine day for a walk in the woods, fresh and cool and clear, with new leaves emerging at the tips of deciduous branches, tinting the valley bottoms with the pale green of early spring. The brooks emptying from the surrounding hills were high and fast, and on exposed ledges of rock, silver trickles of water ran among patches of dark green moss, catching the sunlight, reflecting it in shimmering patterns onto the trunks of nearby hardwoods.

The members of our hiking party—eleven men, five women—were simply clad in light jackets and jeans, sweaters and loose-fitting hiking trousers.

Jack Hope has written a book on the national parks entitled Parks in Peril, to be published soon by Sierra Club/Scribners.

The Case for a Nationwide Power Network



Our country, once a land of isolated communities, is bound together today by networks of many kinds . . . highway, railroad, radio, television, telephone.

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objective of ensuring reliable electric service for all Americans, for national security and consumer health, safety and convenience. This network can best be achieved within the present pluralistic ownership structure of the electric industry. But realization should not depend solely upon rate-of-return economics or investment feasibility; the ultimate criterion of worth must be performance in the public interest. This means government assistance where important elements of a unified grid system cannot otherwise be financed.

It becomes clearer each day that if we, as a nation, are to solve our complex energy problems, we must undertake long-term R & D to develop new—and improve existing—means of producing and delivering electric power. We must *also* use to the fullest extent technical capabilities we already have . . . or we run the grave risk of neither protecting our environment nor meeting our energy needs.

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They ranged in age from twenty-nine to (in the case of a wiry, white-haired little man) sixty-seven, with the majority of the hikers in their mid- to late-thirties. Among us were housewives and long-haired graduate students of psychology, a retired landscape architect and a systems analyst for Dakota Industries, a postal clerk, three schoolteachers, a bond broker, a research chemist, an editor, a management consultant (our leader), and two professors of mathematics at Manhattan Polytechnic Institute. I was pleased by the diversity of the group—sixteen souls who would carry the enlightenment of their day-long contact with the natural world back to a variety of social circumstances.

I will admit, though, that I was visited by a moment of uneasiness as I listened to the crisp military precision of the Stonebreaker imperatives. Would a Thoreauvian, after all, begin a spring outing with the mention of assaults and bushwhacking?

But I quickly brushed this thought aside.

"Are there any questions?" Stonebreaker repeated.

"Emil?" One of the housewives, Elsie Summit, raised her hand for recognition. She smiled sweetly as she spoke. "Emil, I think we should note that the Sierra Club did this hike last week—in five hours, twenty minutes."

I observed, now, that the back and arms of Mrs. Summit's jacket were adorned with two to three dozen brightly colored cloth decals, naming the mountains she had hiked. Glancing around, I saw similar patches (though far fewer in number) on the jackets of three other hikers. My uneasiness returned.

"Noted!" Stonebreaker returned snappily.

Around me, the hikers scuffled their heavy boots in the gravel, in a gesture of readiness. On the far side of the group, there was a joking mention of the Sierra Club: I heard the words "wheelchair" and "bird-sitter." The two mathematicians chuckled softly to themselves.

"Other questions?"

There were none.

"Then let's begin!" Stonebreaker turned abruptly and strode across the graveled parking area and into a patch of hemlocks. For a short man, he moved with amazing speed, planting his feet with a series of firm, rapid strides.

For a moment, the quick start caught the other hikers unaware. But they recovered quickly and jostled for position, falling into line behind our leader, with the research chemist taking second place, the two mathematicians walking abreast in third, the systems analyst and Elsie Summit vying for fourth, and the rest of the group strung out behind. The bond broker, the white-haired little man, and I brought up the rear. As we entered the hemlocks, a covey of ruffed grouse flushed and flew in a wide arc to the west, their wings drumming the air.

"Partridge!" Stonebreaker called loudly over his shoulder, without breaking stride.

"Partridge!" Elsie Summit echoed.

"Partridge!" the research chemist called. He hesitated momentarily, to watch the flight of the birds.

"Partridge!" the two mathematicians sang out in unison, leaping a downed log in the trail and usurping second position.

AT A PACE slightly less than a jog, we swept through the hemlocks, crossed a stream and turned uphill, heading for the southwest face of Pyngap Mountain. Beside me, the white-haired sixty-seven-year-old was breathing strenuously. I gritted my teeth, stretched my legs, and, for rhythm, fastened my gaze upon the bobbing patches at the bottom of Elsie Summit's jacket, watching Grand Teton collide, alternately, with Long's Peak and Mount Whitney.

Pyngap, though only 1,023 feet at its peak, rises 200 feet from its base in an abrupt, rocky cliff. The Suffern-Bear Mountain trail, skirting easier approaches to the top, led directly up the cliff, across open faces of rock and along narrow ledges, occasionally crossing a crevice or mud slide, where the footing was precarious.

There was no hesitation. Stonebreaker and the lead hikers made running starts as they approached the incline, gathered momentum, then leaped and ran up a sloping face of rock to the ledge above. There, they narrowed to single file, with Stonebreaker leading the way across the narrow ledge, using handholds in the rock and grasping the trunks of the few small cedars that clung to the cliff. During their ascent, the leaders carried out a running conversation, addressing one another, but speaking

loudly enough to be heard by all of us below.

"Nice little pitch!"

"Be better with some ice," Burton, remember that ice Grand?"

"Right. A sweet little F-six."

"F-seven, with the ice."

"Right. F-seven."

"A good little grade. It's not tenberg, but . . ."

The systems analyst's boot slipped on a thin, moss-covered slab of sand. The rock splintered and fell, bouncing once, twice, and shattered on a ledge ten feet above us.

"Rock coming!" he called happily.

The rest of us followed up the trail, taking the leaping start and stumbling to the first ledge. In the lead, one of the schoolteachers fell forward, caught herself on one arm, righted herself quickly and strutted ahead, rubbing her left elbow.

"Nice little pitch," she said jestily, addressing her remark to the air.

Curiously, though the trail up the cliff was highly visible—scratched and scraped and footprinted by several hundred annual sets of boots and crampons—it was also marked by small splotches of fresh yellow paint dabbed on the rock—the work of volunteer trail-marking crews from the EMC and from the three dozen other clubs of the New York and Jersey Trail Conference. Across the open faces, the paint was dabbed at ten-foot intervals. Upon the ledges, arrows pointed out the direction of travel. In one location, where a hiker had a choice of skirting a large boulder or climbing over it, a string of painted dots led across the center of the rock, while arrows and the yellow letters "ALT" (alternate) led around its edge, rejoining the dots twenty feet later. The painters had taken their work seriously; no step of the route was left to chance, or, for that matter, to the imagination. Elsie Summit later pointed out to me that the painted symbols might save as much as ten to fifteen minutes of indecision on a day-long hike. Too, the spring route-marking campaigns gave the members, he felt, "a sense of responsibility to the trails."

Stonebreaker, now 100 feet above us, had increased his lead over the second-place hikers and was moving up the ridge in a series of short, mo-

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tain-goat-like leaps. But in the main body of hikers, positions changed frequently as we raced up the cliff. Conversation halted, except for occasional "oofs" and "umphs" as we hauled ourselves up the incline. We breathed through our mouths, taking in great gulps of oxygen. My pulse throbbed wildly within my head, and I mused, briefly, upon the incidence of cardiac arrest in thirty-one-year-olds.

Strangely, near the top, my legs did not respond properly; the short, traversing steps were manageable, but when I lifted my weight on one leg up the two-foot rises in the rock, the knee and calf muscles quivered and gave way. Pulling myself onto an exposed ledge, I gazed down at the long drop beneath. For a moment, the prospect of a fall seemed a pleasant one. In all probability, I would not perish but would bounce and come to rest on a ledge with only a broken limb or two, and would then have the pleasure of being carried back—in blissful repose—to someone's station wagon. Stonebreaker and the mathematicians would be my bearers, and the rest of the group would hurry ahead to prepare me a bed of hemlock boughs and to secure a snifter of brandy.

Or would they? Looking ahead, I saw that the lead hikers had cleared the top of the cliff. I glanced behind. The bond broker was gaining on me. I forced myself to the top, clearing the last lip of rock on all fours. A highly undignified scene. Stonebreaker and the other hikers stood there, waiting, scuffling their boots. I wobbled to my feet.

"There will now be a brief separation," Stonebreaker announced coolly, as the broker and the old man sprawled over the ridgetop. "The ladies will please go ahead. We will rejoin you in four minutes."

The five women walked off, following the yellow-dotted trail into the stand of wind-bent saplings that covered the shoulder of the mountain. When they passed from sight, our leader signaled an all-clear, and we urinated beside the trail. I stood between the mathematicians and one of the graduate students, at the edge of the cliff.

From the ridge, there was a long view of the surrounding region, the brown folds of the hills contrasting sharply with the bright blue of the sky. To the west, a few wisps of white cloud rested upon the horizon.

"Nice view," I commented.

"Looks like rain," one of the mathematicians said.

"Thirty-two feet per second per second," the other announced, urinating over the edge of the cliff.

"My sock is stuck down inside my boot," the graduate student observed.

"Are we ready?" Stonebreaker called.

Without awaiting a response he turned and strode up the trail. "Noon break will be on Cat's Elbow!" he called over his shoulder. We followed, leaving the graduate student fumbling frantically to adjust his hiking boot.

AFTER WE REJOINED the ladies, I hiked alongside Elsie Summit for a time. I asked about some of the more unusual patches on her jacket. She explained that the green and white "Over 3,500" decal could be worn by club-affiliated hikers who had "bagged" all Catskill peaks over 3,500 feet in elevation. Similarly, the red and black "46-ers" patch and the "111 Club" insignia were worn by those who had climbed, respectively, all forty-six Adirondack mountains and all 111 New England peaks over 4,000 feet. I expressed wonder at her achievement, but she assured me that her feats were elementary; her current ambition, she announced, was to "bag" the same peaks in winter, on snowshoes. A certificate of achievement was awarded for the winter conquest.

"Would you like to do five Presidents?" she asked.

"I beg your pardon?"

"The Presidents," she repeated impatiently. "In the White Mountains. A group of us are going next weekend. We'll bag five peaks. Madison, Adams, Jefferson, Washington. Maybe Monroe. Monroe is only 5,385, though; we may not bother with it. Interested?"

"Not if you're not going to get Monroe," I said. "And the incumbent."

But Mrs. Summit was a hiker, not a politician. She lengthened her stride and hastened ahead, rejoining the lead hikers. "Waldo!" she said, as she came up beside the systems analyst. "Five Presidents. Next weekend..."

We maintained our pace for the remainder of the morning, following the SBM from the windswept peak of Pyngap through two heavily wooded valleys, crossing one of the "less im-

portant" peaks our leader mentioned, finally topping a hurricane cliff and reaching the site of our break.

Still breathing heavily from the climb up the last cliff, we settled ourselves on a broad flat face overlooking the junction of the Sugarloaf Mountain and Ramapo-Dundee trails. The surface of the rock was ened with flakes of quartz and in its middle, a red "R" and yellow "SBM" were painted in inch letters, with arrows leading to the rock in the respective direction of the two trails.

"Unusual rock," I mentioned.

The systems analyst kicked the stone in several spots with the toe of his hiking boot.

"It's hard," he commented. "Seams. Couldn't drive a pin into that."

One of the schoolteachers, looking down, noted that two pieces of rock, broken off, would make a wonderful set of bookends."

We ate quickly, bolting our sandwiches. Elsie Summit, looking down, shared a lunch with our leader. I ate peanut butter-and-jelly sandwiches and "gorp" (a mixture of chocolate, and raisins) and took a meal off with a special Stony drink, a combination of rosemary vodka, and cinnamon—a "Winter."

The brief luncheon revealed. After another "separation," we resumed our hike, descending the mountain in long running strides, leaning our bodies back to retard the momentum. The graduate students, Elsie and the old man let out whoops and dashed down the cliff.

The trail dropped from the top and traversed the slope of a rocky ridge. At the higher elevations, the snow had still prevailed. But here, on the sunny slope, the signs of spring were abundant. Red and green buttes from ash, oak, maple, and birch were scattered on the trail. Blades of adder's-tongue and fern spirals of woodland ferns grew through the layer of leaves on the forest floor. We hurried along the

The group held to its morning pace but the walking was easier. They conversed. The graduate student and one of the schoolteachers discussed behavioral modification in the achieving adolescent. Elsie and the systems analyst debated the merits of Iowa and Dunham



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The wide open spaces of Greece are all yours in the fall. Because that's when the summer bunch has all gone home. But summer hasn't. You'll have lots of leg room as you stroll a private beach tucked away in Crete and Rhodes. Lots of elbow room as you drink up the warm, sweet sunshine and explore our classical ruins and Byzantine churches unhurried, unharried, unhassled.

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And none of it is expensive. Not even at the most luxurious of our luxury hotels.

So come enjoy summer in Greece this fall. We'll have your room ready for you.

GREECE

IS NEVER OUT OF SEASON

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601 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017 (212) HA 1-5777
627 West 6th St., Los Angeles, Calif. 90017 (213) 626-6696

H 972

Gentlemen:
I'd like to getaway to Greece in the fall.
Please send more information.

Name

Address

City State Zip

EL CID CONQUERS THE COCKTAIL CROWD.

El Cid, the great Spanish Sherry, has landed in America.

And everywhere Americans are surrendering to its distinctive taste. Lightly dry. Like no other Sherry.

Next time you gather for cocktails, try El Cid. Great chilled, superb on the rocks.

Then count yourself among the conquered.

ENJOY THE LIGHTLY DRY TASTE OF EL CID.
DUFF GORDON'S BEST-SELLING SHERRY.

Sole Importer U.S.A. Munson Shaw Co., N.Y.C.

GAMES SOME PEOPLE PLAY

boots. The mathematicians spoke of "function-space intervals" and possibilities of tenure at Manhattan Poly.

From the east, a small spring brook descended the ridge and crossed the trail. The stream dripped down the slope in a series of three falls, with the water gurgling and frothing atop clear deep pools.

There was a small green clump of grass in the pool nearest the trail, the water bubbling and swirling with the current.

We splashed across the brook and the graduate students gleefully jumped quickly at the water as we passed.

"A brook," he observed. "What if it's polluted."

"Polluted brook," the teacher said without turning her head.

They returned to the underground adolescent.

"... but you can't ignore etiology. Even if you get a temporary behavioral change, you'll only have symptom displacement at a later stage."

"I wouldn't own a pair of boots that didn't have a double rivet on the sole lacing. And Wally, you know as well as I do that when you have an insole Vibram and a three-eighths midsole, you have a good solid platform, which is more than you can say for the things you're wearing."

"Nothing wrong with the dual-plex model. Thing is, he was getting less than integer answers and rounding off whole numbers! That's what he decided to leave."

We pushed on, following the blue, and white dots of the RD, TT, and the AT, "doing" West Mountain and finally crossing a four-lane highway—the Palisades Interstate to extend the hike to 3D dimension. The last two miles of the trip paralleled the highway, dipping occasionally close enough to the road that we encountered broken bottles and discarded cans. We finished in mid-afternoon, crossing the parkway again, retracing our morning route for a quarter-mile and emerging at a graveled parking lot.

Our leader consulted his watch, a pedometer and performed some quick calculations. The hike had taken five hours, forty minutes. But, as he pointed out, we had traveled four and one half miles for an average speed of 2.38 miles per hour, which was better than the Sierra Club had done, and something to be proud of.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, SEPTEMBER 1971

JUDGMENT FROM THE BENCH

Those who sit in judgment of a piano come from many branches of musical achievement.

But they all look for the same signs of truth to emerge.

Responsiveness, for instance, is always called upon—especially when a new concerto is being tried.

Clarity must come forth—as in the case of

enunciating vs blurring the inner voices of Bach's later fugues.

Reliability, above all, will figure hard in the outcome of every jazz and rock concert.

To all these points, Yamaha pianos plead guilty as charged.

And are appropriately sentenced to years at hard labor—as handed down from benches across the world.



 **YAMAHA**

Yamaha International Corp., Box 6600, Buena Park, Calif. 90620.

THE PARANOIA MARKET

Six billion dollars in protection money

Distrust and caution are the parents of security.
—Benjamin Franklin

TWO TELEVISION CAMERAS at an open window twenty-two floors above the street probed the nighttime gloom over Lake Michigan.

"Just a second," said Jesse Wagner from Impossible Electronic Techniques, Inc. He knelt by his cameras, adjusting a light intensifier and a telescopic lens, twisting dials to fine-tune an image on video monitor screens. "There you have it, gentlemen."

"Impossible!" someone in the Hospitality Suite at the Conrad Hilton Chicago exclaimed. In clear focus on the monitors was a pleasure boat moored a mile away, its name legible: "Miss Nomer." The visitors peered out the window, gawking at the indefinite darkness in the distance.

"That's the name of the game," Wagner said, taking a satisfied drag on his cigarette and patting one of the cameras. "This is the ultimate surveillance device. The tube was designed for night use in Nam."

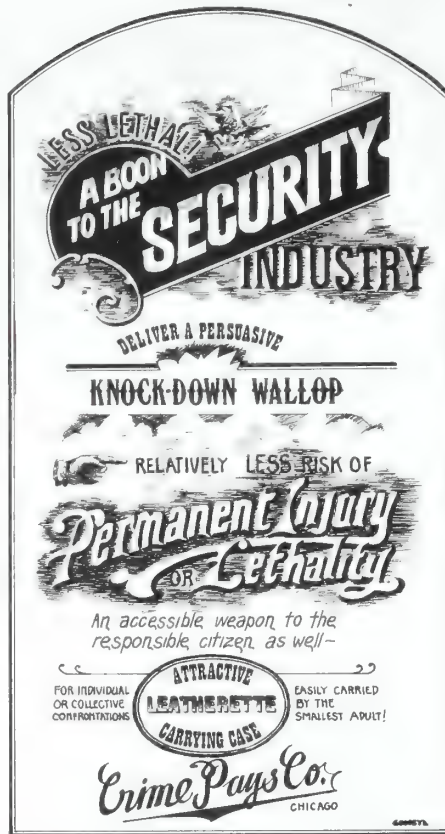
"How far can you see?" I asked.

"Last month we tracked the Apollo 16 spacecraft 200,000 miles out," Wagner replied coolly. "We hooked a camera to the thirty-six-inch reflector-scope they have at the Fernbank Science Center in Atlanta."

"This is 1984," Wagner continued, gesturing toward the cameras. "The technology of 1984 is already here."

Impossible Electronic Techniques was one of nearly 200 exhibitors at the sixth annual International Security Conference—a Chicago newspaper columnist called it the "World's Fair of Fear"—staged by *Security World*, the industry's principal trade publication.

"No, the 1984 thing doesn't bother me," Wagner laughed. "Don't worry—I'm going to be around to make



Richard Erlanger

sure things turn out all right. Actually, I've already spoken with my lawyer about forming 'Big Brother, Inc.' But you know, I'm not sure the world's ready for that yet. The world's hardly ready for Impossible!"

PROTEST, RIOT, AIR PIRACY, assassination, fire, sabotage, vandalism, and burglary are the natural resources of the security industry; the International Security Conference was the sales showcase for its dreadnought protective wares and services. "Crime pays!" read the literature for an alarm system on display at the con-

John Stickney is a free-lance journalist whose first book, Streets, Actions, Alternatives, Raps: A Report on the Decline of the Counterculture, was published last year.

ference. "It's a big, profitable market and you can cash in on it..."

American consumers, business and citizenry, spend \$6 billion annually for protection, according to Arnold Field of *Security World*. "The industry is now in the same place aerospace was at the end of World War II," he said. He estimates the business is growing as fast as the crime rate, which nearly doubled in the past decade—will be worth \$30 billion by 1980. "It better get bigger if we want a secure future."

The profitability of paranoia merchandising was apparent in the multitude of elaborate mixed-media exhibits sprawling the length and breadth of the huge hotel basement. Each display spilled over with futuristic security gadgetry hawked by flashily dressed salesmen—aviator spectacles, double-knit suits, and styled haircuts were the rule—trying to corner a market in the free enterprise free-for-all of a fledgling industry riding the crest of an international crime wave.

"God bless all those who work for our security and peace of mind," prayed a minister over the bowed heads of businessmen gathered for a keynote luncheon on the conference's first day—one week after the assassination attempt on George Wallace, three weeks after the death of J. Edgar Hoover.

Demonstrations of protective hardware alternated with seminars closed to the press for security reasons—where industry speakers briefed executives about the latest methods of confronting societal chaos. A typical seminar—each was guarded by eagle-eyed ushers or usherettes from Bu International Security Services—might explore the question, "Is Your Guard Qualified to Use Weapons?" or examine the vicissitudes of "Disarm Use, An Epidemic." One speaker

sed to describe how "plati-
and gimmickry will always be
is, but the true test of all tech-
s is payoff."

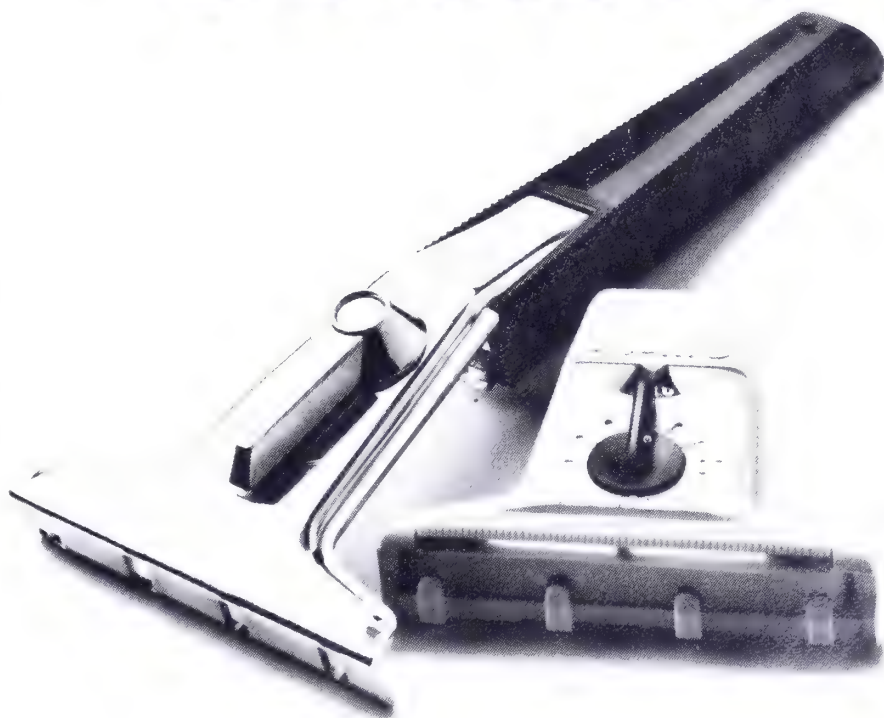
acophony of bells, buzzers, air-
blasts, and swoop-tone sirens—
ounds of warning devices re-
lly tripped off—accompanied
000 tradespeople and crime-con-
businessmen attending the
day show. The general public
enied admission. To match the
e sounds was a strange lan-
g, security dialect, words that
ed the tongue like freeze-dried
: Omni Spectra, Privacom, De-
n, Pyrotector Optasonic, Robo-
Magnasync/Moviola.

TROLL THROUGH conference ex-
hibits provided an education in
itch-in-time practices and stop-
machinery designed to shore up
red law, fragmented order.
ection against crime can no
be left to law enforcement
warned the conference pro-
Among the crime-stoppers on

y:
inkerton's "Bomb Blanket,"
square feet of bombproof fire-
ant material "to completely
virtually any bomb that can be
led into your building. In the
months more than 5,000 bomb-
ave occurred in the U.S. alone,
leave yourself unprotected."
rival protective agency offered
unphlets about insurrectionary
y, "Planning for the Bomb
" and "Preparing for Civil Dis-
ce." The latter's introduction
"Guardsmark, Inc. has a keen
t in preserving the business
re which is the backbone of the
nterprise system and conse-
y the backbone of this nation."
toplifter International's "Loss
tion System," an electrically
zed tape attached to retail mer-
se that is deactivated only after
ods are purchased. If a pilferer
leave a store with an item, an
eye at the exit spots the tape
ggers an alarm.

ron's "Digi-Key" lock, opened
ning a key and pressing the
combination on three "Elec-
Memory Lock Buttons" above
hole. If the wrong combination
ed, an alarm goes off. "Keep
key . . . And your peace of
read an Acron advertisement.
lectric Wastebasket's "Destroy-

Save your skin.



Gillette Techmatic.
It's tough on your beard.
Not on your face.

©1972, The Gillette Company, Boston, Mass.

paper shredders, capable of reducing documents to wispy strands 1/32-inch wide. "These machines are very popular in government circles right now," said salesman G. P. Lucchetti. "I had dealings recently with a guy from a government agency, and he wouldn't even tell me which one he worked for. That's how tight security's getting."

- The Reid Report, "a paper and pencil honesty test for job applicants" that purportedly helps employers screen out the untrustworthy job seeker by examining his "attitude toward honesty." "One-third of the working population in the United States should not be considered good risks for handling a company's money, merchandise, or secrets," promotional literature for the report claimed, stating an implicit theme of the International Security Conference: no one can really be trusted anymore.

At the end of each conference day a uniformed guard at the security showroom's single exit scrutinized the open briefcases of visitors and exhibitors alike to prevent thievery.

"This is a cheapjack industry," a disgruntled eight-year veteran lock wholesaler told me, expressing the sentiments of two other exhibitors I interviewed. "I do as much of my business in cash as possible. People don't pay you—the fast-buck twerps go in and out of business so quick it'd make your head spin. There are no standards around here. If we give each other the short end of the stick, you can imagine how the consumer gets treated."

- Record-O-Fone's "Audio Detection/Monitoring System," a device that picks up the noise of an illegal entry, then switches on a telephone dialer that delivers up to six emergency numbers—of the police department, a neighbor, a relative, for example. Also, a homeowner may telephone at any time to ask the system to listen in on his premises through the computerized audio detector.

"Crime is the brand-new monster," said Robert Prewett of Telalarm, one of the many conference exhibitors selling telephone dialers. "Even though people don't always buy what they need to fight it, they do buy what they want. And one day they'll want security devices like they want radios or refrigerators."

Over 500 residences in Scarsdale, New York, are guarded by warning

systems linked through telephone dialers to the police station. Unfortunately, 95 per cent of the first 1,500 alarms received were false. Left to their own devices, Scarsdale homeowners, maids, and pets kept bumbling across protected zones. Telephone dialers' frequent malfunctions have led to local ordinances in Philadelphia and Los Angeles prohibiting their connection to official switchboards.

The new community of Sugar Creek, Texas, near Houston, may have better luck than Scarsdale. Every house in the 1,000-acre luxury subdivision has a telephone dialer to alert a private security patrol in case of emergency—if a miscreant can scale the six-foot masonry wall surrounding the community. Two checkpoints guarded around the clock provide the only legitimate access. Known as "America's first walled city," Sugar Creek reflects a nascent neomedieval trend in architecture in which the planner works hand in hand with a security consultant, much as Carolingian kings ordered their builders to raise impregnable castle-bastions.

GOLDFINGER!—was that the one? The picture where James Bond shoots a guy with a cigarette rocket gun?" Robert Brokaw of MBAssociates asked me. "That was our baby." Brokaw was referring to a variation on his company's "Gyrojet Rocket Gun" that fires a "self-contained miniature rocket gun from a lightweight handgun-launcher," according to the MBA catalog.

"Anyway, the technical director of the James Bond movies always comes to us to find out what new stuff we've developed," Brokaw said.

MBA devises and manufactures what Brokaw calls "less-lethal weaponry." He pulled a "Stun-Gun" down from an exhibition rack bristling with armament. Almost a yard long, the weapon resembled a billy club with a slender cylinder attached to one end. Charged with a primer and gunpowder, it fires a three-inch diameter "Stun-Bag," essentially a beanbag full of lead shot. The Stun-Gun can also be loaded with loose plastic shot, "Multi-Baton" wooden blocks, or tear-gas canisters.

"There is no effective nonlethal weapon that can't kill someone," Brokaw said, slapping the billy-club

gun against his palm. "Less-lethal is a better term. We don't play—this can kill, but it's not like 300 feet the Stun-Bag hits with the force of Muhammad Ali's best punch."

"Hundreds of rounds were fired during the peace riots at Berkeley last year. The Stun-Gun is just the thing for insurrection." Brokaw then showed through the MBA catalog to snapshots of Alameda County sheriff's deputies in action with Stun-Guns at past demonstrations. "We may not be doing something right," he told me proudly, "because some agitator laid a pipe bomb up against the Menlo Park plant, tried to walk out!"

MBA markets other weapons, employing variations on the appearance of a gun, and ammunition of the Stun-Gun—the "Stun-Burst," a pump-action mounted semiautomatic machine gun; the "Stinger-Stik"; the "U-Gun"; the "Prowler-Fowler"; the "Prowlette"; and the "Prowlette," small enough to tuck in your purse.

"This is a revolution in weaponry," Brokaw said. "We've finally found a way where you don't need to kill people to stop them. The Stun-Gun is the solution to deep-rooted problems, but . . ."

"Imagine if the security forces around Governor Wallace had this equipment! They could have dropped Bremer on his second attempt without really risking lives in the crowd. And think how things might have turned out at Attica if there were Stun-Guns on hand. And skyjacking—the sky marshals can load 'Short Stop' ammo right into their .38s. It won't penetrate the skin of a .38. 747."

Business is good at MBA, according to Brokaw—the Bank of America, the government of Argentina, and the U.S. Army are among the company's many clients. "I just got a Stun-Gun reorder from this sheriff down in Georgia," he said. "I asked him if he wanted more, and he told me about their effectiveness in this exercise."

Brokaw laughed, then assumed a drawing accent to imitate the sheriff. "We was in riot training with the National Guard, and some of the guys was done up as agitators attacking, but they got a mite too enthusiastic. Started throwing rocks, you know. We just let them have it with the Stun-Guns. We cleaned their clock, boy!"



WHEN MOORE COUNTY, Tennessee, celebrated its hundredth anniversary last summer, most everyone in Lynchburg turned out. And, you can be sure, all of us from The Jack Daniel Distillery were on hand. You see, we've been making whiskey in Moore County for every one of its one hundred years (except the ones during prohibition) and even a few before that. We're hoping to go right on making it for the next one hundred more. A sip, we believe, and you'll be hoping that too.



CHARCOAL
MELLOWED


 DROP


 BY DROP

The Curious Legend of La Dame Blanche

2, long ago, in the Bordeaux region of France, there lived a handsome young Count.

The estate on which he lived had a truly remarkable vineyard, from which came one of the finest wines in all of France. This wine was treasured throughout the land and was a source of great pride to the young aristocrat.

The people all loved him, for he was very good to them, and the fine wine he produced brought prosperity to them all.

However, they were concerned about one thing.

He had not yet found a wife.

One day, the Count decided to take a holiday, and he journeyed to Morocco. There he met a beautiful Moorish princess with dark mysterious eyes and black silken hair.

And skin the color of dark topaz.

She was, he thought, the most beautiful woman he had ever seen, and he fell hopelessly in love with her. And she with him. And so they were married.

When the news of the beloved Count's

marriage to a dark-skinned woman reached the people, they were dismayed. And when he brought her home, they turned their backs on her. Why couldn't he have married one of his own kind?

Despite this, the pair lived happily together until the Count died. Then, his loving wife did something that shocked everyone.

She came to the funeral dressed in white...the color of mourning of her native land.

No one in France had ever worn anything but black for mourning. Oh, she had strange ways, this dark foreign woman.

The bereaved Countess wore nothing but white for the rest of her life, for she had loved her husband very much. So much so that, in his tradition, she continued caring for the vineyard. Which, in turn, continued to produce the superb wine.

She was really a very kind woman, and, like her husband, treated the people well. Slowly, they began to accept her. And they learned to love her as much as they had the Count.

Later, when she died, they all came to her funeral to honor her.

And they came dressed in white.

Now, here is the curious part of the story.

Ever since the death of the Countess on certain mornings at dawn, a strange white mist drifts across the meadow and surrounds the Chateau.

And the people seeing this phenomenon say, "La Dame Blanche has returned." So when the white mist appears, the people are happy to be reminded that La Dame Blanche remembers them.

Today, the famous Cruse family occupies the Chateau. And their wine, now called Chateau La Dame Blanche, is still among the finest in all of France. As is every wine that bears the Cruse crescent. Each with its own special story to tell.

Happily, the spirit of La Dame Blanche still prevails.

At the Chateau near Bordeaux.

And on some of the finest tables in the world.



Every Cruse wine has its own story to tell...it begins when you open the bottle.

OWN THE AISLE from the MBA exhibit a businessman was removing his jacket. He hefted a baseball bat, then stepped up to the plate of polycarbonate-glazed bullet-proof glass set up on a stand in the size of a strike zone. He swung. The bat deflected harmlessly. "It's an amazing success!" said a salesman from Amerada Glass. Behind a film clip showed a fireman lighting a Molotov cocktail at a pane of glass in an outdoor test. "That's the way things are these days," the man said to a spectator.

In the next booth a man from the switch Corporation—manufacturer of pressure-sensitive electronic and detection ribbons—tapped "Moon River" with his foot on a set of tapes arranged as a keyboard on the display floor and wired to musical instruments.

Come see what the well-dressed city guard will be wearing next!" a salesman from a uniform-manufacturing concern called to me. He stood by a rack of "Tuffy Jacs" "Tuffy Reefers." There are a lot of many guards to outfit—security firms estimate the nation now has more private guards than policemen. At a nearby display, businessmen were spinning a giant "Emergency Roulette Wheel" whose sectors were labeled Explosion, Tornado, Plague, Earthquake, Nuclear Attack, Riot, Flood, among others. "What will the Emergency Roulette spin Up Next for You?" asked a sign. The wheel and round the wheel turned, spinning slowly to a standstill—a display every time.

Television surveillance cameras are everywhere, and the cold blue glow of monitors mirrored all movement past display areas. Several cameras were trained on high denominations of paper money, a popular image at the conference. GBC General Circuit Television offered a game of chance—snatch a \$100 bill out of a fishbowl before a guard is hooked to a motion-detecting monitor sounded a warning wail. The man stymied all fast grabs.

Buying security is like buying health insurance," said Jerald Avery of Alarmtronics, makers of intrusion detectors. "When you're healthy, you don't buy it. Who needs it? But when you're sick..." He shrugged. "I would have to say that society is a bit paranoid, and security is necessary. People are now aware that goods are theirs

only so long as no one steals them." Alarmtronics' "Detectalarm" guards property with audio sensors, one of several space-protection techniques. Other devices can security-blanket an area with infrared projections or seismic and ultrasonic waves to pick up motion and trip an alarm or activate a telephone dialer. Since many alarm systems' components are compatible—and more sophisticated detection instruments are constantly being invented, rendering old ones obsolete—the shopper for security is cousin to the stereo buff or collector of scale-model train equipment.

THE CONFERENCE'S catchpenny systems and services—each prone to its own special malfunction and inadequacy; none really equal to a determined, deliberate criminal—align with the American penchant for gimmickry as a solution to social problems, and gadgetry for its own sake as an indication of status. Machine-tooled or computer-programmed peace of mind is in vogue among a crime-conscious citizenry.

In mid-conference the paranoia generated by exhibitors turned palpable, and the hotel truly became Security Central. Senator Edward Kennedy had arrived to speak at a Democratic fund-raising dinner, and the 6,000 party faithful in attendance were watched over by phalanxes of policemen, Secret Service agents, state troopers, plainclothes detectives, and stragglers from the security show looking for some way to grab a piece of the action.

"I say when we reach the point that even our policemen are in danger on the streets of every major city in the nation," Kennedy said, "when thousands of innocent people are killed and maimed by violent crimes each year, then I say the time for study is over."

Rumor had it that two men from the International Security Conference were robbed at gunpoint in their hotel room that evening.

After Senator Kennedy's speech I sat with several conference exhibitors in the hotel bar trying to place a drink order amid the throng of thirsty Democrats. Finally a waiter served our table, and one of the men proposed a toast.

"To crime!" he said, raising his glass, and everyone drank deep. □

HARPER'S MAGAZINE/SEPTEMBER 1972

OSS

The **SECRET** History of America's First Central Intelligence Agency

R. Harris Smith

What did Stewart Alsop, John Birch, David Bruce, Julia Child, Allen Dulles, John Gardner, Arthur Goldberg, Charles Hitch, Herbert Marcuse, Walt Rostow, and Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. have in common? They were all members of the OSS.

"Mr. Smith's lively and objective account brings to life the mixture of intelligence, bravery, creativity, confusion, corruption, monarchism, communism and sheer zaniness in Wild Bill Donovan's circus."

—Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.

"This is a readable and entertaining book on that astonishing wartime organization, the Office of Strategic Services."

—Stewart Alsop

"Vividly portrays an important feature of America's democratic martial spirit at its best and worst—exemplified by the most brilliant team of amateur enthusiasts the nation ever assembled in wartime. A delight to read."

—Paul Seabury

"A rich file of facts, vignettes, and who was who in the OSS, the chief intelligence agency during World War II."—Kirkus Reviews

"Unquestionably the best history of the OSS ever written... is also a fascinating study of politics and people, intrigue and imagination, accident and adventure."

—Thomas Braden

\$10.95

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA PRESS
Berkeley • Los Angeles • New York

WOODSTOCK WAS

Dylan's dream is dying hard

TODAY THE WOODSTOCK pop-music boom is imploding, eating into itself, trying to stave off the entropy at its core. There's a frenetic churning, the final burst of blue-white light before a star falls inward. But all the showy studios, the con men and shadowy entrepreneurs in their limos, arriving from nowhere to slice off their share, can't conceal the fact that the famous Woodstock music scene has become a ghost town, the Woodstock Nation a bubble.



Recording studios—sixteen-track, eight-track, four-track—spring up all over the Woodstock area, in Saugerties, Bearsville, Zena. With the groups breaking, re-forming, and breaking, engineer has replaced musician as key man on the music scene. The traditional conflict between engineering excellence and artistic spontaneity has been decided in the engineer's favor. The new jargon is Vu-meters and equalizers, moogs, arps, decibels, phasing, pan-podding, dolby and de-dolby. A recording booth looks like a rocket-launch control panel.

But where's the talent?

On one wall of Fran and Lennie's studio in Saugerties hang posters of Ché and Janis, so close they might compose a wedding picture, except that this groom would have left this bride at the altar. No matter; the

image is what counts. Guerrilla adventurism, sexual license; intellectual revolutionist and jaded hedonist. Quite a wedding. It all adds up to anti-capitalism—oh, not Rosa Luxemburg style, *she* wouldn't sell any records, but a sort of counterculture *Vogue* anti-capitalism, complete with wardrobe, handshake, jargon, and, of course, a record collection of many, many chic albums with mind-blowing covers and drug-appealing lyrics. It's the New Life-style, why put it down?

Fran and Lennie are nice guys, and they were associated with a very big-name Rock Tsar. Their new studio was intended for finding all that Woodstock talent and making demo tapes that would then be shipped to the big studio in New York City. But the talent did not show up, and the Rock Tsar split, and they're on their own.



Two women in another room are talking—but to each other?

"Sometimes it's a hassle just to breathe."

"My dog is a Gemini . . ."

Fran mentions a couple of names, a new group here, a solo there, but without much conviction. Considering that they're trying to snow you with how Woodstock is where the

Peter Moscoso-Gongora is at work on a novel called The Decline and Fall of Gertrude Kitch. Dial Press will publish it next year.

—WOODSTOCK, N.Y.

music scene is at, they seem strangely morose, almost tearful. They like funky rock, their age market is fifteen to sixteen ("that's when *let's buy*"), and they're big on the "audio-visual" scene. "You turn people on that way," Lennie says. A tour of the studio, with its blinking lights, wires and control boards and glass booths, is impressive; so is the silence. And the echo. Has anybody been here lately?



"It's the new life-style," Fran explains, nibbling at the rim of an empty Dixie cup. "No more rip-offs, no more contracts that sign away an artist's life. We will protect our artists' interests." Then why is it you walk away with the impression of two capitalists waiting for the property that will make them a killing?

And *where's* the talent?

On Tinker Street in the center of town, the Woodstock Guitar has a recording studio upstairs, also exactly bursting with talent. Or ex-activity. Fortunately, one of the owners, John Myer, actually has in his possession one and a half guitar strings that once belonged to—not George Washington—Jimi Hendrix. He plans to put them on exhibit in an airtight glass case; a veritable *Kaaba*, destined to draw teeny-bop pilgrims from all over the world in mind-blowing hegiras.

WOODSTOCK HAS BEEN a bohemian retreat since Ralph Rad-Whitehead established an art-colony in 1902; local painters like Bellows, Eugene Spiker, Kuniyoshi, Bradley Tomlin, Frank London are well represented in the country's museums. Almost no one, including Woodstock residents, is aware of the large number of celebrity writers, editors, and others for whom the town is still a retreat. In the \$80,000-and-up houses where the Republicans who hold political power get together over cocktails, the street-people musicians form the *visible* Woodstock representing an unusual degree of empathy. Members of conservative old families remind a hippie-baiter of Woodstock's long tradition. As for the new, kid-gloved, mild-mannered, they play it very much by the book. They put up with a lot of flak that they learn the back of a hand from New York City's finest.

Those who say that Bob Dylan put Woodstock on the map mean that he is on a *certain kind* of map, read *certain kind* of person, who then lived that map in droves; a hippie parade. A myth was created, built into a giant industry, and is today bleeding into "Sunshine" (LSD) in the land. It wasn't even Bob Dylan doing.

After Yarrow was a third of the defunct Peter, Paul and Mary (M), who bring back memories of a zone around, or slightly over, the stable age of thirty. Peter's father used to live in Woodstock. He grew up here. After Cornell, he played the nightclub circuit and across manager Albert Grossman. This was at The Gate Of Horn in Chicago.

Between sixty found Grossman in New York and wanting to get out of the city. Peter suggested Woodstock. Then, a friend also looking for seclusion followed. Then came his motor-accident in Grossman's drive-in ('67), his rental of "The Big" his subsequent album ('68). The serious musicians were drawn from the increasingly ratty city. The Festival occurred ('69): Woodstock became a world legend, a tent of flowers and love and peace and brotherhood and music. It was just true. In 1967, Woodstock was a bucolic, the musicians serious, and now a beautiful alternative to the road and the hot city. "There



Today the pocket. Tomorrow the world.

You'll conquer the world with this one. The new Kodak pocket Instamatic 60 camera.

It has the most features of any in Kodak's new line of Pocket cameras. Like a built-in automatic exposure control for taking pictures indoors and out. Plus a superb f/2.7 Ektar lens. Even a coupled rangefinder for extra-precise focusing. And it uses self-powered magicubes for flash.

The Pocket 60 takes the new little drop-in film cartridge. You get big, sharp 3½ x 4½-inch color prints. Or color slides.

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wasn't really any 'music scene' to talk of," Dylan recalls. "We don't remember any unpleasant types—at least not like the ones people mention to us now as being up there." The myth of the Woodstock Nation changed everything. Woodstock had been a retreat; the Festival made it a magnetic symbol. The Dylans and Butterfields and Hardins and Van Morrisons found their rural idyll overrun overnight by precisely the kind of freak they had been fleeing from.

Peter, Paul and Mary—Albert Grossman—Bob Dylan. One unknown factor between two legends. Grossman is the former Chicago nightclub operator who recognized the energy in a scruffy-looking Greenwich Village musician nobody would touch and managed Bob Dylan's career into superstardom; who recognized the confused and confusing Peter Yarrow's limitations as a single and teamed him up with Paul and Mary. Today, Grossman sits remote and unapproachable in his million-dollar recording studio in Woodstock, a Wizard of Oz in his Emerald Palace. Dylan has long since split, convinced that Grossman walked away with too great a share of his money. Yarrow is ingratiatingly about, a single again, steadily slipping into obscurity and proving Grossman's acuity. The Band, his remaining superproperty, bombed with their last album and are scattered about the country. Reliable rumors have it that (1) they are no longer working together and (2) they have broken with Grossman.

The World's Foremost Rock Music Tsar has dinner a quarter of a mile from *his* studio, at *his* kitsch, brocaded "French" restaurant called the Bear, with its atrocious food, its cupolas, its piped Bach chorals, and its New York City prices (which have earned it the moniker "The Bear Trap"). Parvenu, like himself, it has been compared to a Bronx funeral parlor. A series of cocky flak-catchers, John Gardner, Jim Rooney, Al Schweitzman, Jon Taplin, Mark Harman, all faceless, exist to keep people away from him and to say nothing about anything. They can all be seen on a late night at the Bear Café next door to the restaurant, with its own kitchen and its own moniker: "The Cocaine Palace."

In appearance, Albert Grossman is more flamboyant than any group he would dare manage; *son et lumière* unto himself. Flowing gray locks,

psychedelic scarves, love beads, of course; a sort of male Isadora at the end. It's a look he works on, as theatrical as the lighting he once innovated for the groups he handled—only in this case the look has gone awry. Paunchy and thick-jowled, he might almost be about to dance Beethoven's Ninth in orthopedic shoes. Yet within this spectacle is not the Winter Palace, nor the Great Pyramid, nor the Hall of Mirrors, but a counterculture merchant, reaping the rewards of teeny-bopper faddism. And rich rewards they have been.

Michael Jeffery, a lesser Woodstock Rock Music Tsar, is equally unavailable for comment, though financial problems are plaguing him—good enough reason to keep quiet. The sheriff was at his heels recently, threatening to put his extravagant house up for sale to satisfy a bad debt. Jeffery and the estate of his late protégé Jimi Hendrix have been at bitter odds over control of the Electric Lady, a recording studio built for Hendrix in New York, and two remaining movies, *Hendrix at Berkeley* and *Rainbow Bridge*; this last reputedly running a million dollars over production and containing six full minutes of Jimi stoned, divulging his "cosmic philosophy." Those six minutes alone should be worth millions when the legal hassle is ironed out. Nothing delights a Rock Music Tsar more than the prospect of a suddenly dead superstar with a backload of remaining properties.

THE LAVISHLY CAMPY "French" restaurant, losing about \$500 a day, is almost deserted, intended for all the multimillionaire rock stars who were expected to make Woodstock their home. But they never came and the ones here—Dylan, Tim Hardin, Van Morrison—have left, escaping the groupies, the pushers, the would-be musicians who came in the dross of the Festival and still prowl the streets with their guitars and their drugs and the inevitable question: "Where does Bob Dylan live?"

Once bucolic Woodstock has become a carnival of head shops, candle and sandal makers, day-glo signs, dropouts and dropped-outs. It's as easy to buy cocaine in Woodstock as it is to buy a beer. (A spoonful, slightly less than half a gram, costs \$25.) At Family, a counterculture center, a young musician will turn to a crowd

and ask, in the most natural of voices: "Anybody here got some rubbing alcohol? I got to take an injection." Too many homes of too many rock stars were ripped off and trashy freaks on trips; local residents with antique collections began selling them to the city to get them out of harm's way. Dylan's guitars were stolen, and he pulled out after he was forced to call the police for the twentieth time: "Can you come quick? There's some crazy man sitting in my living room." (Paul Butterfield: Dylan moved away before things around here got *really* crazy.")

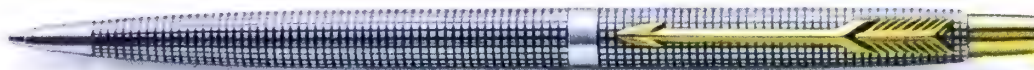
Conceivably the bottom could drop out of the pop-record business. It depends on where the music scene is heading; where it's been gives no indication of its unpredictability. How were the quiet college audiotape who applauded Dylan, PP&M, and the Kingston Trio suddenly replace by the screaming meemies of the more East's Amphetamine Alley into thoughtful music, by the San Francisco acid-preachers: Grand Funk Railroad, the James Gang, Deep Purple, the Grateful Dead, Jefferson Airplane, and on and on? Dylan: "The zonked-out mass of screaming teeny-boppers became that way, the zonked-out mass of screaming guitar players."

The current crop of Woodstock patriate superstars came upon the drug scene in the '60s, *after* they were musicians; the new crop of Woodstock street-people musicians were suckled on drugs. Will any of them ever be able to get themselves together enough to *play*? That's the Woodstock Rock Question. Where are the new stars coming from—in what condition will they arrive? Already, Jeffery and Grossman, men known for their business acumen, have burned their fingers with performers who, despite some talent, were too wiped-out to put an album together. Drugs are the prime expense for the new musician, and music is his excuse. Grossman knows that the majority of drug violators get their occupation as "musician"; he must also know that the hoped-for arcadia of the Woodstock Nation has become a sanatorium without bars for the tripped-out.

What is known about the scag and coke habits—never mind speed—certain rock superstars leads one to think that there are going to be many vacancies in the rock-music pantheon.



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by Jean Valentine

A woman's face at the window,
white, composed, tells me I
do not love her: I did not love him:
I do not love my children, so they wither,
so she will take them, take them away.

I cannot love him: he is dead. And she—
she will not hurt us now.

But the somber child;
and the wind, and the open window.

MY LIFE WITH EVE by James Kugel

In the most exemplary forest
The only leaf that fell
Falls forever behind my eyes.
What had zee-ed its way so quickly
Through the air is dropping still,
Poised now between falling and fallen,
The essence of continuous compromise.
To be neither falling nor fallen
But to be both, affirming neither,
Being neither both nor neither . . . No;
And so this note is pitched
Too high to be sustained . . .

One day the forest opened
And the stagecoaches rumbled in.
Whips snapped and horses seethed
with spittle,
Your driver was yelling, "Hyaah! Hyaah!"
And flicking the reins, but you
Stood on the coach-top, naked
and impervious,
Astride a wooden strongbox.
"What's in there?" I yelled
above the thunder.
"The only leaf that fell," you said,
Pointing between your legs,
And rumbled on toward Eden.

before long. And in Woodstock, the replacements just are not appearing.

The Tsars have made their killing, though they spend it so fast it may run out before they do. It is the engineers with the newly built studios, waiting for the boom that never came, who should worry.

But they sit there in super launch pads in a wilderness no longer, throwing the *I Ching*, or playing Primal Therapy, thinking themselves very safe, because they don't have to go out and find the talent, you see, the talent will come to them; because, well, the *Woodstock Mystique* rolls on and on through the ages, like that lady-in-black who brings one red rose to Valentino's grave every anniversary. It's just too expert a hype ever to let up. "The vibes are great up here!" Lennie says, shivering, since you need more than good karma in the ten-below-zero cold of a Woodstock winter. "I mean it's not like a 42nd Street studio where you open up the door and there's—42nd Street!" But it's getting there.

WOODSTOCK HAD THE superstars and it now has the musicians nobody knows or will probably ever know. A good chunk of the street people, people without a place to live, without an income—sad, pathetic people, drawn to Woodstock by the myth (and who might be living a productive life if they had stayed where they were)—are musicians. Another good chunk are groupies. What gives most (not all) of these kids the drive to go on is not faith in themselves but the drug trip that for those few moments every day makes them feel like the stars they worship. Unfortunately, the beatitude of the drug experience does not result in consciousness expansion but in the attenuation of reality, and as Georg Lukács writes, "Attenuation of reality and dissolution of personality are interdependent; the stronger the one, the stronger the other . . . Man is reduced to a sequence of unrelated experiential fragments; he is as inexplicable to others as to himself." Woodstock might almost be a laboratory, testing and conclusively proving this point.

If the Woodstock street people consider themselves musicians, the superstars consider them street people and wish they would disappear somewhere, like under a rock. It's as

though the superstars are seeing the worst of themselves in this self-generated *lumpenproletariat*, which is where the Woodstock Nation has finally wound up: these scavenger parasites, junkies, crazies, with shallow complexions and speechless bodies panhandling for the price of a meal that they really don't have, but they somehow do have stereo equipment that would make a top executive jealous. These are the same kids who come and hear the stars play and cheer them on and buy their records and dream about them in sunshine-stereo-headphone-dreams. The fifteen-year-old bra-less, nose-blown girls, hoping for a lay with their hero; the eighteen-year-old guitar players who try to sound like Dylan or Van Morrison and who they're high think they do, but they have to come down sometime.

Jon Taplin, who accompanied the Band on their last tour, speaks of the dead-end road of acid, and the disillusionment of the group toward their audience. "The zonked-out audiences are getting every serious musician down. They don't appreciate music, its level of accomplishment. The musicians are merely an excuse for tripping in public." He adds, "I don't know what it means for the future of this country."

Record producer John Simon, whom one would hardly expect to be a teeny-bopper to know, points to a wide, long table, piled high with recording tapes. "I can't go into town anymore! Everyone is plying tapes. You come up here for privacy and you're bombarded by the long groups. The whole town is full of a bunch of poopbutt musicians. Look, Muscle Shoals can offer backup musicians, Grossman's studio can't offer anybody. And the heavy group mentality is a drag. So many ego trips you wouldn't believe it."

Between the Woodstock Movement and the reality of Woodstock as a town to which would-be musicians flocked in uncontrolled numbers, a deep hiatus opened up. The myth far outstripped reality; the Woodstock Nation was pushed, wobbled on a wah pedal at full blast, by media tirades of war news and photos of Vietnamese generals blowing out the brains of captives. Slim and graceful young kids, skinny-dipping in a stream (not polluted), seemed to offer an alternative. But it was only skin deep.

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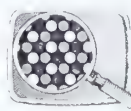
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COUNTERSIGNS

antidote for despair

In the following pages William Thompson offers an antidote to the fashionably despairing assumption that individuals must remain powerless in the corporate American system. The customary argument suggests that all too often we prefer to imagine ourselves victims, pathetic pawns caught in the web of technological systems beyond our control. Thompson suggests that maybe a different condition prevails. Perhaps we possess too much power, as individuals, and our notion of powerlessness is a convenient excuse. Americans seem especially susceptible to the social callousness brought about by random experiments with technology. Rootless by nature, we prize mobility and "progress"; we

choose to display our techniques (the earth gouged, the weather altered, the enemy blown to pieces by "smart" bombs) in the manner of a mindless virtuoso. Still blinded by fabulous visions of self-advancement, we seek personal riches and pleasures in the same selfish spirit that arms us with ninety million guns and kills 55,000 people a year in automobile accidents.

The truth about technology is not simply that we are small cogs in big machines, but that each cog has remarkable power to affect the machine for good or evil. Our systems run amok because individuals misuse that power. In terms of personal irresponsibility, there is a common bond between the assassin and the polluter, the skyjacker and the drunken driver,

the self-appointed air raider (General John Lavelle) and the Pentagon bureaucrat who blindly orders to Saigon a tanker loaded with enough herbicides to poison the Pacific Ocean if the ship should sink. Each manipulates lethal power in the most thoughtless manner, all the while protesting his own helpless innocence.

The illusion of powerlessness may yet prove to be the most dangerous by-product of an advanced technology. If we believe we cannot govern our own lives, then we fall into the error of thinking that everything is permissible because nothing makes any difference. Which makes children of us all and further contributes to the proliferation of the huge systems that we so enthusiastically condemn.

raise of inefficient government

In Brooklyn last spring, Rep. Emanuel Celler, at age eighty-four, chairman of the U.S. House of Representatives, lost a Democratic primary election and thereby failed, for the first time in fifty years, to assure his biennial passage to Washington. Celler conforms to the archetype of the outworn politician—vain, autocratic, possibly deaf, certainly not a tradesman and deals—and so his defeat excited great joy among those who would dismantle the security system in Congress. They imagine that if only the old men could be persuaded to depart, the younger men could get on with the work of building the New Jerusalem in the ruins of Detroit. Theirs is the dream of efficient government.

Their Utopian vision depends on a naive belief in the benevolence of the state and the competence of elected politicians. Neither belief can be supported by the Congressional record over the past 194 years. Almost invariably the Congress has managed

to enact inept laws, few of which have accomplished what they were intended to accomplish and most of which, within distressingly short periods of time, stood revealed as makeshift attempts to quiet the mob and pay the necessary political debts.

Consider the Homestead Act of 1862, a law intended to open the Western territories to industrious farmers; instead it encouraged the large cattle interests to acquire additional grazing land at cut rates. Or the Volstead Act of 1919. The law was intended to prevent the drinking of alcohol and to enforce moral virtue on an intemperate populace; instead it triumphantly established the de facto legitimacy of organized crime.

The list of examples could be multiplied indefinitely, and yet none of them would provoke much public surprise. What is remarkable about the Congressional record is not the character of it (stupidity and greed having long been prevalent conditions in both the House and the

Senate), but rather that it was assembled by old men accustomed to dozing in their chairs and waving off disagreeable or contradictory testimony as they would wave off summer fruit flies.

Why, then, celebrate the defeat of Emanuel Celler? It is the satisfied drowsiness of older men that protects the Republic from the schemes of younger men still eager for money and honors. The lassitude and collective incapacity of the Congress prevent it from enacting more than twenty substantive laws within a single term. Given the long and consistent record of bad laws, imagine what additional harm could be inflicted by an energetic Congress. If every campaign promise could successfully be transformed into law (a process, opposite to that of the ancient alchemist's, of turning gold into lead), the Utopian dream would collapse of its inherently totalitarian weight. Efficient governments seldom remain benevolent. □

William Irwin Thompson, professor of humanities at York University
*Creates a New Yorker of At the Edge of History and
The Imagination of an Insurrection. The present essay is part of his
work in progress, The Planetary Horizons of Man.*

William Irwin Thompson

THE INDIVIDUAL AS INSTITUTION

The example of Paolo Soleri

WE ALL HAVE BECOME SO USED to certain clichés that even in going beyond them we still cling to them—as if they were the trellis upon which our contemporary wildness depends. No cliché is more basic to the age than that the individual is powerless in the face of the huge corporations of the postindustrial state.

From the sociology of C. Wright Mills, David Riesman, and Paul Goodman in the Fifties, to the New Left radicalism of the Sixties, we have held to the thought that corporation and machine have eliminated the usefulness of individuated man. But, in reality, the individual has not been passed over; it is he who has passed over the institutions of corporation, university, novel, and play to become an institution in himself.

In the deceptiveness of mirror images it seemed for a while as if rugged individualist had been replaced by competent management team, that artist had been replaced by film company and theatrical troupe. But the artist who was sensitive to this cultural shift from the personal *object* of art to the communal *process* of artistic happenings could no longer be content with merely writing novels; he had to use the old form of the novel as a means of creating the new form of the individual as institution. With a new anarchic planetary culture stretching the shape of the old industrial nation-states, the novelist, like Norman Mailer or Ken Kesey, could not contain himself. If technology sent man out in metal cans manufactured by conglomerate NASA, the new culture sent man out of his old containers by and through his self.

Paolo Soleri, Ivan Illich, Ralph Nader, Andy Warhol, Buckminster Fuller, Herman Kahn, Alan Watts, and Timothy Leary: all were men who left institutions behind to become institutions in their own right. Paradoxically enough, it was the colossal scale of media society that enabled them to become independent.

The rise of the individual as institution, of course,

stimulates a change in the old corporate institutions. The rise of Ralph Nader, the public individual, and the fall of Lockheed, the private stockholding corporation, are culturally interrelated phenomena: both express the social transformation of the Second Industrial Revolution generated in the U.S. by World War II.

Ironically, it was the technology America used to protect its private enterprise system that signaled the end of that system. Our victory contained defeat—just as the defeats of Germany and Japan contained hidden victory. As private university and private corporation became public service corporate systems supported by government funds, the meaning of private space dissolved in the “public sector.” The institutional ceremonial robes of officer, clergyman, professor, and businessman no longer held attraction; careers lost their private meaning in a world of temporary and interchangeable roles in corporate systems. Since the corporation could not reverse this trend without abandoning its success, the ideology of business began to fail as an explanation of what capitalism was all about.

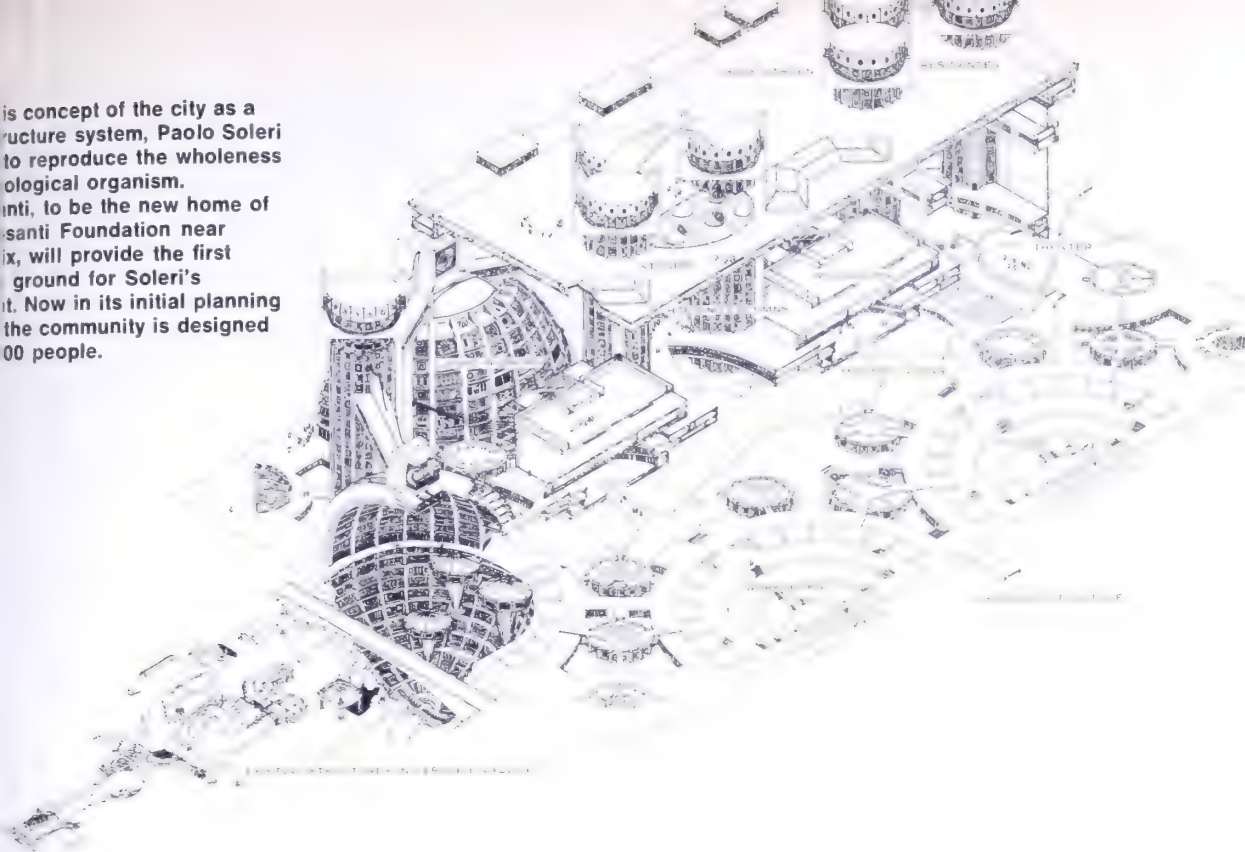
Given the problems of pollution and the principle that all things must grow or stagnate, it becomes clear that because General Motors cannot grow but, at best, can or hope to hold its own in social circumstances highly unfavorable to the automobile, its future looks much dimmer than Ralph Nader’s.

One need neither grieve nor rejoice. We are witnessing not so much the destruction of corporations as the de-structuring of society. As the feudal church was to industrial society, so the private stockholding corporation is to technetronic society. In feudal society, the church was a political institution; when it lost its power to the industrial corporation and the university, it became a romantic, artistic institution: that is what the Gothic Revival in nineteenth-century England was all about.

Just as the novelist walked out of print into life, so the corporation can walk out of business into life. The old seventeenth-century stockholding corporation can become a communal ark in a sea of public service corporate systems. New Yorkers can form private corporations in which culturally similar groups of people, be they WASPs, hippies, blacks, swingers, or yogis, can own their own apartment buildings, security force, cable TV channels, in-house magazines, and New England farm retreats.

As people walk out of the old containers, the energy released will stimulate the economy in a host of unforeseen ways. If we pay farmers not to grow corn, then we can pay eighteen-year-olds not to go to college. We can think along the lines of Ivan Illich and save the money we are wasting on elaborate campus-containers by giving each eighteen-year-old an outright grant of \$3,000. The individual could blow it on a trip to Europe; or he could join with friends in buying a farm, putting out a record album, book or magazine, or opening up a boutique. If, instead of spending the money, he chose to let it accumulate interest in his government account, by the time he was twenty-eight and at the right age for university, his funds could then finance his whole formal education from B.A. to M.D. or Ph. D. In such a socialized system of anarchic capitalism each individual could institutionalize himself in his own imaginative way. In terms of education, we could say that

is concept of the city as a structure system, Paolo Soleri to reproduce the wholeness biological organism. inti, to be the new home of santi Foundation near ix, will provide the first ground for Soleri's it. Now in its initial planning the community is designed 00 people.



in a culture the campus is nowhere and the university anywhere. Without government grants to eighteen-year-olds, poetic, artistic capitalism has now become a radical instrument for effecting cultural change. To work for cultural change within SUNY, SDS, or HEW is to be facing in the wrong historical direction. Universities, revolutions, and government agencies are filled with experts, and experts think only about what has been and not what can be. Mathematicians proved with an elegant formula that no machine could ever fly, but two bicycle repairmen got into the air anyway. If we supported our eighteen-year-olds with the trust of direct grants rather than forced government in youth reservations, we might find other creative amateurs embarrassing the experts. The imaginative individual leaves the universities and government agencies behind to move out into a new world, but the leftist radical stays behind. Like a guilty Samson he is attracted to the Philistines and can only pay his guilt by bringing the whole thing down on himself. The imaginative individual must walk out alone if he wishes to create new things rather than destroy old ones. The man who shoots horses as a way of changing society does not invent automobiles; the man who builds refineries as a way of changing automotive society does not design cities in which cars are unnecessary.

Complexification

THE ONLY SUCH IMAGINATIVE INDIVIDUAL as institution is Paolo Soleri in his Cosanti Foundation in Arizona. Working independent of government agencies, universities, architectural firms, or developers, Soleri is attempting to redesign the urban civilization of earth. To start himself in this work, he makes and sells wind-bells

cast from bronze, he writes, lectures, and charges tuition (\$270) to students who come to work as laborer-apprentices for a month. Seventy miles outside Phoenix, Soleri and his student-laborers are trying to start the urban revolution of Sumer all over again. Arcosanti is the name of this, the world's first "arcology," and in its wealth of imagination and dearth of funds it is all a capitalism of a fundamentalist purity that would shame the revisionist tendencies of a Boeing or a North American Rockwell. In its combination of primitiveness and daring, Arcosanti is like the Watts Towers of another independent Italian-American builder, Simon Rodia. Perhaps if each student had his \$3,000 educational grant from the government, more students could afford to stay longer, and Soleri could complete Arcosanti to prove whether it is architecture or the art of assemblage.

There is no doubt in Soleri's mind, and that is why he has had the guts to risk everything to build his Noah's ark amid the laughter of decadent urbanites. "Arcology" is what Soleri calls his union of architecture and ecology, but it is even more than that, for this student of Teilhard de Chardin has made arcology a consummation of the evolutionary process itself. When you spread Soleri's four-foot-wide testament, *Arcology: The City in the Image of Man*,¹ before you, there is no comfortable way of looking at it except on your knees. If you were to place the folio on your desk, you would have to clear everything of your own out of its way. And yet for all the folio's pomp and circumstance, you do not feel threatened or overwhelmed, but fascinated: like a kid on the floor with the Sunday comics. The book has a science-fiction enormity of vision that is totally missing in the countless academic monographs produced by professors of this-and-that. In fact, some of the drawings do recall the fantasy cities of the science-fiction comic books of the Forties. Here the city is seen not in terms of groovy little ethnic neighborhoods for radical

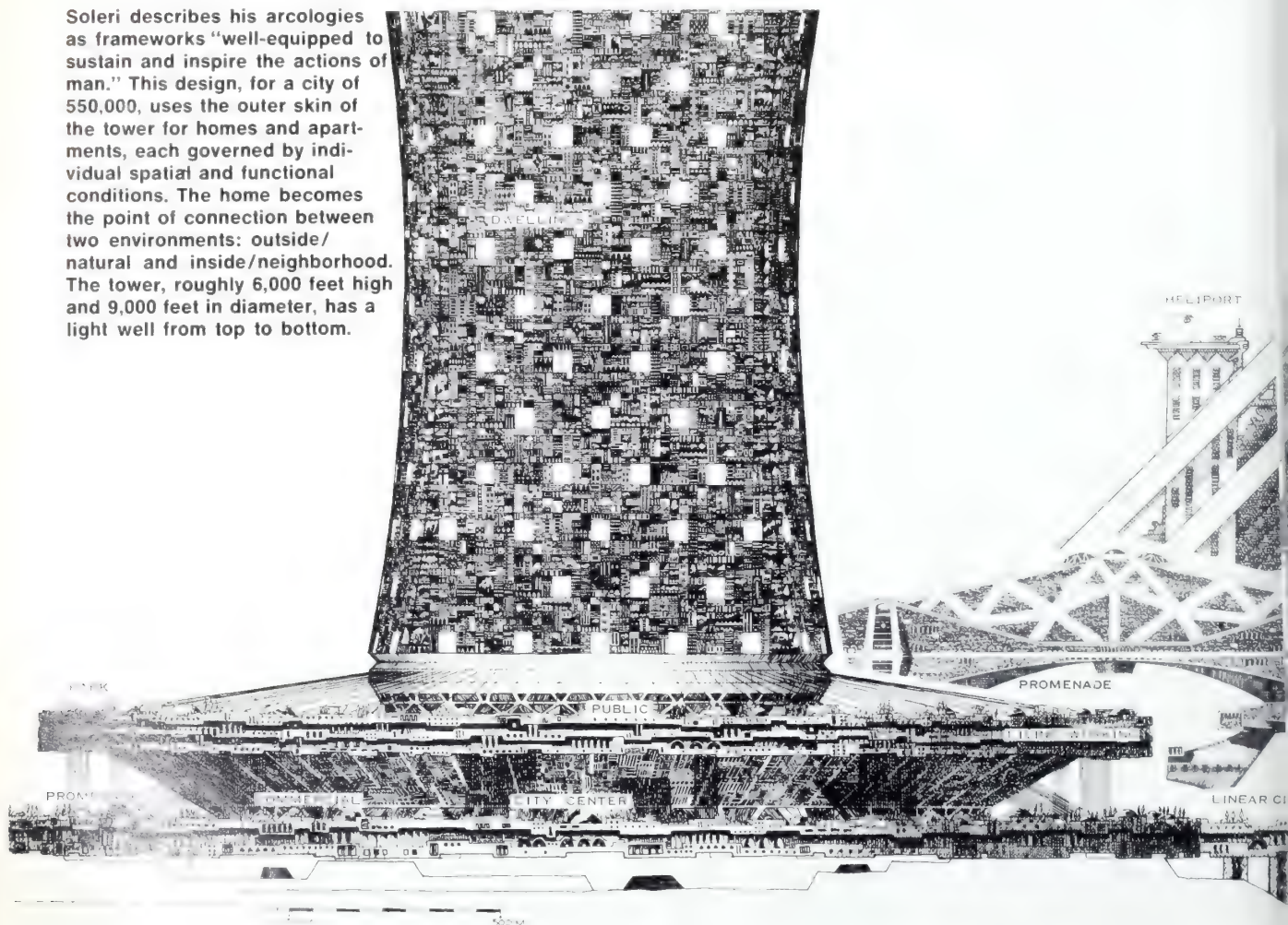
chic, computer models for liberals, or tax bases for conservatives, but as the cultural vehicle in which man has made and is still making his evolutionary journey.

Evolution moves against the direction of entropy; as matter moves toward more probable states of maximum molecular disorder, life moves toward increasingly more improbable states of maximum molecular organization. More and more is packed into less and less, until the miniaturization process reaches its greatest level of what Teilhard calls "complexification" in the compactness of the human brain. The simplicity of its size and shape belies the dazzling complexity of its interior. For Soleri this process of complexification linked with miniaturization is the lesson the city planner should take away from the study of nature. In evolution, simplicity is always linked to complexity: while huge dinosaurs lumber into extinction, the tiny mammals chatter in the trees. Soleri would say it is much the same with our cities now. The huge megalopolitan beasts are sprawling all over the earth; in terms of thermodynamics, they are spreading their energy equitably through space and approaching the heat-death of entropy. They destroy the earth, turn farm land into park-

ing lots, and waste enormous amounts of time and energy transporting people, goods, and services over their expanses. They so fill their ecological niche that they destroy it, and thus become caught in their own evolutionary dead end.

Soleri's answer is urban implosion rather than explosion. The city should contract and intensify, but in order to hold its information in negentropic form, it should imitate evolution and complexify itself through intense miniaturization. A city of six million should become a single, reduced organic arcology. The people would live not crowded in ghettos but on the outer skin of a towering arcology faced toward a nature that was once again natural. The surface of an arcology covered with its cellular residences would be "a membrane and not a wall." Inside the arcology, along its central spinal axis, would be not the natural but the civic space. Here society would turn inward for the concerns of man and culture. In some of the designs of the arcologies, Soleri has marked off areas as "commercial," "cultural," and "civic," as if these historically rooted distinctions would still exist in a truly futuristic civilization. When I asked him if he didn't

Soleri describes his arcologies as frameworks "well-equipped to sustain and inspire the actions of man." This design, for a city of 550,000, uses the outer skin of the tower for homes and apartments, each governed by individual spatial and functional conditions. The home becomes the point of connection between two environments: outside/natural and inside/neighborhood. The tower, roughly 6,000 feet high and 9,000 feet in diameter, has a light well from top to bottom.

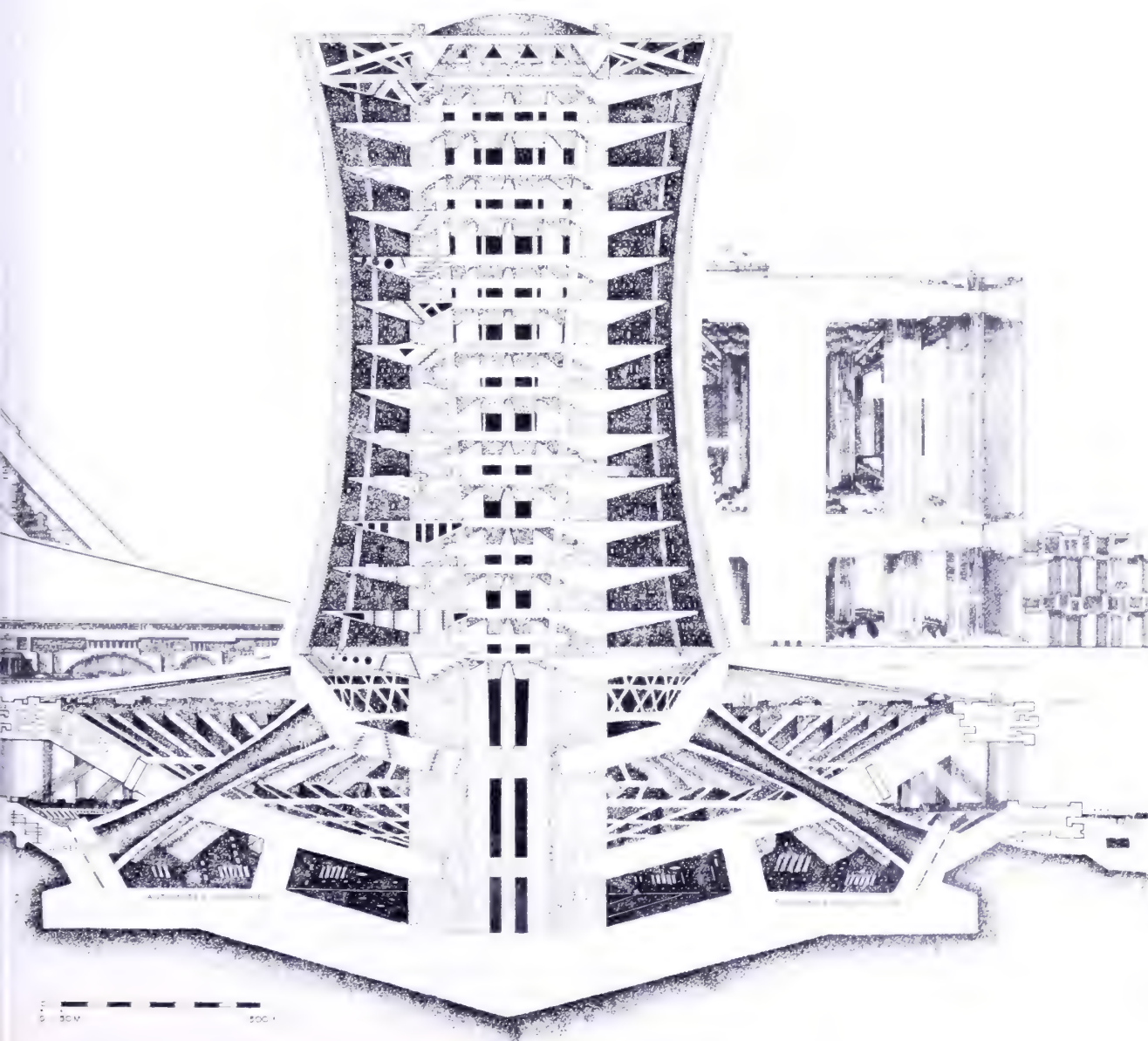


...k it contradictory to be so far out in one direction but conventional in another, he answered: "There are conventional distinctions that will still exist in the future city; will not excrete in the postal system or flush letters down toilet." For all his apparent visionary perspective, Soleri has a craftsman's sense of detail and practicality. He envisions no ESP communications system or matter-integrating toilets; and although it looks as if it would be a power system based on thermonuclear fusion to be an arcology, he insists that an arcology would be simpler to operate than New York—a point most New Yorkers would readily concede. Because his arcologies do not have such a comic-book science-fiction appearance, Solerites are insistent on their practical feasibility in the present.

SOLERI'S PRACTICALITY BECOMES much clearer when one realizes that he is not a futurist at all, but a conservative. The anthropologist A.F.C. Wallace has given us a model of the prophet of a nativistic movement, and his model helps in recognizing Soleri's cultural motivations.² Wallace says that when a culture is in a

period of extreme stress brought on by maximum cultural distortion, prophets arise to reformulate the traditional path through the maze of nature, self, and society. In our case it is not the Ghost Dance of the Plains Indians but the ghost dance of Western, industrial, urban civilization. The greatest cities of the world—London, Paris, Rome, New York, and Tokyo—are becoming the most uncivilized places of all, and for every year they survive, another decade is taken off the prognosis for the earth as a whole. Something has to be done. Moses left Egypt and went to the desert, not to stay there forever but to find the transforming space in which to change himself and return to history to create a new nation. Soleri is in the desert, not to escape the city for some pastoral dream but to create a wholly new urban civilization. He is a nativistic prophet who wishes to uphold the old in ways radical enough to insure its survival in the future.

Soleri believes that it is the city with its institutions that humanizes man, and so he rejects hippie communes as places where men try to relate to one another in human ways by stripping themselves of the very things that make them human.



*Who but the mad and the dead would be willing to give up as of this moment the access (for man) to the written universe, to the music of man, to the world of his mind which he has physically constructed, to the institution itself of civilization on the presumption that after all what counts is the direct relationship between what at such a degree of deprivation would not be more than two or more naked apes?*³

Soleri does not indulge in romantic fantasies about nature; for him human nature is the only nature possible to us.

*The giant is absurdly tearing itself apart, escaping from the self into the non-self, the naught of mental abstraction called nature, that barrel of illusions, melancholy and dark pessimism, that portrait by a mad painter, by a week-end poet at a loss for "things to do," that fantasy of the "outdoorsman," that mind-fabricated enchantress. Nature is far more and far beyond such fabrications. It is the furnace of the sun.*⁴

From Soleri's Aristotelian point of view, biological man is the polis-dwelling animal. Beethoven on a desert island would not whistle in sonata form. The attempt to run off to a desert island is thus an attempt to escape the tension of forms in which creation is possible. The acidhead on the commune is still a child of the suburbs: he is a mutation of the parental virus that infected the cities; but from nature's point of view, his chemically polluted brain is still a foreign body. The hippie commune is, therefore, the furthest perimeter of the explosion of megalopolis. For Soleri, the way out is not far-out, but far-in: implosion not explosion.

The city must contract, intensify, and miniaturize civilization. But for Western man a life as a cell on the skin of an arcology would seem evolutionary all right: the evolution that took the independent and self-sufficient amoeba and turned it into specialized bone, nerve, and muscle tissue and told it to stay in its place in the new higher organism. Simply because Soleri's arcologies do look like organisms, they give most people the creeps and have them shuddering with exclamations of "beehive" and "anthill." In their instinctive response is the recognition that evolution means business and there is no sense talking about it unless you are willing to experience the complete transformation of human life, mental as well as architectural. In their reflex action they touch Soleri's blind spot.

The city as church

IF A MAN IS TO FIND HIS PLACE in an arcology, he must not move about in bourgeois upward mobility; he must not move about in the ecologically burdensome culture of wealth with its cars, Skidoos, and cabin cruisers. Like a man in the Middle Ages, he must know his place, and like a man in the Middle Ages he must live in a spiritual culture that makes up for all the toys he has lost from the old bourgeois, materialist, and democratic days.

The return of the Middle Ages is clear in Soleri's thought. Apostate or not, Soleri's culture is Catholic, and his arcologies are medieval cathedral towns.

*Is there any difference between the aim of the city and the aim of the Catholic (universal) Church? They are one and the same. In a very physical way, the city is the Church. . . .*⁵

Soleri's Catholic background is no incidental issue. the Club of Rome's Project on the Predicament of Man kind is correct and we have reached "The Limits to Growth,"⁶ then we have also reached the Limits of the Protestant Ethic and the Spirit of Capitalism that spurred that growth. The period from the sixteenth century to the present has been a Protestant period, one of humanism, democracy, mechanization, and the secularization of the arts. It was a period of creative expansion, energy, disequilibrium, and dissonance. If we are sensing that we have had too much growth without order, it is natural that a compensatory movement would look to the concentric hierarchical, sacred, nonmechanistic values of the Catholic world view. Such a movement would be one of consolidation rather than of expansion.

But we should not kid ourselves about what is involved in such a movement. The Roman Catholic Church, as any good anarchist Catholic knows, is not the Mystical Body of Christ. In the Mystical Body of Christ, at the very end of human spiritual evolution, the *more* one expresses his uniqueness and his absolute freedom, the more truly he relates to the ecstatic whole of the single being that is mankind. Any attempt to realize this transcendental state on institutional terms leads to very nontranscendental forms of political collectivization. The Roman Church tried to hold power under the aspect of eternity, and as a result became an imperial, authoritarian, collectivizing, and totalitarian institution. Out of this institutionalization of the ineffable came the kind of thought that saw man becoming religious through, and only through, the collectivization of the Church. At its best, this kind of thought produced the Cathedral of Chartres and the music of Guillaume de Machaut; at its worst, it produced the Inquisitor who could torture a man's body while firmly believing that he was compassionately doing his best to save the man's soul from heresy: for after all, the torture of the body lasts only a few hours or days, but the torture of the soul in hell lasts for eternity. In following Teilhard de Chardin, Soleri has inherited all the political ambiguity of that Catholic thinker.

Although our individualistic instincts may rebel against this drive toward the collective, they do so in vain and wrongly. In vain, because no power in the world can enable us to escape from what is in itself the power of the world. And wrongly because the real nature of this impulse that is sweeping us towards a state of super-organization is such as to make us more completely personalized and human.

*The very fact of becoming aware of this profound ordering of things may enable human collectivization to pass beyond the enforced phase, where it is now, into the free phase.*⁷

How the mysticism of Teilhard can be carried over into city planning can be seen in Soleri's views on the relationship between the biological organism and the arcological organism, "the organism of a thousand minds."

If we ever have a superorganism made up of men, men retaining their own uniqueness, then such an organism will be made up of thousands or millions or more of brains. Furthermore, each of those brains will contain a mind, that is to say, will overgovern that power of choice

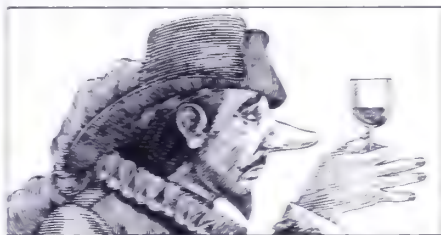
IF YOU HAVE A HARD TIME TELLING ONE WINE FROM ANOTHER, READ THIS.

First of all, don't feel alone.

Probably 99% of the population can't tell a Pinot Noir from a Zinfandel. Or a great Cabernet Sauvignon from a so-so one.

But where

do you go to find out? You read what the wine experts have to say and they all disagree. You read all the wine advertising and everybody's trying to sell his own product.



Cyrano could have used a larger glass.
Or a smaller nose.

Nobody has really taken the time to sit down and explain even the most basic things about wine until now.

We at Inglenook Vineyards are doing it because it's in our best interest to have you know a great wine when you taste one. After all, that's what we have to sell.

HEIGHTENING YOUR SENSES.

First get yourself a wine glass that exposes the wine to plenty of air. The more air you can expose wine to, the better you can taste it.

And be sure you can get your nose in the glass. That's important because in wine tasting, the nose does 75% of the work. A glass with a 3-inch brim is best for most wines. But if you have a larger than average nose, you'll need a larger than average glass.

NEVER TASTE WINE OVER A CHECKERED TABLECLOTH.

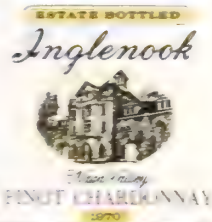


Fill the glass about a third full and set it down on a white tablecloth. That's so you can see the wine's true color.

Now really look at the wine. Check its color. That's the first clue to a wine's taste. Usually, the darker the

color, the fuller the wine. This applies to whites too, which can go from a pale straw to golden. With rosé, look for a crystal clear light pink, with no muddiness.

Now swirl the wine in the glass. A full bodied wine will come down the glass in "sheets". A lighter wine will break into "legs". A good rosé should come down in thin "legs", which indicates delicate body.



Take a good sniff.

This is hard to explain but your nose should confirm everything you've seen with your eyes. A rosé that looks brilliantly clear and is of delicate body should smell that way too.

WHISTLING AT THE TABLE.

Now take a sip of wine, hold it in your mouth, and whistle. Whistle in, not out. Try to get a nice gurgle going.

This technique also allows you to taste the wine for a longer period of time. For it extends that single instant when wine, air, tongue, gums and nose come together for the first time. Thus, it enables you to have more time to make an initial judgment. Keep in mind everything you've experienced with your eyes and nose, should be confirmed with your mouth by this technique.

BUILD A WINE CELLAR IN YOUR BRAIN.

When you actually start your wine tasting education, be sure to follow the chart below. The order is important because you'll be going from light to full bodied in the white wine spectrum. The red wines are listed in a similar fashion. You should work your way through them after you've mastered the whites.

INGLENOOK'S SUGGESTED WINE PROGRESSION CHART

| White | Red |
|------------------|------------|
| Pinot Chardonnay | Pinot Noir |
| Chardonnay | Pinot Noir |
| Chardonnay | Pinot Noir |
| Chardonnay | Pinot Noir |
| Chardonnay | Pinot Noir |
| Chardonnay | Pinot Noir |
| Chardonnay | Pinot Noir |
| Chardonnay | Pinot Noir |

A WORD OF WARNING.

If you're going to put this much time and effort into learning something about wine tasting, then go for the most expensive wine you can afford. High priced wine is high priced for a reason. Namely, better grapes, and more care goes into the making of the wine.

That said, Inglenook Estate Bottled Wine is the most expensive wine made in America. It all comes from the Napa Valley, which wine authorities agree is one of the finest wine producing regions in America, if not the whole world. And it all bears a vintage date, which is a rarity in American wines today.

Estate bottling means we make it from varietal grapes grown in vineyards under our constant supervision.

So if you can swing it financially, get your wine education from Inglenook.

Any good education costs money.

INGLENOOK

We make the most expensive wine in America.

among the endless propositions of the possible, the one-at-a-time performances making the present.

*This will be the fundamental distinction between the city and the anthill, the beehive, the termite colony, and so on: not just brains by the score but also minds by the score. The romantic and rugged individualists will speak out immediately about the mindlessness of the human beehive. They might want to glance at nightmarish suburbia with its six billion individuals; but it is their privilege not to reason about mankind and the staggering logistics it is faced with.*⁸

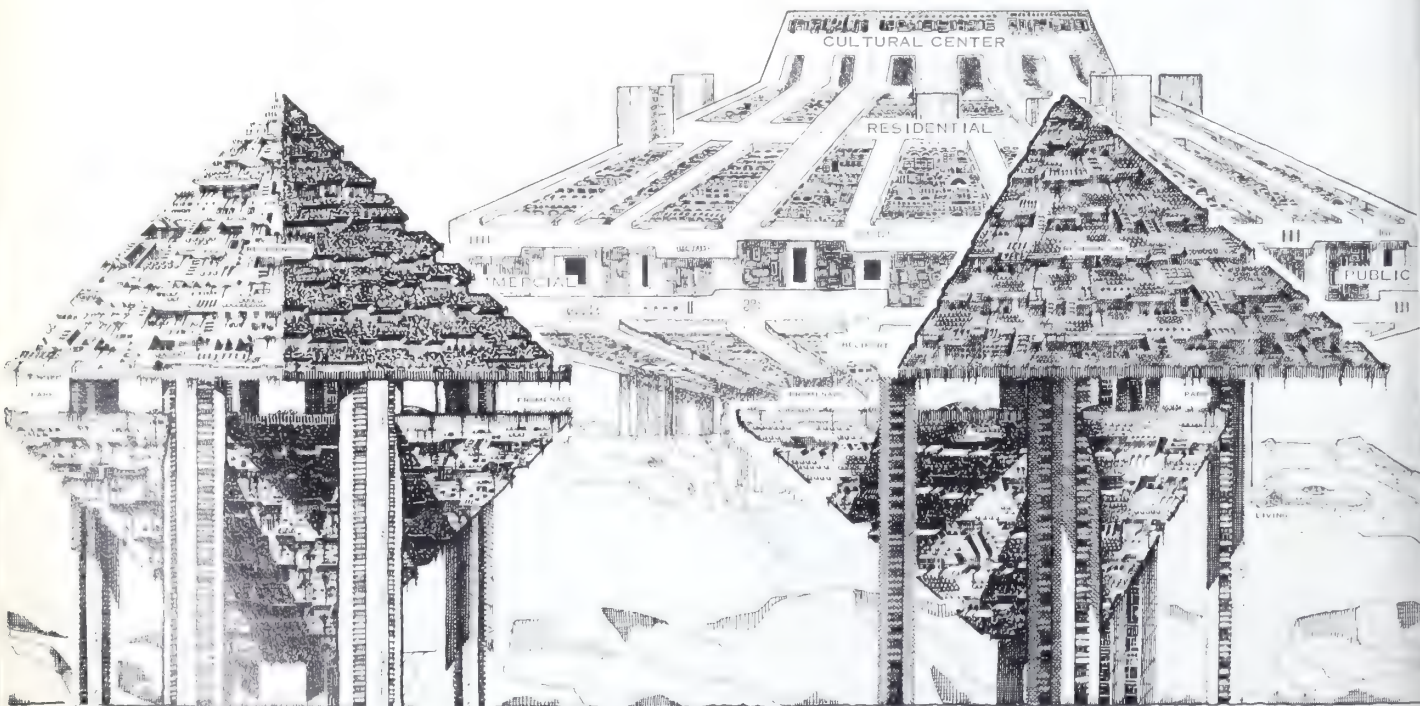
Soleri, the individual as institution, paradoxically becomes the spokesman for the collectivization of mankind. The contemporary phenomenon of the individual as institution could thus be the beginning of an *enantiodromia*, a dialectical movement that begins in one position but ends up in the directly opposite position: for example, the rise of the masses in the industrial state was a movement toward the *individual* free of the aristocracy, the church, and the extended family. Soleri, the individual, could become, like the eye of the needle, a tiny space through which the whole of mankind is sewn together.

It is significant that Soleri singles out suburbia for his condemnation, for the suburban city is quintessentially an expression of Protestant mass culture. Robert Fogelson, in his history of Los Angeles,⁹ has pointed out that nineteenth- and early-twentieth-century Los Angeles was settled by white, Protestant Midwesterners who brought to the city a yeoman's suspicion of the Eastern city with its tenements teeming with Semites and Irishmen. Boston and New York represented everything they loathed: community was seen as crowding, neighborhoods were seen as ghettos. They approached city planning with the grid of rural surveying and laid out the ideal as a pastoral city in

which each yeoman stood upon his plot of ground. Over the years, of course, this ideal became the house with swimming pool and two-car garage, but no room for parents, the isolated warehouse of appliances from which the children were shipped in station wagons from one arranged experience to another. And when later the children produced in these warehouses turned out to be hoping in search of spontaneous experience and communal living, their parents blamed them for not having learned about life through the school of hard knocks, the Depression, the war—all the experiences from which they had been protected.

Rugged individualism, private enterprise, independence from tradition and the extended family: these are the deeply held values of American Protestantism, and since American Protestantism is our dominant culture, these become the values of all Jews, Irishmen, Mexicans, and Puerto Ricans who make it. But many an Irishman or Jew who leaves the old neighborhood to move out to the suburbs finds that it is not all that he hoped for, but that in fact, his new freedom has brought with it a new sense of alienation. Out of the experience of this alienation, the spilled-over suburban city begins to clot and congeal into the pseudoneighborhoods of swinging singles, PTA households, divorced condominiums, and geriatric ghettos. But the secular, deracinated, and desperately hedonistic culture of these clots is far too thin to stop the city from hemorrhaging.

THUS IT IS NOT SURPRISING THAT THE Catholic critics of contemporary culture see the need for a movement from secular disintegration to sacral reintegration. In this sense, the ideas of Soleri should be compared with those of a more famous Catholic critic of contemporary culture, Marshall McLuhan:



Utilizing a pseudocrystal form, this Hexahedron city is planned for a population of 170,000. Soleri's designs are intended to strike a fairer balance between man and nature. While the

automobile divides things and spreads them out, his arcologie aim for reintegration, promising that a "densification" of the environment will release new vitality.

m saying that the result, not the current process, of tribalization makes us reactionary in our basic attitudes and values. Once we are enmeshed in the magical resonance of the tribal echo chamber, the debunking of myths and legends is replaced by their religious study. Within the consensual framework of tribal values, there will be few if any rebels who challenge the tribe itself...

Psychic communal integration, made possible at last by the electronic media, could create the universality of consciousness foreseen by Dante when he predicted that men would continue as no more than broken fragments until they were unified into an inclusive consciousness. In a Christian sense, this is merely a new interpretation of the mystical body of Christ; and Christ, after all, is the ultimate extension of man.¹⁰

When McLuhan looks into the future, he looks into his rear-view mirror and sees the future as the Middle Ages, for the medieval image has always appealed to intellectuals recoiling from the savagery of industrialization. For the first wave of the Industrial Revolution from 1770 to 1851, England itself seemed to be in a mood for consolation; and in "The Medieval Court" designed by Owen Jones for the Crystal Palace of the Great Exhibition of 1851, it took a nostalgic look at the European civilization it had helped to destroy. With Pugin, William Morris, Matthew Arnold, and Cardinal Newman, medievalism became one of the first countercultures to industrialism.

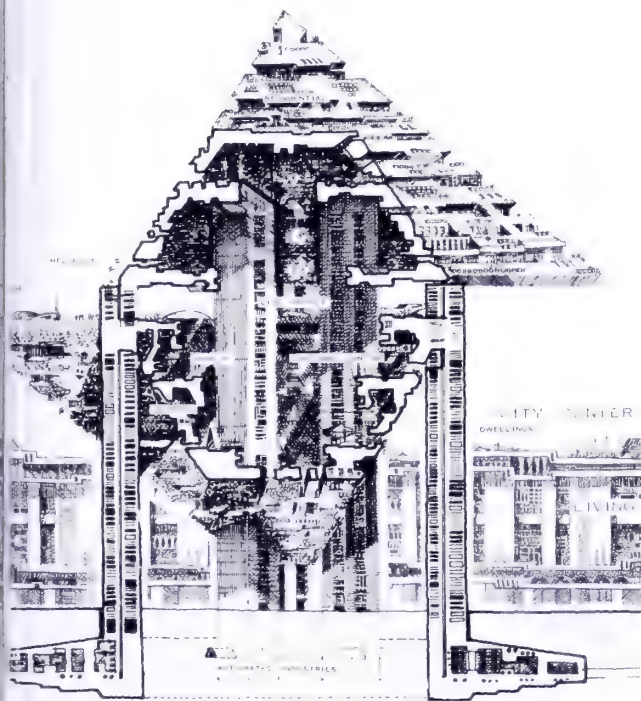
Now that the first wave of the American Technetronic Revolution is over, it is not surprising that people are in a mood for an internal restructuring of human culture. With the passage of the rugged entrepreneur over, the new post-industrial manager has the sense of institutional corporate

politics of a Catholic cardinal. Aurelio Peccei with his Club of Rome is a clear example of a multinational manager in search of a new concentric order. In his book *The Chasm Ahead*,¹¹ Peccei longs for a new kind of ecclesiastical hierarchy and wishes to see "The Great Four" (America, Europe, Russia, and Japan) create a planetary interlocking directorate to overcome our ecological crisis and establish a new reverence for civilization and Holy Mother Nature. Because these new managers have such Vatican sensibilities it is small wonder that some students of multinational corporations see them as reminders of another era.

*The position of the companies is, in some ways, analogous to that of the Catholic Church in the past. Kings and emperors frequently felt their positions to be overshadowed by its international organization, its influence on national policies, and its immense buildings and tracts of land.*¹²

While Peccei is working for transformation at the top, another Catholic critic, Ivan Illich, is working on the very foundation of bourgeois, Protestant society—the school. By attempting to "deschool society,"¹³ Illich is challenging the basic secular institution responsible for bourgeois upward mobility. In a manner that is more anarchist Catholic than Roman, he is trying to separate the authority of the mind from the power of the educational system. Illich's neofeudal world view is a vision of elites bound together in a culture of voluntary poverty. Only in this way can a civilization be recreated in which wealth has no charisma and the billions of poor have a chance to aspire to a condition of human dignity that has nothing to do with achieving an American standard of living. By eliminating the vicious cycle of the revolution of rising expectations in the Third World, Illich hopes to find ways in which mankind can adjust to the facts of life in a world set by "The Limits to Growth." From a Marxist point of view, of course, this is counterrevolutionary propaganda; better that the revolution of rising expectations create a hundred Cubas (though it is more likely to create a hundred Brazils). But Marxists are nothing if not industrial-age materialists, and so we must assume that they are falling back into the wake of history along with their mirror images, the Protestant, bourgeois industrial capitalists.

It is precisely this separation of authority from power that unites the Catholic sensibilities of Ivan Illich and Paolo Soleri. At a conference on "Thinking on a Planetary Scale" held at York University in Toronto, Paolo Soleri presented a slide lecture on the arcological approach to urban civilization. As always happens, some people recoiled in shivers of claustrophobic horror and spoke of anthills and beehives. One student accused Soleri of being a fascist because at his Cosanti Foundation the students had to work as the Master directed them; there was no participatory democracy in the design of Arcosanti. Soleri responded: "You don't understand. I have no power over my students. They are free to come and go. I have only authority. If they come to me because of my authority, and then do not respect that authority, they have no reason for coming to study and work with me." But the student missed Soleri's point. He was ignorant of the tradition of the Renaissance artist in his atelier, and the word "fascist"



...ed to exhaust his whole historical vocabulary. So
 ...ght up was he in the jargon of "free schools" that he
 could not see that that kind of education contains more
 subtle forms of manipulation and "behavioral modifica-
 tion" than Soleri's direct authoritarianism.

Power and authority

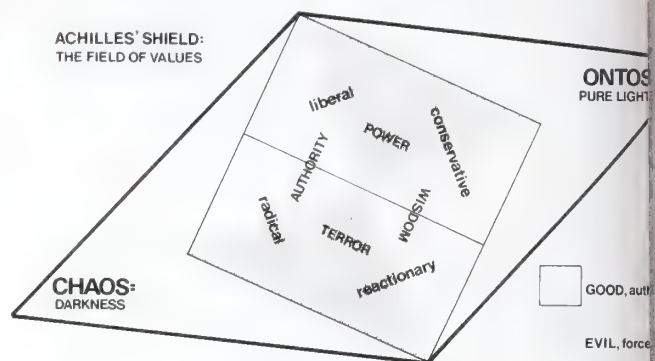
THE SEPARATION OF AUTHORITY from power is not easily understood in terms of American culture. We want our Presidents to be Abraham Lincolns and think that the only place for a great man is in the *White House*. So used are we to the notion that wealth and power is what civilization is all about that when Einstein used his uncashed paycheck from Princeton as a bookmark, the incident became a legend: not of wisdom, but of how stupid the most intelligent man in the world could be. The legend confirmed the average American in his conviction that the wise guys weren't smart enough to come in out of the rain. And when Ralph Nader refused to use his victory over General Motors as a base for a campaign for political office, many felt that he was missing his chance.

In hoping to create or maintain a civilization in the wake of the devastation of industrialization, conservatives like Nader are eager to build institutions of authority, respect, and higher values. Nader's life of voluntary poverty would confirm Ivan Illich's prediction about the neo-Benedictine way of life of the new elites. By giving up wealth and power, the cultural leader is emphasizing that a culture is more than a social structure. Gandhi never became President of India; Confucius never became Emperor of China. When Americans want Nader to run for President they show how difficult it is for them to conceive of any human culture separate from the politics of wealth and power. Europe had a civilization before the Industrial Revolution; America did not, so it is small wonder that the limits to our cultural imagination are set by industrial institutions like the university. It is also small wonder that it takes Europeans like Paolo Soleri or Ivan Illich to remind us that in healthy cultures prophet and king are not one and the same man.

The separation of authority from power is the most important feature of the individual as institution, for in working without the powerful resources of existing institutions, the individual is trying to create new cultural sources of authority. If Nader were a Senator, if Illich were a professor, if Soleri were a director of an architectural firm, each would lose his most critical freedom in achieving the power to act. In the collision of values between good and evil, authority and power, freedom and necessity, there is a scattering of values in which morality cannot be isolated into any one political position. But perhaps the diagram to the right will make this clearer.

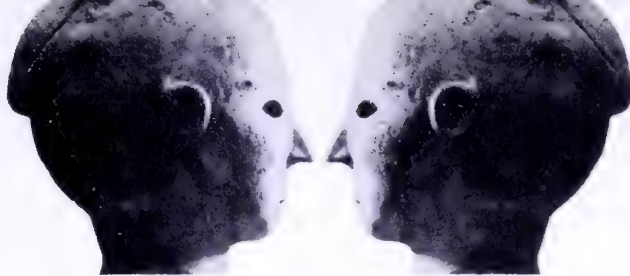
What this mandala enables us to see is the structural identity between mirror opposites. There is an identity between the power of the ruling conservatives and liberals and the terror of the extreme radicals and reactionaries: one sector has power, one wishes to get it. In each case the world view is based not on civilization but on force. At right angles to the opposition between these two groups is a quite different association. On the right side of the

mandala in the white sector are the conservatives and reactionaries who believe in the values of *traditional* civilization; they are the forces of order as opposed to energ the followers of Burke rather than of Blake. On the left side in the white sector are the liberals and radicals who wish to raise civilization to new ideals not contained in le tradition. In the white sector are found the men of good will, the men of full human culture; in the dotted sector e found the men of ill will, the men whose only culture is power. What the mandala enables us to see is that a civi- zation is a culture larger than any political party, Left o Right, and that in this larger culture men of value are found in all the four basic political orientations—conse- a- tive, reactionary, radical, and liberal. Though ideologu may try to lock all human values into one party, revolun- ary or established, human culture is a complex field in which a value is defined and achieved in conflict with its opposite. Truth is not found *in* either conservative or re- olutionary; it is the magnetic field that spreads between those two poles.



Once we see the basic point of the mandala, we can see why it is necessary to respect the difference between authority and power. In the American Constitution we have tried to lodge authority in the Supreme Court and power in the Congress and the Executive, but the Supreme Court is still the judicial branch of the government, and as such it is, as the Warren Court proved, a very powerful branch of that government. For a time in European civilization, the Church was the institution of wisdom and authority. But in the year 1600, the modern scientific age began, as Whitehead has pointed out, with the sacrifice at the stake of its first martyr, Giordano Bruno. When the Church robbed itself in Inquisitional power, it robbed itself its spiritual authority. For a time in American civilization the university was the institution of wisdom and authority but when in World War II the government led the university into research in weapons and behavioral science controls, it destroyed its authority by giving it power. But because all things are bound together in chains of action and reaction, the very postwar technology that created the multiversity also created the new informational culture in which the individual could walk out of the ivy corridors of power. Now there are new voices speaking to the students and whether it is Richard Alpert at the Lama Foundation in New Mexico, Ivan Illich at CIDOC in Mexico, or Paolo Soleri at Cosanti Foundation in Arizona, the students are listening to and respecting forms of authority they would not tolerate at Harvard or Berkeley.

s which see no further
themselves bear the seeds
own destruction.



neal

ist recognize that other cultures can
s as much as we could help them.

ritan Museum of Art
ask—A. Gargagliano

To the degree that people believe their
solutions are the only ones, they begin to
limit themselves and their futures.

Now, more than ever before, we have the
opportunity to understand others and to
profit from their knowledge. Because for
the first time in history worldwide
communications make it impossible for

any culture to isolate itself to the degree
it can believe it has all the answers.

We have some answers. Other cultures
have answers to problems we face now.
We must ask them to help us—as we
help them.

AtlanticRichfieldCompany ♦





This fall in



an does not live by
golf alone. But there
e times when he
els he'd like to.
utumn in Nova Scotia
one of those times.

As his summer season ends,
n the golfer turns the pages
his golf magazine, while his
oughts turn south.

We would like to suggest that
fore turning south, he turn east,
north-east, or south-east or
whatever direction points him
wards the autumn splendour of
ova Scotia, and one last glorious
fling fling.

Nova Scotia confronts the golfer
with an embarrassment of riches
in choice and variety of courses.
He can play a course so situated
and designed that he may imag-
ine himself on a sea-side links in
Britain. He can turn inland and
play a course winding through
valleys and rolling through hills,
that may remind him of the POCO-
nos, or Spain, or parts of Gary
Player's native land. And in the
highlands of our Cape Breton
Island, he'll play a course com-
bining "seaside valley, and moun-
tainous terrain" that appears to
have been transported from Cali-
fornia's Big Sur country.

Nova Scotia is Canada's Ocean
Playground, rich with vacation
delights by the sea.

And away from the water, but
never far away, you'll be sailing,
scuba-diving, hiking, cycling, mu-
seum hopping, antique hunting or
just enjoying the spectacular dis-
play of fall colour and going snap-
happy along the way.

Which means that members of
the golfer's family can have the
vacation time of their lives while
he's having the golfing time of his.

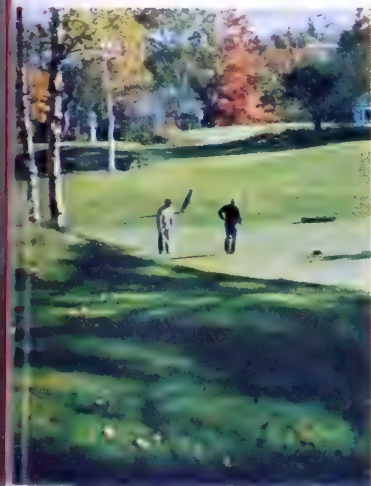
Autumn in Nova Scotia.

For information on how to get
here, places to go and places to
stay, write the Nova Scotia Infor-
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Nova Scotia



It's Yellow Fever season.

This is the only time of the year when you can do nothing and not feel guilty. Doing absolutely nothing, however, isn't all that easy.

Last summer we were sitting around trying to do nothing, when we accidentally came up with a drink as refreshing as summer itself. It's called Yellow Fever. You might try one the next time you set out to do nothing. It's really something.



To make a Yellow Fever, fill a tall glass with ice and lemonade. Add one and one-half oz. of Smirnoff and stir.

Smirnoff
leaves you breathless.®

THE VISION OF CATHOLICS like Soleri and Illich is medieval, but it is really closer to the primitive austerity of the Dark Ages than to the cultural richness of the High Middle Ages. By moving to the heart of our urban civilization in Arizona and Mexico, they are following the tradition of the monks in the monastery schools of the Dark Ages. Soleri is quite consciously working in this monastic tradition.

In the West it was the monastery that faced the megamachine of the secular establishment (military and industrial) then in a state of disrepair; insisting on nonautomatism of man, it upheld the cultural level of society. Now that automatism of the mental is menacingly appearing as a pale reflection of the burgeoning monster flower of automation, nothing could serve man better than a restoration, on necessary new levels, of the psychological and mental autonomy of the species. The new monastery must be the secular city, or at least its core, the learning center.¹⁴

We are facing the return of the Dark Ages, as scores of artists and scholars think we are, then it is natural that modern thinkers fall back upon the tradition of the monastery school as a way of preserving civilization. But Soleri says if he thinks that we can have the spirit of the tough austere monastic centers in a secular city or experimental college. In the years since World War II we have new universities and experimental colleges by the thousands and still the cultural disintegration goes on. In fact, in many cases, civilization now has to be protected from the universities. The spirit of the monasteries of Iona and Skarfarne cannot be so easily packaged into an arcology. Though the vision of men like St. Columba and St. Aidan, who were able to survive the Dark Ages that separated medieval from Christian civilization.¹⁵ The Iona and Skarfarne that they founded were tiny seedlings, but they were transplanted later by Alcuin and Charlemagne, they developed into the universities upon which the growth of European civilization was based. These institutions grew out of a vision that had the strength from opposites held in tension, for the vision was neither conservative and anarchist. It was conservative in that the monks sought to preserve the old Greco-Roman knowledge; but even in passing it on, they changed it by touch. The old knowledge became powerfully compressed as it became a content in the new larger structure of medieval civilization. The old classical scrolls became the illuminated manuscripts of the Book of Kells and the Skarfarne Gospels. The old classical intellectual became a physically laboring monk. What leftists now admire in Mao's China is part of the heritage of the Christian monastic vision they ignore.

The vision was anarchist because it grew out of the circumstances of the primitive Irish Church. The Roman Church was based upon imperial ecclesiastical bureaucracy; each urban center had its bishop who was obedient to Rome. But in Ireland and Scotland there were no towns; there was only the still savage countryside with the monastery citadel. Unprotected by any imperial system of transport and communication, the monastery rested in its own space upon the visionary power of its abbot, who, from his point of view of the hierarchy, was nothing more than a common priest. A bishop was a prince of the

Church; he was that skilled minister of power who helped make the church more Roman than Catholic. But the abbot was more shaman than priest; his power came from within and not from the investiture of his office. With each monastery presided over by its own abbot, the Irish Church was held together by nothing stronger than an historical vision and a culture in which authority was cherished as much as power was distrusted. The monastery schools were thus the very antithesis of the secular city or urban, Roman bureaucracy. The Roman Church in England under Augustine was the Church of Peter, but the Irish Church in Scotland under Columba and Aidan was the Church of John—a Church of an anarchist kind of Christianity that went back to an era when authority and power were kept separate in the figures of Christ and Caesar, and not bent together in the empire of the papacy.

The world outside

THE SIXTH CENTURY IS GONE, but the Dark Ages are coming back. Upon the occasion of his retirement, U Thant, Secretary-General of the United Nations, said that from where he stood he could see that the world had only the Seventies in which to redirect the drift of events or face the disintegration of civilization. Now more than ever we need the strength of cultural institutions like the Church and the university, but now more than ever they lack the very strength we need. The Church has become a museum, and the university, which Plato founded, has ended up in Plato's cave. The best of the teachers and students are dissatisfied; the worst are happy in their expertise—an expertise on the shadows cast upon the wall. Clearly, it is time to move outside what Soleri calls the secular city and the learning center in search of a different kind of light.

But to move outside the cave does not mean simply to start the cave all over again on a smaller and more intimate scale. Ivan Illich's "counterfoil institution," CIDOC in Cuernavaca, became an elegant villa set above a slum where famous educators could jet in, talk about the end of the age of schools, and teach in the very same way they did back at their own universities. To move outside the cave one must change his consciousness as well. For Plato, the initiate, the real cave was the sensory consciousness rooted in the body; if one moved in space, but did not move his consciousness as well, he simply traveled on the surface of a sphere in futile search of the center. But if one withdrew his consciousness from the roots of the nerves into the trunk of the spine and then upward into the brain, he moved out of the cave and mounted to a vision of "the Good." Then as one moved from the surface of the sphere to the center, he discovered that at the central axis of the world, he could move into another kind of space in which, as that other Pythagorean, Nicholas of Cusa, said, "the circumference is nowhere and the center is everywhere."

And so to move outside of institutions it will also be necessary to move outside their patterns of consciousness and experience. The domination by power does not represent the only failure of the postwar multiversity. Like a rich city that produces so much that it suffocates in its own pollution, the university now produces more information

than its center of gravity can support. With 36,000 books published every year in the United States alone, and with over one million scientific papers published in the world at large, the knowledge factories are trapped in their own contradictions. When there were only a few hundred books at the heart of Christian or classical civilization, a reading of the "Great Books" could make an intelligent man learned, if not wise. But now that we are in "postcivilization," we cannot depend on merely *civilized* techniques of learning to answer our crisis. New modes of consciousness must be developed (or recovered?) as education moves toward integration at a higher level of order. As the classical scroll was to the illuminated manuscript, so now the book must become to the illuminated mind. Books must become powerfully compact as they become a *content* in the new larger *structure* of planetary civilization. If we are to have another Lindisfarne it must be more than Soleri's secular city or learning center; it must be a transformer in which the energy of man's cultural evolution is stepped up to another level. The transformational disciplines of the great universal religions such as yoga, zen, and Sufism must themselves become transformed as they become part of the new truly universal catholicism we need if there is ever to be a planetary civilization on earth.

SOLERI, THE ABBOT OF COSANTI, and Illich, the one-time abbot of CIDOC, have indeed taken us back in the direction of Lindisfarne, but they have not gone far enough. If we are going to become medieval again, we will have to adopt more than the husk. If one moves Western, secular, aggressive, civilized man into an arcology, the settlement will be no more successful than a welfare housing development or a British New Town. The arcology, rather than solving the problem of urban civilization, could very well become the ultimate instrument of human collectivization; as such it would be welcomed by all the Skinners and Delgados who are waiting to move us out of freedom and dignity into a new psychocivilized society.¹⁶

When I asked Soleri what was to stop the International Nickel Company from taking an arcology, turning it into a company town, ionizing the atmosphere and making everyone happy and productive, he simply answered: "The compassion of man." But this reply answers nothing, for the compassion of man did not prevent Buchenwald. It was only able to shift the atomic bomb from Kyoto to Hiroshima.

Soleri has given far too little thought to the cultural implications of arcological living. He is so profoundly conservative in all matters of contemporary American culture that he cannot recognize that some sections of the young are working on the very ways of living that could make the close fit of life in an arcology no more confining or unnatural than the close fit of the foot in the shoe. In what Jacob Needleman calls "The New Religions"¹⁷ of the young, the emphasis on personal transformation over institutional information is the missing cultural content to Soleri's physical structures. If one has cosmic consciousness, he can go out of the universe into an arcology precisely in the same way that a New Yorker goes out of the city into his apartment. And just as the civilized culture of the New Yorker enables him to put up with the confine-

ments of apartment, subway, and cab, so the culture of new religions will enable postcivilized man to move in out of space in a wholly new way.

Soleri is a civilized artist and not a postcivilized myth. He believes the core of life is "aesthetogenesis" and, so very much like a Catholic, he regards the mysticism of the young as "quietism." But if each man in an arcology were to be an aesthetic Soleri, he would have to move out to the space in which to build the physical structures of his own dreams. Soleri is something of a paradox; like Frank Skinner's novel *Walden Two*, he is a man who builds a culture that could never produce him, and a culture he himself could not live in. Of course, these contradictions are not unique to Soleri. McLuhan, the avatar of American electronic kitsch, is a nineteenth-century, high-culture Canadian. Ivan Illich, the iconoclast in education, is a Tolstoyan aristocrat in search of his long-lost peasant roots. Norman O. Brown, the prophet of sexual apotheosis, is an extremely cerebral and very shy classicist. And yet, in all his contradictions, Soleri is still one of the most interesting and intelligent speculators in contemporary culture. Ultimately, perhaps, Soleri's ideas are more exciting than his designs; like Paxton, whose ideas in wrought iron and glass for the Crystal Palace looked forward to the Bauhaus, Soleri may be pointing in a direction he himself will not reach. Too many of the arcologies look like cultural containers rather than cultural vehicles; and yet when Soleri designs a bridge, the craftsman in him takes over and the sinuous beauty of design reappears. Even the ugly names of the arcologies, like Babelnoah, Arkibuz, and Theodiga, disappear, and are replaced with the more graceful English of "Stonebow." In more ways than can be said, this form expresses Soleri at his best—a builder of bridges over the most difficult cultural abyss man has ever tried to span.

1. Paolo Soleri, *Arcology: The City in the Image of Man* (Cambridge: MIT Press, 1969).
2. A. F. C. Wallace, "Revitalization Movements," *American Anthropologist*, April 1956.
3. From the unpublished papers of Paolo Soleri, to be published by Doubleday in 1972.
4. *Ibid.*
5. *Ibid.*
6. Donella Meadows, Dennis Meadows, Jørgen Randers, William Behrens III, *The Limits to Growth: A Report of the Club of Rome's Project on the Predicament of Mankind* (New York: Universe Books, 1972).
7. Pierre Teilhard de Chardin, *The Future of Man* (New York: Harper & Row, 1964), pp. 130, 132.
8. Paolo Soleri, *Arcology*, p. 12.
9. Robert Fogelson, *Los Angeles: Fragmented Metropolis* (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1968).
10. Marshall McLuhan, "Interview," *Playboy*, March 1969.
11. Aurelio Peccei, *The Chasm Ahead* (New York: Macmillan, 1969).
12. Christopher Tugendhat, *The Multinationals* (New York: Random House, 1972), p. 220.
13. Ivan Illich, *Deschooling Society* (New York: Harper & Row, 1971).
14. Paolo Soleri, *Arcology*, p. 109.
15. Brendan Lehane, *The Quest of Three Abbots*, (New York: Viking, 1968).
16. José Delgado, *The Physical Control of the Mind: Toward a Psychocivilized Society* (New York: Harper & Row, 1969).
17. Jacob Needleman, *The New Religions* (New York: Pocket Books, 1972).

nie and Greta Mohler try
d-raising and consciousness-raising
ultaneously

Calvin Trillin

IMPROVISATION ON A FASHIONABLE HEME

A LARGE DINNER PARTY one night, Bernie
Mohler announced formally that, having at
come aware of the way women had been
nanized by being treated as sex objects, he
in the future never be heard to boast about
xual triumphs of his bachelorhood.
ou didn't have any sexual triumphs in your
lorhood," his wife Greta said when they got
that night. "When we met, you were still
l of girls."

ll the more reason not to boast," Bernie
"A lot of those male chauvinists are nothing
ars anyway."

nie had become such a militant crusader
e liberation of women that his friends were
ning to refer to him as "the only male Ama-
on East 79th Street." Formerly a fierce
ter of supermarkets on behalf of Mexican-
ican farm workers struggling for a union,
e suddenly insisted on stuffing the Mohler
erator with the nonunion lettuce he had
boycotted—a gesture, he said, to demon-
his contempt for the farm workers' accept-
of "a Latin society based on *machismo* and
oppression of women." He had spent hours
ng on a treatise arguing that sexual differ-
among wild animals were cultural rather
biological—a study he had tentatively titled
Myth of Robin Red Breast."

nie had become particularly concerned
Melissa, the Mohlers' only child. After he
n a magazine that little girls unconsciously
ted the limitation of sex roles because of
iating fathers with going to the office and
ers with staying home, Bernie had decided
y home from the office three days a week—
rease of one day a week from his male-sex-
chedule. Bernie had previously spent Tues-
hrough Thursday at an investment house
ng after the portfolio he had inherited from
andfather, who had done well in the paper-



towel business. Gradually, his concern for Me-
lissa caused him to extend his first commitment,
and finally he gave up the office altogether—a
decision that had no effect one way or the other
on the health of his portfolio. It also seemed to
have no effect on the way Melissa viewed the
world.

"I can't believe this could happen to us,"
Bernie said late one evening when Greta got
home from the office. "Melissa wants to be a
nurse."

He had come out from the kitchen when he
heard Greta's key in the door, and he was wiping
his hands nervously on his apron. He looked
close to tears.

"Don't worry, Bernie," Greta said. "She's only
four. She'll change her mind. Also, there's nothing
wrong with wanting to be a nurse."

"I suppose there's nothing wrong with little
black children wanting to be Pullman car por-
ters, either," Bernie said. "Did you know that last
month I read Melissa a biography of Harvey
Cushing, the great surgeon, calling him Harriet
all the way through? I do that for her, and she
tells me she wants to be a nurse. I can't believe
this could happen to us—our own daughter
bound in the shackles of sexism." The sound of
something boiling over drew him back into the
kitchen.

Greta took off her coat and settled into an easy
chair. She had spent a particularly wearing day
at her law practice. She wasn't certain she was up
to a long conversation with Bernie about Me-
lissa's liberation. She just wanted to sit quietly
in her favorite easy chair and read the paper.

Bernie was talking again—shouting from in-
side the kitchen. "She not only wants to be a
nurse," he said. "She wants to be a nurse named
Jane."

"Uhhhh," Greta said, trying to keep up her
end of the conversation without talking.

Calvin Trillin, author
of *Barnett Frummer Is
an Unbloomed Flower*
and *U.S. Journal*, is a
staff writer for *The New
Yorker*.



"You can't guess why," Bernie said. Greta had almost dozed off. "You can't guess why," Bernie repeated.

"Oh, what?" Greta said.

It was not, in fact, easy for Greta to hear Bernie from the kitchen even when she felt fully awake. Several weeks before, Bernie had insisted that they alternate the chore of cooking dinner, and shortly after that he had decided he should do all of the cooking himself. All of his recipes seemed to call for a lot of work with the electric blender. On late afternoons, the kitchen always sounded like a miniature construction site, and at dinner Greta always felt like an ulcer victim whose nurse had discovered new ways to strain all sorts of things that tasted horrible even when whole.

"You can't guess why," Bernie said once again.

"She likes the hat," Greta said. "She told me the other day that she likes Nurse Jane's hat."

"Exactly," Bernie said. "I risk major nausea reading to her about some of the operations pioneered by Dr. Harriet Cushing, and she likes Nurse Jane's hat. I told her, 'Melissa, you don't have to be a nurse if you don't want to. You could be a surgeon, or at least an ophthalmologist.' She said she liked Nurse Jane's hat. 'But you could be like Uncle Barney,' I told her. 'Uncle Barney is a doctor, and he is a very fulfilled human being.' She told me Uncle Barney would look silly in Nurse Jane's hat. Then she started to giggle. I wish we could do something about her giggling."

"All little girls giggle," Greta said, laying down the paper and sinking further into the easy chair.

"Greta, I'm sure you didn't mean to say that," Bernie said. "'You didn't mean to say that all little girls giggle, that somehow something not imposed culturally by our male-dominated so-

ciety causes little girls and not little boys . . . Bernie had come into the living room from the kitchen. He saw that Greta was asleep.

BEFORE BERNIE'S ACTIVISM FORCED his retirement from the world of finance, housekeeping duties at the Mohlers' had been handled mainly by a Mrs. MacDougald, who roughly managed in the course of a day to pick Melissa up at nursery school, straighten up the house, play both the fairy godmother and the stepmother to the stepsister in Melissa's afternoon production of *Cinderella*, and leave a casserole in the oven for dinner. After Bernie became aware of the existence of sexism, he started introducing Mrs. MacDougald as "the woman we've been oppressing." The phrase that so offended Mrs. MacDougald finally left their employ and, having answered an advertisement in the *Times* for someone of certain qualifications, went to work at the Radical Socialist Coalition's headquarters building in a room the RFC officers referred to as Coordinating Night Cleaning-Sisters.

After that, Bernie had insisted on hiring a succession of male housekeepers—ex-male-nurses, former waiters at French restaurants that had gone broke because of poor service, two jobs working as a team, a former page at the Times, Imperial Court who was down on his luck at seventy-nine. All of them were totally inept. Finally, Bernie had settled into the role of housekeeper himself—dusting the furniture in the living room, streaking the kitchen floor, dropping all forms of vegetable life into the blender.

"I don't want Melissa to be one of those children who assume that all housekeepers are male," he said one night when Greta, betwixt spoonfuls of what tasted like purée of clay soil, asked what he thought about trying to lure Mrs. MacDougald back by offering her double



salary and promising her that Bernie no longer censor sexist passages from the y-rhyme books. Melissa now assumes that housekeepers are Greta said. "And that houses are dirty."

NIE GAVE MELISSA a catcher's mitt for her fourth birthday, and she planted a marigold. Bernie was enraged. "Somebody told her to do that," he said to Greta when he discovered the marigold. "Don't tell her there is anything natural about planting marigolds. That is a culturally imposed act." "I told her it was all right, Bernie," Greta said. "You betrayed your own daughter?" Bernie said. "You placed limitations on her aspirations? Could you do such a thing?" "Look, Bernie," Greta said. "In the first place, when you gave Melissa was for a right-hander. In the second place, Melissa happens to be left-handed. In the third place, there is not a big market for left-handed catchers anyway. In the third place, we don't encourage Melissa to have any aspirations of becoming a professional baseball player, just from throwing the ball around with the park last summer it was obvious to me she is one of those people who will never be able to hit the curve." Bernie went into the kitchen and silently began to stuff some rutabaga into the blender.

LONG AFTER the catcher's mitt incident, Bernie attended a parents' meeting at Mel's nursery school and learned, to his horror, that sexism was being practiced right in the school, among the half-day fours. One of the mothers got up at the meeting and said she had discovered that the boys were being taught to monopolize the block corner," Bernie

told Greta the next evening. Greta, who had missed the meeting because of some work that had to be done on a brief, was hearing about it for the first time—although not too clearly, since Bernie was using the blender to create a mixture of carrots and Nova Scotia salmon he had read about in a movie magazine at the Laundromat.

"Uhhh," Greta said. She had put in a hard day in court, and she was, as usual, hoping to read a couple of pages of the paper before dinner.

"T.J. Quinn was the ringleader," Bernie said. "They say he was just like a construction foreman assigning parts of the building to the boys."

"Sounds like T.J.," Greta said. "He loves blocks."

"Well, it's all very well to love blocks," Bernie said. "But the fact remains that T.J. was engaging in sexist behavior. He's the same kid who said, 'Hey, baby,' to Melissa last week, you'll remember."

"T.J. says, 'Hey, baby,' to everyone," Greta said. "Including you."

"He's nothing but a little hard-hat," Bernie said.

"Uhh," Greta said.

"Face it, Greta," Bernie said. "T.J. Quinn is a male chauvinist pig."

"Bernie," Greta said. "T.J. Quinn is four years old. At the most, he's a male chauvinist piglet."

Bernie turned off the blender and came in from the kitchen. "I really don't think this is anything to joke about," he said. "We can't allow Melissa to play with T.J. anymore."

"Don't be silly, Bernie," Greta said. "T.J. is a nice little boy. He just likes blocks."

"Niceness has nothing to do with sexism," Bernie said. "She is forbidden to see him." Bernie's voice was shaking.

"Bernie, that would just be mean," Greta said.

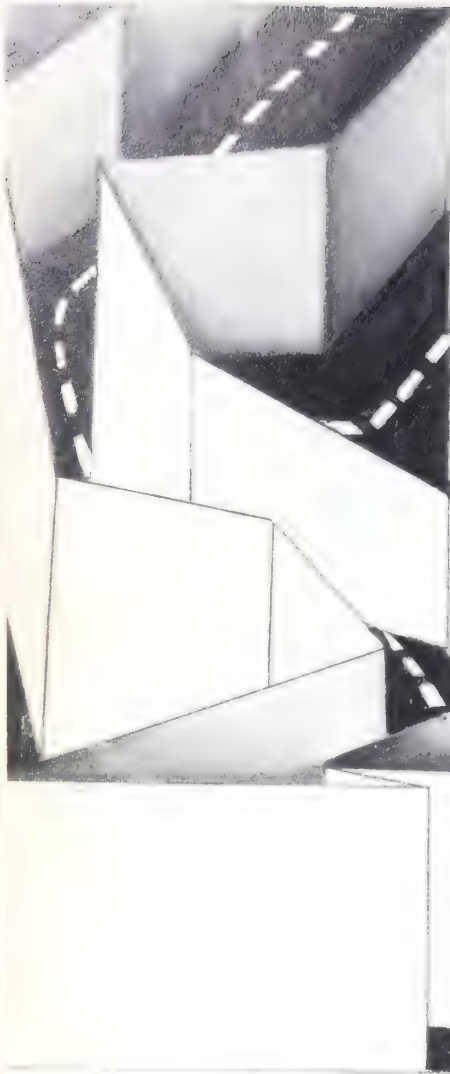
"Mean!" Bernie shouted. "This is a matter of injustice we're talking about."

"It would still be mean," Greta said.

"Mean!" Bernie shouted again. "Mean! A matter of principle is involved. How can you argue that way? How can you sit there and talk about something as wishy-washy as whether or not it would be mean? That's really just like you, Greta. That really is. That's just like a woman. Oh, you girls are fine when it comes to signing petitions, but when a little hard-headed, unsentimental analysis is needed, you might as well go back to your babies and your..."

Bernie realized what he was saying about the time that Greta walked into the kitchen, silently dumped the contents of the electric blender into the garbage can, and then, after a moment's thought, dumped the electric blender in after it.

"Set the table, Bernie," she said, as she started taking food out of the refrigerator. "You're going to need a decent dinner tonight to get you ready for that long day in the office tomorrow."



HITCHING NOWHERE

The aging your on the endless road

Dr. Teleology speaks, or, off the road
by Gwyneth Cravens

There he was by the highway, just like in a movie or a Paul Simon song, hair blowing, guitar sack sagging, guitar case at his feet, thumb out, smack in the middle of a region so flat, so empty, line, and so uncompromising that if all the neon of Las Vegas and a millennium

of encaustic, ponderous sunset heaped upon its plains, bleached would instantly swallow the

I slowed down and pulled over. "Get in, get in," I called, just like in a movie or a Kris Kristofferson song. I'd been Dr. Teleology since Tulsa, and it was definitely time for company.

"Far out," he said gratefully, stowing his guitar and rug in the back seat.

As I pulled up onto the highway I took an oblique look at his romantic high cheekbones, his loose, dark hair, his unmittled eyes. "I was just thinking," I said, "erating to seventy, that it's a damn good time exists. Otherwise, we'd have to do everything simultaneously."

"Why do anything at all, man?"

I glanced down at the rising sun embroidered on the knee of his antique Levis, at the rain applied to the shoulders of his denim jacket, the OM symbol drawn in Magic Marker on his workshirt collar.

Format: The asterisk, the click that changes the channel.
Ambiance: A succession of dope-driven insights that vanish like battered Burma Shave signs in the red tunnel of the Route 66 twilight.

Background Music: Radio static interrupted by blips of country, folk, and rock music (the new objective correlative), by shreds and howls of this and that, by testimonials, gospel preaching, and bargain offers.

Mantra: Into . . . into . . . into . . .

Hour: When the leaf detaches itself from the tree and falls, again detaches itself and falls, again detaches itself and falls.

Symbol: Everything.

Organ: The animated but cool heart.

Color: Asphalt blur.

Technique: Unteleology—the labyrinth.

Scene: The road.

Gwyneth Cravens, former over achiever and drop out, is a novelist and a free-lance writer.

urged me with a movement of his head to keep on looking at ee. After a few minutes' wait, a leaf cracked loose from the top began falling to the ground; it hit other leaves and branches times before it landed in the tall underbrush. . . . You would say that the same leaf will never again fall from that tree, true?"

ue."
o the best of your understanding that is true. But that is only to est of your understanding. Look again."

.. saw a leaf falling. It actually hit the same leaves and ches as the previous one. It was as if I were looking at an ant television replay. I followed the wavy falling of the leaf it landed on the ground. . . . Don Juan laughed. . . .

once more saw a leaf falling in exactly the same pattern as the ous two.

—"A Separate Reality: Further Conversations with Don Juan," by Carlos Castaneda

What I could tell you! To begin with, *Rider* has just been re-released.

all of you who come in sweet and deter- d bodies to sing the song of the open road! l of you forthsteppers, you journeyers along s Highway from the dawn till the dark of , all of you trippers going where the water cs like cherry wine, where movin' on is your -in-trade, where goodbye is too good a

ne word at the end is always of interest, im- g as it does a beginning and some sort of t, some vast Plan. I've always been fascinated ne doctrine of final causes, by goals, by the of everything, by where it is we're all headed. ke to believe that the bone the man-ape ed upward in 2001 really did turn into a lite circling the earth (an orbiting hydrogen- b—but so what?), that the astronaut was rn as a starchild embodying useful cosmic om. I'd like to believe humanity is working rd a goal and that I'm doing my bit. Some- 3 should be at the end of the road, for me ing across the Southwest and for my hitch- g friend with his rainbows and his OM. ut it doesn't seem to be working out that way.

YOU COULD CUT 'EM OFF AT THE PAST

—"We're All Bozos on This Bus,"
Firesign Theatre

ick Kerouac set off a time bomb in the Fifties: *the Road* with Dean Moriarity and Sal Para- zigzagging across the country in search of great beatific scene, its people going off like an candles; *The Dharma Bums* with Japhy er spinning out visions of the great bhikku ement, the rucksack revolution. A mobile ulation of saints would take over the forests, ntains, and beaches and live on raisins. cked wheat, and the Buddha-nature. read *The Dharma Bums* in Albuquerque in

1963 and took off for San Francisco to find people like Roman candles who could teach me to meditate. I met other kids there, hitch-hikers, freight-hoppers, and cross-country driv- ers, eating raisins, sneering at television, and singing songs about the meaning of life on the road. Most people didn't care to admit that Kerouac had been their recruiting officer.

By the mid-Sixties, a scene had coalesced. Kerouac expressed his chagrin at being unable to go anywhere without running into beatniks. What Dean Moriarity was looking for was Fur- ther; the man on whom Kerouac based his fa- mous character became the driver of Ken Kesey's psychedelic bus. The idea was to move, to fly. The whole goal became staying high forever, and the road was the way to the goal.

By the summer of 1970 and after considerable

History is hard to know, because of all the hired bullshit, but even without being sure of "history" it seems entirely reasonable to think that every now and then the energy of a whole generation comes to a head in a long fine flash, for reasons nobody really understands at the time—and which never explain, in retrospect, what actually happened. My central memory of that time seems to hang on one or five or maybe forty nights—or very early mornings—when I left the Fillmore half-crazy and, instead of going home, aimed the big 650 Lightning across the Bay Bridge at 100 miles an hour . . . not sure which turnoff to take when I got to the other end . . . but being absolutely certain that no matter which way I went I would come to a place where people were just as high and wild as I was.

—*Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas: A Savage Journey to the Heart of the American Dream*, by Hunter S. Thompson

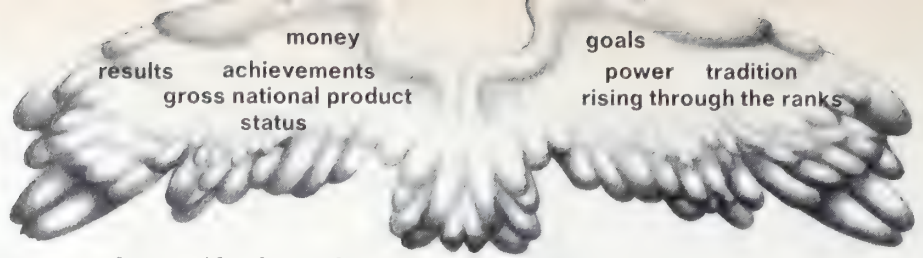
"I remember when I read that in Time magazine [in Port Arthur, Texas] about Jack Kerouac—other- wise I'd've never known—I said 'Wow!' and split."

—Janis Joplin

roaming. I was back in New Mexico, and Route 66 was crowded with wanderers. They were go- ing where bike or thumb took them, searching for the great high scene. One of the major con- versational topics, aside from narcotics stories, was about where the *real* scene was—Tangiers, Katmandu, San Diego, the East Village. Wherever, one was at the moment was no

How can you be in two places at once when you're really no place at all?

—Firesign Theatre



place, sooner or later. Ah, but where one had been! And where one was headed! Some thought perhaps the great high scene was the communes. Once, in the mountains north of Taos, I gave two members of the Hog Farm commune a lift. "You'd think we were running a Grossinger's for freaks," one of them complained. The other one added bitterly, "Try growing organic corn for sixty heads at this altitude." I tried commune life briefly myself. The arrangement failed after six months of earnest talk when one of the stronger members was accused of being "too rational." About that time I gave a lift outside Albuquerque to a couple hitchhiking from Englewood, New Jersey, to San Francisco on their honeymoon. They were financing their travels by selling off their biggest wedding present by the gram—hashish, which they stored in the aluminum tubing of their pack frames. What were they going to do in San Francisco? She was going to go to college, and he had a job as a window dresser in a big department store.

Barney "Kid, like my mother
(a Bozo): always told me, you gotta
start young if you're gonna
stick it out."

Clem (son of "My mother didn't talk to
a Bozoette): me much."—Firesign
Theatre

If you suppose that I'm trying to make some kind of point, or establish a usable generalization,

**LIVE IN THE FUTURE! ... IT'S
JUST STARTING NOW! ... A FAIR
FOR ALL AND NO FAIR TO ANYBODY!**

—"We're All Bozos on This Bus,"
Firesign Theatre

you're probably wrong. I'm simply not up to it. Don't say I didn't warn you if your train of thought gets lost. We all started with our feet on the path toward a goal, God knows. Whatever one did as a kid was not the real thing to be doing, but it was preparation: if you made your bed, brushed your teeth, and got good grades, the years would whisk you to fulfillment, reality, love, and work.

I actually believed college might be the real thing. I came back from San Francisco, set aside the evil temptation of dope, and worked hard. I did very well; the paths in college are only a semester long, and at the end of each is a reward. At the end of four years, a pot of gold: I was labeled "very promising"

"Those are the runners."
"What are they running from?"
"They're not running from, they're running toward. Trained in the Department of Great Expectations."
"Is that my Department?"
"Brain Damage,"
by Donald Barthelme

and handed a Phi Beta Kappa key, a summa laude, and a Woodrow Wilson Fellowship. I was even listed in *Who's Who in American Colleges and Universities*. My professors did not think for one minute I had grasped the real thing, however. The real thing lay in graduate school. I continued acquiring data and behaving as if the data were real and as if it would one day provide me with whatever it was that had hitherto eluded me. I really did want to get my hands

You can hide in the universities, but they are the very seat and soul of brain damage.

—Donald Barthelme

on the real thing but instead, in graduate school, I discovered brain damage. I got a job in New York City and discovered a lot of other "very promising" people who were now intelligent lawyers, intelligent politicians, intelligent scientists, intelligent English professors, intelligent editors. We all awoke, or reawoke, one same morning and found that it didn't mean anything. Somewhere along the line, knowledge and information became a joke. Cause and effect came highly improbable. Divination seemed as likely a way of obtaining information as a bank or a cyclotron or a variorum edition. I met a newspaper reporter who informed me he had been sent here from the fourth dimension to assist at the Apocalypse; I met an Army sergeant who was the reincarnation of François Villon; I met a biologist who threw the *I Ching* daily.

Is knowledge knowable? If not, how do we know this?—Woody Allen

met a real estate agent who never made a decision until he had consulted the Tarot. Two prominent Harvard psychologists announced their personal union with cosmic consciousness. What was *happening*? And how to get in on the action? If ordinary knowledge couldn't take you there, then it was time to try alternatives.

Goodbye, straight world! With a knowing look, one went around thinking, "Something's happening here, but you don't know what it is, do you, Mr. Jones?" What did it feel like on a new morning? Like a rolling stone, like a gyrfalcon, like a tambourine man, like a white rabbit. I got the boring life of the straights—that scene being continuously enacted in the past. What were these "jobs", this "education"? What was this "Bar Mitzvah," "wedding," "Thanksgiving" crap? Not to mention "traffic lights," "income tax," and "customs." Forget these irrelevant rituals, games, rip-offs, hang-ups.

So on that morning, waking up after a meandering line trip, one said to oneself, inside the beautiful

unlight, the fibrillations of light on falling
and Jimi Hendrix singing "Purple Haze,"
IT!" One added, "Fuck it! I'm not doing
more. Whatever they want me to do, I do
not to do any more." Forget being "very
sing," forget political science, law, English
are, publishing. Let us have glorious alter-
s! One raced outdoors. One saw people
g past as usual, like characters in R.
Zap Comix. What to do?

ll, dope helped, seeping in from the nuclei
e high scenes—the ones no one ever quite
or which were very evanescent—coloring
mpuses, the Army, the gatherings of young,
promising people. Tie-dyeing everyone be-
tween twelve and thirty—or so one thought.
t a shock to run into people who were
nt—what sort of freakish accident had pre-
l them?) It didn't take too much dope to
rate the consequences of one's behavior—
e future—and to render everything absurd
amus and Sartre might have overlooked in
ous surveys. The music played—Country
the Fish, Jefferson Airplane, the Beatles.

brand, didn't work. eh? Somehow, from some-
where—like an illicit narcotic—came the notion
to split. To keep on splitting, that is. Some blame
Walt Whitman, the whole notion of the frontier,
the American mystique of the trail. But I suspect
our parents of dealing: "Get a haircut, get a col-
lege degree, settle down with a wife/husband,
bear grateful offspring, earn a good income. If
you do all these things conscientiously, someday
you will be fortunate enough to have what *we*
have!"

Peel back this message and see what you get.

I AM FIRST MAN. WIFE AND I LIVE IN PITS.
I DISCOVER PAIN AND BOREDOM, AND HOW TO DEFEND
MYSELF WITH MY HANDS.—Firesign Theatre

It has been reported that what many of these
elders had was emptiness. Bowling, Mr. Steak,
trading-stamp redemption centers, and insolent,
ungrateful children with acid giggles. If there
was some hidden stream of contentment in that
Depression-World War II-Korean War genera-
tion, no one ever tapped it.

**I'm high all right, but not on false drugs! I'm high on the good things in life—a
powerful gasoline, a clean windshield, and a shoeshine."—The Flying Pastor in
"Don't Crush That Dwarf, Hand Me The Pliers," Firesign Theatre**

olling Stones, Dylan, Hendrix, Joplin—and
ints circulated. The combination of the
s and the smoke could give you a little va-
from yourself, from all that ticking knowl-
all that information so earnestly gathered,
you so relentlessly toward a useful life.
unately, no one—as far as I know—in-
d a way to stay up there all the time, ob-
g the whorls and grains of the woodwork,
ndulation of grassy fields, the long, slow
of a stranger on a beach, the delicate reticu-
s over skin and water and air. It all seemed
e a definite meaning—everything became
olic. Of just what, I don't know. Dr.
rd Alpert, once a psychologist at Harvard,
to India to learn how to stay permanently
without drugs. He came back as Baba Ram
told many fascinating anecdotes about his
to large audiences, and suggested a mantra
ep humming at all times. Although I do
people who feel happier humming mantras
slumped in silence, Shri Dass's solution,
with other remedies on the market, neither
nor relieved the current malaise. And one
e by-products of getting high frequently is
g yourself and your surroundings altogether
early. For a while, I felt good knowing my
was in Aquarius—"very promising," an
loger told me—but in the long run it did me
ore good than my knowing that the atomic
nt of bismuth was 208.980.

acquisition of knowledge, whatever its

So, we split, like our folks and Kerouac sug-
gested. And found ourselves down on Highway
61, a labyrinth that wound through Katmandu
and Kabul and Amsterdam and Boulder and
Machupicchu. If the scene didn't materialize,
or was never there to begin with, or sputtered
out, you split. Splitting
meant: just because
you see me here, going
through the motions,
don't make the mistake
of thinking I'm actually
here or that I'm going
to stay, because I'm
practically somewhere
else even as you look at
me. Don't think that
what I'm feeling or tell-
ing you matters, and don't tell me what you're
feeling, because that will only hang me up, and
what a downer *that* is. Spontaneity! Let us work
on that! More dope, louder music! Nobody feels
any pain. Or love, or anger, because we're all
just about to leave, right? And, by the way, do
they really have H-bombs circling the earth like
in 2001? Well, in any case, let's get it on.

Those road trips. Those adventures when one
got in a car with like-spirited bodies, with a stash
and a purpose—usually forgotten after the third
joint—and an FM radio tuned to a rock station.
Perhaps just out to enjoy the scenery; just the
old Sunday drive in the Oldsmobile running on

God said to Abraham kill me a son.
Abe said God you must be puttin me on
God said no
Abe say what
God say you can do what you want Abe but
the next time you see me you better run
Well Abe say where you want this killin done?
God said
Down on Highway 61
—"Highway 61 Revisited," Bob Dylan

The heat death of the universe
is not a bad thing, because it's
a long way off.
—"Brain Damage,"
by Donald Barthelme

over into next Friday, and it's all right, Ma, I'm only dyin'. Pretty soon the dope runs out, and the facts run out, and the jokes run out, and everyone is strung out, brought down, and depressed, and the road leads nowhere. No matter how manically painted the bus was, it couldn't take you any further.

You have violated Robot's Rules of Order and will have to leave the future immediately!
—Firesign Theatre

The landscapes are always interesting when you're on the road: sharing joints and Gallo with strangers and becoming one mass of pudding at rock concerts. But the casualty list has grown. Nothing finished, resolved, completed, fulfilled, and we finally sang up every song that driver ever knew.

Is passivity all we have achieved in the face of impermanence? If so, it seems important to choose the right kind of passivity, and if you're moving around, at least you have the illusion of being active. "All paths lead nowhere, so it is important to choose a path that has heart," Don Juan explains to his apprentice, Carlos Castaneda, out on the Sonoran desert. Castaneda explains to us: "The path with heart was a metaphorical way of asserting that in spite of being impermanent one still had to proceed and had to be capable of finding satisfaction and personal fulfillment in the act of choosing the most amenable alternative and identifying oneself completely with it." I consider this very good news.

**"For me there is only the traveling on the paths that have heart, on any path that may have a heart. There I travel, and the only worthwhile challenge for me is to traverse its full length. And there I travel—looking, looking, breathlessly."
—Don Juan, in *The Teachings of Don Juan: A Yaqui Way of Knowledge*, by Carlos Castaneda**

of knowledge are there? A friend who read the book agreed with Don Juan's insights, but remarked, "Ah, Castaneda is just another rip-off."

Well, there's no going back. Cut off from our roots, we wander in the labyrinth. It looks like a highway, but it leads nowhere. The nowhere-ness is quite fascinating, but what happened to the traditions? The rituals? The discipline? All these actions Castaneda and Baba Ram Dass had to perform in order to earn wisdom and acceptance? Didn't we jettison all those things on the very first trip? And how does one distinguish philosophical detachment and egolessness from catatonia and gigantic ego trips? The other gurus, who might be able to help, seem to be in

retirement, or they keep rewriting the same old story. We detonated the hearth and its traditions long for the rituals and discipline relevant to daily life—"In chopping wood and carrying water lies the wonderful Way." Meanwhile, we have the labyrinth, the maze that looks like a road.

"Is the doctor turned off?"

"Nooooooo."

"Well, if the doctor is turned on, is he happy?"

"No."

—Firesign Theatre

"You finished with your rap?" the hitchhiker asked.

"Yeah," I said, sighing. "I'm feelin' a little faded as my jeans."

The great Western night had dilated the night sky. Stars everywhere; mountains ahead in the dark thoughts.

He passed me a fat joint. It was very good.

"Man, this is really it," he said.

"Wow, I'm glad you turned up," I said. "I've been Dr. Teleology ever since Tulsa."

"No shit?"

"Say, where are you headed for?" I asked.

I would like very much to end with the great Western night, I'm not on the road. There is no great Western night, no highway, no journey, no romantic stranger with high cheekbones. There is only the noisy, low, humid night of the city, the West Side of Manhattan, with its sirens and honking dogs, and me at my desk, a Master of the application form filled out and ready to be filed along with a Con Ed bill and phone bill. I can't speak for anyone else, really, but I can't say that everyone I come in touch with is down there, are not into fine high scenes. They come from Morocco and Machupicchu and from the University of Weiss, Rifkind, Wharton, Goldberg & Galt and from Columbia University acting as if they've been cheated, as if they'd done penance, and they are wondering how they can make it.

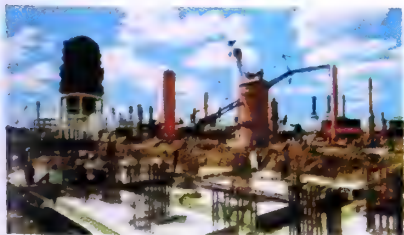
The kid turns up the car radio. The night washes through the car. The highway just goes on keeping on. The Grateful Dead begin to sing, and everything is going to be all right, singing along.

You who choose to lead must follow.
But if you fall, you fall alone.
If you should stand, then who will
guide you?
If I knew the way, I would take
home. —"Ripple,"
The Grateful Dead

We're not here for a vacation. We're here to help clean up America's air.



The island of Trinidad is a Caribbean paradise to many. But to Texaco it's the place to do an important job.



There, as part of our huge refinery, we're building a new plant of advanced design.

Its purpose—to remove even more sulphur from fuel oil before it's delivered to American industry.

When this plant is completed, Texaco can provide

increased quantities of the cleaner-burning fuel required to protect our urban environment.

And the people who live in it.

We're working to keep your trust.



THIS WE REMEMBER

The pictures that make Vietnam unforgettable

Have photographers brought home the reality?

by John G. Morris

I remember clearly the night in early May 1954 when I placed a call to Robert Capa in Tokyo from my home in Armonk, New York. *Life* magazine had asked him to pinch-hit for Howard Sochurek covering the war in Indochina. As his editor-agent at Magnum Photos, it was up to me to make the deal. I had deep misgivings, recalling his many close calls of World War II, some of which we had shared.

"Don't think you *have* to go," I practically shouted across the Pacific. "It's not *our* war." But off he went. A fortnight later, while photographing a French army convoy making its way through the rice paddies southwest of Hanoi, he stepped on a land mine. He had called his last, self-assigned picture story, "Bitter Rice."

Robert Capa's death inspired obituary photo-essays in the world's picture magazines, his final pictures framed in the sprocket-holed margins of the film. We buried him in the old Quaker cemetery in Amawalk, New York. Few photographers know the spot, nor would Capa care,

John Morris, who was London picture editor for Life during World War II, is now picture editor for the New York Times.



Capa's last frame

but when his huge French army coffin was placed in that hillside, it marked the unrecognized rebirth of one of the noblest, strangest—and perhaps most naïve—crusades in the history of journalism: to end war by showing its true and terrible image.

The crusade had begun in World War II with Edward Steichen, whose duty as a reconnaissance photographer in World War I had ended with revulsion—"How could men and nations have been so stupid?" After Pearl Harbor he became convinced that "if a real image of war could be photographed and presented to the world, it might make a contribution toward ending the specter of war."

Age sixty-seven, he volunteered for the U.S. Navy, formed the "Steichen group" of photographers, and finally took charge of all Navy combat photography. It may seem an odd enterprise for the man who also fathered "The Family of Man," but Steichen has never acknowledged any contradiction.

But World War II was a war in which one could somehow believe. *They* were the bad guys and *we* were the good guys, so there was no sensation quite like that of riding the first jeep into a freshly liberated village and being showered with kisses, roses, and wine. The only guilt one felt as a noncombatant photographer or reporter, was that others were doing it for you. Or as Gerda Taro, the German photographer who was Capa's first love, said in Spain: "You get an absurd feeling that somehow it's unfair to still be alive." (Two days later she was dead, crushed by a tank.)

World War II was the still photographer's war. There were the twice-weekly newsreels, but the image of war that came into the home was carried by newspapers and magazines. It was the decade before television. News photographers captured the public's imagination. Only the syndicated columnists like Ernie Pyle, the radio commentators like Ed Murrow, perhaps the guys from *Yank* and *Star* and *Stripes* (like Bill Mauldin) equaled it in prestige.



medical station

Larry Burrows/Life

the photographer in World War II, scarcely realizing it, lived by the written and implied. He cooperated with the censors. His pictures did show unit designations, new weapons, damaged factories, or gun emplacements if they did, they were retouched. Pictures of the severely wounded and the dead were taboo, so the "next of kin" would not be offended. Finally, and this led to an understanding of the manipulation of public opinion at long last, the photographer did not show his subjects ghastly. I recall the candor of the British censor through whom I had to pass some pictures of the victims of air-raids in Berlin. "Very interesting," he said. "You may have them for the war."

The standard operating procedure established by WW II was to show our soldiers fighting cleanly—bombs away in the bright sunshine of daring daylight raids.

We could show a certain amount of suffering from *their* wanton attacks, but never so much as to lead to despair.

Photographically, their side lived by similar rules. You will never find a picture of Hitler inspecting the gas ovens of a concentration camp. And the Japanese were not shown pictures of the men they maimed at Pearl Harbor; they saw the spectacle of their victory from the air. Just as we gave our people the beautiful mushroom cloud over Hiroshima.

The result, intentional or not, glorified the war. The photographer's image was only selectively the true image, for his work, like the war itself, was largely intended to serve a higher purpose.

Capa had said he hoped "to become an unemployed war photographer," and he did, momentarily. Magnum Photos had been founded in the spring of 1947 as an international photographers' cooperative, with Capa its mainspring and Henri Cartier-Bresson of France, George Rodger of England, and David ("Chim") Seymour, a Polish-American, its principal cofounders. They decided to divvy up the

world photographically. In this spirit, Capa went off to Russia with John Steinbeck, and he and other Magnum photographers undertook a worldwide assignment from the *Ladies' Home Journal* called, "People Are People the World Over." It made a deep impression on Edward Steichen and was to foreshadow the Family of Man exhibition.

But a new war—and a new kind of war—was looming. Korea, literally a cold war, marked the watershed among wars of this century. It ended not in victory but in truce, its hero recalled from his command. It divided that country on an artificial boundary and by ideology; it divided the intellectual community and world opinion.

It also produced a change in the style and depth of combat photography. *Life* sent the old war horses: Carl Mydans, Margaret Bourke-White, and David Douglas Duncan (who had been a Marine photographer in World War II), along with the younger Hank Walker and John



Saigon briefing

Dominis. They soon found themselves shooting a twofold tragedy: the story of American servicemen fighting a war they did not comprehend, and a people torn asunder, brother against brother.

Duncan maintains that Korea was a “good” war in that we were fighting side by side with Koreans in their defense against aggression. He recalls his picture of a wounded American being carried to safety by a Korean peasant. Carl Mydans likewise tells stories of blood brotherhood under fire between Korean and GI.

But the one-sided censorship of World War II broke down in Korea. European photographers tended not to see the war so ideologically. Magnum’s great Swiss photographer, Werner Bischof, saw it as stark human tragedy. A team from England’s *Picture Post* showed the brutality of South Korean troops so shockingly that *Picture Post*’s editor, Tom Hopkinson, was forced to resign (the British Establishment sided with the U.S.-U.N. effort). Margaret Bourke-White provided the war’s summary statement in a *Life* essay on a divided Korean family that became one of the classics of photojournalism.

Duncan, asking *Life*’s editors to throw away the captions and let the pictures tell it, joined his Marine buddies in the frigid retreat from the 1950 Chinese offensive and pronounced, in “Christmas in Korea,” a pictorial epitaph on the war.

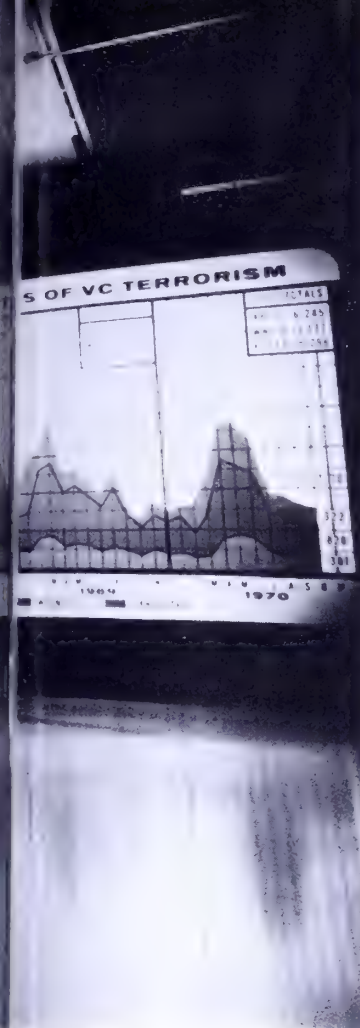
Going on to Vietnam in 1953, Duncan was shocked to find an old-fashioned colonial war in progress—Foreign Legion, buglers, and all. “It was now nearly over. The cause was bankrupt from the start.” His report in *Life* upset the State Department of John Foster Dulles, and Duncan was later personally chewed out by his big boss, Henry R. Luce. Whether or not Duncan’s exposé had any influence on Washington’s decision *not* to rescue the French from disaster the following spring is not known. But his pictures, and those of Howard Sochurek, clearly revealed the moral bankruptcy of the French regime.

Neither Duncan nor Sochurek was at Dienbienphu when it fell on May 9, 1954. Robert Capa was not there either; he arrived in Hanoi a few days later.

As I came into my house the night of May 25, 1954, the phone was ringing. The day had begun with dreadful news. I had been awakened in a little hotel where I was attending the University of Missouri photographic workshop, to hear that Werner Bischof had been found dead on assignment in Peru. His station wagon had gone over a cliff. His wife, back in Zurich, was expecting a child at any moment. It was too much, and we decided to try to suppress the news until she was safely delivered. I hurried back to New York by plane and then home.

The voice on the phone was that of a *Life* researcher, and she sounded distraught. She apologized, “I have asked you some painful questions. . . .” So I knew. I said, “Yes, I’ve heard the news. And she began asking about Capa! I couldn’t believe it. Capa! He was dead too! We were like brothers, the three of

The diplomats at Geneva,” reported *Life* in 1954, “signed a paper that forgave almost everything the soldiers fought for. The U.S. did not sign, but pledged to



Philip Jones Griffiths/Magnum



Sean Flynn/UPI

Field interrogation

t the Geneva accords—then
tly proceeded to sabotage them.
documentation see the Pentagon
s. The press paid scant attention.
g the remaining six years of the
ower term there were no resident
rn press photographers in Vietnam,
or South. The action was elsewhere:
ez, Hungary, Algeria, Berlin, Cuba,
ngo.
glamorous young Kennedy
istration further diverted the
ion of press photographers, almost
point of euphoria. It was the slow-
g *National Geographic* that first
t a picture of an American soldier
for combat, only to have the State
tment talk the editors out of using it.
ory, showing only the Vietnamese
the fighting, was entitled, "Fighting
ed Tide." No war had been declared,
late 1961 the first American
eman, James T. Davis of Livingston,
ssee, was killed—the first of 45,806
article goes to press. Unfortunately,
was no picture coverage.
ally the situation was too big to be
d, and the wire services beefed up

their bureaus with first-rate men. Malcolm Browne came for Associated Press in November 1961, Neil Sheehan for United Press International in April 1962. On February 27, 1962, the AP transmitted its first Saigon news picture by radio. It showed an attack on Diem's Presidential palace during an abortive coup and was taken by Yuichi ("Jackson") Ishizaki, an AP stringer still working in Vietnam. Then in June 1962 along came Horst Faas, the burly AP photographer who has put his stamp on press photography in Vietnam to this day, winning two Pulitzer Prizes and the grudging admiration of his colleagues. Born in troubled Berlin in 1933, Faas came to Saigon after covering the brutal civil wars in Algeria and the Congo. With odd detachment, he was able to photograph many scenes that would make many men turn away: a withered old woman clutching the body of a dead baby burned by napalm; a wounded Vietnamese ranger, blood trickling from his mouth, staring glassy-eyed. Faas looked war straight in the face.

While there was no censorship, the few correspondents who probed deeply were smeared as unpatriotic by the Administration and as downright enemies by the Vietnamese. François Sully of *Newsweek* was expelled for more than a year. President Kennedy tried to get the *New York Times* to recall David Halberstam. Back home, editors were slow to realize the depth of feeling on all sides—and particularly the political complexity of the situation. When, in 1963, Malcolm Browne photographed a protesting Buddhist monk in the act of self-immolation in Saigon, it shocked many people. A great many newspapers, following the example of the *New York Times*, whose editors thought it "unfit for the breakfast table," suppressed the picture or played it down. "An editor who didn't run that picture wouldn't have run a story on the Crucifixion," frothed the late "Casey" Jones, editor of the *Syracuse* newspapers. Many atrocity pictures revealing the brutal nature of the war were available in the early Sixties. Editors for the most part ignored them as "isolated incidents."



Refugees fording river



Kyoichi Sawada/AP

Street execution



My Lai victims



R.L. Haeberle/Life

Accidental napalming

Dickey Chapelle, the courageous ex-Quaker who became a gung-ho combat photographer (and later paid the price with her life), took a shocking picture of a Vietcong prisoner about to be executed by his captor, a South Vietnamese soldier standing over him with drawn gun. That was in early 1962. It was published only in an obscure little magazine.

Yet when Eddie Adams of AP, six years later, came up with his picture of the South Vietnamese national police chief shooting a prisoner on a Saigon street, it got front-page play, in New York and around the world. The *Times* had changed.

Meanwhile, a half-million U.S. troops had been committed to the unsavory war.

Life bears a special responsibility, for better and for worse, in picture coverage of the Vietnam war. No other publication has tried so hard, going back to Capa's time. The roster of photographers who have covered it for them is remarkable: Duncan, Capa, Akihiko Okamura, Sochurek, Dominis, Burk Uzzle,

Catherine Leroy, John Olson, Mark Godfrey, Co. Rentmester, Vernon Merritt III, David Burnett. And Larry Burrows, who came to Vietnam in 1962—and will remain, somewhere, in Laos.

It was Thursday morning, June 8, 1944, in the London office of *Life* on Dean Street in Soho. Larry Burrows, a skinny, bespectacled darkroom boy of eighteen, had just finished fifty-two consecutive hours of work to get out the coverage of D-Day by Robert Capa and six other photographers. I persuaded him to come home with me, to the flat I shared with Frank Scherschel on Upper Wimpole Street, for a few hours' rest. Larry was in London on leave, since he had been drafted to work in the coal mines. ("Won't be much different from the darkroom," he had said when he got his notice, to conceal his disappointment at not being called to the Royal Navy.)

Scherchel was away, flying with the Air Force over Normandy. His big bed was empty. "You take it, Larry," I said.

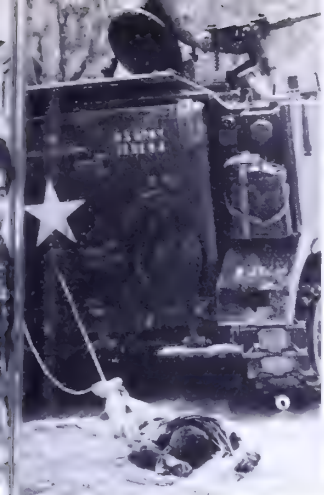
"No, can't do that," Larry replied, and lay down on the floor.

With such humility, Larry Burrows not going to tell *Life* what to say about the Vietnam war. He was content to let it. Who will ever forget his story of the Marine who broke down and cried, of the little war cripple's return to his village, or of the Vietcong prisoners together, or of the grisly body count published in sickly color?

But, unfortunately, *Life* missed Burrows' point. After the Tonkin Gulf incident, *Life* carried a picture spread headed, "Heroes of the Gulf of Tonkin," praising the pilots who bombed North Vietnam: "they performed like veterans."

It is so easy to side with the soldier. After all, he is not really responsible, exactly, and it's very difficult to be a photographer on his side and not side with his side.

This is the trap that I feel most war correspondents have fallen into, one or another. Take Dave Duncan, who,



C corpse

Kyoichi Sawada/AP



Breakdown

Larry Burrows/Life



Philip Jones Griffiths/Magnum



FirstCav casualties

Henri Huet

in New York again with his son and his books, including the Vietwar books, *I Protest!* and *Without Heroes*. Antiwar? They are aren't. Duncan has such a reputation for the fighting man that his one looks at and does not readily satisfy the hawk as much as

an's dilemma—and it is not unlike Eddie Adams and the late Henri AP, the late Kyoichi Sawada of UPI, son of *Life*, and many other war photographers—was revealed attacked the Mylai massacre photos taken by Ron Haeberle. re technically poor photographs, themselves did not *prove* the (they show bodies in a ditch, but cause of death). But they stated the massacre, and as such st rank with the most awful ts of this or any war. an challenged Haeberle—in fact to persuade the *Plain Dealer* that nce he happened to be in ad and saw them running in the tion—that the pictures were false. just could not believe this atrocity U.S. servicemen. But finally,

months later in a face-to-face confrontation with Haeberle at one of Cornell Capa's "Concerned Photographer" seminars at New York University, Duncan admitted that the pictures were real.

Seymour Hersh, the reporter who won a Pulitzer by digging out the Mylai scandal, has said in the *Columbia Journalism Review* that in order to drive the story home, "television was needed—somehow just relying on newspapers to sear the conscience of America hadn't been working, or working too slowly."

But is television the answer? Hersh referred to the CBS interview with Paul Meadlo, in which Meadlo confessed to his part in the massacre. But the fact that Meadlo goes scot-free (albeit for good legal reasons), and that public sympathy seems to lie on the side of Lieutenant Calley, makes one wonder if the public's daily diet of televised war coverage has increased public understanding of the Vietnam war to any noticeable degree. Perhaps we have image fatigue?

A recent incident is enlightening. On June 8 a South Vietnamese plane accidentally dropped napalm on Vietnamese civilians near Anloc. Cameramen, both still and movie, were nearby. They caught the falling bombs and the screams of those burned as they fled the scene, including one little girl who tore her burning clothes off as she ran toward the cameras.

The resulting pictures were shown by the networks and ran on front pages of most newspapers. *Both* were effective. But it was the still picture that fixed the image, that called forth the editorials, that will stick in memories. In such moments it is the film that builds the emotional impression, but the still that remains forever. They complement and should not quarrel.

"A military expert, to paraphrase, is one who carefully avoids all the small errors as he sweeps on to the grand fallacy." Thus wrote Laurence Stallings, not about Secretary of Defense McNamara but in his photographic history of *The First World War*.



Warscape, 1968

Philip Jones Griffiths/

Sadly, the same is true of the daily press—with exceptions. The daily lies should have been apparent. They were obfuscated in the net of Pentagon press agency, cast so effectively over those young and naïve photographers who thought of each day as a separate story. The outrageous paradoxes created by such immediate vision have been fully documented in a 1967 collection of photographs published under the title *And/or, Antonyms for Our Age*.

Thus it has remained to photographers who did *not* have to meet the deadlines of daily journalism to produce the strongest statements about the interminable war. Among them:

- Akihiko Okamura, the Mainichi photographer whose book *This Is War in Vietnam* was the earliest (1966) full statement of the brutality of the war. Oddly, *Life* published his work as a color essay without fully realizing what it meant

- Philip Jones Griffiths, a Welshman whose *Vietnam, Inc.* is an all-out indictment of the American role in the

war. Jones Griffiths is self-righteously strident in his condemnation of all things having to do with the U.S.—but while he may sometimes be sloppy in fact he is acute in principle.

- Marc Riboud, a Magnum Frenchman (Magnum is almost above nationality) whose *Face of North Vietnam* subtly conveys the other side by understatement—the quiet dedication to nationalism (first) and socialism (second) that has somehow escaped American makers of policy.

- Mark Jury, who went to Vietnam as just another GI and returned with a remarkable photographic diary, *Vietnam Photo Book*, showing Vietnam “like it is” to the soldier. Sample exchange: “‘Hello there, I’m Dr. Norman Vincent Peale from New York.’ The trooper replied, ‘Glad to meet you, sir, but I’m happy with the doctor I have now.’”

- Don McCullin, a Londoner whose statement is not a book but a Scholastic filmstrip. McCullin kept asking himself *why* he was in Vietnam (after risking his life in Cyprus and Biafra). He repeated questions: “I’ve spoken to too many men . . . Who needs fresh pictures? Is anybody taking any notice?”

Who knows. The war goes on. A friend of Larry Burrows, learning of his death in Laos, said, “The tragedy is not that he died. The tragedy is that Larry died talking to the deaf.”

Perhaps the world is deaf. Perhaps the world is also blind—to Burrows’ pictures and to all the others. Conceivably, the crusade has been its own undoing. No matter how powerful the images of war these photographers have captured, their fascination tends to outweigh our horror. Photography provides insulation along with access. Pictures don’t carry the stench of the War. There is nothing worse than the stench of the unburied dead. If the smell could only somehow accompany the images . . .

HARPER’S MAGAZINE / SEPTEMBER



When you've collected enough Chianti bottles for your candles, why not try the wine collector's Chianti.



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You really don't know anything about German wines do you?

You're looking at a bunch of funny-looking labels and long, strung-together names keep you away from some of the world's most enjoyable wines.

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You can't go wrong. Remember, nobody ever heard of Volkswagen in the beginning, either.

Anheuser

Ese Probs Un Denn Lobs: "First taste it then judge it."

THE CURIOUS CASE OF THE INDICTED MEAT INSPECTORS

... to slaughter

THE INSPECTORS "Alone in the lion's den"

At seven o'clock on the morning of October 8, Edmund Wyworski arrived for work at a processing plant in Boston. He entered the waving casually to employees inside the and headed for the U.S. Government office rear of the building. As he walked slowly the long, silent lines of processing machinery being hosed down for another day's Wyworski's thoughts oscillated between that morning as a U.S. Department of Agriculture meat inspector back in 1929, and the day, now less than two years off, when he will reach sixty-five and retire. He smiled to himself as he walked, trying to imagine how carcasses he must have inspected in those two years. The old man, unaccustomed to flights of fancy, broke off the effort as he reached the office door. Glancing at the inspectors already inside, he knew immediately that something was up.

FOR MOST FEDERAL MEAT INSPECTORS, as for Edmund Wyworski, theirs is a career, a life's work. More than perhaps any other federal job, however, meat inspection is a grueling, unglamorous enterprise. Of all blue-collar work in society, only that of the policeman on the street begins to compare with meat inspection for rigor of the intellectual, physical, social, and psychological demands on the job.

For a meat inspector works under extremely unpleasant, if not nauseating, conditions. Most processing plants are old, hot, noisy, and crowded. The constant sight and smell of rent blood, entrails, and offal are sensuous assaults to which the inspector may grow accustomed, but never immune. Twelve-hour work days are common. The inspector must often travel many "houses" in a circuit, traveling from one plant to another at some distance and at odd hours. What the meat inspector must endure is nothing compared to what he must know. Many inspectors now start at a GS-5 level, earning less

than \$7,400 per year, yet they cannot perform a day's work without routinely applying vast knowledge of food chemistry, bacteriology, animal pathology, sampling techniques, food-processing machinery and technology, plant construction, and industrial hygiene. The regulations, guidelines, and directives the inspector must follow and enforce are so numerous, intricate, and technical that they seem like the bureaucratic equivalent of Mission Control at Cape Kennedy. There are detailed regulations specifying the nature and condition of the salt solutions that may be used on wetting cloths applied to dressed carcasses. There are extensive instructions pertaining to packaging, labeling, and transportation of inspected products. Section 310.10 of the Manual of Meat Inspection Procedures sets forth in fifteen single-spaced pages the requirements for the "routine" (other than final inspection) postmortem inspection of every carcass. A typical excerpt follows:

Examination of the liver should include opening the large bile duct. This should be done very carefully as cutting through the duct into the liver tissue will interfere with the detection of the small lancet liver fluke. The incision should extend at least an inch through the bile duct dorsally and in the other direction as far as possible. The beef liver should be palpated on the entire parietal surface and within the area of the renal impression. Palpation should be accomplished by exerting sufficient pressure with the hands and fingers to be able to detect deep abscesses or cysts within the liver. . . .

The complex regulations and instructions nevertheless leave the inspector with an irreducible residue of discretion within which he is empowered to impose grave sanctions against the processor, including closing down the plant. In part, this discretion derives from the inability of law to reconcile fully the imperatives of uniformity and diversity. The point at which a "remote product contamination," i.e., a dirty rail, be-

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comes a "direct product contamination," i.e., a very dirty rail, is obviously a matter of degree, and the regulations concede as much. Yet the latter may justify the inspector's closing down production until the condition is remedied, while the former ordinarily will not.

But the inspector's discretion goes well beyond this. It is a commonplace in the industry, denied only by official USDA spokesmen, that if all meat-inspection regulations were enforced to the letter, no meat processor in America would be open for business. This fact, probably common to all regulated industries, says as much about an agency's tendency to overregulate as about an industry's unwillingness to comply with the law, yet the net result is the same: the inspector is not expected to enforce strictly every rule, *but rather to decide which rules are worth enforcing at all.* In this process, USDA offers no official guidance, for it feels obliged, like all public agencies, to maintain the myth that all rules are rigidly enforced. Unofficially, the inspector is admonished by his USDA superiors to "use common sense," to do his job in a "reasonable way."

Ironically this amalgam of discretion—conferred by law, custom, and necessity—represents to the inspector not power but impotence. For he is obliged to exercise this discretion in a fluid, political context in which he is a pawn of those interests—the processor, its employees, and USDA—with the greatest stake in that exercise. The inspector is the focus, but not the locus, of responsibility.

Most meat processors (or packers) operate on a narrow margin of profitability. In a fiercely competitive industry the incentives to cut costs are practically irresistible. Watered hams, fatty sausages, chicken ingredients instead of beef—these are but a few of the stratagems of the resourceful, cost-conscious packer. A 1 per cent increase in the weight of poultry from added water, for example, has been estimated to cost consumers \$32 million per year; government studies show excessive watering to be a routine practice. Violations of sanitation and construction standards are also profitable to the packer. There is every reason to delay compliance as long as possible and only one reason to comply at all—the threat that the inspector will stop production until the offending condition is remedied.

TO FORESTALL THIS THREAT, the packer relies upon a mixed strategy with the inspector, offering the carrot and wielding the stick. The carrots available to the packer are many, and perhaps the most significant is overtime. Since an inspector may earn thousands of dollars annually in overtime to supplement his meager USDA salary, availability of this perquisite is of crucial importance. The packer decides each day

how long the plant will operate and the cost of all inspectors required beyond the eight hours. Inspectors insist that the subterfuge and withholding of overtime is a mainstay of the system of rewards and punishments by which they are encouraged to be "reasonable."

Another carrot is the gift or favor. Many are necessary to the inspector's work—the wet floors, freezer coats, pens, office supplies—yet USDA refuses to supply some of them and scrimps on others. Some packer gifts are animated by simple goodwill, the oil that lubricates the interactions of people working together in the plant day in and day out: a box of doughnuts for the night shift, a Thanksgiving turkey, a bottle of Scotch at Christmas—the gifts routinely given to plant employees, and inspectors are often included. Other gifts grow naturally out of specific work situations. According to one inspector, "when you have to work overtime, the packer may send you beer and sandwiches. If you insist on paying for them, they tell you to go out and get it yourself. It's the packer's interest to have you eat on the job so the line can keep running."

To the inspector, a gift of meat is even more suspect. The packer who throws away hundreds of pounds of edible product daily for one reason or another—and deducts it as business expense—does not seem particularly generous when he asks the inspector, "Need any meat for Sunday dinner, Doc?" An inspector, like a policeman, fireman, politician, representative of veterans groups, hospitals, and other charitable organizations, as well as the packer's employees with whom he works, leaving the plant laden with free meat, is hard put to rationalize why he alone should refuse the proffered gift.

The practice is called "cumshaw"—accepting small amounts of product for one's own use at home. Inspectors argue that the pressure to conform to the practice begins from the first day of the job, and comes almost as much from the inspectors as from packers. "We are wearing the tradition. The old-timers always say, 'I was a good inspector who pays for his Sunday dinner.' They tell you that everybody else does it and has always done it, that it has nothing to do with doing your duty, and that if you don't do it, someone else will. I figure the job is good enough without having the other inspectors suspicious of you." There are unwritten general rules, moral strictures transmitted from inspector to inspector, and these too are impressed on the new recruit: "Don't accept more meat than your family can use"; "Don't solicit the packer"; and by far the most important: "Don't let cumshaw influence your judgment the way you do your job."

To the inspector this distinction between accepting a gratuity and accepting a bribe is both subtle and morally based. The general federal bribe

recognize this distinction and reinforce reality by making it a crime for a public to receive anything of value "in return for" or "for or because of any official action or to be performed by him."

Inspector readily acknowledges that what to be a gift may become a bribe—if it is enough, takes certain forms, or is given under certain circumstances—but to him, the factor is always whether the gratuity induces him not to enforce the regulations in the proper manner. "Sure I'll accept bundles of meat for my family," says one, echoing sentiments of many. "But that doesn't affect decisions in the plant one iota, and the packer knows that. The fact of the matter is that if you are a high horse and *refuse* to take a bundle, it is much more difficult to get the job done. Everyone becomes edgy and suspicious, and the regulations require reasonable cooperation, and flexibility, as USDA is telling us. If the packer, his employees, or other inspectors think I look down on them, they are not going to cooperate with me. Is it morally wrong to do something that helps nobody and helps me get the job done?"

In addition to the normal urge to self-justify, then, much in the meat inspector's daily life is the pressures of his work routine, temptation of the packer, the job socialization process, the traditions of the industry, the conventional behavior of his fellow inspectors, the general bribe culture, and the imperatives of "getting the job done." He tells him that he may accept small gifts from the packer with a clear conscience. Section 622 of the Wholesome Meat Act, however, tells him something very different. If the packers are concerned, this section is anathema to the traditional ethic—a packer committing a felony in giving something of value to an inspector *only if* it is given "with intent to influence the said inspector . . . in the discharge of any duty." A convicted packer does not forfeit his right to engage in the meat business. The inspector, on the other hand, commits a felony if he gives *anything* of value "given with any intent or intent whatsoever." And a convicted inspector, in addition to bearing normal criminal penalties, "shall . . . be summarily discharged from office."

The rationale for this double standard is obvious. Federal employees must be held to a high standard of conduct, to be sure, but should it be higher than that applicable to a packer extensively regulated and certified to do interstate commerce by USDA? Should one party to an illegal transaction be regarded as guiltless while the other is branded a felon? On October 8, 1971, the questions suddenly lost their academic

THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE

A case of nonsupport

Ed Wyworski, seeing the other inspectors huddled over a newspaper, quickly entered the office and looked at the banner headline in the *Boston Globe*: 40 MEAT INSPECTORS INDICTED IN HUB. A stunned silence lay over the inspectors, each gripped by a private terror. Minutes later, the office phone began its relentless ringing as wives, children, and friends called to ask if it could really be true. Wyworski cannot recall what he did for the rest of the day or how he made his way back to his West Roxbury home, but his wife recalls that he arrived "in a trance" clutching a notice from USDA suspending him from duty until further notice, effective immediately. "Ed has literally been in a state of shock ever since that day," his wife confides, "and I don't think he will ever get over it."

Later that day, Herbert Travers, then the United States Attorney for Massachusetts and the man who had obtained the grand jury indictments, held a televised press conference in Boston to announce the indictment and suspension of the inspectors, the largest group of federal employees ever indicted at one time, and to assure the public that no impure food had resulted from the inspectors' crimes. The indictments received extensive publicity in the national media, featuring the remark of a USDA spokesman that "We're expecting the worst scandal since meat inspection became mandatory in 1907." Shortly after the indictments became public, the governor appointed Travers to a Superior Court judgeship.

Several days after he was suspended, Wyworski and thirty-nine other inspectors, almost two-thirds of the inspectors in the Boston circuit, were arraigned in federal court in Boston under indictments charging some of them with having accepted "things of value," some of them with having accepted bribes, and some of them with having done both. In addition, some were charged with having conspired with certain individuals to defraud the U.S. Government of the full value of their services. Many inspectors were not served with their indictments by the Government until they were arraigned. Judge Charles Wyzanski chastised the prosecutors for finding time to be on TV but not to serve the indictments. The inspectors pleaded not guilty. None had any prior criminal record.

On October 22, the inspectors were summoned to the USDA office in Boston. Each was handed a written advance notice of a proposal to suspend him from duty without pay "until the outcome of the proceedings resulting from the indictment is known." The notice gave them forty-eight hours to respond. USDA refused to give them more time to obtain counsel and prepare their responses, although the forty-eight hours covered a holiday weekend, and Civil Service regulations entitle the employee to "all the time he actually needs to prepare and submit his answer." Five inspectors obtained a federal court order extending their time to respond until November 5. Despite oral assurances by USDA officials that *all* of the inspectors could have the additional time, USDA suspended the other thirty-five inspectors on November 1. This was done by identical form letters, although the inspectors were charged with vastly different crimes, ranging from receiving "a handful of screws" to accepting a bribe of thousands of



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dollars. Even before the suspensions, USDA had already begun filling the suspended inspectors' positions with permanent replacements.

The inspectors then appealed their suspensions to the Civil Service Commission and USDA, contending that to suspend them before they had even been tried, much less convicted, was illegal, and that USDA had not complied with the procedural requirements for suspension. Twenty-six of the cases are still pending before the Commission. In six other cases, the Commission's Appeals Examiner ordered immediate reinstatement pending trial.

USDA has appealed five of these reinstatement decisions to the Commission's Board of Appeals and Review and refuses to reinstate the inspectors pending the outcome. USDA failed to appeal the case of inspector Frank Cavaleri, yet it refused to reinstate him for seven weeks, and then immediately served him with another notice of suspension. Seven inspectors appealed their suspensions within USDA and won, but USDA rejected the decision of its own hearing examiner as "unacceptable" and appealed to the Commission, refusing reinstatement in the meanwhile.

One union official, surveying the fruits of these hard-won administrative "victories," lamented, "USDA decided from the very beginning to throw these men to the wolves, and it is not going to let due process of law stand in its way." As a result, the inspectors have received no salary since October, and most have been unable to find any work while under indictment. Lack of income, coupled with high legal expenses, has driven all into debt and many to the point of utter financial ruin.

TO AN OLD-TIMER like Ed Wywiorski, who has spent two-thirds of his sixty-three years in USDA, the indifference of the Department to his plight has been profoundly dispiriting. After so many years, he had come to think of the Department possessively and metaphorically: it was "his" Department, it had nurtured him to manhood, it had trained him in a respected career, and it would provide for him in his old age. Now, it seemed, it had suddenly turned on him, almost rushing to condemn him before he had a chance to defend himself.

Many of the younger inspectors, however, see in the situation a confirmation of USDA's true allegiances. To them, the Department is simply a bureaucracy, cold and morally neutral, but possessed of an unerring instinct for political survival. One inspector puts it this way: "Look, we are probably the only regulatory officials who are required to go out among the regulated to do our job. We don't just visit them periodically, we just about marry them. Day after day, night after night, we are in the lion's den alone with the lion. How are we supposed to get along? USDA doesn't tell us. How are we supposed to resist the barrage of threats and temptations the packers constantly direct at us? USDA doesn't tell us. USDA *does* tell us to use our ingenuity to do our job, to use our common sense—but that's not very helpful when you're in the lion's den."

Every inspector has dozens of anecdotes about the failure of USDA supervisors to back up inspectors in disputes with plant management. The pattern of nonsupport is clearly woven in the records of USDA and outside investigations. The conflict arises from the fact that the supervisor, in the words of one old-time inspector, is the shock absorber between USDA and the packer. If you tag too many violations, your supervisor will frequently say you are being too antagonistic and rigid. Then when you let some minor violations go, such as allowing 4 per cent milk fat in a sausage instead of 3.5 per cent, and a supervisor catches them, he blames it on you, the packer."

Santa Mancina, the top USDA official in the Boston area, readily concedes that most of the inspector complaints about packer pressures are legitimate. "The packers up here are resistant to dealing with their trade association in an open way to communicate. They continually tried to pressure us. Hell, they threatened to go to Washington and cut our appropriations if we didn't let them have their way. The packers, of course, complain about the inspectors, but I tend to believe the inspectors most of the time."

USDA files, only recently made public under a Freedom of Information Act suit, are filled with instances of vicious physical and verbal assaults on inspectors by packers or their employees. These assaults, criminal under the Wholesome Meat Act, elicit from USDA little more than a mild reproach and an exhortation to the packer to read the Act. The Act authorizes USDA to draw inspection permanently from serious and persistent violators, yet USDA has never invoked that authority. Reports by the General Accounting Office, the investigatory arm of Congress, repeatedly document the low morale of the inspection corps, attributing this in large part to USDA's failure to back up its inspectors.

USDA takes a rigidly legalistic position against the gratuity system while at the same time appearing to ignore—and even contribute to—the vortex of pressures and incentives that nourish this system. Once every year, USDA supervisors meet with inspectors to go over the regulations prohibiting acceptance of gifts of value from packers. According to many inspectors and supervisors, this is a very tone-deaf affair. "The best analogy I can think of," says one, "is in the Army when they read the Articles of War or instructions on how to respond to brainwashing. It is all very moralistic, believe, and no one, least of all the supervisors, takes it seriously. If you press them about it, they apply these lofty principles in the real world at the plant, they say, 'Oh, it's okay to take a cup of coffee or an occasional meal from the packer. If you ask how they reconcile that with the regulations, they tell you, 'Use your common sense.' We leave that meeting thinking small gifts

o long as they don't affect the way we do s."

A enforces these regulations against ins with a passion rarely found in its deal- ith unregenerate packers. Consider the inspector Harry Topol, thirteen years an or and a recipient of the USDA Certificate it in 1968 "for sustained superior perfor- in carrying out assigned responsibilities." Saturday morning in July 1969, Topol, on t a new assignment in Boston, received a one call from his brother-in-law, Salvatore who said he needed about ten pounds of rters, salami, and bologna for a barbecue ternoon. Cina asked Topol to put in the or- him, and said he would pick the meat up plant before closing. The plant closed be- na arrived, so Topol filled out a purchase d took the meat from the order clerk, arg- g to pay Monday since no cashier was on On Topol's way out, a USDA supervisor e package, stopped him, and ordered him rn the meat. Topol complied and pro- d to forget about the matter.

ee months later, Topol received a letter USDA charging him with violation of the tion and proposing that he be fired. As- ed, Topol requested a hearing and received before a circuit supervisor in the meat-in- on program. The supervisor recommended opol be fired on the ground that he had pur- l meat from a plant that had no retail out- spite the uncontradicted testimony of at our individuals that they routinely walked ne plant off the street and bought meat. ol appealed and finally obtained a hearing an official not connected with the meat- tion program, who found that the plant did the public and that all charges should be sed. The resourceful Director of Person- owever, while accepting these findings, ged to have the last word. Topol had ob- credit for the purchase until Monday, he "a personal accommodation which was out ordinary." He suspended Topol for four without pay. Two weeks after his suspen- Topol suffered a heart attack. Shortly there- his wife had a nervous breakdown that her ian attributed to the strain of the yearlong l.

THE DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE

"It is more blessed to give than to receive"

April 1972, Ed Wywiorski's trial began. He een indicted on eight counts of receiving "a thing of value," in 1967 and 1968. Six counts alleged the receipt of a quantity own to the Grand Jury," the seventh l a quantity of "eight pounds, more or and the eighth cited a quantity of "twenty- ounds and two ounces, more or less." Be-

fore trial, the prosecution conceded that Wy- wiorski had been indicted on three counts he could not possibly have committed, having been on vacation or at different locations at the times alleged. Judge Andrew Caffrey permitted James Krasnook, the young Assistant U.S. Attorney prosecuting the inspector cases, to drop these counts over the objection of Arnold Felton, Wy- wiorski's attorney, who argued that the jury should be able to see the kind of evidence on which the prosecution's case rested. A fourth count was dismissed on a technicality.

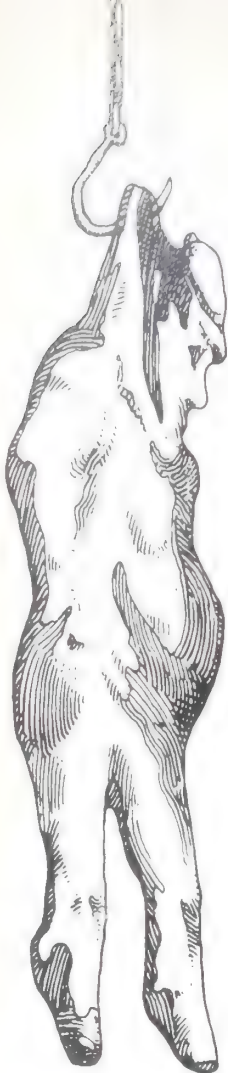
Krasnook then offered Felton a deal. "Wy- wiorski's only a little fish in a big pond," Kras- nook told Felton. "If he pleads guilty before trial, I'll recommend two years probation to the judge." Felton relayed this offer to his client. Wywiorski decided to stand trial on charges of having received four bundles of meat from Jack Satter, Baldwin Vincent Sca- lesse, and John McNeil. Satter and Scalesse were and are executives of Colonial Provision Com- pany, and McNeil had been a quality-control man with Colonial.

The only damaging witness against Wywior- ski was McNeil. He testified that he had no independent memory of transactions with Wy- wiorski but that when he worked at Colonial he had given bundles of meat to inspectors on be- half of Colonial and had made notations on rack cards for each transaction, usually including the initials of the inspector, the date, and the amount of meat given. He had saved these cards, and he produced four bearing the notation "EdWy."

At the end of the first day of trial, Felton was confronted with an agonizing decision. Review- ing his thought processes, Felton says, "Wywior- ski is an old, ineffectual, harmless guy, what people call a 'nebbish.' He would have made a terrible witness. Krasnook would have made mincemeat of him. I decided he should plead guilty if we could get a favorable disposition." Felton called Krasnook to ask if his offer to rec- ommend probation on a guilty plea was still open. Krasnook replied, "Tauro [the new U.S. Attorney] insists that we add on a \$2,000 fine as a penalty for your having gone to trial." Wy- wiorski then called his wife from Felton's office. "I'm going to throw in the towel," he told her. "At least this way, I won't go to jail." Felton, Wywiorski, and Krasnook then signed a form statement reciting that the determination as to a sentence recommendation "is *always* made after a verdict of Guilty or a Guilty plea has been entered, and *not before*. . . . Any statement relat- ing to a recommendation by an Assistant U.S. Attorney made before a determination of guilt can only refer to his recommendation to be made to the U.S. Attorney, and does not refer to any recommendation to be made to the Court." The statement goes on to say that the final de- cision on sentence is that of the judge alone. The next day, Wywiorski entered a plea of guilty. Thus the trial ended before Felton could intro- duce evidence that on March 30, 1967, precisely the period during which McNeil said Wywiorski received meat, Wywiorski reported to his super- visor in writing that he had caught McNeil mak- ing entries of reports of laboratory results in official USDA folders without an inspector being present. The report concluded that McNeil left "in an annoyed and resentful manner."

On May 10, Wywiorski appeared before Judge Caffrey for sentencing. Caffrey told Wy- wiorski that before accepting his guilty plea and





sentencing him, he wished to be satisfied that Wywiorski had in fact committed the crimes for which he was admitting guilt. Wywiorski stated that he had not. A surprised Caffrey reminded him that he could not accept a guilty plea unless he was actually guilty. Wywiorski again denied guilt. Caffrey suggested a short recess to resolve the confusion, during which Felton explained that Wywiorski could not plead guilty without admitting guilt, and that if he did not plead guilty, the deal with Krasnoo would be off. When court resumed, Caffrey once again asked Wywiorski if he was guilty. Wywiorski muttered that he had given McNeil the keys to his car (where McNeil had said the meat was probably placed). Caffrey then asked Krasnoo for his sentence recommendation, and Krasnoo responded with the agreed-upon recommendation. Judge Caffrey proceeded to sentence Wywiorski to one year in prison and a \$1,000 fine.

Mrs. Wywiorski recalls the scene. "When the judge pronounced his sentence on Ed, even Krasnoo seemed stunned. Ed was in a trance. He had never for one moment believed that he would go to jail. All he had talked about was retirement, an end to the pressures in the plant. When the U.S. Marshals dragged him away, he still did not seem to know what had hit him. He is a totally broken man. And all this over four bundles of meat."

Wywiorski is now serving his prison sentence.

AS OF JUNE 1, eight Boston meat inspectors had reached trial and had either been convicted or pleaded guilty. All six who have been sentenced so far have received prison sentences, ranging up to three years. The "bigger fish"—other line inspectors, two subcircuit supervisors, and a circuit supervisor, some of whom are accused of accepting money as well as meat—are still to come.

Krasnoo scoffs at the suggestion that the sentences have been unduly harsh. In his view, the inspectors have not been dealt with harshly enough: "These were public officials invested with a high public trust." (To the inspectors, this view is bitterly ironic. "For years," says one, "we've been pieces of shit, lowly GS-5s and 7s, barely noticed, barely lower middle class. Now, all of a sudden, we are exalted public officials charged with weighty responsibilities and moral leadership.") The young prosecutor told one lawyer that the inspectors were damned lucky that he wasn't prosecuting their wives, who he felt must have had knowledge of their crimes.

Most of the forty inspectors, like Wywiorski, were indicted on the testimony of McNeil, and to a lesser extent Scalesse and Satter, before a federal grand jury first convened in early 1970. The prosecution's case at trial was and is based almost entirely upon the same evidence.

One of the intriguing questions that haunt these trials is why McNeil, who left Colonial in June 1967 to become a USDA inspector, and who is all too familiar with the gratuity system, decided to go before the grand jury and incriminate the inspectors. There is some evidence—

based on McNeil's frequently expressed hostility toward Colonial, and on his threats to sue Colonial for compensation for injuries sustained by him and his wife while in Colonial's employ, that he thought his revelations would result in prosecutions not of the inspectors but of the "biggest fish" of all: Colonial Provision Company. Such an expectation would be a natural one, of course, for McNeil's testimony is at least damaging to Colonial, a company with annual sales of over \$50 million, as to a bunch of low-level inspectors, many of whom were charged with receiving small quantities of meat. And while the inspectors could be effectively disciplined administratively—by loss of pay, discharge, or otherwise—Colonial could be punished only by prosecution and public obloquy.

If McNeil's intention was to damage Colonial, he has utterly failed to do so. The Department of Justice has actually contrived the meat inspection prosecutions in such a way that Colonial has managed to emerge unscathed. That has not been easy to do, given the admissions of Scalesse, and Satter that they routinely gave meat, money, and other things of value to numerous inspectors; that McNeil, at Colonial's behest, doctored samples, illegally gained access to the USDA retention cage, and chose meat samples; that Scalesse lied to the grand jury at least three sessions; that Satter lied to the grand jury and had tried to bring political pressure to bear from Washington against the inspectors. But the ingenuity of a political department of Justice is not to be underestimated.

According to the Justice Department, the evidence, employees of Colonial and similar Boston area packers routinely and systematically gave meat, money, and other things of value to the forty inspectors on behalf of the packers. *None of these packers or their employees has been, or probably ever will be, indicted for these transactions.* The reason is simple: after the grand jury, Satter and Scalesse claimed the Fifth Amendment, refusing to answer further questions. The Department granted them immunity from prosecution in order to induce them to testify against the inspectors.

When asked why the U.S. Attorney decided to grant immunity from prosecution to Colonial and six other packers and their employees, but not to the inspectors, prosecutor Krasnoo gave the following reasons:

1) "I would never grant immunity to a person who lied before the grand jury." Yet Satter and Satter admittedly lied to the grand jury on several occasions prior to being granted immunity.

2) "The inspectors failed to cooperate in giving evidence to the grand jury." But the witnesses also failed to cooperate, until they were offered immunity, and there is every rea-

that the inspectors would have cooperated if they been offered immunity. Well, indictments were issued, at least one representing a group of inspectors told his clients would "sing like canaries" in court or immunity. The offer was refused. To the inspectors, it was clear from their first appearance before the grand jury that they were objects of the investigation.

I know of no inspector who took the Fifth, couldn't offer them immunity." This is in fact. A number of inspectors took the Fifth, but no one should certainly have known.

Real reasons that the Department of Justice sued the minnows while protecting the probably lie elsewhere. As one former prosecutor put it: "From the Department's point of view, this was a smart prosecutive decision. Giving immunity to a relatively small number of potential packers who dealt with a relatively small number of inspectors, they could get a small number of convictions, a lot of publicity, and a step on any important toes. If they had indicted the packers, they would have had to attempt to influence the jury. This way, the judge charges the jury that in order to convict, they must only find that the inspectors received things of value. Since McNeil gets up with his hands behind his back and says they received, these are very easy to win."

The solicitude of the Department of Justice for the inspectors, however, goes far beyond immunizing them from prosecution. For the Department has decided to draft indictments against the inspectors containing well over 2,000 counts, most of which involve gratuities given by key Colonial officials, without ever mentioning Colonial by name. The same is true of the six other indicted packing companies. The indictments list that things of value were given, and names entered into with the defendants, by named individuals—Satter, Scalesse, and others—in most cases—but they are not identified as employees or agents of Colonial. For all the public knows or *could* know from the indictments, Colonial and the other immunized packers have been pure as the driven snow. Since the media have confined their attention entirely to the indictments and the sentences, there has been virtually no coverage of the trials, at which the involvement of Colonial and other packers is not at all out.

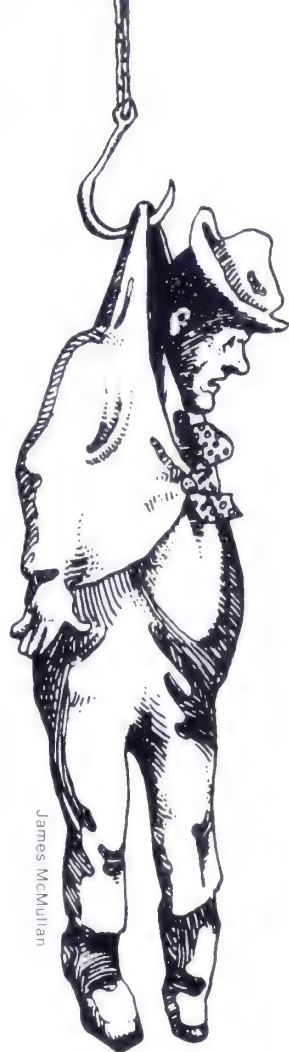
The Department, to be sure, has secured indictments against three small packers, none of which involved with the forty inspectors. Only one has been tried, and the outcome is most interesting and bizarre. As the result of an FBI investigation and the use of marked money, inspector Gaff had apparently been caught red-handed immediately after receiving money from Waters & Litchfield Co. On October 29, Gaff pleaded guilty to four counts of re-

ceiving things of value from two packers. He was sentenced to serve a six-month sentence (half that meted out to Wyworski for accepting four bundles of meat). After Gaff completed his term and left prison, Waters & Litchfield was brought to trial in April. The Department of Justice, in a most extraordinary and inexplicable maneuver, *waived a jury*, knowing full well that a jury, particularly with the price of meat on their minds, would be far more likely to convict than a judge would be. Then Gaff took the stand as the prosecution's main witness, and his testimony—testimony that had supported his plea of guilty and the grand jury indictment of Waters & Litchfield—was so garbled that the judge directed a verdict of not guilty. So the Department's record remains clean as a hound's tooth: no packers convicted.

Other aspects of the meat-inspector cases also raise the question of whether the lady holding the Scales of Justice in front of the Department's headquarters is actually peeking from under her blindfold. On the day the indictments were returned against the inspectors, Herbert Travers, the then U.S. Attorney, took the extraordinary step in a case of this sort of applying for the issuance of bench warrants for the immediate arrest of the inspectors. This procedure was highly unusual because no inspector had a prior criminal record (this is a condition of being a USDA inspector), and they were obviously unlikely to flee. Travers had arranged for federal agents to sweep through the meat districts and make a dramatic and well-publicized mass arrest and incarceration of the inspectors. The judge, seeing no justification for arrests, refused to issue the warrants.

When the indictments were announced in October to an attentive press, many of the counts against the inspectors were so trivial as to lend comic relief to an otherwise relentlessly depressing affair. One inspector indicted for receiving "a thing of value, to wit, a handful of screws," quipped, "I wouldn't mind if I had a big hand, but how many screws can I get in this?" Another inspector was indicted for receiving "a spiritual bouquet," a third for receiving a light bulb. Other "things of value" forming the basis for individual counts were half a can of shoe polish, "the picking up of one photograph," and a car wash. One inspector was charged with accepting a ride home for his daughter from a packer employee.

Many of the counts were not simply trivial, they were demonstrably mistaken. Frank Cavaleri, for example, was indicted on six counts, four of which occurred at times when he was not even working for the Government. Most inspectors had at least some counts of this order of accuracy. After all of the publicity and hoopla had been generated, of course, these counts were dropped by the U.S. Attorney's office, often over



Peter Schuck
THE CURIOUS
CASE OF
THE INDICTED
MEAT
INSPECTORS

the objections of defense counsel who wished the jury to learn how casual the Department had been in securing indictments. The proliferation of counts had another purpose too. As one prosecutor explained, "They threw indictments around like confetti to inundate the inspectors. Then Krasnook could offer to drop most of the counts in exchange for a plea of guilty. Krasnook was giving up nothing that was worth anything, of course, but to the inspectors, the offer must have seemed generous."

THE DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE has employed other questionable tactics. The indictments contain a large number of counts for accepting bribes—in which there is necessarily an allegation of intent to influence the inspector's official actions—as well as counts of simply receiving things of value, which include no such allegation. *Yet there has been no evidence that inspectors were bribed, and much evidence that they were not.* First, packer employees have admitted at the trials that the inspectors did their jobs and did not relax their application of the regulations. Second, Travers and Krasnook have both stated publicly that the public has not been exposed to deficient meat products as a result of the indicted transactions. Third, Krasnook has dropped all bribery counts before trial; he concedes that he has proved only the receipt of things of value by inspectors. Nevertheless, despite requests by defense attorneys not to do so, Krasnook has used the term "bribery" in summations to the jury on a number of occasions.

The Department, in conjunction with the courts, also consistently penalizes those inspectors who invoke their right to go to trial. This practice is not unique to these cases, of course, but the result is not less unjust for being common. Inspector Hugh McDonald was indicted on 183 counts of receiving money, meat, and liquor; 163 counts were dropped before trial. Then Krasnook induced him to plead guilty to nine counts of receiving meat and liquor, dropping the others. Krasnook made no sentence recommendation to the judge. McDonald received one year in prison and a \$1,000 suspended fine. Inspector Richard H. Murphy was indicted on 157 counts of receiving money and meat, 147 of which were dropped before trial. Krasnook offered to make no sentence recommendation if Murphy pleaded guilty. Murphy insisted on going to trial and was convicted on ten counts of receiving money. Krasnook then recommended a sentence of four years in prison, with a \$4,000 suspended fine. Murphy received three years in prison and a \$1,000 fine.

It is inconceivable that Murphy would have received so severe a sentence if he, like McDonald several weeks before, had pleaded guilty instead of invoking his right to put the Government to its proof in a trial. As Krasnook well knows, Murphy's example has not been lost on

the thirty-three inspectors still awaiting trial. "I have a strong case," says one "but look at the risk I run by going to trial before jurors about the high cost of meat. I will have to plead guilty to avoid paying 'the Murphy premium'."

With the Department of Justice at the bargaining table, negotiation for guilty pleas is a nasty business. In the case of one meat inspector, the prosecution threatened to show he had had sexual relations with a female employee of the packer. The Internal Revenue Service, presumably with the connivance of the Department of Justice, has conducted tax audits on a number of inspectors in an effort to show that they were living beyond their means. The IRS, after securing records and cooperation from the attorney for several inspectors, refused either to return the records or to issue a ruling, thus enhancing the bargaining power of the Justice Department in negotiating with inspectors for guilty pleas.

The Boston meat-inspector cases raise disturbing questions. A steady stream of inspectors now entering prison, their careers and reputations irretrievably lost, their families plunged into unspeakable despair. Yet within a radius of the federal courthouse, Colonial Provision Company flourishes, processing millions of pounds of meat daily; Jack Satter drives his Cadillac to his new job as president of Colonial, and James Scalesse has been promoted to head of a Colonial subsidiary. These admitted perjurers and other packers who admittedly gave this value to the inspectors continue to do business as before. John McNeil continues as a USIA inspector, sometimes training new inspectors in their duties, despite having admitted document falsification and switching USDA samples as a Colonial employee and having been a key link in a chain of illegality. The public continues to subsidize the system in several ways—in higher meat prices reflecting the costs of gratuities, and in higher taxes, reflecting the packers' practice of deducting these gratuities as part of their operating costs. "It is likely, in addition, that the public is getting an inferior product for its money." "How much rigorous inspection do you think is going on today at Colonial or these other houses?" one inspector asks. "These packers bought insurance against strict inspection. Do you think the inspector is going to be prosecuted knowing that he can be prosecuted simply on the word of the packer he is supposed to regulate and that the packer will not be touched?"

A society truly concerned about crime would concern itself with those social systems—like the meat plant—in which crime seems to make sense to otherwise moral men. "Cumshaw" is the system, and it flourishes. While some of its participants have been punished, the most powerful have not. For the latter, at least, the system has paid handsome dividends.

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COMMENTARY

OBITUARY FOR A HOUSEWIFE

Some feminists shout for equal pay for equal work, others want abortion on demand. All I am asking is that women be treated like men on the obituary page.

When a man fades away, he gets a write-up about all the things he has achieved and all the places he has been. When a housewife dies, if she gets even a line or two, the obituary is still about all the things her *husband* has achieved and all the places *he* has been.

As a suggestion I would like to present the following obituary for a housewife that is patterned after the hundreds of eulogies I have read for prominent men. This is an obituary for a prominent *housewife*:

Mrs. Ima Martar died following a brief illness of botulism poisoning contracted after eating some of her own home canning.

Those who knew her will recall that during the past twenty-five years, Mrs. Martar cooked three meals a day, plus snacks. Her laundry was always sunshine bright, and she will be remembered as an innovator since she was the first on her street to add a fabric softener to her wash. Never in her entire life did she scorch a garment while she ironed. No one excelled her when it came to mopping floors.

Before her death, Mrs. Martar was a national holder of the award that goes to the woman who for seven years never missed a single episode of *As the World Turns*. Mrs. Martar often remarked how thrilled she was the time she was approached by a free testimonial for a detergent company.

Mrs. Martar's most admirable qualities were that she took a leading vitamin regularly so that her husband

"would keep her," and she chose the brand of coffee that would repel her nosy neighbor, Mrs. Olsen. Thanks to hair coloring, there was not a single gray hair in Mrs. Martar's head, and one of the most welcome breaks in her day was when the traveling cosmetic woman came around.

Mrs. Martar is survived by two sons, both of whom are grown with wives of their own. They will barely notice that she is no longer here except when vacation time rolls around and they realize there is no free place to leave the kids.

She will be sorely missed by her husband until a respectable time has passed so that he can marry one of his former secretaries whom he has been supporting for years.

Mrs. Martar's final words, whispered into the ears of a nearby nurse, were that in lieu of flowers would her friends, please, send donations to a local, state, or national Women's Liberation group.

—Mildred Kavanaugh
Ralston, Nebraska

Harper's continues to invite commentary from readers who find themselves inspired to passionate statement. The editors welcome reasonably brief contributions (circa 500 words) on any subject.

The contributors this month: Nancy McArthur is advertising director of Musicarnival, a summer musical theater in Cleveland. She also teaches a course in theater management at Cleveland State University. Robert H. is purchasing and production manager at Random House Inc. Mildred Kavanaugh, a member of NOW and the Nebraska Women's Political Caucus, is a housewife, married ten years, with three children. Curtis M. Graves is a black member of the Texas House of Representatives in his third term.

THOUGHTS ON PAPER

There is considerable pressure in publishing these days for the use of recycled paper. In 1970 and 1971 the General Services Administration (GSA) of the federal government evolved certain standards that specified percentages of recycled fibers. Until then, most paper products bought by the government had to be from virgin pulp. As technology increased the availability of recycled paper for a broad range of uses, it was simply good practice for the government to avail itself of this growing source. All things being equal, why should it not use a bond containing recycled fiber if it was of a cost, quality, and availability comparable with bond from virgin pulp? Fine. But when the necessity was turned to a virtue as political and marketing capital came to be made from the change, "recycled" became a badge of patriotism and ecological sophistication.

Now, the national, not to say global, advantages of recycling paper are manifest. The process provides a route for the mammoth pileup of waste paper in cities and thus relieves our forests from having to supply all of the pulp that is needed in paper-making. Extravagant claims far beyond this, however, have been made on its behalf. Books on ecology had to be on 100 per cent recycled paper; companies put out annual reports on it; a Congress member used it for his 180,000-circulation newsletter. The use of anything not recycled became in some circles a matter of apology.

One thing seemingly ignored in all this is that paper itself is not a pollutant. The paper industry has had great problems with air and water pollution and poor forestry management. Mills have been made to shut down where they were unable to bear the costs of environmental control. But generally, for one reason or another—business, politics, community pressure—the existing successful mills have made and continue to make excellent

THAT THE OCELOT'S GONE...

hat the fur business such a good job of the number of leopocelots in the world, to get organized and me for rats.

d you might not think one would want to fur because it is so—e frank, ratty looking. e, it looks terrible on What wouldn't? But how good it would look dsetters like Jackie and Joe Namath.

Blass and Rudi Gernuld lead the way with ining rat-fur collec- s could be the biggest hing since wedgies.

ould popularize wear- is the protest thing to

do. All of us who want to be counted in favor of making this world a better place could turn our sentiments into action just by running right out and buying a rat-fur coat, or, better still, two or three.

Opening up this vast new market for rat-fur coats would create thousands of new jobs, a whole new rat-catching industry. This would be lucrative and meaningful work for hardcore unemployed men and also for welfare mothers with small children because they could do it right at home in their spare time. It would be a perfect solution for urban poverty, unemployment, welfare, the crime rate, and all that stuff.

Only a few new laws would

be needed. Territorial claims would have to be registered to keep out poachers from the prosperous suburbs, and granting of ratting licenses would have to be restricted to slum residents only. Landlords would have to be prohibited from sharing in this profitable harvest unless they live on their own premises, which would have the added advantage of cutting down on unsafe housing-code violations rather rapidly.

Naturally the Agriculture Department would have to keep an eye on the rat harvesting and be ready to come to the rescue with subsidies if oversupply should threaten to drive rat-pelt prices too low. Surplus

dead rats could be stockpiled and donated to deserving foreign governments.

Of course, even though the supply appears inexhaustible at the moment, we would have to face the fact that rats are the slum's great natural resource and that eventually we are going to start running out of them if the fur business is as successful with rats as it has been with other fur-bearing animals. Any Congressman who is looking for a popular cause to attract plenty of national attention would do well to latch on to rat-depletion allowances before somebody else thinks of it.

—Nancy McArthur
Berea, Ohio

s. Mill-managed forests are paragons of good hus-

than this, paper itself is a product only one step l from nature; 85 per cent of it is the organic mol- llulose in dried suspension. Left to rot on the soil, tally disintegrates and returns its nitrogen, hydro- ygen, and carbon to the cycle of organic replenish- he remaining 15 per cent—clays and starches and d inks—would be flushed away or absorbed with- n.

re paper is a pollutant is in the city. There it makes the solid waste we dispose of as garbage. The ions of the problem are staggering. The United is spending about five billion dollars annually in lection, burial and/or incineration of municipal Paper's share of the current cost would seem to be vo to three billion dollars. New York City's bill is ndred and fifty million dollars a year. Daily output age in New York City (again paper being half of 4,000 tons a day.

their own admission this is the problem urban plan- e after in agitating for the increased use of recycled By simple deduction, however, one can ask how a in the composition of pulp will at all reduce the paper in the urban waste system. No matter what ce out, if it is brought back to be reused, it will still n for further disposal.

e is another twist to the argument: that increasing blic's insistence on recycled paper will raise the of waste paper and will therefore keep the cities from ng money on expanded and improved incineration.

erious flaws here:

reclaiming fiber costs more for the paper mill than king of fiber in the normal virgin-pulp operation.

To raise the cost of waste will simply make it harder to get rid of.

2) Technological advances in incineration can actually be a boon to the cities. Burning paper, unlike oil, gas, and coal, does not release sulphurs and nitrates into the air. New incinerators can be harnessed to electrical utility plants for power production and so cut down on our use of nonreplenishing, polluting fuels. Such a plant is in operation in Quebec; the power it generates actually runs a paper mill.

Another interesting argument of the recyclists is that every ton of paper recycled saves seventeen trees. But no one ever says what kind of tree or what size it is. A cord of wood is a cord of wood. It makes about a ton of newsprint or groundwood pulp, half a ton of the bleached paper we are used to in books and catalogues. A cord could be one tree or twenty depending on the kind of tree, on what refinements are to be made in the pulping process, and on what nonpaper recycling—such as sawmill waste—is used.

With all these arguments one basic question seems never to be asked: does recycled fiber make the ecologically best paper? Starting with paper from the tree or other vegetable fiber (where all paper, recycled or not, must by its very nature begin), the recycling process yields 107 pounds of paper from 100 pounds of wood. In contrast groundwood paper—the refined nonchemical paper we are used to in magazines, catalogues and directories, and quality paperbacks—gives us a yield of 126.7 pounds from 100 pounds of wood. This is an 18 per cent better use of the tree and a far lower use of pulping chemicals—6.4 pounds in the groundwood process as opposed to 17.7 pounds in recycling.

All of this is not to say that the recyclists are wrong. But it does say that using recycled paper is not the only or even the best ecological thing to do.

Robert Bullen
New York, New York

LINES OF LEAST RESISTANCE: A CASE AGAINST BUSING

Ever since May of 1954, when the United States Supreme Court decided that the concept of "separate but equal" schools in the South was a myth, various people have been trying to get around this decision. Eighteen years later, we still have dual school systems North and South, we still have all-white, all-brown, and all-black classrooms, and the only accomplishment is that some white racist politicians have been able to intensify the hatred and bigotry of some people, and the nation has become more polarized.

The High Court in 1954 did what it had to do, and it was good. Something obviously had to be done to move the country out of a system of institutionalized racism inherent in the dual schools in our Southern states. It was also obvious that as long as two systems were maintained there could never be any real equality. We could plainly see that wherever there were two systems, there would be two standards of education, two sets of facilities, and two standards for instructional personnel.

The initial thinking of the Court was that there should be unified school systems and that black and white children should be able to go to the same school. The Court further seemed to think that if white children were made to attend black schools, the local school boards would equalize the facilities and instructional personnel and in time the problem would solve itself.

This thinking, in my estimation, is erroneous because it supposes that the quality of education will improve if white kids are put in black schools and if black kids are put in white schools. In fact, this has not happened: the only integration in the South has been between poor whites or Mexican-Americans and blacks, and nobody has improved the quality

of education for anybody. In every community in the South, schools in the affluent areas are almost as segregated as they ever were. In the meantime the educational system has gotten even worse for the less affluent.

Indeed, the Southern black child of fifteen years ago, especially in the major metropolitan areas, was obtaining a better education than the less affluent black or white child of today. Although the standards were lower, and the facilities poorer, at least most of the teachers were interested in the welfare of the children they were charged with teaching; at least the child did not have to fight the Civil War every day he went to school; at least the parents could go to school and talk out the problems with the principal because they had something in common; at least the youngster could see his own race of people in leadership roles; at least there was an equal chance of getting a good teacher.

Look for a moment at what happened when "school integration" was begun in the South. Someone must have spread the word like Paul Revere, because nearly the same thing happened everywhere. In rural areas, the black elementary school was closed; the high school was made into an elementary school for the have-nots; most black principals and their teachers were either fired or moved to "show nigger" slots in the administration offices. I know of one black principal with a master's degree who was promoted to the high position of bus driver. Another man with a master's degree was made Maintenance Supervisor; in still another case, the principal was moved into the prominent position of assistant superintendent in charge of audio-visual aids—i.e., "super projectionist."

Now the rural black child is bused to a predominantly white school. The

busing itself is nothing new. It has been bused past several white schools to his, ever since the bus was invented. The only difference is that now jumps off the bus into a classroom where his only road to fair treatment is being an athlete. For the most part he cannot obtain any leadership roles; cannot yell loud enough to be a cheerleader; cannot play well enough to be a band member, and even if he could, band practice is usually after school, after the bus has been carrying black students home. These students cannot belong to school organizations save the student union—an enclave of separatism. They are put into a classroom where the teachers must not tolerate them. They are forced into extreme bitterness or docile submission (the good nigger!).

In the urban centers, the principal was retained but most black people are being employed in excess capacity. In 1965 there were 260 black principals in the state of Texas. I am told that the number is less than fifty. Hence, the black in a leadership role is dying and being replaced by the "ole master." The black child who often comes from a broken home, has no black father image, and no black male to relate to.

The next step was faculty integration. Nearly all black teachers with experience or advanced degrees have been transferred to more affluent schools, while neophyte white teachers, fresh out of college, have been sent to replace them. Many of these young teachers admit to never having had a conversation with a black person, yet now they are expected to try to motivate a class of two of them. I have even witnessed one case where a twenty-two-year-old white teacher was teaching black history at a predominantly black high school without having taken a course in the subject.

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much less having been close to a black person. The youngsters in her class could look right through her.

The point I am making is that in too many cases where the faculty of a black school has been integrated on a two-thirds white, one-third black ratio, there is no teaching going on. And very little learning either.

The basic fallacy in this whole unfortunate situation is the idea that kids learn by osmosis, that if you put a white child next to a black child in a classroom, they both are going to learn something just by sitting there. Now, it may seem a startling revelation to some people, but youngsters must be taught if they are to be expected to learn. It's also obvious that the average youngster absorbs much more when he is not resisting—or being resisted.

The problem with the schools in 1954 was an inequality of instruction and facilities, not segregation, though segregation caused the inequality. We might go back to solving that problem if we followed a simple plan:

1) Zone the city so that each child must go to the school closest to him; hence, no busing, unless it is to his nearest school.

2) Each school should have a principal and permanent supervising personnel racially in proportion to the racial makeup of the student population.

3) The rank-and-file classroom teachers would rotate to another school every third year so that every school would have nearly 50 per cent new teachers and 50 per cent teachers who had been there one year. In the case of large school districts, the city or district could be divided into four sections and the teacher would move to a different quadrant every third year.

This would expose each child during his school years to a cross-section of good, mediocre, and poor teachers.

In time, I suspect, the facilities would equalize themselves also. If a chemistry teacher were to move from an affluent school to a poor school and discover that he could not teach chemistry because there were no test tubes, he would complain and the test tubes would arrive.

Under this plan, each child would ride or walk to his nearest school and associate with children from his own community. He could achieve at his own level and the resistance would be minimal. If the community were integrated, the school would be integrated; the problems that exist in the community would exist in the school.

I am sure this plan would encounter much opposition, especially from classroom teachers. But it is much easier for a teacher to group fifteen minutes earlier and move across town in an air-conditioned car than to make youngsters stand and wait for a bus to dump them in a hostile environment, thwart their natural leadership abilities, and squelch their militance.

There are some people who say that busing is good because it forces people to deal with the problems they will face in later life. I say that the real solution to those problems is the breaking down of segregated neighborhoods. Housing is the key to the long-range problem of segregation. Why should we force a youngster to solve a problem his parents cannot even understand? Why should the education of hundreds of thousands of young people go down the drain while the adults fight a socioeconomic and political battle that has divided the nation almost as much as the Civil War? Those buses we have bought can be put to better use if we use them to remove the walls from our classrooms; to let our youngsters learn by feeling and touching the world around them.

—Curtis M. Grant
Houston, Texas

THE HARPER'S GAME

CULTURE VULTURES

by Anthony Hayden-Guest

Countless learned men have set out to capture the quicksilver spirit of our age. The cultural historians return from these expeditions laden with weighty judgments about our political, literary, social, or philosophical habits, but invariably the evanescent spirit they seek slips through the net of analysis. Heavy with solemnity, their answers don't satisfy. So imagine if you will an immodest project to compile a directory of the little noticed but truly seminal cultural events of the twentieth century. Entries in this imaginary document might include:

- When Mickey Mouse shook hands with Leopold Stokowski in *Fantasia*
- When Shirley Temple Black replaced her lawn with green concrete, explaining that grass got too patchy
- When *Playboy* published a Braille edition
- When Aristotle Onassis hung an El Greco in the bathroom of his yacht
- When faded Levis began to sell for more than new Levis, thereby institutionalizing Conspicuous Thrift.

Make your own list of five moments that epitomize the cultural spirit of the age and submit them to Culture Vultures, Harper's Magazine, 2 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Entries will be judged for their originality, wit, and incisiveness and must be postmarked no later than September 7.

Winning entries will be printed in the November issue.

The first Harper's Game, "Quid Pro Quo" (July), asked contestants to complete the following nominating remarks: "Mr. Chairman, distinguished guests, ladies and gentlemen—there is one simple but eloquent reason why Richard M. Nixon should be returned to the White House. It is _____."

The winners are:

First Prize, an SCM Coronet Automatic 12 Portable Electric Typewriter:

... that he is never Thieu rigid.

On Ky issues he can Pleiku-I, Anloc up arguments without Kontum-ely.

Hanoi-ingly, if he catches Mylai-ing, he will be sweet, Danang-ry.

As the Khe Sonhs go rolling along, Mekong-ress appreciate him too.

Calling him a Laos Cambodia no good. Oy Hué!

—General Giap

David N. Milstein, East Lansing, Michigan

Second Prize, the London Times Atlas:

Should you quite accidentally shoot
Up a village, then burn it, and loot,
You would want to have Dick
To spring you and quick
(In illegal affairs he's astute).

—Lieutenant Calley

P. A. Kaufman, Oxon Hill, Maryland

Third Prize, The Random House Dictionary of the English Language:

... shredded, unfortunately.

—Harold S. Geneen

Mike Thistle, San Francisco, California

PRIZES: First Prize—SCM Coronet Automatic 12 Portable Electric Typewriter. Second Prize—The London Times Atlas. Third prize—The Random House Dictionary of the English Language. All entries become the property of *Harper's Magazine*. Decision of the editors is final.

FUTURE GAMES: Readers are invited to submit their own suggestions for games. Those who invent games eventually published in the magazine will receive credit lines and prizes.

HORATIO ALGER IN THE WHITE HOUSE

Richard Nixon as Hero

IT TAKES AN AWFUL LOT to embarrass me," he once said. That was in July 1962, before he had been defeated for governor of California and was thought to have blown his cool in his concession speech. It was before his success as a Wall Street lawyer, something denied him when he went there for a job after Duke University Law School, before he became a rich man who could at last feel the equal of rich men, before his election to the Presidency, which had been stolen from him eight years earlier, if one is to believe the anger in the eyes of his wife whenever 1960 is mentioned.

If it took a lot to embarrass him in 1962, it would take prohibitively more in 1972. He was hard to embarrass then because he was willing to accept, even to court, personal humiliations that could be calculated to further his public ambitions; and it is now nearly impossible to embarrass him personally because he has encapsulated himself in the ultimate reward of his effort. He has made it abundantly clear that he considers himself indistinguishable from the Office he has earned, and that if he is forced to acknowledge embarrassment, the price may, in every sense of the word, prove exorbitant. The intensification of bombing in Vietnam—featuring what are called "smart" bombs—was explained with frightening insistence as necessary if respect for the Presidency was to be maintained, just as the earlier invasion of Cambodia was explained, in words even his advisers wanted to delete, as necessary if America was not to appear "a pitiful, helpless giant." And when he says that he would rather be a one-term President than allow America to become a second-class power, he is not engaging in verbal play. He means that his position as first officer of the land will be maintained at whatever cost.

Of course, any President is supposed to treat his Office as an extension of himself, to preserve its historical dignity with his own. What is distressing about Nixon, however, is that personal dignity is something he has never before conspicuously cared about. As a consequence, his concern for the respect due his Office and the respect due the United States sounds less like a call to grandeur than a claim for psychic disability pay. It has a pathos familiar in the success stories of the American self-made man: the position attained is made to substitute for personal attributes sacrificed in order to attain it. His conduct in the Office is continuous with the conduct that brought him there. From the outset he has acted in obedience to a narrowly conceived and contrived system of rewards and punishments, and he is at last himself in charge of the system.

It is understandable that Nixon could never fully understand the altogether different success of Eisenhower, his regard for whom was always compounded of awe and resentment, and that Eisenhower, almost from the beginning of their political association, was cool, patronizing, and impatient. He wanted Nixon off the ticket in 1952, having put him there at the behest of Dewey, until the Checkers speech made it impossible to remove him; he had assisted the "dump Nixon" movement of 1956 with his suggestion that Nixon should "chart his own course," perhaps toward a Cabinet post; and he had badly damaged Nixon's Presidential campaign in 1960 by the supposedly offhand remark, when asked what decisions Nixon had been responsible for in the previous eight years, that "If you give me a week, I might think of one. I don't remember." With a

blend of effeminate retaliatory conciliatory fear characteristic of dealings with Eisenhower evident in print, Nixon later wrote in *Six Years* that he was "far more completely devious than most people realize and in the best sense of those words" and that "despite his great capacity for friendliness, he also had a capacity of reserve which, at least subconsciously, tended to make a visit to the White House like a junior officer's." Eisenhower's relation to Nixon was that of a lieutenant to a functionary by design, not the fact that the functionary himself had a little shame that sometimes he had failed did not contribute to the esteem. During his occupancy of the White House, Eisenhower never asked the Nixons into the family quarters, as they pathetically admitted the Johnsons in 1967 while he showed what was to be their new

Eisenhower is a particular constructive contrast to Nixon, as Wills' *Nixon Agonistes* eloquently demonstrates, because their cloaked political affiliation only exaggerated the sharp differences between them. The Presidency sought Eisenhower much as he sought it; and he sought it with a kind of aristocratic calmness, as if the Office was more enhanced thereby than he was. He had spent most of his life conforming to the disciplines and outdistancing the intrigues of the peacetime Army, but there was no evidence of any anxiety to the autonomy of his personal life or the openness of his charm; and though he was never able to settle any quarrel with his wife and son and was abroad, he emerged like an illiterate for the state of Kansas. Nixon, not Eisenhower, who is calm and acts like some anxious con man up the ranks, the barracks politician, rootless and regimented man.

Even though, for me, there a

Richard Poirier's most recent books are The Performing Self and Mailer (a critical study).



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Bolla does.

cent Presidents to be nosed out, I wouldn't want to assist in nostalgia for Eisenhower as a legacy of the Kennedy, and Nixon Administrations. impenetrable self-satisfactions produce a national apathy that is dispelled only by the invisibly helped produce. For it can at least be said of him one's imagination was per- by the fact that he became the fourth President of the United States. Even admirers of Nixon won't he became the thirty-seventh. s a gap between his finicky, prudish expenditures of per- and the grandeur of his Of- between the pettiness of his imagination with respect to matters as Kent State or Lieu- Calley or the nomination of G. l Carswell to the Supreme and the enormous conse- of even his minor decisions o so yawning as to invite the extravagant speculations about forces, configurations, and di- of power in this country.

When it comes to personal stature, or woman under the glaring re of the media may ever again our literary images of what a ent should be like; maybe Jef- wouldn't. Allowing for that, still provokes an interest to him. He does not seem so a predictable product of con- ary circumstances in America harbinger and sponsor of them. often poignant testimony of a aide and admirer, *Catch the Flag* by Richard J. Whalen, emerges as a man who neither nor provokes a positive belief thing, who is more interested in al gimmickry than in govern- The indictment is the more ef- for coming from an avowed vative. One might want to with this assessment by pro- as has Rev. Charles Hender- ., in the *New York Times* of , 1972, that Nixon represents nifestation of the Protestant o long a part of the American al scene." There is ample evi- for this, as in his objection to reform that does not include requirement, his rejection of a system of day-care centers on ound that it would weaken the can family and what he im- to be its support of "moral eligious principles," his argu-

ments against legalized abortion and the removal of criminal penalties for the private use of marijuana, and his contemptuous dismissal of the report of the Commission on Obscenity and Pornography. What is important in all this, however, is not the workings of a so-called Protestant ethic but the evidence that in Nixon it works only negatively, in a way, as Reverend Henderson himself observes, that is "particularly anachronistic and divisive." Whatever principles he has usually express themselves in a veto.

Veto power is a perfectly apt metaphor for Nixon. He seems to exist in the absence of those who might be there if it were not for death or deprivation. He exists in negation, and one reason for a general lack of relish for his personality, even among his supporters, is that he carries the stigma of all we have lost. He is the heir of our maladroitness and our disasters—the assassination of John Kennedy; the debacle of Goldwater; the demise of Johnson, who might have been a good President; the killing of Robert Kennedy; the doomed nomination of Humphrey; the self-defeat of Vietnam with its roots in a debasing Communist-conspiracy theory. Even before all this he thrived, as it were, on misfortune: the Red scare that let him defeat Voorhis and Helen Douglas by lies and innuendos, the prominence he earned in the Hiss case, the obscenity of the Checkers speech, the heart attacks of Eisenhower that left him an aging and arrogant sybarite even less willing than before to take stands that might disturb his glory and the unaccustomed luxuries that went with it. Our diminishment came down to the measure of Nixon's own self-miniaturization, and he and the Presidency could be one at last.

NIXON IS A HOLE IN SPACE with the gravitational pull of a star. He is therefore a severe challenge to those who work in forms where the imagination is supposedly most free in its explorations—like fiction, drama, and film. Some measure of the difficulties of imagining Richard Nixon, and some clue as to how these difficulties might be met, are to be found in four recent efforts. There is *Millhouse*, a documentary film by Emile de Antonio shown first in September 1971 and to be released again before the election; *Our Gang* (Starring

Tricky and His Friends), a fictional satire on the Nixon style by Philip Roth; *An Evening with Richard Nixon*, a play, or spectacle, by Gore Vidal, the title of which (to suggest that it was also an evening with the American people) was extended with an "And..." for its lamentably brief New York run in April; and, most recently, the film *Richard*, done by Lorees Yerby and produced by her husband Bertrand Castelli, the executive producer of *Hair*.

While none of these entertainments is favorable to Nixon, the two that are least smugly dogmatic and most wide-ranging, Yerby's and Vidal's, also turn out, for all their frailties, to be the best. Yerby and Vidal do not isolate Nixon from the rest of America or its historical lapses, though in the case of *Richard* the history is mostly cinematic. They proceed on an assumption that is both politically and theatrically rewarding: that Nixon is an expression, though a deformed one, of certain practices and inclinations that are recognizably American, and that his success raises the possibility that these practices and inclinations might, at this point in our development, be deforming the rest of us. Their stance is much like Garry Wills' in *Nixon Agonistes*, though they are working in forms that don't allow them to argue with Wills' immense subtlety. Wills postulates a detailed interchangeability between Nixon's career and the nation's, so that the speeches of Woodrow Wilson, for example, who is Nixon's favorite President, are seen as "a solid bridge across our recent history, a bridge that leads from Horatio Alger straight to Richard Nixon." Nixon the man, "so still, constricted, so careful to keep things remote from him," is matched to the unease and discontent of a country become defensively assertive about its lost certitudes.

While, like Wills, Vidal and Yerby try to make us aware of some degree of complicity with Nixon, De Antonio and Roth allow us to feel politically hygienic. The aesthetic distance and disdain from which they choose to view Nixon are equivalent to the social snobbery of a period when the President of the United States was not always thought socially acceptable. De Antonio's reliance on familiar outtakes from newsreels and TV tapes, selected and juxtaposed to "embarrass" Nixon, has finally the same effect as Roth's reliance on mimick-

ing his equally familiar mannerisms of speech. The implication is that the man is his style. Although this adage might have meant something in the eighteenth century, it means next to nothing in so extensively programmed and stylistically eclectic an age as our own.

The effort to locate a contributory relationship between Nixon and America gives the Vidal play and the Yerby film a kind of carnival energy, sometimes even a repetitious insistence on the fusions of fact and fiction, history and myth, theater and documentary. Along with flashing film shots in the background, hellzapoppin sound effects, and a whole panoply of masked notables, including a chorus of the American public, Vidal invents a heavenly grouping of Washington, Eisenhower, and John Kennedy as commentators, judges, and finally themselves defendants, so that each of Nixon's banalities is made an echo of some national hero or some fragment of the national past. Nixon is thus placed in a gravitational field rather than in a shooting gallery where he is the only target, and it matters less that we agree with each of the correspondences made between him and others than that we are made, in every sense of the word, to entertain them.

Nixon's very drabness, for example, partakes of the American idea that practicality and studiousness are prerequisites for rewards on a scale commensurate with "this great country of ours." Like some mock version of Ben Franklin, Nixon while in the Navy made his own *Poor Richard's Almanac*, as we learn from Edwin P. Hoyt's *The Nixons: An American Family*. He compiled lists of rules for success as given by, among others, Ben Hecht and Bernard Baruch, from whom he copied the maxim, "A speculator is one who observes the future and acts before it occurs."

IT SHOULDN'T BE surprising that in his own sedated way a man so interested in programming himself for predicted ends should also have been interested in the theater. He is known to have courted only two women in his life: Ola-Florence Welch, whom he met in a Whittier High School play where each had a lead in *Aeneas and Dido* and who went out with him for six years; and the woman he was to marry, Pat Ryan, whom he met at a

tryout for a Little Theater play in Whittier. He was the director and male lead in the play, *The Trysting Place*, he helped write for his fraternity, and was taught how to cry—it came in handy when he wept on the shoulder of Senator Knowland at the reunion with Ike after the Checkers speech—by the drama director at Whittier for a play called *Bird in the Hand*.

It is characteristic of Nixon that evidence of his predilections often exists in his denial of them, and this is noticeably true in his taste for the theater. In this, his treatment of himself is very much like his treatment of others. After all, part of his standard repertory when he wants to establish the validity of a charge is to deny that he is making it. It was already a familiar enough trick when he got round to saying that "I and Agnew will question the policies but not the loyalty of the Democratic candidates." Before that there had "never been any doubt in my mind about Mr. Truman's complete loyalty" and "no question in my mind as to the loyalty of Mr. Stevenson" and "no doubt whatever about Senator Kennedy's loyalty to his country." Denial as a form of affirmation is equally a part of his own self-characterization, so that when he speaks, in disparaging terms, of acting, as he often does in *Six Crises* and elsewhere, he in fact gives us the best evidence not of his own sincerity but of his act of sincerity. Thus, in his account of the Hiss-Chambers confrontation, he tells us that Hiss "overacted," that he had "put on a show," while in accounting for a break in Chambers' voice during his testimony, he says that "this one incident was to have considerable bearing upon my attitude toward him because I did not feel it was an act." In *Nixon: A Political Portrait*, Mazo and Hess report that his disgust at the McCarthy-Army hearings prompted the remark that "I prefer professionals to amateur actors," and that he opposed televising committee hearings because "there is inevitably too much of a tendency for both the witnesses and the committee members to play to the cameras rather than the facts."

A pretension to honesty, a disavowal of acting, is his act, just as pretension to factuality is his way of playing to the cameras, as in the Cambodia speech where, with a map and a pointer, he justified the invasion as an attack on the "headquarters for

the entire Communist military operations in South Vietnam" though he must have known no such headquarters existed. His speeches are structured, their contents largely predetermined by those canned assertions of veracity of which Roth makes much in his book: "I could have done a popular thing," "I want to move a thing perfectly clear," "novels are facts," "to be perfectly clear."

The act of candor seems to have been his speciality from the start. When his late mother, apparently a genuinely saintly woman, was asked in 1960 if there was a "new Nixon" she confirmed what his record indicates: "No. He has always been exactly the same. I never knew a person to change so little . . . he was very mature even when he was five or six years old."

The degree to which a person's openness, even if this involves admitting himself, is carefully calibrated for eventual political profit is perhaps most evident in the Checkers speech. What is quite frighteningly impressive in the whole performance, Wills' masterly analysis shows, is the claim to an unmatched honesty with the American people: "No matter what I am going to do—and I don't know—this is unprecedented in the history of American politics—I am going to give . . . a complete financial history") was coolly directed not to the people at all but to Eisenhower who would have been forced, did not reluctantly accepted Nixon's factual explanations, to make his own financial report to the nation. Nixon knew, as did some others, about the tax write-off allowed by Truman, especially for Ike's benefit to cover royalties from his best-selling *Crusade in Europe*.

Such premeditated candor, such calculated self-exposure, such a willingness to be demeaned in the interests of an eventual reward—was in evidence, however, even before the Checkers, most extraordinarily on the first night he met Pat Ryan at the Little Theater. He proposed to take the spot. "I thought he was not doing something," she said some time later according to Mazo and Hess. "I just looked at him. I couldn't imagine anyone saying anything like that so suddenly. Now that I know Dick much better I can't imagine he would ever say that, because it's very much the opposite, he's modest." He knew what he was

act didn't work, its opposite. But nothing "embarrassed" rsonally. He courted her for s and she married him, even e sometimes had had to drive Los Angeles and wait to drive while she dated other fellows. out every aspect of his career as been at once the actor and ctor of a play in which the self made up, fashioned for the ent of a goal.

HEREFORE especially appropri- place this kind of figure, as *Richard* does, within a cluster ciated cinematic images be- to the Nixon years and to d him with stock theatrical of the same period. Because ree characters in *Richard* who on going in politics are meant nd us of some early comedy ke the Ritz Brothers, the Three , or the Marx Brothers, they a stage Irishman, a stage Ital- d a stage Southern Cracker. are many such who have how to act out their lives, and o, from the movies, and the e, however indirect, of lit- onvention.

ster films are about the only which *Richard* doesn't offer rporated sample, though the w between the Nixon figure three comedy-team politicos a gangland recruitment scene a plan to send Nixon off for change. Before that change s played by the kind of young ey seldom make anymore: ight with visions approved by *Housekeeping*, jaws squared al rectitude and a determina- do the right thing for himself, at kind of haircut that prob- n only be gotten nowadays in ements of a few refined and g hotels. For the operation ll make him a "new Nixon," ing man travels to a cliff-side n on the sea. It is, of course, a ight lit by flashes of lightning, somehow so familiar as to be nable to whatever old mystery e footage is from. At this he motif of a "new Nixon" is with the Frankenstein legend, te with the surgeon among his ns, a lip-smacking, hand-rub- ohn Carradine who prepares ient and later, in a moment s featured Bogart and others,

removes the wrapped bandages with aghast surprise at the results. And there revealed is the "new Nixon," as he looked in some unflattering newsreel shots of the Forties, glum-faced, twitching a smile in response to proddings and to assurances from his troika that after a while the swelling in his lower jaw will go down. Such newsreel and TV outtakes of Nixon, most of them unused footage never publicly shown, are not merely interspersed with fictional materials. By very adroit editing, the two are so fully coordinated that the real Nixon is made to answer the dialogue and even take orders from fictional characters. The point is that the real Nixon is as much a product of film fiction as of the film documentary.

There are in fact three Nixons in *Richard*: the young man played by Dan Resin; the older politician played by Richard Dixon, who closely resembles the President; and Nixon himself. So adept is the pattern by which one of these is constantly being exchanged for the other that all fuse into the man who becomes President. The young man is first introduced in a log-cabin scene, from countless early movies about the beginnings of

great men and from hillbilly classics one associates with the young Henry Fonda. Sitting with Ma and Pa on either side, he dutifully mashes potatoes, an in joke to those who know a bit of further testimony from Nixon's late mother: "He was the best potato masher one could wish for. Even in these days when I am visiting Richard and Pat in Washington, or when they visit me, he will take over the potato mashing. My feeling is that he actually enjoys it." This same young man is then shown at Whittier in some old footage from rah-rah college flicks, along with some scenes, unflatteringly close to the truth, in which his role on the football team is a combination of tackling dummy and bench-warming booster.

The fictional freedom exercised in the film is considerable, with direct allusions to, among others, *Here Comes Mr. Jordan*, *The Devil and Daniel Webster*, and especially the treatment scenes in the B. F. Skinner clinic of *A Clockwork Orange*. The political implications are no less far ranging, though one wonders how often they are actually intended. There are too many stray moments that aren't apparently meant to be

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funny or cloying at all, and yet these and similar bits take place in a film that has a war scene near the beginning full of quite sinewy satiric implications. The young Nixon figure is put in the infantry, rather than in the Navy, and involved in a fire action, which Nixon never was, made up of war films from the Forties and newsreels showing General MacArthur in his famous wading scene—just before he changed into dry pants. (The Nixon figure mistakes the wading party for the arrival of reinforcements.)

So blatantly commonplace is the film material that is being used that these cinematic distortions of the actual war constitute a comic mythologizing of Nixon. And like any good mythologizing, the kinds found in *Richard* are as close to approximating reality as are the so-called facts, especially when Nixon manipulates them as he does in the Checkers speech: "I went to the Pacific. I guess I'm entitled to a couple of battle stars. I got a couple of letters of commendation, but I was there when the bombs were falling." The pretend humility when there were ample grounds for real humility, the indifference to deserved honors ("a couple") when none was more than *pro forma*, and the outrageous vagueness of "when the bombs were falling"—this is the sort of thing Vidal delights in exposing to the prodding, choral inquiries of Generals Washington and Eisenhower. Nixon's deception about his war record deserves to be beaten at its own game by the kind of outrageous fictionalizing to which the Yerby film exposes it. Developing a fiction to a limit beyond Nixon's own is perhaps the only way of encouraging some restoration of the truth.

NOW AND THEN, De Antonio's *Millhouse* makes use, in an elementary way, of similar mixtures of film fact and film fantasy, as when it shows Nixon, in his acceptance speech of 1968, calling out to the Convention, "Let's win this one for Ike," a line he could afford, having won, to delete when the speech was reprinted in the new edition of *Six Crises*. Immediately after this moment in the film clip, De Antonio cuts to a locker-room scene in *Knute Rockne*, where Pat O'Brien asks his lads to "win this one for the Gipper," and then to the hospital room of the Gipper himself,

played by the present governor of California.

Garry Wills uses literary analogies in a similar way in *Nixon Agonistes*. Indeed his title is the only unfortunate thing about the book in not sufficiently indicating that it is much more about America, and specifically the wreckage of the liberal tradition, than about its President. Nixon's attitudes and styles are seen as extensions, however pale, of Horatio Alger in his fixation on merit and the self-made man, Uriah Heep and his unctuous "humbleness," even Emerson with his cult of self-improvement and starting anew. Wills' emphasis is primarily historical and political, however, and there are important literary analogies he chooses not to make: to Cooper's *Deerslayer*, for example, with his ennobling Christian endeavor, about which he is tiresomely voluble even while exercising a taciturn, technical proficiency in the mastery of nature: or to Gatsby, who, like most American heroes, has a personal taste for bareness while being inspired by extraordinary visions of the future. (It should also be noted that just as Gatsby claimed to have gone to Oxford, so, as Nixon told Jules Witcover in 1968, "If I had my druthers . . . I'd like to go to one of the fine schools—Oxford, for instance—just teach, read, and write.") And in his notorious efforts at control, personal and political, Nixon is an extension of the rationalistic, pragmatic tradition that Faulkner brilliantly characterized in the Sutpen of *Absalom, Absalom!* Sutpen, too, had a "design" on history and moved in obedience to a behavioristic creed in which "the ingredients of morality were like the ingredients of pie or cake and once you had measured them and balanced them and mixed them and put them into the oven it was all finished and nothing but pie or cake could come out."

To put so ashen a figure as Nixon in this company will not seem inappropriate if it is noted that, as personalities, they are not any more exciting than he is. The color we associate with them belongs to the aura of their position, to the myths they are made to represent. The Emersonian man, *Deerslayer*, Gatsby, Sutpen, not to mention Horatio Alger and Uriah Heep, are in fact rather odd, rather quiet, rather glum, rather inward. "He's like a polite but distant hermit," Stewart Alsop quotes a White House

aide as saying of Nixon. "He every once in a while from I blinks in the light, and then goes again."

The flamboyance of style in books where such types appear is clueless to their nature than effect: it accounts not for the habits, which are for the most like Nixon's—so simple and ritual, so full of raw persistence and distrust—but for the public consequences of those habits. And the analogy holds for public behavior. When they speak or act it is not or gregariously, as if their personalities were in any way larger than "designs," but rather the other around, as if they were compelled them. Acutely uncomfortable in human interchange, their language stilted; their human enthusiasms Nixon's for sports, ring false, and the tension of personal endeavor that can't be managed by the control of prepared rhetoric, they appear awkward to the point of uncousness. One such instance Nixon talked to some soldiers Vietnam, is taken verbatim by Vidal in a report in *Newsweek*: "Nixon: 'Where are you from?'/Soldier: 'Texas.'/Nixon: 'Texas! I darned. Think the Cowboys catch the Packers this year?'/Soldier: 'hope so, sir.'/Nixon: 'They'll their quarterback you know where are you from?'/Soldier: 'Chicago.'/Nixon: 'Chicago! Have you seen the Cubs this year? They'll take it all. Are you a Cub or a Sox fan?'/Soldier: 'I'm a fan, sir.' (Nixon stares unhappily at the black soldier. Neither capable of anything to say.) Nixon: 'How ever get any black-eyed peas and lard greens out here?'/Black (stunned): 'I'm from Boston.'

THERE IS, OF COURSE, a difference between Nixon and comparable or contributory fictional figures: the difference is in the medium in which they find themselves. The fictional characters are in a medium like novels, that can protect them from ridicule. The media in which Nixon finds himself—that of his great-grandfather, of television, of cameras recording his movements even when he does not know it, of interviews and the scrutiny of friends, foes, and family—makes his efforts at self-control become

xiously resolute than his driv-
 ution alone would make them.
 tensification of effort is then
 her subject of exposure, of
 ten satiric imitations of his
 and verbal mannerisms. Thus
 d appear to be at a great dis-
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as managed not to be disad-
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 oy which his best acts consist
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 edient is wittily dealt with in
 , which ends with the three
 Stooges sitting in a movie
 he lights up, admiring their
 ork—namely, the film we have
 n—as something that will
 ee the reflection of their boy
 ond term. Nixon's adaptation
 ew media of exposure is at
 meaning and profitable. It re-
 ow little he cares about the
 values of personal "dignity"
 strain the rest of us and most
 litical leaders. Since exposure
 able, do it yourself, beat the
 their own game, disarm them
 ing your apparent weakness
 undeniable strength. This is
 itional reason why it is im-
 to recognize the fantastic de-
 collaboration between Nixon
 aspects of the theater, includ-
 so-called documentary ones.
 kinds of exposure to which
 gures have to submit, and that
 the networks arrange—the
 usually simple, the interviews
 used, the formats relatively
 an of course sometimes be-
 ng, as in Nixon's televised
 itions last January with the
 ly tough Dan Rather. It might
 ered, then, why Nixon allows
 erviews when he doesn't have
 en he could pick someone who
 o easier on him. The reason
 y is that the consequences of
 ictable damage are negligible
 mpared to the predictable re-
 by which I mean that we are
 o thinking ourselves witness
 itions when all we are seeing,
 st the realities of power and
 is a pretense to revelation.
 d camera was invented by
 Nixon. He sweats, his eyes
 manently dulled, he stiffens



iced blackberries

(De Kuyper's delicious
 instead-of-dessert
 dessert)



The fragrance of freshly picked
 Blackberries. A perfect after
 dinner treat in a snifter or
 on the rocks. It's more
 than delicious—it's De Kuyper.

(Say it like the Dutch do: De-ki-per.)

his fingers, and when he wants to gesture he can only chop the air; he makes tiresome formulations, and he has a repetitious style. He knows all this; he can't help it. Indeed, he makes such a point of revealing it so fully that we should long ago have wondered what in the process is not being revealed. Perhaps the true and terrible answer is that there isn't much more, much more of him, that is. The secret may be his vacuity pressured into a semblance of being by the concentrated impingement of various social and political forces around an emptiness we call Nixon. And we become so fascinated with anything that promises to fill that emptiness that we ignore the realities that hold it in place.

What Roth and, to a lesser extent, De Antonio contribute to, what Vidal tries to avoid and the Yerby film at its best manages to transcend, is one of the insidious tendencies now at work in this country: the persistent habit, abetted by electronic media, of reading too much into too little, of elaborating ideas of good and evil from the way a man handles a handkerchief, of analyzing his taste for banalities and his resort to trickery as if these, and not some inveterate tendencies of our national life, were responsible for his having gotten away with the Checkers speech (because it was soap opera) and squeaked through with the Cambodia speech (because it was *Mission Impossible*). We are all encouraged to care more for his manners than for the structure of his behavior, as it mirrors some of the larger operating structures of the society and its predilections.

TRYING TO "EMBARRASS" Richard Nixon has become the opiate of the in people, hooked all the more by his seductive advice that it takes an awful lot to do it. However infrequent his press conferences have become, he has made us bother too much with his every verbal and bodily tic, his every excess—like his love of seclusion, his lack of relish for food and drink ("I eat proteins," he told reporters in Portland, Oregon, in 1968. "I eat a lot of cheese, cottage cheese. I eat cottage cheese until it runs out of my ears. And one thing I do that makes it not too bad is put ketchup on it. I learned it from my grandmother.")—his financial position, his being constantly on the alert for hu-

miliation and anything that will make him, the Presidency, the nation, seem impotent. What's more, the revelations come in large part directly from him—and from close associates and members of his family, none of whom seems aware that what they say may prove "embarrassing." "He's really easygoing," said his son-in-law David, grandson of Ike. "A lot of fun, and has a good sense of humor—the perfect father for a teenage serial." Obviously David doesn't mean this as a putdown. That's just the way things happen to come out, somehow, whenever the Eisenhowers talk about Dick.

The reason it takes such an awful lot to embarrass Nixon is that he is extraordinarily intelligent when it comes to the difference between literary and political values, and both tenacious and shrewd in exploiting the literary ones without ever succumbing to their blandishments. Like the true Skinnerian man—which is why *Richard* allows him to cast off the redundancy of treatments designed to make him one—Nixon is indifferent to such literary values as "freedom and dignity." They concern him not as a person but only as they belong to the rewards he has earned as President; nor was he ever, in pursuit of the Presidency, deterred by any violations of his own "freedom and dignity." As Gatsby might say, such considerations are "merely personal." Indeed, even the dignity of his Office is treated not as an end but as a resource in the continual urgency, the world over, for a degree of rational conformity and systematization equivalent to what he has imposed on his own minority impulses, however much they may sometimes assert themselves by the accidents of speech or gesture.

These accidents can make him a funny man, because comedy fairly depends on some degree of mechanization, of systematization of movement that suddenly gets broken, of speech that gets unexpectedly upset or made inappropriate by some change of context, as when Nixon moved to California and announced that "I am running for Governor of the United States . . . I mean of California." The entertainments about him take full advantage of all this; indeed, such comedy is inherent not only in the way Nixon acts but, with alarming frequency, in the way we act as a people. It is a national characteristic as well as a Nixonian one to treat what does not

conform at first with amusement with toleration, and then—if conformity does not give way to accommodation we consider "able"—with retaliation.

It never seems to occur that the Nixonian kind of American accidents and misfortunes that they should be blamed not on the vices of the systems they have imposed upon themselves, that what appears to be minority or dissident voices in fact be calls to a truer order of things than those invented for the advancement of careers or of empires. It is therefore genuinely difficult for Nixon to understand the resistance of the Vietnamese to proposals of military arrangements that seem eminently reasonable, even generous. Their continued struggle for independence of our hegemony is a willful resistance to the order of things. They are "one country," as Henry Kissinger says. There is a Nixonian testiness, a phrase, an impatience with assumptions of human "freedom and dignity" that threaten such systematic efforts at mechanization of life as Nixon proposes to extend from himself to the nation and, by a Great Power accommodation, to the world.

With peculiar mixtures of generosity and intimidation, Nixon's strategy for controlling the unmanageable aspects of life has evident dangers. His great is his faith in the logic of conformity, in the studied correction of mistakes, so convinced does he believe himself that he has done all a reasonable man can be expected to do under the circumstances—forgetting that he has in large part created the conditions that any persistence thereafter of conformity is taken as an intolerable affront to America and to reason. That is a particular danger, it would seem. Nixon's domestic political projection of his meetings in Moscow and Peking. The soap opera of easy accommodation can, for him and for the Americans, turn under stress quickly into the melodrama of betrayal. To encompass the reality of Richard Nixon in America and America in Richard Nixon requires the wildest and yet most subtle balance of comedy and melodrama, of opera and satire, of documentation, parody, reason and madness. Yet it is still healthy enough to understand such a spectacle should anyone be imaginative enough to contrive it.

Donald Richie

BOOKS

the true samurai

Snow, by Yukio Mishima.
Translated by Michael Gallagher.
F.A. Knopf, \$7.95.

THIS IS THE FIRST VOLUME of the four-volume novel cycle, *The Sea of Cortez*, by Yukio Mishima's final work, published on the morning of the day of his death in 1970. The title of the novel, he told Donald Keene, "is intended to suggest the arid sea of the postwar era that belies its name. Or I might say it superimposes the image of nihilism on that of the fertile sea." He also wrote that "I have put everything I have felt and thought about life and this world." The novel, a suicide by *seppuku*, indicates the feelings and thoughts during the last years of his life, and this final volume somewhat explains them.

The age of glorious wars ended with the Meiji era. Today all the glories of past wars have sunk to the level of those edifying accounts we read from middle-aged noncoms in



James Hanlon

the military science department or the boasts of farmers around a hot stove. There isn't much chance now to die on the battlefield." These are the words of Shigekuni Honda, friend to the main character in the first volume, Kiyooki Matsugae, who is eighteen in 1912 and dead two years later, but they correspond to the young hero's own feelings. Later he himself is struck at "being alive as one age was ending and another beginning, like part of a great moment in history." At the end of the book Kiyooki's love affair has led him to go against imperial wishes, and he believes, in good upper-class prewar fashion, that there is nothing to do but die. "He held fast to that one thought as he stood there... a thrill ran through him, but whether of joy or dread he could not tell."

Such thoughts were very much

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with Mishima during the six years he worked at this four-volume novel. The last time I saw him was about a week before he killed himself; though we spoke of many other things, Mishima returned again and again to Takamori Saigo, the Meiji-period military hero who had sought to reestablish ancient virtues by reinstating the Emperor, but who saw the new government delivered over to the bureaucrats and understood that the revolution had, for him, failed. Mishima spoke with admiration of Saigo, his final suicide by *seppuku*, and the faithful friend who dispatched him before committing suicide himself. He also spoke at length of the "beauty" of Saigo's act, that one superb gesture displayed when all had failed, when there was no more hope.

I remembered at the time a conversation we had had some weeks earlier, when Mishima had spoken of how he, like Saigo, hated the rationalizing, pragmatic, conciliatory ways that had become those of Japan in our

"Japan. . . I remembered him saying: 'Japan is gone, vanished, disappeared.'" "But, surely," I said, "the real Japan must still exist someplace or other if you look around for it." He shook his head. "Is there no way to save it?" I wondered. "No," he said: "There is nothing more to save."

Now, speaking of Saigo and the beauty of his actions, Mishima added: "He was the last true samurai." I remember thinking at the time that Mishima knew what he was talking about, even if I didn't, because he had been born into a family that had been samurai, and he had in his own life practiced many of the samurai-like disciplines that do still exist. It was only later, of course, that I realized he already knew that, within a week, it would be Yukio Mishima and not Takamori Saigo who would become the last true samurai.

When I found a passage early in the novel, "... a mere fifty years before, the Matsugaes had been a sturdy, upright samurai family, no more, eking out a frugal existence in the provinces" but that now "the first traces of refinement were threatening to take hold on a family that, unlike the court nobility, had enjoyed centuries of immunity to the virus of elegance. And Kiyooki... was experiencing the first intimations of his family's rapid collapse..."—when I read this I knew who and what, in part at least, the novel would be about.

IT IS ALSO ABOUT MUCH MORE, because in these four volumes, extending from 1912 into the modern era, Mishima was writing of his times as well as his life. As in *After the Banquet*, perhaps his favorite among his earlier works, Mishima in *Spring Snow* excels in creating the social and political life of an era as seen in the closed circles of the military, the court, and the aspiring nouveau riche.

One is reminded of Proust—not one of Mishima's favorite authors, though he much admired the many felicities of the Scott-Moncrieff English translations—and there are, indeed, similarities. An aspiring young man of a not particularly distinguished family finds that his father's money and recent connections give him entrée into society circles. Something of an aesthete (though Kiyooki is an unlettered one), he keeps himself aloof from the issues of the day, remains emotionally

drawn to the romance of history (Kiyooki's interest in the neck of the Princess Kasuga is in every way analogous to Marcel's infatuation with the profile of Oriane de Guermantes), and is very aware that he lives in a time of more than ordinary change: for Proust the First War was the end of France, for Mishima the Second War was the end of Japan.

Both authors are fond of the jeweled phrase ("... the Marquis' coarse, florid features could have served as a Noh mask, of the angry devil with fiercely contorted eyebrows"), the precious image ("I can't tell you why," she answered, deftly dropping ink into the clear waters of Kiyooki's heart"); both loved and were influenced by Ruskin; both were involved in an explanation of, and an apology for, the perverse ways of love; and both are superb social reporters.

Spring Snow is filled with brilliant descriptions of meetings, gatherings, parties. Often an entire era is illuminated by a particularly apt reconstruction, as when Kiyooki thinks of his Peers' School classmates and finds that "in their untried humanism... their never-faltering reverence for the talent of Rodin and the perfection of Cézanne—they were no more than the modern equivalent of the old traditional shouts of *kendo*. And so... they went about wearing their arrogance much as the ancient courtiers wore their tall caps."

The comparison brings to mind one other book that shares much with this: the Lady Murasaki's *Tale of Genji*. Like it, this *roman-fleuve* is a real *monogatari*, a (domestic) epic extending over a long period of time. The young and beautiful Kiyooki is something like a latter-day Shining Prince, and one finds here the same objective descriptions of ritual and ceremony that distinguish the twelfth-century novel. As in the earlier book, anything happening to those less than moneyed and/or aristocratic is dull and boring. One pitiful proletarian tale is dismissed in the Mishima book as "a common affair of the streets." The books also share assumptions, ironies, and—at times—even style: "[Kiyooki's] tears soaked his pillow and he called her name again and again."

The strongest similarity between Mishima and Murasaki (one shared by numerous novelists, Jane Austen and Proust among them, but perhaps

in works of Kawabata and Shiro Tanizake—seen more in Japanese novelists) is their internal circumscribed, polished, and way of life and their ability to find the turmoil beneath this blank of manners.

THIS SAID, I MUST ADD that the twentieth century is not the end and that Kiyooki is in no real sense new Genji. The latter was a handsome and very complaisant young man; the former, on the other hand, is beautiful young man who recognizes "the symptoms of a man afflicted with true beauty are much like those of leprosy." Genji takes his conquests easily, Kiyooki does not—poisoned over Satako, "[he] thought of the two of them were so charred to ashes by a bolt of lightning well and good. But what was left if no dreadful punishment fell from the skies and things remained the way they were?" The Prince openly accepts his life, but the heir to the Marquis "drew comfort from the peace that comes with loss. In his heart he always preferred the actuality of life to the fear of it."

Kiyooki had doubts about his "elegance" that Genji took for granted. "His elegance was the thorn... he thought of himself as a... small, poisonous thorn nibbled into the workmanlike hand of his family." Later, "he had resolved that his beautiful white hands would never be soiled or calloused." And, later, the only thing that seemed to give him was to live for the emotions, gratuitous and unstable, dying only to quicken again, dwindling and flailing without direction or purpose.

The hero is, in other words, a romantic. He is, at times, almost like Roderick Usher in Japan; he relishes the weight of decadence, determined to be the last of his kind. Though he does not himself commit *seppuku* (this act is reserved for other heroes in the second volume of the tetralogy), his death is a kind of suicide brought about by a complete romantic interpretation of life and the world.

Mishima himself was intensely romantic: his death was so romantic that its seriousness alone saved it from melodrama. But, as Mishima might have asked: what is the difference with melodrama?—it too is a form of drama, and drama is life. (To

st also answer that Mishima
ma as theater—*The Marquise*
e, and the untranslated *My*
nple, and *The Leper Prince*
nple—and one may infer that
h, often if not always, life also
nd of theater.) But when I say
c I do not mean a taste for its
onventional trappings (though
a certainly had these: his devo-
to Beardsley, his lifelong ad-
en for Huysmans, his untrans-
onograph on Saint Sebastian,
rite modern novel: *Hadrian's*
s), and I certainly do not
ne kind of escapism the word
ic has now come to connote.
mantic such as Mishima is a
o compares things as they are
ngs as they have been or could
who, in the face of public in-
ce and private doubt, has the
n of character to live by those
ds he himself finds suitable.
n he also has the strength to
hem, the act is astonishing be-
ve have no word for this ulti-
omantic gesture, and because
ly the man is all of a piece,
the fact was accomplished it
many of us as inevitable. Mi-
s suicide was the final stone in
n of his life.

and I once spoke of Heming-
writer whom Mishima had dis-
o a marked degree, either be-
of, or in spite of, marked simi-
(both of them conscious
both of them romantics, both
m subscribers to obsolete
The American's suicide, how-
oved the Japanese, and though
disliked the writer, he said,
come to admire the man. He
him consistent, he said, found
all of a piece"—and this he
dmirable. "He finally did what
he had only preached," I re-
r him saying. After Mishima's
ath, I was with Masayuki Na-
e sculptor, a friend to us both.
id the only wise words I have
rd about the 1970 suicide: "It
the death of a politician, it was
death of a citizen: it was the
of a novelist."

I DO NOT WANT to suggest that
ring Snow is entirely auto-
phical, for it is not. Kiyoaki is
kio. Not him as he became.
it is the portrait of the artist as
g man—a very particular kind
ng man. Mishima usually had

about him such a young man whom
he would guide and look after much
as Kawabata had looked after the
young Mishima himself. Such is com-
mon occurrence in literary circles in
Japan, and the main difference was
that the young men were all as much
as possible the way Mishima himself
had been at their age: they were often
Peers' School (or some equivalent);
they were always majoring in litera-
ture (Japanese or otherwise); they
were literary, promising, and callow.

They were the mirror of Mishima
at a certain age, and Kiyoaki is one of
them to the life. Except that he can-
not—no more than can any of these
literary young—transcend this self as
Mishima did. They cannot, as the
death of the author revealed, contain
in themselves that quality he most
prized: a complete consistency of
character, a more than ordinary sense
of direction, and a more than human
certainty of purpose.

Mishima was no more born with
this than anyone is: he achieved it. All
of his various activities (playwright,
husband, actor, novelist, athlete,
lover, singer, father) are now revealed
as not only displays of the wholeness
of a character then commonly criti-
cized as too dispersed but also as the
various ways through which such
wholeness is achieved.

It is achieved by becoming the
world in all of its parts. In his first
novel, *Confessions of a Mask*, Mi-
shima showed us the initial step, re-
vealed the seeds from which his life
sprang, when he spoke of the first of
those who became an ideal. "I had a
presentiment that there is in this
world a kind of desire like a stinging
pain. Looking up at that dirty youth,
I was choked with desire, thinking, 'I
want to change into him,' thinking, 'I
want to be him.'" This is a common
emotion, almost everyone must have
felt it, but for Mishima the emotion
was so strong that he truly became
what he most admired.

This is the subjective (or the ro-
mantic) triumph. It is this that makes
him an extraordinary novelist as it
made him an extraordinary man. As
Mishima more and more became the
man he wanted to become, he more
and more saw himself (as every artist
does) as, in his turn, an exemplar, a
kind of model. His suicide, like his
novel, was a call to order. Both acts
are consistent with this character that
he (like all of us, but consciously)
chose to create: and both (novel and

death) are intended, in this sense, as
creative.

We met often during the summer
before his death (all of Mishima's
friends saw more of him than usual
that summer: he called more, wrote
more letters, paid more attention to
us), and one day we talked about
writers and writing. I asked him what
he was going to write after he had
finished the very long novel (this
one) that I knew he was working
on.

"I don't know," he said. "I think I
have said everything I can, for the
time being, at any rate." I asked him
why he didn't write a comedy—he
never had. "I don't think I could write
comedy," he said, "and, besides, this
is no time for it."

This was true, and though he him-
self could be very amusing, Mishima
had never written anything amusing.
He had a lively sense of the ridiculous
and the incongruous, but his sense of
humor was too barbed to be humor-
ous, and though he loved aphorism he
was not witty. He liked Wagner bet-
ter than Mozart.

"This novel I am finishing now is
very hard, very hard work," he said,
and then added: "And it's strange—I
don't know how it is going to end. I
have no idea, and I don't know how
to do it. I am afraid to end this book."
I was surprised because in all the
twenty years I had known him I had
never heard Mishima speak of fear.
"What are you afraid of?" I asked.
"It's just a big book, after all." "Yes,
I know," he said: "I'm afraid, and I
don't really know why."

Now, two years later, when I was
reading this translation of that book,
I found a passage that reminded me
of that day. The count is looking at
an old servant who had attempted
suicide, and "he sensed the offensive
aura that surrounds someone who has
gone down the road of death only to
turn back. He smelled the breath of
defilement . . ."

I think it was something like this
that Mishima, the consciously self-
created man, was afraid of. It would
have been inconsistent with his ideal,
with his choice of himself, not to have
died, and not to have finished the
novel. He did both. Many puzzles re-
main—one does not so easily explain
the mysteries of life and death and
art—but among the certainties are
this successful novel and that success-
ful death. □

BOOKS

Tolstoy was wrong



A Child Called Noah, by Josh Greenfeld. Holt, Rinehart & Winston, \$5.95.

ACCORDING TO ancient Western precepts, a man cannot be fulfilled without a trio of accomplishments. He must (1) build a house; (2) have a son; and (3) write a book. Josh Greenfeld has performed these works. But his house is haunted, his son is unfathomably damaged, and his book is something other than a book. It is a luminous document of a family's attempt to impose order on the random violence of blood and genes.

This encapsulation begins to sound like the summation of a novel. I wish it was. For the son, a transcendently beautiful child named Noah, is autistic. Euphemisms are the anesthesia of language; for those unfamiliar with Bettelheim's *The Empty Fortress*, the term conveys very little. An autistic child is one whose responses are to himself, not his environment. He may not speak for the whole of his life. Or he may believe implicitly in false phenomena. I knew an autistic teenager who was, by agonizing degrees, brought out of himself. He appeared normal to the eye, but he talked in

toneless sentences that grew dimmer as the day progressed. By nightfall he hardly talked at all—for he believed that, like a plant, he derived his energy from the sun. Bettelheim describes even more surrealistic instances: of children who see themselves as wired and transistorized machines, or victims trapped in a world built of excrement, or catatonic dolls unable to respond to human demands.

As for Noah, he is now only five years old, and no one knows how he sees himself. But after *A Child Called Noah* every reader knows how his parents see him and, more important, how he is viewed by society. Josh Greenfeld is a highly skilled novelist and critic whose cutting edge has been felt—and respected—by such contemporary talents as Joseph Heller and Philip Roth. His wife, Foumi Komentari, is a painter of international reputation. The confluence of race and tradition worked—initially. Karl, their firstborn, possessed the classic grace that Western society expects of the Eurasian child. On July 1, 1966, Noah Jiro was born. He looked normal in all respects. But he was an Ariel forever unreconciled to his island.

The boy of the title is disappointingly tardy in the acquisition of skills: slow to turn over, to sit up, to talk. Yet from the start, strangers testify, “even looking at him is a rare aesthetic experience.” Every child is a charade that his parents are required to solve. The Greenfelds often feel that Noah’s solution is only a gesture away. Looks like? . . . Sounds like? . . . Rhymes with . . . ? But there is no response. Noah does learn some words, then abruptly goes mute. “I notice that when Noah grasps something,” Greenfeld notes in his journal, “the other hand strains, and his eyes keep

Stefan Kanfer is an associate editor of Time magazine, as well as its movie reviewer.

blinking as if a message were gobbled by nerve endings.”

As it turns out, it is the mother that consumes the ganglia—merely those of the child, but the parents as well. Noah keeps his stressful hours; he screams through the night and remains opaque through the day. Greenfeld shuttles from work to home, then takes a private effort to restore a measure of sanity to himself, rent with anxiety and self-doubt. The baby, after all, is the bottom line of the social contract. If it is the mother whose fault is it? Society’s? Perhaps Foumi thinks, Sartre is right: perhaps it is better never to have been born. Is it the mother’s? The mother curses herself for dieting during pregnancy. Is it the father’s? Greenfeld sometimes imagines that it is his own instability walking, not the cursed other self inflicted on him by his second son. Children, their mother admits, “were a vanity of mine and Foumi’s.” The sense of continuity, the hope of fruition in the design of the world—all vanity.

AND YET, IN THE END, Greenfeld refuses to succumb to the ultimate sin: despair. That refusal is the heart of this book, the internal light that illuminates its excursions and insinuations. *A Child Called Noah* (I prefer its epochal subtitle, *A Family Journey*) is written in a spare, ironic style described as Jewish Haiku. Some entries are only two lines long. Certain entries consume three or four pages. Taken together, they are a logbook of possibility, a portrait of America seen from angles undreamed of by historians and sociologists.

“The simplest way for us to deal with the rap,” Greenfeld writes at the end, “is by making a lot of money and imperially hiring someone to bear the brunt of him. But Foumi is fighting against colonialism—in any manner, shape or form.”

An oblique pickup of Cyril Rosten’s dropped baton: “I read a lot about the Chicago trials, and I thought of Noah. I’m not sure I’m a revolutionary anymore, nor that I’m allowed to be. If the pram in the playground is the enemy of art, then the special child in the playground is the enemy of change . . . The first victim of any violence, the first to fall in sort of a critical standstill, are the sick, the handicapped and the children.”



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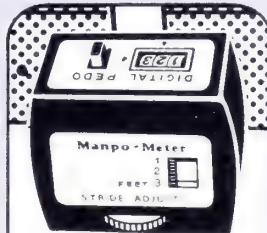


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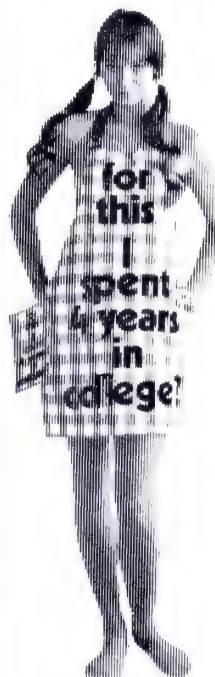
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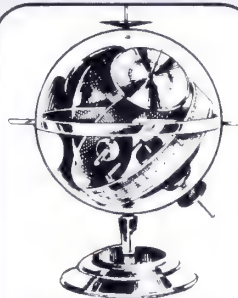
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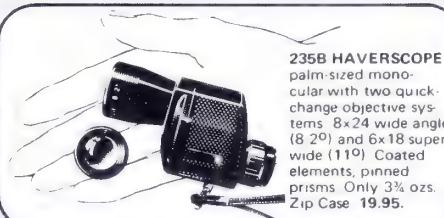
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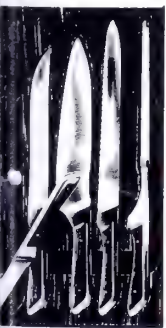
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BOOKS

A late entry: "There is a gulf between parents of autistic children and most professionals in the field—and that gulf is guilt. We're wary of assigning it; psychologists and psychiatrists and educators are looking to assign it. I'm going to listen only to the consumers in the field, the parents, not the professionals with their own wares to sell."

This excerpt is no shrinking from shrinks. Greenfeld tried them all and found a pontifical helplessness. The celebrated Bettelheim center in Chicago, for instance, does not accept children until the age of five and a half. They suggest a center administered by the Jewish Board of Guardians. But the Board does not take children who are not verbal. A preschool *Catch-22* remains Noah's lot.

So the Greenfelds strike out on their own: megavitamins, operant conditioning, chiropractors. At one time there is even a shattering consultation with a dog trainer. And with all of this, with a society totally unequipped to acknowledge, much less handle, autistic children; with out-sized demands on the normal son, the adults, the marriage—somehow it all works.

Greenfeld miraculously retains his wit and grace—he rejoices when the boy learns to say "bagels" and then plans to teach him "lox" and "cream cheese." Karl transports him—and the reader—by loudly announcing that the biggest number in the world is affinity. A Norwegian doctor encourages him by repeating the last words of his Old World grandmother: "I always made love with the lights off," and "Never go to Chicago."

In the end, after incessant, limitless struggle, Greenfeld finds himself riffling through *Anna Karenina* to check the truth of the opening line: All happy families are alike. Conclusion: Tolstoy was wrong. For the Greenfelds are unlike any family in the world—and they are happier for the agonies; stronger for the trauma. Theirs is not the blind optimism of headlong faith or psychiatric quackery. It is an awareness of the human ability to adapt, to grow, and to love. It is a strangely intimate voyage, this *Family Journey*. I have never before known a journey on which the reader becomes, by turns, a visitor, a passenger, and, finally, a member of the crew.

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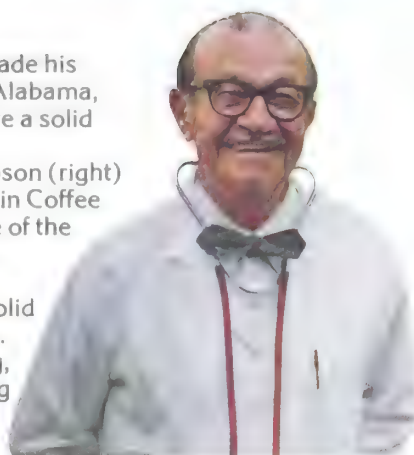


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LETTERS

The Invisible Army

Tony Jones' article on the Vietnam veteran ["The Invisible Army," August] was astonishing for its insight. "Somebody knows!" was my reaction. Somebody knows that Vietnam, to many of us there, has not merely represented the sum of sadism and survival, of heroism and hedonism. Somebody knows that functioning in the moral vacuum of Vietnam can have convulsive effects on one's perception of reality. Somebody knows of the tortured debates about the war, and one's role in it, taking place in the massive solitude of a participant's soul. Somebody knows . . . somebody knows of the existence and of the nature, if not the substance, of the relativity dilemma confronting the legions of the invisible army.

Knowing that somebody knows gives rise to hesitant hope that somebody may care. That's a source of comfort.

PHIL LANGE
Topeka, Kans.

I hope you will continue to pick up the cudgel against the simple saws American Legionnaires and condescending Jane Fondas apply to a unique problem.

I left Vietnam more than two years ago. I continue to be appalled at the ignorance and fear that greet me once someone "uninitiated" learns that I am a veteran. The questions fly from these "well-meaning" people, but the inquiries are almost always dead-end. And within five minutes I am given expert testimony by these people who inevitably preface their assertions: Of course, I was never there, but I'll tell you one thing . . .

The moral for me is simple. The reason Tony Jones' *Harper's* piece bristled with trust was that it called on the veterans' experience. I suggest the job to be done is not one of sucking "special dispensation" from the society that sent boys off to war but rather to pool the self-reliance of these men. Like any minority group, they

need their own spokesmen, their own vehicles for change. Good luck.

GENE CUDWORTH
New York, N.Y.

China trade

"Tea and Ideology" [Edward Neilan and Charles R. Smith, August] presents a correct view of China trade. However, the article's reference to the China Trade Association on page 30 as coming "out of the woodwork" is somewhat misleading. The China Trade Association was formed in December 1970 before "ping-pong diplomacy" and before any trade initiatives were made by the United States or China. The Association, though young, is the oldest organization for the promotion of U.S.-China trade.

I was amused to read the reference on page 33 to my conversations at Canton's Oriental Hotel, as no such hotel exists in Canton. Actually, the conversations took place at the Tung Fang Hotel in Canton.

Notwithstanding these minor complaints, I enjoyed the article.

MARTIN F. KLINGENBERG, President
China Trade Association
Washington, D.C.

MESSRS. NEILAN AND SMITH REPLY:

We appreciate Mr. Klingenberg's comments and wish the China Trade Association every success.

Under separate cover we are sending Mr. Klingenberg a Chinese-English dictionary wherein he will find that "Tung Fang" in the Cantonese dialect (spoken in Canton, Kwangtung Province, where the hotel is located) translates as "Oriental."

Praise for trains

This is a letter not merely "In Praise of Trains" by Lewis Mumford [August], but a letter in praise of Lewis Mumford.

As some people in and about the New York metropolitan area may

know, I have been critical of the Port Authority's failure to substitute trains instead of automobiles. I have not deluded myself sufficiently to believe that my complaints are original. Others have made the same criticisms. But I did think that some of my particular points about the Port Authority's abandonment of its original mandate to coordinate all modes of transportation were new. They were until I recently read *The Highways and the City* by Lewis Mumford, read in 1963. . . . I am proud to be catching up with Lewis Mumford's 1963 exposure on trains and automobiles.

THEODORE W. KEELE
New York, N.Y.

Mumford's article spotlights precisely what is needed in the transportation field. Immediate attention to improvements in intercity rail passenger service is, as Mr. Mumford points out, long overdue. It is a subject to which the government must address itself promptly, not merely with operating subsidies for Amtrak but the funds to improve roads and speed up schedules so that frequent rapid service will be available between American cities. As Mr. Mumford points out, our present biased emphasis on the automobile, to the exclusion of rail service has resulted in discomfort and inconvenience for many. He might also mention the vast expense to taxpayers as well as the needless air pollution caused by this unbalanced transportation pattern.

The New York State Attorney General's office has pioneered in the courts and before Congress, the Legislature and administrative agencies to improve intercity rail service and to restore it where it is now nonexistent, as between New York and Montreal. It is only through increased public awareness that government can be made more responsive to this. The article eloquently addresses itself to creating that awareness.

LOUIS J. LEFKOWITZ
Attorney General, New York
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Mr. Mumford has called attention to a most crucial public issue, since we are witnessing the ironic paradox of the most efficient means of land transportation falling into total disrepair and uselessness because of catastrophic errors of public policy, while the most lethal and inefficient means of transport known to man is expanded by legislated diversion of 20 per cent of the gross national product for this purpose. . . .

The evidence is available to show that people do want to and will ride trains that are useful, but the same government that finances diversion from rails must also support good honest train service. Amtrak is definitely not it, although it has the potential.

The Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, with very modest support, has protected the local rail line between Philadelphia and Harrisburg (103 miles), and, as a result, public use of these trains expanded 120 per cent from the end of 1965 to the end of 1971. No great investments were made, nor were they necessary. . . .

In addition to safety, rail travel is the least costly where properly applied, and is also fastest on distances up to 200 miles. We are foolish indeed not to make use of this potentially useful system.

E. L. TENNYSON, Deputy Secretary
for Local and Area Transportation
Commonwealth of Pennsylvania
Harrisburg, Pa.

August 1914

"Alexander Solzhenitsyn and the Epic Tradition" and the chapters from the Russian author's *August 1914* in the August issue of *Harper's* merit a high rating. In today's world Solzhenitsyn represents not only literature at its best but high courage, moral purpose, and love of liberty in the most basic sense.

E. WHEALDON
Port Townsend, Wash.

Pulling the Plug on Lake Erie

The arguments for and against the undertaking of Frank Ogden's project to drain Lake Erie ["Pulling the Plug on Lake Erie," Patrick Young, August] seem to be quite balanced. For example, while Mr. Ogden's proposal might solve the present pollu-

tion problems of this lake, it would destroy the natural beauty of Niagara Falls. However, Mr. Ogden presents his case well and documents his reasons for Project Sudarzana with many valid, positive predictions for the outcome.

JACOB K. JAVITS
U.S. Senate
Washington, D.C.

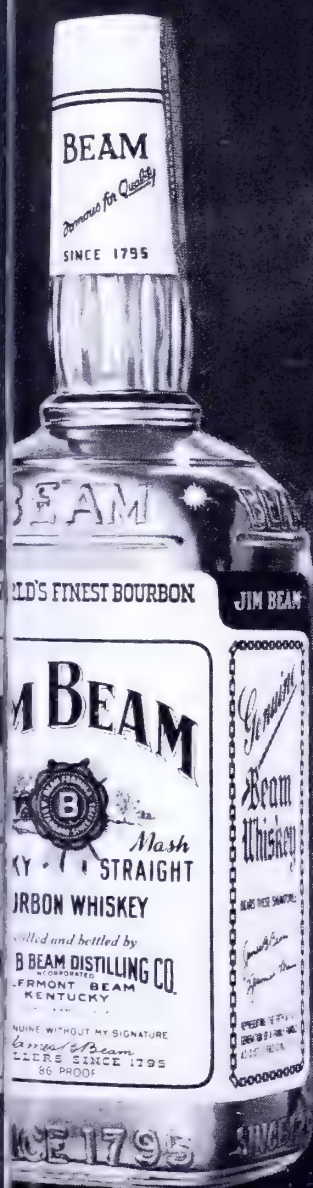
Love on Trial

I am disturbed by [Garry Wills'] article, "Love on Trial," appearing in the July *Harper's*. While I tend to agree with many of his overall conclusions about the nature of the trial and its meaning, I find his analysis of events leading up to the trial misleading and incorrect. Whatever the differences in style and personality between Daniel and Philip Berrigan, Mr. Wills has seriously erred in dividing them and their comrades into "two groups" separated by jealousies, mistrust, and bickering.

The seven defendants at Harrisburg are but a small sampling of the number of individuals who aided Daniel while he was underground, or who participated in draft-board raids. In your article Mr. Wills seems to have mistaken his interpretation of the relationship among the four "principals"—Eqbal, Liz, Phil, and Dan—as a general statement of the relationship between Phil's "activists" and Daniel's "intellectuals." By so doing, Mr. Wills has done an injustice to those involved, and to the readers.

There was hardly a recognizable separation of persons into "two groups." On page 66, Wills used a quote, regarding me, from one of Liz's letters to Philip. The quote is apparently Wills' prime example of the differences in styles between the two "camps," and the tense relationship between them.

In the first place, I have difficulty considering myself as part of Phil's "camp," since I met Philip Berrigan only once, Thanksgiving of 1969, when Daniel invited me to his family's holiday dinner. On the other hand, I worked with Daniel Berrigan for two years, having the office adjoining his at Cornell United Religious Work. When I was tried in November 1970 (five months after the date of Liz's letter), Daniel was transferred to the courtroom from his prison cell, where he testified in my

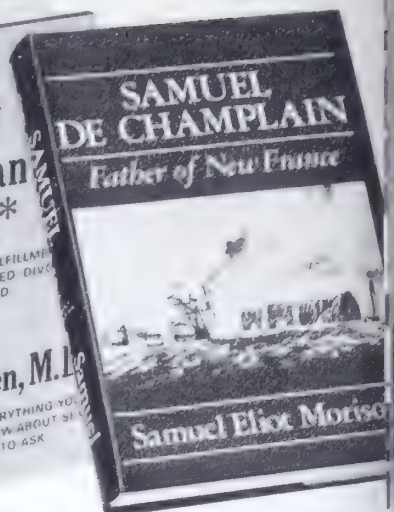
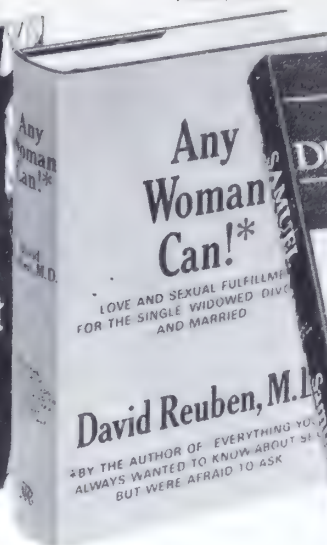
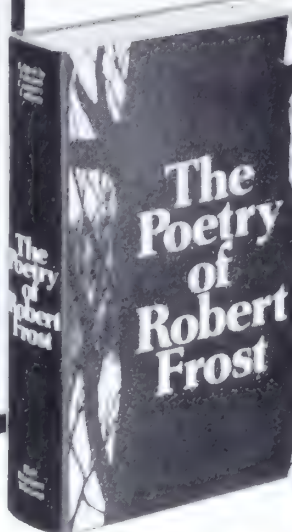
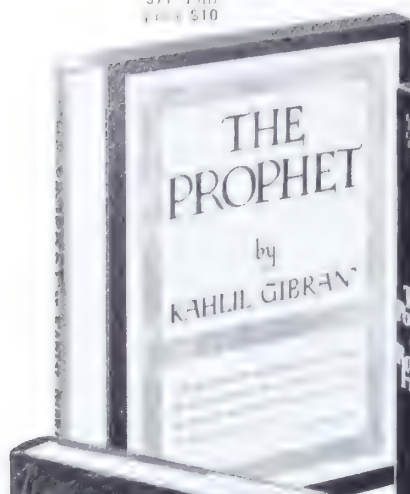


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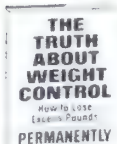
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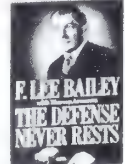
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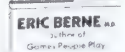
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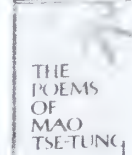


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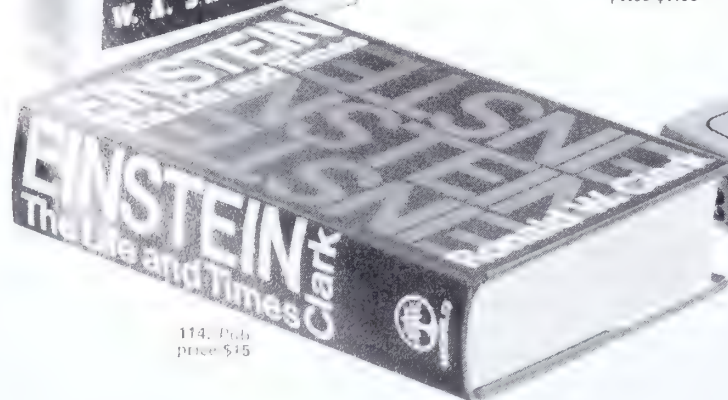
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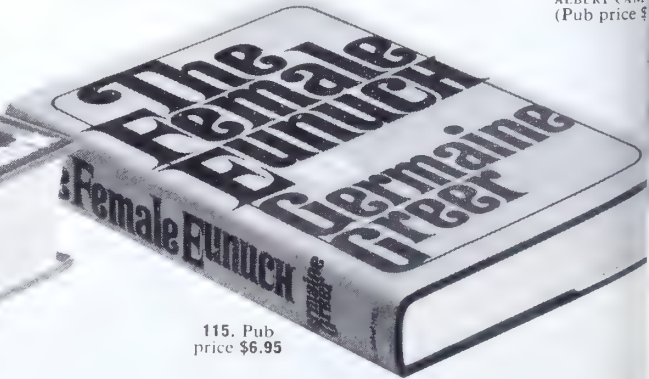


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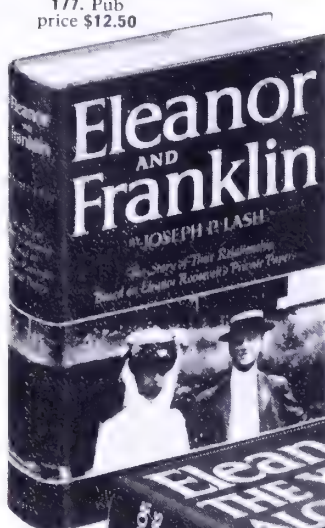
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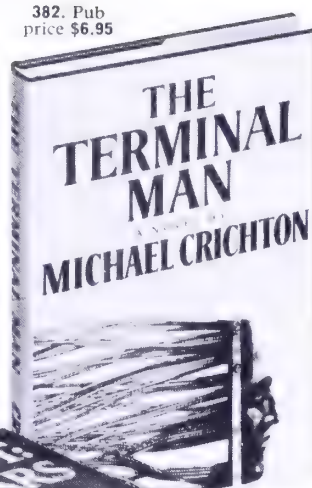
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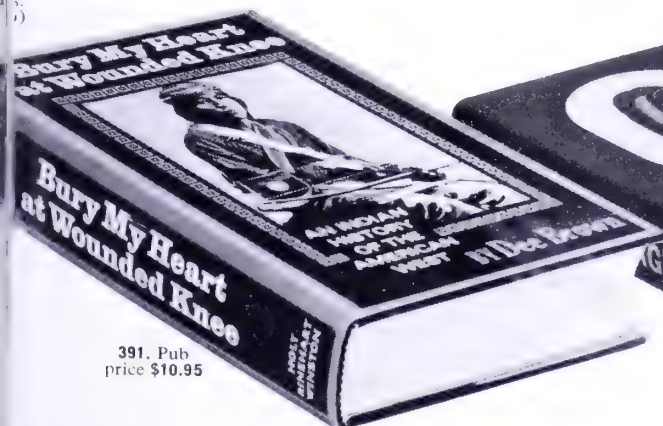
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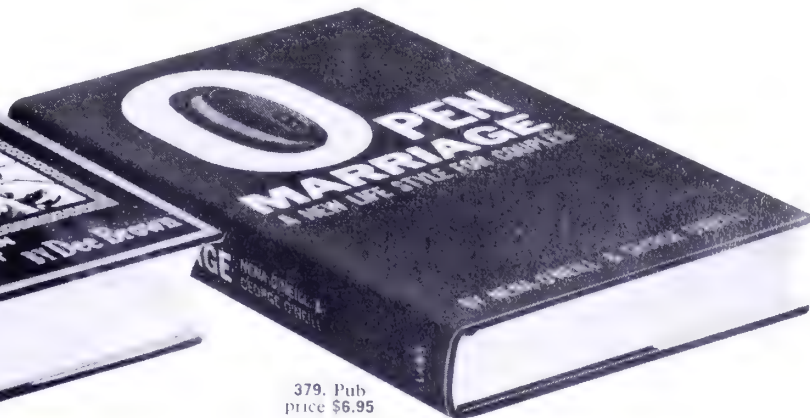
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behalf. This hardly sounds like the enmity and mistrust portrayed in your article.

As for the quoted portion of Liz's letter in which my name appears, I prefer to remain mum. I will only repeat Mr. Wills' description of the letters: "She wrote assurance, questions, gossip . . . exaggerating their importance." Perhaps Mr. Wills, too, has exaggerated their importance.

Toward the end of the article, Mr. Wills wrote that the defendants "shared [their indiscretions], survived them, would not disown each other." Shortly before the trial, Liz spent a weekend with my wife and me. During Holy Week, I attended the trial. Daniel Berrigan was also there. There is a bond between us all, larger than any tension or difference: we have tried, however pitifully, to remind this country's citizenry of its responsibility, to shake loose its numb morality, to bring the war home. We have been, and remain, one community in spirit—wherever we now live, and whatever we now do.

JOE GILCHRIST
Ann Arbor, Mich.

MR. WILLS REPLIES:

Several people closer to the trial than Mr. Gilchrist have assured me my version of the relationships is accurate. Nor was my parenthetical reference to Gilchrist meant as a "prime example" of those relations, or of anything else—he offers us his autobiography as an irrelevance. His criticism of Sister Elizabeth's letter does, however, bear out what I wrote about tensions on the Catholic Left; only the most sanctimonious would deny their existence. Finally, Mr. Gilchrist quotes my own words of praise for the way the defendants supported each other—so what's the argument?

In defense of the Army

In your July issue a "Commentary" article by Colonel David H. Hackworth is considerably out of date. Most of Hackworth's complaints are matters that were long since identified by the Army itself, and they have been under repair for some time.

I'm afraid that Hackworth spent so much time in Vietnam before retiring last September that he was pretty well out of touch with what the Army was really doing. . . .

The Army has made huge strides in

the past several years to overcome the accumulated problems brought on by the Vietnam dislocation, reductions in troop strength and funding, and the general wave of social ills currently evident in our society. This progress is the important Army story. Colonel Hackworth's apparent thesis that the Army is "sick" and that its most successful officers are incompetents I must reject out of hand.

Essentially, Colonel Hackworth makes three major claims:

(1) The Army's requirement for its officers to be jacks-of-all-trades and masters of none has produced an officer corps of "ticket punchers."

(2) The Army's school and training system is poor.

(3) The Army is a "bureaucratic dragon." Hackworth then lists eleven actions the Army should take to improve itself.

The Army agrees that all three of Hackworth's major charges were valid in varying degrees in the past. But we long ago set about to remedy the situation. In addition, of his eleven recommended actions, the Army has had seven of them under way for some time, does not agree with two, and thinks the other two are clearly outside the Army's purview. In other words, Colonel Hackworth is out of touch—he no longer qualifies as an expert.

Let's look at some specifics.

Problems associated with the "ticket-punching" charge were recognized at least three years ago and, at General Westmoreland's direction, a new officer career management system was devised and has been implemented. Essentially the new system is designed to identify our best commanders and place them in command for extended periods of time. . . .

Colonel Hackworth's comments on the Army school system are not entirely valid. He contends that the War College should teach war. The Army disagrees. A single-minded preoccupation with teaching the art of war entirely overlooks the Army's vital function of deterring war and keeping the peace. . . .

We agree with Colonel Hackworth on his other point that training has occasionally been too soft in the past. However, if he had taken the trouble to visit one of our training centers last year, he would have seen that the training is far from soft. . . .

Incidentally, to buttress his contention that our training was too soft,

Hackworth cited a Pentagon report that allegedly reported that "over 50 per cent of U.S. casualties in Vietnam were caused by friendly fires." We are unaware of any such study. To the contrary, definitive records on the subject, which reflect all U.S. deaths in Vietnam from January 1, 1950, through April 1972, show the total of such causes as accidental self-destruction, intentional homicide, accidental homicide, and other nonhostile accidents accounts for less than 7 per cent of all U.S. casualties.

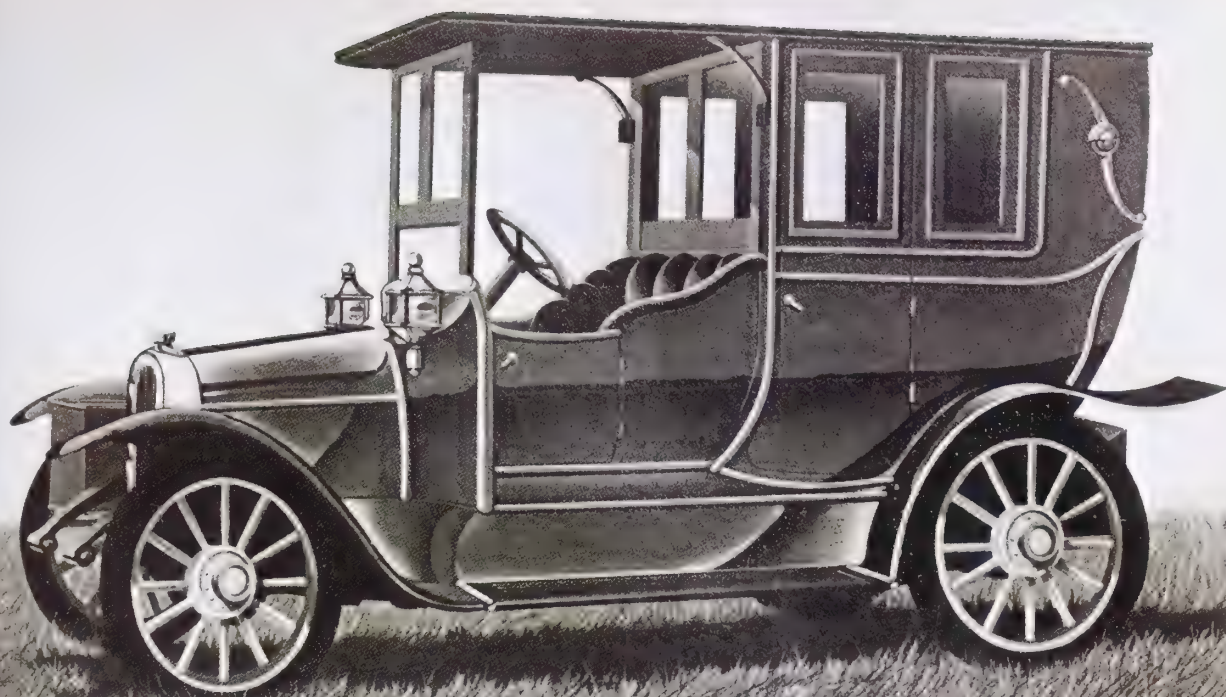
As far as the Army's being bureaucratic, we must plead guilty. An organization of more than 800,000 men and women is of necessity and by definition a bureaucracy. But we are not guilty of the bureaucratic faults alleged by Colonel Hackworth. Training responsibility was decentralized to the company and battalion commanders months ago, inspections have been reduced, and we are not in a situation where officers and NCOs learn by being given missions and then accomplish on their own, knowing that honest mistakes are part of the learning process. Attention to minutiae is *not* an ideal, and sergeants are the backbone of the Army. Training developments are not new; they reflect our decision to go back to basics. What we are developing is a proud, professional, tough volunteer Army. Hackworth retired too soon.

WINANT SIDLE, Major General
Chief of Information
Department of the Army
Washington, D.C.

Bicentennial Blues

This is to question the accuracy of your magazine article. Anthony E. Neville titled "Bicentennial Blues" [July], more specifically the statement, "The controversial aspect of the National Medical Association's program is its determination to test, 'at a minimum, every black child under the age of twelve for sickle-cell anemia by July 1, 1972.' . . . This statement was taken out of context and does not mention the Association's concern for parental consent and, most importantly, counseling before testing."

ROBERT D. WATSON
Executive Vice President
Charge of Administrative Affairs
National Medical Association
Washington, D.C.



Before there was a Model T there was an Audi.

As most of you know, sometime around the turn of century (1908 to be exact), Henry Ford brought forth his famous Model T.

As most of you *don't* know, sometime before 1908 (1904 to be exact), August Horch brought forth his not-so-famous Horch—which was what an Audi was called before it was called an Audi.

Now the importance of this car was not only that it predated the Model T,

but also that it was a remarkable automobile in its own right.

For example, it had four cylinders, overhead valves, a top speed of 44 miles an hour and a carburetor ignition system. Considering the

year, 1904, these were amazing accomplishments.

"The Audi should be an automobile of superb craftsmanship and ingenuity." That was our motto then.

That is our motto now.

Today's Audi, for example, has rack-and-pinion steering, front disc brakes, *servo-thrust* synchromesh transmission, front-wheel drive, independent front suspension and twin adjustable torsion bars in the rear. Plus some other plums. Like seats that were designed by orthopedic surgeons. And a ventilation system that allows for a complete change of air every 30 seconds.

We consider our present-day Audi a truly remarkable automobile.

And indeed we should.

We've been working on it since 1904.



The Audi®

The Father of All Scotch

Now you can enjoy the true, all-malt taste of Scotch as Scotch began:

The Unblended Taste of The Original. The Glenlivet 12-Year-Old.

In 1824, when all Scotch was all-malt, The Glenlivet was the first distillery in Scotland granted a government permit to distill.

The Lightest All-Malt In The World.

From that day to this, our process has remained unchanged and unchallenged. The Glenlivet's consistency, purity of flavor, delicate bouquet and mellow body—coupled with an unmatched and subtle lightness—have made it prized above all.

The Heart Of All Great Blends.

Until now, if your favorite 12-year-old Scotch had "Blended" on its label, you may have had a hint of us. For we're the finest, most expensive unblended whisky

used in most of them, including Chivas Regal.

But now, in limited quantity, The Glenlivet will be available on its own.

\$1 More Than Chivas. How Dare We?

Out of necessity. For, as a rule, all-malt Scotch costs more to produce than blended Scotch. And The Glenlivet is the epitome of unblended Scotch, just as Chivas Regal is the epitome of blended Scotch.

If You Thirst For The Original.

Beware! An old Scottish tradition allows many all-malts to append the word "Glenlivet" to their name. But, if you thirst for the original, remember: only one Glenlivet is the Glenlivet.

The Glenlivet



LETTERS

I enjoyed Anthony Neville's article. Mr. Neville accurately describes the lackluster performance of the American Revolution Bicentennial Commission and the woeful quality of that performance is likely to have marred the celebration of the nation's 200th anniversary.

However, I would have enjoyed your article more if Mr. Neville had credited my article, "Let The Birthday Cake," which appeared in the July 1972 issue of *Washingtonian* magazine, as the source of part of the information.

Among other things, the *Washingtonian* article was the first to discuss the birthday-cake foolishness and to detail the steps by which the commission eliminated programs that attacked social problems. On subjects a few of Mr. Neville's sentences and paragraphs bear more than a family resemblance to mine.

Even so, I would not raise the issue had I not been at some point required to secure the confidential drafts of commission proposals upon which my assertions, and Mr. Neville's, are based. I am sure Mr. Neville will willingly acknowledge that the section of the story dealing with the evolution of the Commission's report to the president was the product of my research and not his own.

JAMES W. SEYMOUR
Washingtonian magazine
Washington, D.C.

MR. NEVILLE REPLIES:

To Mr. Watkins: In my article there is no misstatement of fact concerning the National Medical Association's sickle-cell anemia program. I identified the controversial aspects and underscore the words—of an otherwise faultless program. I stand by my original statements.

Mr. Seymour's contention that my prose bears "more than a family resemblance" to his own is completely without foundation and, since I reply I don't think my own the better and write my own words, I respond. His contention that his *Washingtonian* article should have received as much credit as a source of part of my information (as indeed it was) evokes more sympathy. I too have seen my by-line search results used by others without acknowledgement, and I am not certain whether I should be happy because I have been used or more hurt because I haven't been thanked.

...e're having a hukilau—in this example on a beach near Diamond Head, Oahu



There are no strangers in paradise.

That's one of the reasons Hawaii is paradise. Our six little islands aren't big enough for strangers. So we turn them into friends as quickly as we can. If they don't want to be friends, we marry them. That usually does it.

We've been carrying on like this for many centuries now. If you'd like to see how it all turns out, take a look at our beautiful children. Or come to a hukilau.

That's a sort of Polynesian fish-in where the nets are hauled up—hopefully—by everybody around. It's pretty informal, so don't expect to be waited on. In Hawaii, we've had to learn to pull

together, if we want to eat.) Anyway, the final results are worth a little work. Savory, golden charcoal-broiled akule and papio and oama and heaven knows what all else. Cooked as quick as they're caught, then devoured steaming hot on the beach.

Of course, if you'd rather be alone, we're quick to respect that, too. You can burn a joss stick in a tiny gilded temple. Rent a horse and explore a winding mountain trail. Take off your clothes and go sit in a waterfall. Nobody will bother you. Unless you want them to.

Unless you've made repeated tries and you still can't catch a curl with a mini-board. Then ask the kid down the beach. He'll take the time to show you how.

Or you've decided that *nobody* can pick up that jiggy Japanese tofu with chopsticks. The girl at the next table can, and

she'll be glad to share her secret with you. She won't even laugh, unless you do.

How do we account for Hawaii's aloha spirit? We don't even try. Perhaps it's the warmth of our sun or the gentleness of the sea. Whatever it is, we'd like to share it with you.

Your travel agent will be glad to point out that Hawaii is closer and less costly than ever these days. And with more than 30,000 hotel rooms, we've got plenty of accommodations in your price range. Same goes for tours. See your agent soon, then hurry on over. Don't be a stranger anymore.

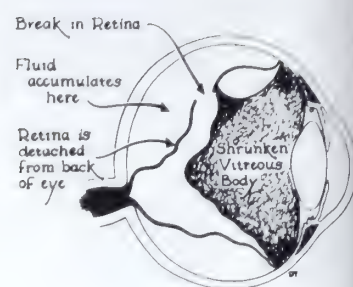
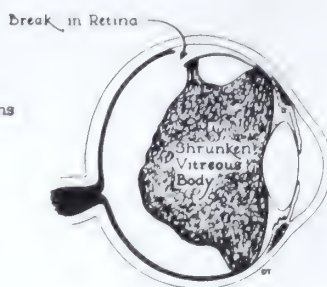
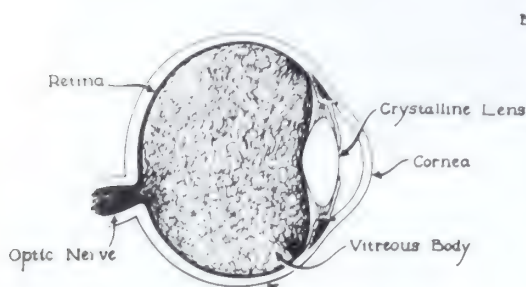
Hawaii

IT'S MORE THAN A PRETTY PLACE.

On behalf of the Islands of Hawaii, Kauai, Lanai, Maui, Molokai and Oahu.

THE EASY CHAIR

An eye-opening experience



ONE MORNING LAST SPRING I noticed what seemed to be a couple of tiny black dots floating in front of my left eye. They didn't interfere seriously with my vision, so I paid no attention, assuming that they would soon go away. There was no way for me to know that they were going to be my introduction to a group of surgeons who may well be the most highly specialized in the world. As I was to learn later, these six men have concentrated many years of study on a single patch of tissue, slightly larger than an inch square and as thin as an onion skin; and much of their work is so delicate that open-heart surgery seems grossly clumsy in comparison.

A few days after the spots first showed up, I developed a more disturbing symptom: something like a white, translucent curtain seemed to be covering one corner of my left eye. I called Dr. Jerome Freedman, the ophthalmologist who prescribes my glasses and checks my eyes every two years, to ask for an emergency appointment. By the time I got to his office in New Haven, the white curtain had spread over the whole field of vision. I felt no pain; I could perceive a dim light and a few large shapes; but the left eye was in effect blind.

After a quick but thorough examination, Dr. Freedman said, "You have a detached retina. It requires surgery, and as soon as possible. I suggest you go to Boston. Some doctors there are especially good at this sort of thing."

My first question was, "What are the odds?"

"In cases like yours," he said, "they are now getting a success rate of about

85 per cent—much better than a few years ago."

Since I would have settled for a 1 per cent chance, we wasted no time in discussion. Within minutes he was on the phone, arranging for me to report the next day to the offices of Retina Associates in Boston.

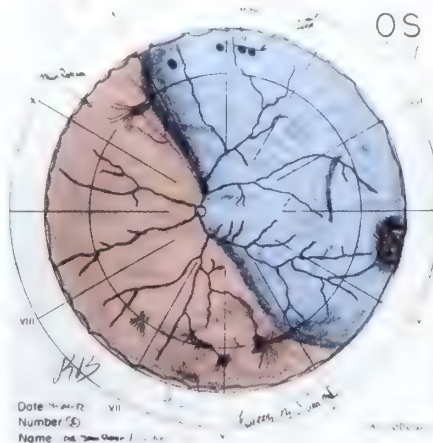
THESE TURNED OUT TO BE unlike any doctors' offices I had ever seen. They occupy the entire seventh floor of a new high-rise building close to the Charles River and Massachusetts General Hospital. Their three large waiting rooms were furnished like the quarters of a major Wall Street law firm, and they were crowded with at least fifty people—many of them, like me, wearing a white gauze patch Scotch-taped over one eye. The rest were, like my wife, anxious relatives. Miniskirted nurses scurried in from time to time to lead

one of us off to an examination

By chance, I was allotted to Dr. Robert Brockhurst, because he happened to be the Associate available at the time for an emergency consultation. He is a tall man with cropped graying hair and what I would come to think of as The Surgeon's Manner. Although I had never before had a major operation, I have in the years been well acquainted with a good many surgeons, and nearly all of them seem to have certain traits in common—a high degree of self-reliance, physical vigor, an extroverted cheerful outlook, crisp speech habits, and a certain detachment. Dr. Brockhurst also, in some indefinable way, has the knack of inspiring almost immediate confidence in a nervous patient.

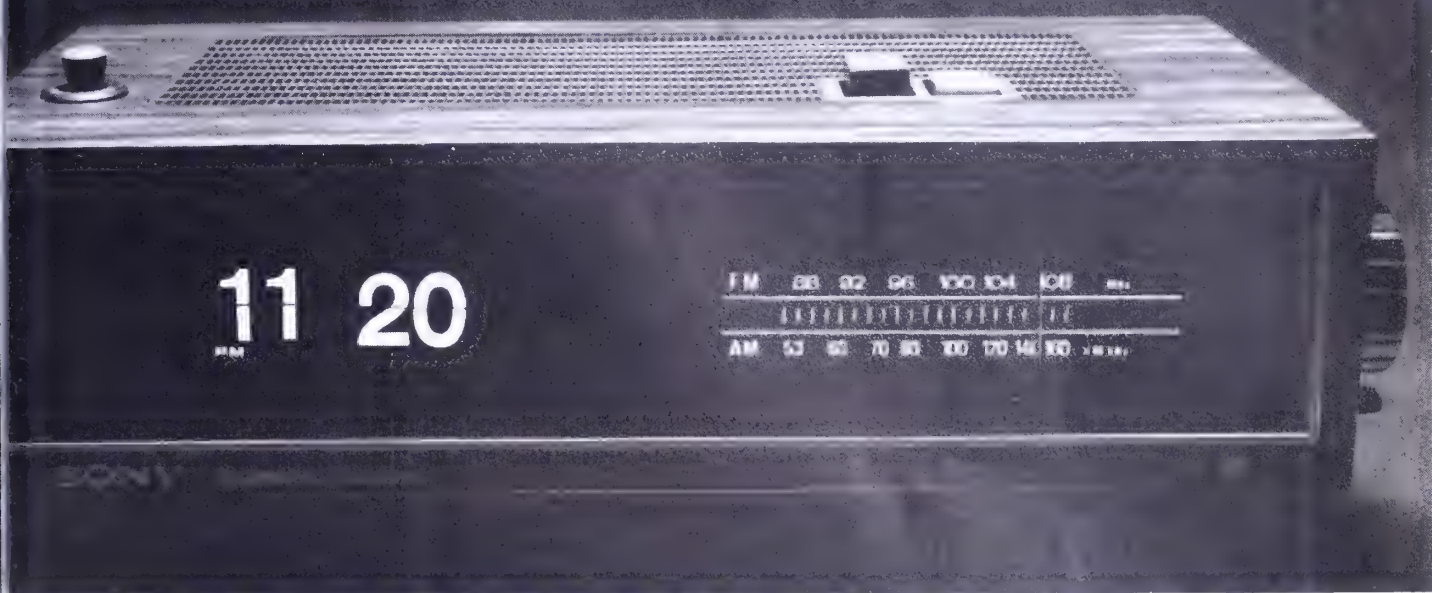
On his head he was wearing what might have been the war helmet of a comic-book Martian—an intricate contraption of lenses, prisms, and lights. It was a Schepens binocular ophthalmoscope, the most useful instrument yet invented for examining the inside of the eye. (It was developed, as I later learned, by Dr. Charles Schepens, the Senior Associate. I'll say more about him in a moment.) With this device, plus a magnifying lens, Dr. Brockhurst peered into my eye from all angles for what seemed a long time. When he was satisfied with his reconnaissance, he said:

"I'll operate at 7:45 tomorrow morning. We have a lot to do by then, but first let me tell you about this operation. The retina covers the inside of the eyeball like wallpaper. It is a specialized bit of tissue containing about 140 million



Map of John Fischer's retina

The only time it sounds like other clock-radios is when it buzzes.



If you're interested in the clock part of a clock-radio, the TFM-C720 has just about every convenience a digimatic radio can have.

It has an automatic, 1-hour time setting that goes off every morning, without having to be reset every night.

It has a setting for a soft buzz or a loud buzz. So you can wake up to the volume of a "psst...", or a "HEY YOU, GET OUT OF BED!"

But you may prefer to wake up to the sound of the radio. So the TFM-C720 also has a special feature that automatically wakes you at a

slightly louder volume than the way you played it last night.

Besides that, it has digital numbers. And because of a process called black lighting, they light up so much brighter than most digital numbers that you can see them from across the room, or even through one, barely opened eye.

But the best thing about this digimatic is that it has a much better radio than you might expect to come with a clock.

The radio's FM/AM, all solid-state, and has integrated circuitry. It has 1.2 watts of maxi-

mum output power. And it has a 3½" top-mounted speaker.

The TFM-C720 even has a separate pillow speaker for sound quality you just can't get through an earphone.

Which means that without keeping everybody else up, you can actually get lulled to sleep by a respectable sounding concerto, or a reasonably undistorted Doors record.

Why don't you go listen to this digimatic for yourself?

After all, if you had a nicer radio to get up to, maybe it would be a little nicer to get up.

SONY's \$65.95* DIGIMATIC

*Suggested retail price, subject to fair trade where applicable

endings that are sensitive to light. When light comes through the lenses of the eye, it is focused on these nerve endings, which translate the image into electrical impulses to the brain. We don't yet understand exactly how this works.

"You have six small holes in your retina. We don't know what caused them. Sometimes a retina is damaged by a blow to the head, but in many cases like yours perforations simply appear for reasons we can't yet explain. Some of the fluid that fills the center of the eyeball has seeped through these holes and has pushed part of the retina away from the wall of the eye, much the way that water behind wallpaper might detach it from the plaster.

"What I am going to do is drain away that fluid behind the retina, patch up the holes, and then reattach the tissue to the wall of the eye. But first we have to make a map of the retina, to guide me while I'm working tomorrow. For that you go to the Retina Clinic of the Massachusetts Eye and Ear Infirmary. You had better go right away."

AT FIRST ACQUAINTANCE the infirmary was not reassuring. It is a shabby old building, next door to a jail, and badly overcrowded. (A new building is now under construction.) Before the week was out, however, I had concluded that it is—despite appearances—an exceptionally good hospital. When I reported there, a younger doctor, Keith Zinn, took me in hand for what turned out to be the most disagreeable part of the whole adventure.

He showed me into a small semi-darkened room, crowded with six examination tables. Patients were lying on five of them, and over each crouched a doctor wearing one of those ophthalmoscopes, as did Dr. Zinn. I went on the sixth table. For the next two hours he worked on his map, shining an intense beam of light through the pupil of the eye, pressing hard on the eyeball at first one place and then another—"So I can see around corners," he explained—and pausing every few minutes to make a notation on his clipboard. The end product was a map about a foot square showing not only the precise size and location of the holes in the retina, but also every small vessel and irregularity of tissue. Toward the end, Dr.

Brockhurst showed up to check the map for himself. As he squeezed the eyeball, the younger doctors in the room gathered around to listen to his running commentary. By this time I was a little grateful but not too much to note that they treated him with almost ritual deference.

When the mapping was finished, I was checked into my hospital room, a windowless cell on the fifth floor, more than ready for a little rest and such luck. I had a steady procession of visitors: nurses who led me to an X ray and electrocardiogram room, a medical doctor who gave me a painstaking physical examination, a nurse who took down my medical history from childhood, a nurse to clip my eyelashes, an anesthetist (surprisingly, a pretty blond Serbian from Belgium) to explain what her department would do tomorrow, and other people who administered pills, blood tests, and eyedrops. The last item of a long day was two capsules of chloralhydrate to put me to sleep. They worked like instant magic.

When the attendant came with the stretcher-on-wheels next morning, I was far from alert. The trip to the operating room, the surgeons gathered around, the hypodermic that administered the preliminary anesthetic, the sodium pentothal—made only impressions. Then a long blank. I came half-awake that afternoon to my own room. A nurse was taking my temperature and pulse, saline solution was dribbling through a tube, a needle arrangement into a vein on the back of my left hand and a tight bandage covered half my face. The whole thing, obviously, was to go to sleep.

MY CURIOSITY WAS WORKING. By the time Dr. Brockhurst came the next morning to take a bandage and check up with his present scope. He was cheerful and casual, but not very communicative. The operation had been relatively uncomplicated, taking only three and a half hours, as compared with six hours or more in some cases. The results looked all right, though it would be some weeks before we could see how much vision would return. I would stay in the hospital for five or six days longer, but I could begin to move around—cautiously—almost immediately. New techniques made

Give her the
fashionably feminine
new "Lady Sheaffer".

A high fashion accessory from the "White Dot" collection by Sheaffer. Created in precious silver plate with deeply-cut filigree to accent its softly-brushed finish. Elegantly hers. Ballpoint or pencil, \$7.50. Pen with 14K gold point, \$12.50.

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C 1972 Jos. Garneau Co. New York

You really don't know anything about German wines, do you?

You're letting a bunch of funny-looking labels and long, strung-together names keep you away from some of the world's most enjoyable wines.

Lovely wines. Delightful wines you can enjoy without "educating" your palate. You already have a taste for German wines. You just don't know it.

So don't put off enjoying German wines just because you don't know the difference between a spatlese and an auslese. Just look for a wine with the name "Anheuser" on the label.

You can't go wrong. Remember, nobody ever heard of Volkswagen in the beginning, either.

Anheuser

Ese Probs Un Denn Lobs: "First taste it then judge it."



ANYONE CAN BURN a rick of wood to ashes. But it takes skill to produce hard maple charcoal to smooth out Jack Daniel's Whiskey.

We only use hard maple from high ground. And it has to be sawed and stacked just right so the burning charcoal drops inward. Then you need to control the burn by pointing a water hose to it in just the right places. We don't know which of these steps is the most important. But the sippin' smoothness our charcoal gives Jack Daniel's makes each of them well worthwhile.



CHARCOAL
MELLOWE

DROP

BY DROP

essary to keep a patient's head
bilized between sandbags for
days, as in the past.

I learn something about those
iques, I spent much of my time
hospital and on subsequent vis-
Boston asking questions. The
that cropped up most often was
Charles Schepens.

in Belgium, he studied mathe-
s and engineering before switch-
medicine. At the outbreak of
War II he was a medical offi-
the Belgian Air Force. After
Nazis occupied Europe, he be-
a leader of the underground in
im and France under the code
of "Perot"—legendary for his
is in smuggling men and docu-
over the Pyrenees into Spain.
two narrow escapes from the
oo, he made his way to England
 resumed his research work at
ields Eye Hospital in London.
s to his early interest in math
engineering, he was able while
to develop his ophthalmoscope,
st in a series of important inno-
s. In 1947 he came to Harvard
al School, first as a research fel-
ater as a teacher, and has lived
country ever since.

strand in Dr. Schepens' char-
evidently is a pronounced talent
ganization. Soon after his ar-
in Massachusetts he began to
around himself a number of
sionals who share his special in-
e, and to marshal them into
nterlinked groups. One of these
Retina Service of the infirmary,
ch he is director. The second is
Associates, consisting of him-
nd the five other doctors who
m much of the infirmary's sur-
The third—and in the long run
ost significant—is a research
cazation, the Retina Foundation.
H began it in 1950 in the base-
n of a slum tenement with \$6,000
l borrowed money. Today it is
st in its own modern \$5 million
otories, conveniently close to
he infirmary and the Associates.
There Dr. Schepens and his
lators—scientists in many dis-
is, as well as his fellow surgeons
he: developed procedures and in-
nts that have transformed the
ent of some of the most serious
eases.

For example, if I had recognized
black dots for what they were—
nce of minute holes in the retina
th doctors could have sealed them

off without cutting any tissues, and be-
fore the retina became detached. They
have two methods. When the hole is
in the back half of the eye, they use
photocoagulation, focusing a tiny hot
beam of argon or laser light through
the pupil so that it causes a burn at
the site of the perforation. The result-
ing bit of scar tissue seals the break.
When the hole is in the forward part
of the eyeball, where a beam of light
cannot reach, the doctors use cryo-
coagulation. They locate the place on
the outside of the eyeball that is pre-
cisely opposite the retina puncture
and touch it with the point of an ex-
tremely cold probe; the scar created
by freezing works as well as a burn.

SINCE IN MY CASE the retina had al-
ready become detached, Dr.
Brockhurst had to cut one of the mus-
cles that holds the eyeball in place, roll
it over, and drain out the fluid that
had seeped behind the retina. He then
sealed each of the six holes by dia-
thermy, and created a "buckle" by
implanting a small piece of molded
silicone in the back wall of the eye-
ball. This buckles the wall inward,
making a small hump that presses
against the retina where the holes
were located and thus helps to seal
them permanently. (The map Dr.
Zinn had made indicated both the
sites of the perforations and the best
place to put the buckle.) All that re-
mained then was to fit the eyeball
back into position and sew every-
thing up. Simple, if you know what
you are doing and have steady hands,
plus years of practice.

In more complicated cases it is
sometimes necessary to get inside the
eyeball, to trim away strands of vitre-
ous membrane that prevent the retina
from settling back into position. For
this purpose Dr. Schepens and his
colleagues at the Foundation have
developed special instruments; a for-
ceps and a pair of scissors, each small
enough to fit inside a shaft no thicker
than a matchstick. Both can be in-
serted through small incisions in the
wall of the eyeball; the forceps then
holds the membrane while the scissors
snip it apart.

Another device invented at the
Foundation is an upside-down operat-
ing table. Occasionally a retina de-
velops a giant tear, so that part of it
folds over on itself. In such cases the
patient is strapped to a table with a
mechanism that can, at the right mo-

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gion. Foreign languages. Bridge. Great
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Spoken Word**

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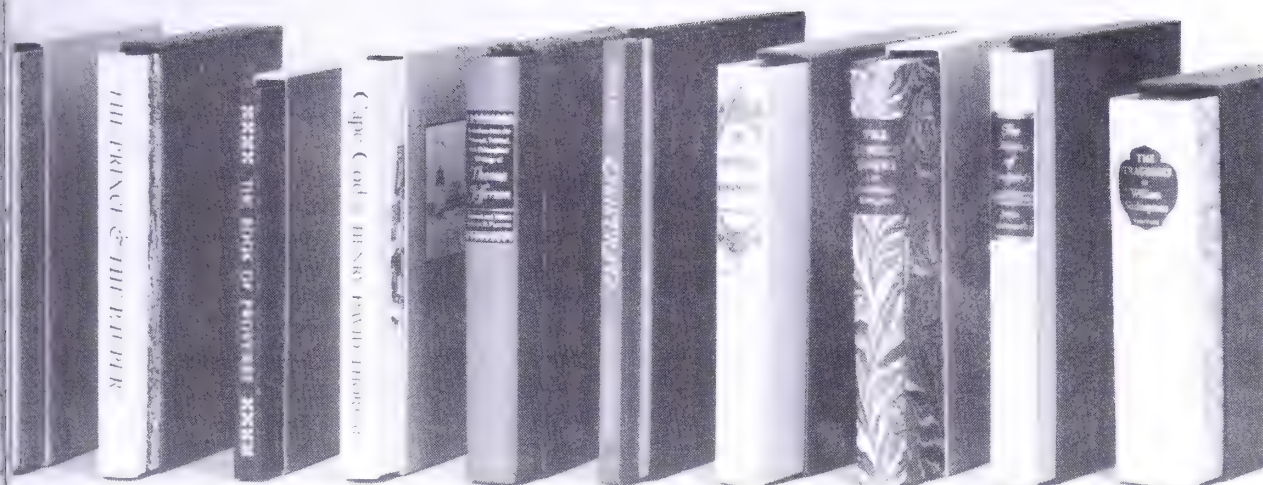
ment in the operation, swing the eye into the air and upside down, so that the force of gravity unfolds the tissue and lets it float back into place. The surgeons complete their work from below, on stools or their knees, while the patient is suspended by his head.

Sometimes, however, the tissue sticks to the underlying tissue so firmly that the force of gravity is not enough to unfold it. In such circumstances, the doctors can turn to another novel instrument: a tiny blade at the tip of a hollow shaft. Inserted through the wall of the eye, it is maneuvered under the fold and gently inflated to push the flap back into place.

Because the retina and its network of nerve endings are so fragile, such an operation of almost inconceivable delicacy. It was attempted on human patients only after long testing on colliers, who are peculiarly susceptible to giant retinal tears. For one reason—perhaps the many generations of selective breeding that may have given colliers abnormally long and narrow heads—this defect afflicts them eighty-five times more often than it does people. Even antivivisectionists, I suppose, would hardly object to the Foundation's work with colliers; indeed in a number of cases it has helped to restore their sight. Incidentally, the experimental animals are well cared for on a hundred-acre farm outside Boston; when they are brought into the laboratories they are, as I saw for myself, handled with almost as much consideration as hospital patients.

THE EXAMPLES MENTIONED are only a sampling of the instruments and procedures developed by the Foundation that are saving thousands of people every year from what would have been, a few years ago, hopeless blindness. New ways have been found to deal with such diseases as glaucoma, diabetic retinopathy, and corneal ulcers. But the most far-reaching results of all will come eventually from basic research on the way the eye works.

Consider, for instance, the case of the horseshoe crab, familiar to everybody who has walked the beach along the Atlantic coast. Actually he is not a crab at all, but an arthropod, related distantly to the spider and scorpion. He also is a living fossil, surviving with little evolutionary change



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the age of dinosaurs and marine reptiles some 200 million years ago. The crab's interest to the Foundation lies in his eyes. Their workings are remarkably similar to human eyes; their retinas, too, are covered with light-sensitive nerve endings, some shaped like rods, others like cones. But there is one important difference: the crab has only about a thousand such receptors, instead of millions, and each one of them is ten to a hundred times as big as the human equivalents. Consequently they are far easier to work with in studies to discover what happens when they are exposed to light.

The big crab man at the Foundation is Dr. Alan R. Adolph, a young neurophysiologist with degrees from MIT and Rockefeller University, who studies his subjects not only in the laboratory but also on the sea floor. He has succeeded in placing a minute electrode inside a single cell of the crab's retina, in order to measure the faint electrical current produced when the cell is exposed to light. He also has attached a crab's optic nerve to an electrical recording system; and then, wearing scuba gear and carrying his equipment in a watertight case, he has swum alongside the crab as it scuttled on the bottom. The result was the first tape recording of a crab's optic-nerve activity in its natural habitat. At the same time he was able to observe how the animal's vision affects its behavior. It shies away from shadows overhead—perhaps an instinctive flight reaction to escape a possible predator. Thus by shading first one eye and then another, Dr. Adolph was able to herd the crab in any direction he chose.

What will such investigations lead to? At this stage, Dr. Adolph and Fan-jen Tuan, a neurochemist who works with him, are not sure. They are confident, however, that a better understanding of the complex photo-chemical-electrical process of vision will eventually help in some way to prevent or cure blindness.

Research in another field—holography—has more obvious applications. Holography is an arcane process for creating a three-dimensional image from a single photographic plate. Dr. Arthur Rosen, a physicist, was working with such a plate when I visited his lab. He placed it in a holder near one end of a three-sided black box and directed on it a split beam of red laser light—that at least is what he told me he was doing. When I looked at the plate, sure

enough I saw a three-dimensional image of a small ceramic giraffe: to be sure, he had borrowed from his family treasury as a convenient object for experimentation.

I could not begin to understand Dr. Rosen's explanation of his work, but its potential use is clear enough. If it should ever become possible to project a three-dimensional photograph of a damaged retina inside an operating room, then the surgeon might be able to drop the preliminary mapping process that is now so tedious and painful. (Mapping cannot be done under an anesthetic, because the patient has to participate; the surgeon keeps telling him, "Now look up and look down and to the left," and so on.)

The Foundation also is an educational institution. It has provided postdoctoral training for 114 young surgeons and researchers, and among them most of the qualified retina surgeons now practicing in this country. Foreign alumni have carried their innovations developed in Boston to twenty-two other countries, from Brazil to Thailand. The Foundation laboratories have, in fact, a decidedly polyglot atmosphere, as the names of some of its leading researchers suggest: Okamura, Coubillon, Peter Lee, Pomerantzeff, Riva, Guillot.

To my regret, I have not yet had a chance to meet its guiding general, Dr. Schepens, because he spent much of his time these days on the road, lecturing and raising money. He hopes to find more than \$5 million in contributions during the next year or two to expand the Foundation's activities. I don't understand why this relatively modest sum should be so hard to come by, since many times as much money has been raised for research in such diseases as cancer and polio. Moreover, blindness is increasing rapidly in this country—at a rate nearly double the increase in population. Yet the fact remains that research is now receiving less money from all sources, public and private, than any other major field of medicine.

I don't wish any harm to Harold Hughes; he has had more than his share recently. But I can't help thinking that if he had occasion to spend some time at the Retina Foundation as I did, he would have no trouble deciding what to do with all those millions his own foundation report has earmarked for medical studies.

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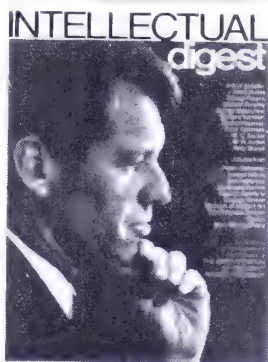
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WHO'S ON SILLY MID OFF?

A dazed American discovers the arcane arts of cricket with a quasi-English team in Italy

LIKE MOST THINGS IN LIFE, it was highly improbable. There I was: an American less than a month out of San Antonio, Texas, and the United States Air Force, playing cricket in Rome with a team called the Commonwealth War Graves Commission. Not, mind you, the CWGC Wildcats or the CWGC Red Raiders. Just—the Commonwealth War Graves Commission.

The Commonwealth War Graves Commission cricket side boasted eleven stout men. The stoutest, at 260 pounds, was our captain: a bearded, ferocious-looking ex-rugby forward named Percy (honest) who, despite his appearance, was really as gentle as a rhinoceros. Although Percy was predictably English, only two other members of the team were of the same persuasion: an elderly canon of the Roman Catholic Church and a criminologist who had prepared himself for the study of ax-murderers and the like by reading classics and philosophy at Oxford. There were also two quasi-English War Gravers—one from Wales, the other from Liverpool—neither of whom cared to profess any broader allegiance. Then there was the CWGC Commonwealth contingent consisting of an Australian, a Ceylonese, and an Indian; the Ex-Commonwealth contingent consisting of a South African; and the Nothing-To-Do-With-the-Commonwealth contingent consisting of a Syrian businessman named Ed.

Then there was me.

Quite unintentionally, I had arrived in Rome, a newly minted Fulbright Fellow, on the opening day of the local cricket season. Even more fatal, I had arranged to be picked up at the airport by an old friend of mine named Sean who was, it turned out, the quasi-English Liverpoolian member of the team. All I was thinking of was how pleasant it would be to see him again after nearly four years, so it came as something of a shock when

the first words he uttered were, "We need you for War Graves."

Now, I didn't survive four years in the Air Force with nothing between me and the Vietcong but my desk and the Pacific Ocean without learning how to think fast when the necessity arises. Thus no more than a few dozen seconds elapsed before I was ready with a reply to Sean's greeting.

"What?" I said.

Sean hastened to explain. The team was scheduled to play its first match in less than an hour, and only ten men could be found to participate.

"Now, I'll be perfectly frank with you," he said, glancing nervously at his watch. "A cricket team with only ten men is no better than a baseball team with only eight men or a basketball team with only four men or a solitaire team with nobody. It is, in a very important sense, *deficient*. Do you follow me?"

I indicated that I did.

"I knew we could count on you," Sean said.

"Now, whoa," I said. "I don't know the first thing about cricket. I can't go jumping into the middle of an unfamiliar game just like that."

"Tut," retorted Sean. "There's

nothing unfamiliar about cricket. You can pick it up as you go along."

So much for the disqualifying ignorance gambit.

"Actually, Sean, there's a more serious problem. Now don't misunderstand me; I'd love to help you. Why, only the other day I was saying to myself, 'Boy, I sure hope I get a chance to play some cricket while in Italy.' But the trouble is that it's six o'clock in the morning New York time and I've been sitting up all night on an airplane. The spirit is willing but physically I'm just too tired to play."

Suddenly, a new factor in the form of a very large and obviously impatient anthropoid intruded into our conversation.

"Ah, here comes our captain," said Sean.

And here, a hairy avalanche came.

"Percy, this is the American fellow I was telling you about. Bob, this is Percy Stroud, our team captain."

"Rrroowwwrrrrrrfff," said Percy Stroud, reaching out and enclosing my fingers, my wrist, and most of my forearm in his right hand.

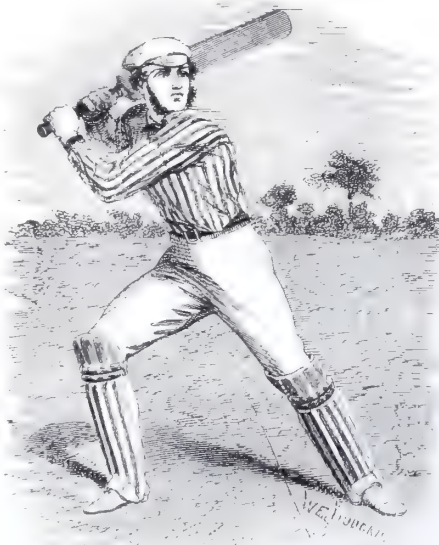
"I've just been talking to Bob about our manpower problem," said Sean. "Unfortunately, it seems he's rather tired after his journey."

"Grrrraaarrggghhh," said Percy, increasing his grip just sufficiently to stand me on my toes.

Oblivious, Sean went on, "I was just about to tell him how much we were counting on him when you arrived."

I managed to squeak out something to the effect that I certainly would not dream of letting them down.

FORTY MINUTES LATER, I found myself making my cricket debut amid the pines of Rome in Via Doria Pamphili. Our opponents were The Australians. They called themselves The Australians in order to emphasize the exclusively Australian character of their team. You had to



THE CUT.

Robert Pilpel is a lawyer and co-author of a forthcoming book, *Rationality and Crime*. He has lived in Rome for two years.



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GAMES SOME PEOPLE PLAY

Australian to play for The Australians. In fact, you had to be a blooded Australian down to at least the third generation.

Two of The Australians strove toward the wickets. If you're here you'll admit now that you've always wondered what, besides sticky fingers, wickets are. Well, enlightenment is at hand. Wickets are two sets of stumps about three feet high and one foot apart, on a chain (sixty-six feet) apart, on which are balanced two small wooden pegs, called bails. At each wicket is a batsman. The two batsmen can run by sprinting from one wicket to the other. They can attempt to do so as long as neither the bowler (the pitcher in cricket is called) nor the wicket-keeper (or catcher) has possession of the ball. However, the ball, having been thrown or driven by one of the defenders, reaches the wicket while a batsman is still en route to it and strikes the wicket, dislodging the bails, the batsman in question is out. The action of the game consists primarily of a bowler throwing the ball toward an opposing batsman, and the batsman attempting so to strike the ball as to give himself and his fellow batsman time to run between the wickets while the ball is being retrieved. The bowler's object is to throw the ball as to cause the batsman to miss it and to so aim it that it strikes the wicket after the batsman swings, in which case, once again, the batsman is out.

That, very roughly, is cricket—a simple game, not that different from baseball. In practice, however, inclination, fatigue, and total ignorance can overcome even the most profound simplicity, and I got a taste of what the whole afternoon was going to be like for me when, the men having taken up their positions, Percy looked over in my direction and said, "Bob, silly mid-off, please." My first reaction was to apologize. Had I done something childish and given offense? Was I now supposed to leave the field? But Percy didn't appear annoyed. Perhaps I was about to shed an article of clothing. Or make stupid faces at the batsman. . . what?

Silly mid-off, I was told, a defensive position (like "square leg," "slip," and, yes, "mid-on") about ten feet from the middle of the pitch. "What's the pitch?" I asked, realizing I didn't sound too colloquial. "It's this yard-wide strip between

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North Carolina

Outdoor drama



wickets," Percy indicated pa-

hat're the wickets?" I came
at him.

hat are the wickets!" said one
Australians. "I say, look here,
Graves, this is getting to be a
al."

uite right," said the Other.
fellow doesn't even know what
et is."

barrassed, Percy resorted to
ency measures.

ob," he said, "stand two paces
l and to the left of that bird
ing."

oked around. "Which bird drop-

at bird dropping," Percy said,
ng at a dead leaf.

hat's a dead leaf," I told him.

re was an ominous silence dur-
hich Percy could be observed
ing like a tuning fork. "Fine,"

d at last. "That's fine. It's a
leaf. You're right. I stand cor-

. Now, please go and stand two
behind and to the left of it."

I walked over to the dead leaf,
two paces beyond it, and . . . In

pect I can see that if I had
d I would have had a fifty-fifty
e of guessing right. It didn't

to me at the time, however.

did occur to me was to stop,
and ask very simply, "My left

r left?"

ieu of an answer, Percy started
ng and sputtering as though he

st swallowed a tabasco-flavored

blade. The Two Australians

their bats down in disgust. Sean

is head, however, and led me to

ce I was to stand. At this, The

ilians picked up their bats, and

n as Percy had been revived,

ne began.

ONZO, OUR CEYLONESE, was the
rst bowler. From about twenty
eyond the near wicket, he
l to charge toward the batsman
t opposite end of the pitch.
en of the wicket, his arm, stiff at
ow as the rules require, came
ng over his head. The batsman,
didn't seem to have any great
t in the proceedings, responded
o the extent of sticking out his
d blocking the ball as it hurtled
at him.

very impressive.

azo was not discouraged. He

ed back to his twenty-yard



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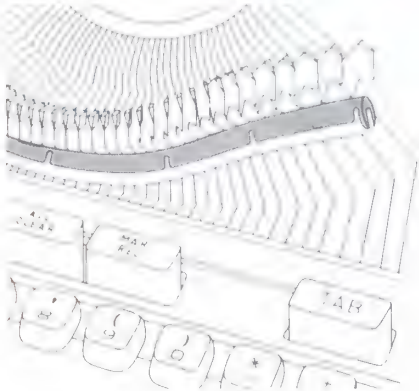
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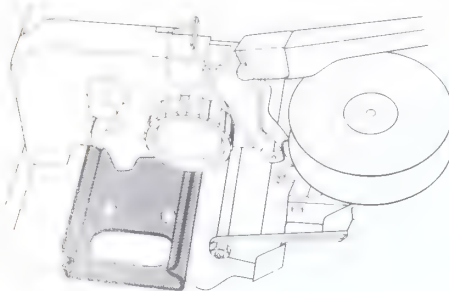
For example (1) take the little hammers that carry the letters. Ours



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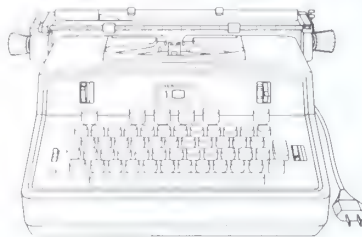
(4) As for portability: the electric really isn't. It ties you to the



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GAMES SOME PEOPLE PLAY

mark, revved himself up again and let fly with another beautiful ball. Same result.

"He's getting his eye in," Ed the Syrian shouted over to me helpfully.

On the third and fourth bowls the batsman kept getting his eye in, though, to give him credit, he actually tap the ball and make it fly a few feet on both occasions. And on the fifth and sixth bowls he came close to taking a full half-swing.

How long could I stand such excitement?

Suddenly, for no apparent reason, all my teammates started moving around to different places on the field, and Sean came over to supervise my own relocation.

"Six bowls make an over," Sean plained.

Wise words.

With me safely repositioned (mid-on—serious mid-on?), it was time for Max, our Indian, sportsman, run-up every bit as spectacular as Alonzo's, to begin his series of bowls. The second batsman was on the field, receiving end now, but there was no choice between him and his fellow patriot. BLOCK! Dribble dribble. BLOCK! Dribble dribble. TAP! Bounce bounce bounce. TAP! Bounce bounce bounce. SSSMMAAASSSHHH!!! Oops! The ball nearly decapitated Percy, who was playing about fifteen yards in front of the batsman, and headed toward the boundary of the field. Two Australians raced between the wickets for one run and back for another before the ball could be retrieved.

Max's final bowl of the over was uneventful, and it was time to change sides again. I was beginning to feel uneasy. If cricket was anything like baseball, the fact that twelve minutes and nearly as many minutes had come and gone without anyone being out was very disconcerting. But I remembered Percy and told him on the way from the field that the length of a cricket over was largely a function of the number of "overs" the teams decided to play, so things might not be as bad as they seemed.

"How many overs to go?" I asked Ed the Syrian, whose position was closest to mine.

"Twenty-eight," he shouted helpfully.

Now let's see. Two overs had to go, say, ten minutes. Twenty-eight overs would take only . . . two and a

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! And then we had to bat. Omigod omigod. Five hours! Five hours! Five hours!

was 1:15 P.M., a quarter past in the morning New York time. You can learn a lot in five hours. Between yawns—I had the opportunity to observe two anthropological phenomena of considerable interest. There was the behavior of the crowd, or “the fans,” as we call them in America. Everyone in the gallery with the exception of a few mavericks was under the age of three had his or her head stuck in either the *Times* or the *Post* and appeared to be totally unaware that a cricket match was in progress. Nevertheless, every time something significant happened on the field, the gallery responded. Moreover, whenever the action of the match warranted it, from behind this box of newsprint would come a cheer, or precisely the opposite of what you would have thought was appropriate. When, for instance, an Australian batsman was “bowled,” i.e., when our bowler threw the ball by the stumps and knocked over the wicket, the Australian, being out, would begin to shuffle off the field. Somehow the crowd did not sense what had happened, put down their newspapers, and favor him with an enthusiastic round of applause. When he approached the sidelines. One day, before, this same batsman might have hit a tremendous drive that went over the boundary and accounted for four runs, but the only reaction in the gallery would have been one or two people turning a page. In order to win the match, it appeared, you had to do nothing wrong.

The second phenomenon was linguistic as well as anthropological. It involved the extensive use of the adverb “well.” But this requires some preliminary explanation.

In cricket one says only nice things to one's opponents. Leo Durocher is famous for this. And if one is in the gallery, one says only nice things to the players, which means the players on the team you're rooting against as well as those on the team you're supporting. It is this extreme politesse that explains the strange reversal of reactions just described. Rather than cheer the bowler when he bowls a batsman out, one cheers the batsman for his valiant efforts, at the same time saluting the bowler for having bowled him out, but only by impli-



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Children, Incorporated

This is all very well as long as the action produces someone on the vic-timated team who can be applauded. But what happens when it doesn't? If someone has done something praise-worthy, it's hardly fair to ignore him just because you can't single out any one person as the principal sufferer. This is where "well" comes in. By using "well" in conjunction with an appropriate past participle, e.g., bowled, run, thrown, one can praise a deed while at the same time main-taining the maximum psychological distance from the consequences of the deed. If something was "well done," in other words, it was accomplished on a sort of abstract Platonic level of excellence, and the issue of its having benefited one team or disadvantaged another never arises. And should you wish to take special precautions against inadvertently giving offense, you can avail yourself of yet another phrase: "Bad luck!" A cry of "Bad luck!" suggests to the opposing team that whatever incompetence it has just displayed is only a malign quirk of fate for which no one, least of all the perpetrator, is responsible. Used together with "Well done," "Bad luck!" effectively precludes even the slightest breach of etiquette.

Of course, all this etiquette lying around unbreached can give rise to some fairly ludicrous results. A bats-man hits a routine ground ball, for example. The fielder responsible falls down while chasing it, fumbles it when he finally catches up with it, and throws it inaccurately when he finally gets ahold of it. The reaction: he is wildly applauded from the sidelines, consoled on his extraordinary bad luck by the opposing team, and con-strained to join in the swelling *lau-damus* being sung in the batsman's honor with enthusiastic cries of "Well hit!" If the fielder, who shall remain anonymous, is American, has never played cricket before, and is silently vowing never to play cricket again, you can take my word for it that he will find himself very much at a loss.

Then it was halftime at Villa Doria Pamphili, or cricket's equivalent of halftime, and even the Precision-120-Piece - University - of - Southern Cali-fornia-Trojan Marching Band would have been hard pressed to put on a more impressive demonstration. Though food and drink was laid out to feed Sidney Greenstreet: sand-wiches, cheese, fruit, tea, soft drinks, and lots and lots of beer.

WITH THE SUN sinking low in the sky and everyone pleasantly bloated, the spectators went back to their newspapers. The Australians took up their positions in the field, and Percy and Max, our first two bats-men, stumbled out toward the wickets leaving a dozen or so beer bottles in their wake. Given their exertions dur-ing "tea" (as halftime is euphemisti-cally called) it took them both a little while to get their eyes focused, let alone "in." Once they did, though, they started hitting at a healthy pace, and after twelve overs we had scored fifty-seven runs.

Then Percy got bowled. The Aus-tralians gave a particularly cheerful rendition of "Bad luck!" when this happened, because Percy was fully half the War Graves offense. Sure enough, the wickets started falling very regularly after his departure, and after about the seventh one fell I got word that I might have to bat.

And so it came to pass. It was after the third bowl of the twenty-ninth over. The score was 117 for them, 110 for us. As I walked in heavily encumbered by leg pads, plastic groin protector, and the thick wooden slab of a cricket bat I'd been handed, Percy called out to me, "Guard the wicket." Unaccountably, I understood what he meant. If I could survive the three bowls remaining in the twenty-ninth over, The Australians would have to bowl to Alonzo to start the thirtieth, and there was just a chance that he might be able to score eight runs.

Grimly, I settled in front of the wicket. About ninety feet away from me the bowler began his run-up. Whoosh came the ball. Whoosh I swung. Whoosh I missed com-pletely. Clonk—thank God!—the ball bounced at my feet, passed me, and went over—not into—the wicket. One down, two to go. The next bowl was off-speed. I reached out and tapped it in what I thought was a consummately professional manner. "Getting my eye in," I remarked off-handedly to the wicket-keeper. "Well planned," he replied.

The third bowl came very fast and low, so fast that it hit my bat while I was taking my backswing and nipped off smartly to the left. Glow-ing at the prospect of my first run, I started to dash toward Alonzo's wicket. Instead of running toward my wicket in the proper spirit of cooperation, however, Alonzo was

frenziedly shouting. "Go back back!"

I was halfway between the wickets when I realized that I had hit the last bowl of the over and that if Alonzo and I changed places now I would keep on batting. Was it likely I would score seven runs? Is Alonzo Hefner a virgin? Omigod or omigod. By cunningly tripping my leg pads and still more cunningly falling in the direction I was running I just barely managed to get back to my wicket before the ball. "Well done," said the wicket-keeper.

So it was all up to Alonzo. He started off in fine style by justifying the first bowl, which had cost us fast that it kept right on going to the boundary once he deflected it for an automatic four runs. The second and third bowls he hit too close to foot to allow us to score, but the fourth he slapped to his right and we took one. One run was easy, but when we turned to head back we saw we could not make it. That's how I got to be the man of the hour.

There I was: two bowls left, 115 the score, last over, seventh of the World Series, bottom of the ninth, bases loaded, two out, Yankees 3-Mets 0. Shea Stadium in a roar. The rest of the nation breaking before their television sets. The lery at Villa Doria Pamphili—ing up from its newspapers!

The bowler charged. The ball came. The bat cleft the air. At the top of the most unutterably gorgeous follow-throughs since Walter Ringer the ball crashed into the wicket behind me, and an enormously ju-bilant cry of "Bad luck!" split the sky.

DON'T FEEL BAD," Percy said. "That's right," agreed Alonzo. "Don't feel bad."

"All right," I said. "I'll try to feel bad."

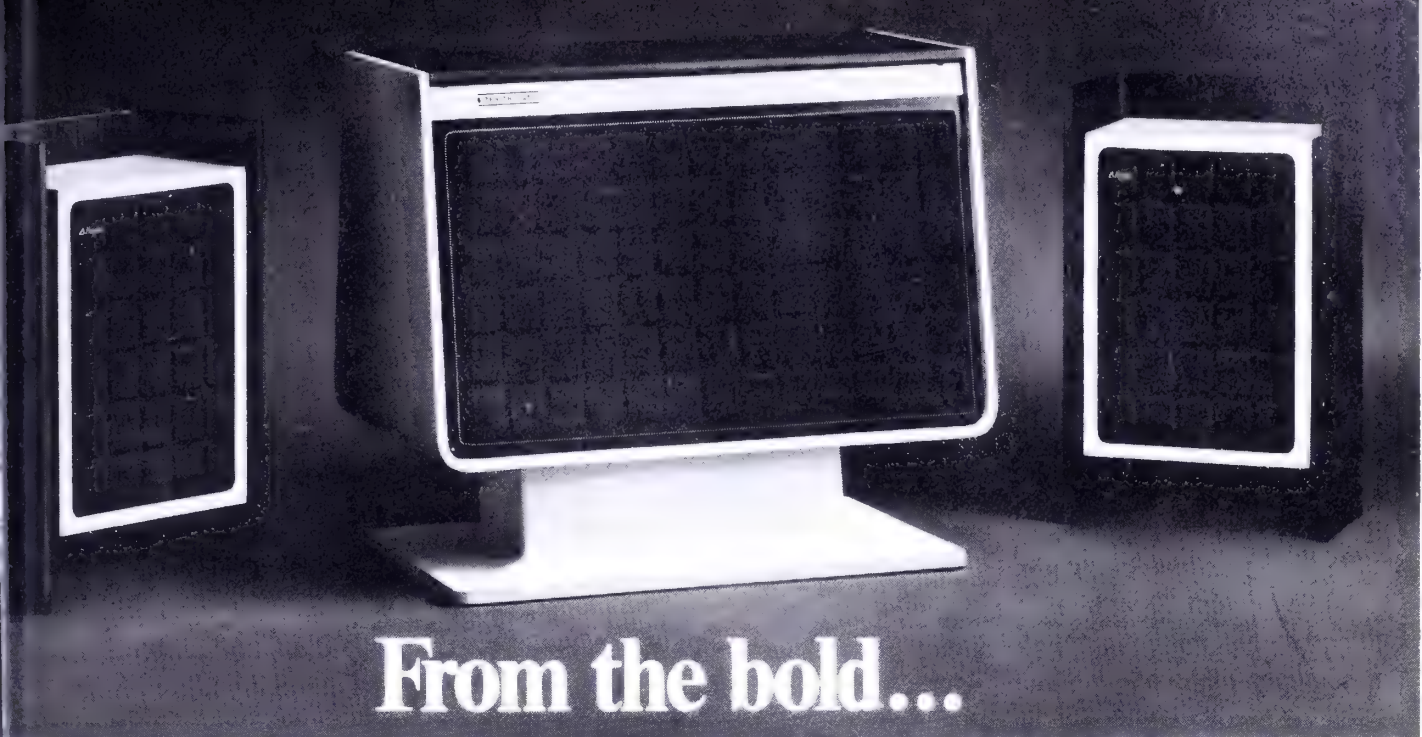
"After all," Percy went on, "there's always next week."

"He's right, you know," said Alonzo. "There is always next week."

"You mean you want me to stop playing for you?" I asked in a baffled amazement.

Percy patted me on the shoulder, secure in the belief that he was comforting me. "Bob, there will always be a place for you with War Graves."

I wasn't comforted. In New York the clocks struck noon.



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D966, bottom) offers the ultimate in fine-furniture stereo. 320 watts of peak power driving eight air-suspension speakers, in a magnificent Mediterranean-styled cabinet with hinged front louvers that let you direct the sound to any part of the room. Plus a master control panel with professional slide controls for bass, treble, contour, and balance, and a full series of "Instant-Touch" switches that light up and activate additional functions at the slightest finger pressure.

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ART AND ARTIFICE IN NETWORK NEWS

Sculpting the event into pleasing form

YOU MAY NEVER have cared to analyze the literary aspects of the television ad in which Fat Ralph sits on the edge of his bed and keeps his wife awake by groaning, "I can't believe I ate that whole thing!" But the ad is not without poetry and drama. It has a chorus (in almost perfect iambic pentameter), physical suffering, character contrast, marital conflict, and a comedic resolution generated by patient wifely wisdom and a deus-ex-tinfoil.

Three factors militate against our regarding the Alka-Seltzer ad as art. First, most everyday happenings are relatively poor in artistic quality. Fat Ralph's dyspeptic insomnia falls far nearer zero on the aesthetic scale than does, say, Macbeth's lament over "sleep that knits up the ravel'd sleeve of care." Second, we approach very

cumstances as artifacts, it would soon become tiresome to do so. The experience of art gains part of its psychological value from its very extraordinariness: we turn to music, films, or literature because they "take us out" of ourselves and our jumbled surroundings for a while.



Harry Reasoner, ABC

Nevertheless, for the past twenty years or so, an increasing number of artists and critics have been directing our attention toward the aesthetic potential of the commonplace: Warhol gave us Brillo boxes and soup labels; serious architects have begun to celebrate gas stations and pizza parlors; poets "find" poetry everywhere; composers have incorporated "real" noises into their works; underground films show us long segments of unedited reality.

One would expect that commercial-television programming and advertising should be a major subject for this new, iconoclastic aesthetic scrutiny. After all, approximately forty million

Americans watched *Marcus Welby, M.D.* each week last season. But, because of vestigial academicism or because it bears too strong a resemblance to "real" film and drama, "shlock" TV remains the disowned daughter of Pop Culture. This neglect is lamentable because it keeps TV in a cultural doghouse, where, I believe, it has never belonged. More important, in at least one area—documentary and news programming—failure to apprehend the artifice in what we see on television may have practical implications for our "real" lives. It is crucial that we understand how producers mingle art and reality in their news shows so we can at least learn to separate the two elements.



Walter Cronkite, CBS

APPROXIMATELY fifty million people watch Cronkite, Chancellor, Reasoner and Smith every weekday evening. I hazard the guess that an overwhelming majority of the audience believes that network news keeps them "in touch" with the world at large. But I suggest that even



John Chancellor, NBC

few experiences with an attitude that makes us receptive to their aesthetic value. It would be pointless, although perhaps amusing, to explicate every phone call we make. Finally, even if it were pragmatically possible to view our ordinary actions and cir-

Dan Menaker is a copy editor at The New Yorker and a film critic for WBAI-FM. He watches television, "without apologies, quite a bit."

news fulfills this presumed of accurate communication, aneously and contradictorily s as art/entertainment—and second function vitiates the

of the evening network news begins with a scenario. On CBS Cronkite, often scribbling to the last second, is first profile. An announcer, speak- ewhat loudly over the exciting of teletype machines, intro- e show and Cronkite; he then he name and location of each ndent, as the same informa- rperimposed in white printing opening shot. On NBC John or sits to the side of an over- endar month, with today's cled, and tells the audience e stories to be covered, often ng interrelationships among n ABC the opening format is re complicated, but Reasoner th do make use of pictures for a stories and a listing for the rtant ones.

h network the ritual opening es the theme of the entire : excitement governed by he announcer projects inten- do Chancellor and Smith): ng of events to be covered control and structure. A pat- f decreasing importance ens the audience's sense of : all three news organiza- most invariably start with ey consider the "biggest" d then proceed to matters of and smaller dimension. On enings, the first few reports h international affairs—the ietnamese Army staging one patented dramatic come- another agreement handed om a Summit, Britain over- he thirteenth in a seemingly ble series of procedural ob- o joining the Common Mar- al the anchormen present them roprately grave mien and in tones. The middle distance ted with more fragmentary news—the House-Senate over the anti-busing amend- the higher-education bill, Ford or GM recall (this one ed by the discovery that for mayonnaise was inadvertently ed for transmission fluid at a plant), the Republican gov- conference—which anchor- correspondents report more

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NETWORK NEWS

chattily, unless, of course, the dealing with some local disaster conclusion of many network programs strives for humor or, less, justified by Broader Social significance. CBS occasionally ends a report by Charles Kuralt "On the Road," examining, say, the efforts of a Menominee, Wisconsin, seniors group to form a semipro jazz team. Chancellor or Reasoner mingles with a funny marijuana smoker or an all-of-us-are-human-animal (Chief Justice Burger gets a free ticket).

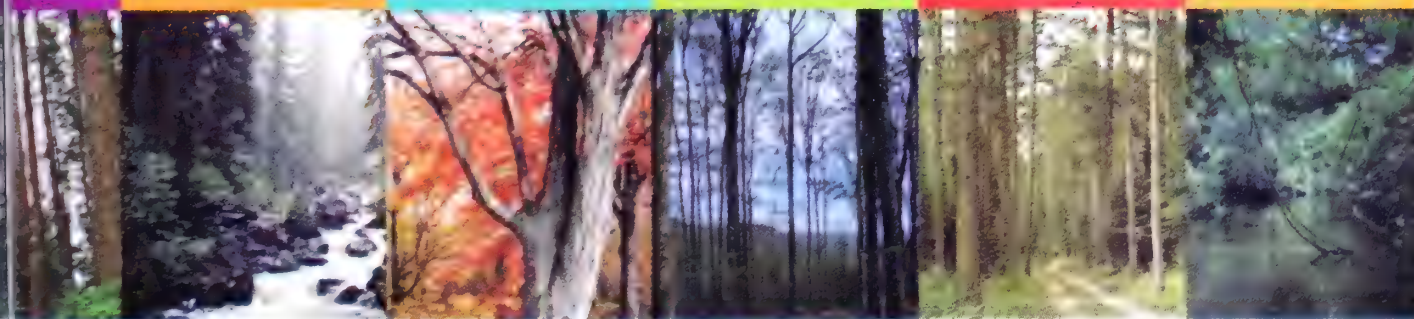
This thirty-minute diminution is especially when it ends on a cheerful note, promotes an illusion of work accomplished. It implies simply watching a news program as a meaningful task and that if we see the whole thing through, we deserve a reward, a little fun. The show's overall structure also tends to cancel out or modify whatever urgency informs its content and belies the randomness of reality.

NETWORK-NEWS SHOWS routine use highly structured film and tape reports from correspondents in the field as building blocks in the total edifice. These reports generally follow a formal, almost ritualized pattern, of which the following is a hypothetical example:

CRONKITE: Zanzibar's Grand Satrap Mustafa Kelly visited the White House today for talks with President Nixon. Dan Rather narrates the report. [Cut to shot of White House lawn, followed by Satrap's debarcation from limousine, followed by shots of Nixon and Kelly shaking hands and grinning in the Trapezoidal Room and then disappearing into privacy. Rather narrates pictures.]

RATHER: Satrap Kelly, a man well known for his blunt, outspoken frankness, was expected to have some harsh words for Mr. Nixon concerning the President's plan to use Zanzibar, a tiny island republic for Navy target practice, and to settle its inhabitants in Joplin. The two leaders greeted each other warmly and joked about jet travel but many observers feel that the smiles may fade once serious talk begins. [Cut to a full-length shot of Rather standing in front of the White House, microphone in hand.] It is impossible to predict what the outcome of Kelly's visit will be, but one thing is certain: no one knows.

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NETWORK NEWS

how—or whether—the issue will be resolved. Dan Rather at the White House.

This facetious example illustrates the stylized construction of network news coverage. It has a beginning (Cronkite's introduction and fixing pictures), middle (graphic and verbal exposition), and, typically, end (Rather's on-camera summary statement). Whether it concerns a Vietnam counteroffensive, a German-Russian treaty agreement, or a Washington peace demonstration, each report is a self-contained summary of a self-contained half hour. The most predictable element of the filmed report—the correspondent's on-camera summary—embodies the pervasive atmosphere of controlled excitement mentioned earlier. It serves simultaneously as emotional denouement (concern over what will happen next, in our example, and formalistic completion. In most cases, the structural coherence dominates, and, again, cancels out the openness of the actual content. The appearance of the correspondent on camera and the "Dan Rather at the White House" jerk our attention away from the news and back to the news program. The reporter's narration of his name and location has come to sound like an incantation: *pax vobiscum*, a formulized platitude.

Our imaginary White House visit also exemplifies the news show's efforts to inject excitement into relatively symbolic events—signings, arrivals, departures, press conferences, meetings, government announcements, speeches, appointments, and so on. In fact, much of TV news consists of ersatz verbal and visual drama masquerading as the drama that the real world lies behind a resignation, say, or an increase in the cost of living. Eyewitness stories about unplanned action are unusual, at best (except for the relentless battle reports from Vietnam). And even when the networks are "lucky" enough to have a camera crew and newsmen on hand at a spontaneous event (as they did for the shooting of George Jackson), they inevitably edit the film to wrap it up in smooth prose, if they have the time, so as to maintain as much consistency of product packaging as possible.

The instinct to control crisis by structural technique rules the network news program's settings, so

We want our products to be used as medicine.

Drugs".

The very word has come loaded with implications and meanings: social, legal, medical, philosophical.

Our area of special knowledge is medicine. And we intend our drugs to be used as medicine.

Prescribed by a physician, dispensed by a pharmacist, taken as directed.

But it would be short sighted and simplistic to stop there. Drug abuse is a severe national problem. Rooted deep in the fabric of our lives.

We don't think the answer lies in shifting the responsibility to the social scientists or the lawmakers or the physicians. The answer is for all of us to make a massive effort. Cooperatively.

We are actively at work. PMA companies with related research experience have accelerated their programs, looking for effective narcotic antagonists.

So far no miracles. But our commitment has been made:

To research, to drug education, and to continue our support of legislation to combat illegal drug usage.

So that "drugs" can simply mean—good medicine.

The Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association

Send for our free booklet, "When It Comes to Rx Medicines There Are A Lot of Questions You Should Ask." It'll give you a lot of answers. Write to The Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association, Dept. HA4, 1155 Fifteenth St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20005.

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picture tube

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RCA XL-100s have a fiddle-free tuning system—with a flexibility feature most other sets don't have. RCA's AccuMatic color monitor makes it simple to custom tune color to your individual preference... and keep it that way.

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Color you can count on

RCA XL-100

raphics, as well as its copy and (have already remarked on the ate sense of urgency created by letype clatter audible during the ng of the *CBS Evening News*. examples abound: again on the calm and spacious cerulean d much of Cronkite's reporting as a visual antagonist to con- and involvement. (NBC favors r background colors, like navy ck, which lend intimacy as well dness, whereas ABC uses red or e settings, which are hot and ional.) Although these studio rounds have a basic color e, they are also used in other . All three networks supplement anchormen's words with various of rear-screen graphics—maps, ngs, still photographs, organi- logos, and so forth. Many of devices (such as the jagged Ex- onist silhouette of a fist clench- rifle, which ABC has used to ate guerrilla news) are dis- gely noninformational in them- , but their most striking general tic quality is the magical ease hich they are summoned forth. ellor says, "In Vietnam today," resto! a bright red map of that guered nation appears behind "U.S. B52s carried out more bombing raids on Hanoi," he ues, and Shazam! little white s appear on the map over North am with little white sunbursts enting bomb explosions. The en never even take notice of light shows; they conjure them d coolly ignore them. The an- en skip by map, satellite, tele- , and film all over the world, ng into one crisis after another, lways keeping their emotional ce, like master magicians who m sensational feats in a de- l, almost routine manner. e men perform as consummate c, even if they are simply being elves. Walter Cronkite's pater- rsona has been the subject of analysis. Roger Mudd, Cron- heir apparent at CBS, sounds ooks substantial. He is a rela- e young man, but his folksy ern solidity makes him seem d experienced. Mudd's speech ions constantly hover on the of irony, as if he were saying, I ble and serious and will tell you n-home kind of truth, but let's of us lose perspective and get rious. John Chancellor is less

the father and more the friend—the friend who knows a lot and lets you in on it. Harry Reasoner often appears open and vulnerable—an innocent, impressionable man-child. His colleague, Howard K. Smith, is prudent and authoritarian, though his high voice offsets the firmness a little. David Brinkley is smart-alecky, cynical, impish; he habitually asks barbed rhetorical questions and seems to treasure his opportunities to make trouble. Eric Sevareid always looks and sounds weary; he represents pure reason besieged by irrational extremism. Most of the players in the three troupes are physically attractive and aurally elegant. An obese, ugly, or squeaky-voiced newsman, though he might be professionally qualified, could not meet the nonjournalistic requirements of a network correspondent's job. The competition for ratings, one assumes, must lead the three organizations to seek reporters with stage appeal, which, like dramatic structure and entertaining graphics, to some degree blurs the audience's vision of reality.

One may argue that coherent structure and dramatic delivery consti-

tute precisely the right kinds of bait for luring an apathetic TV viewer toward interest in what is going on in the world outside of his personal concerns. That argument may be valid, but it misses the point: the methods used to capture the viewer's interest in a news program are simultaneously diverting and entertaining in themselves; unlike Cleopatra, the news shows satisfy where most they make hungry. And while it may be true that *any* successful attempt to distill reality into dramatic order becomes to some extent self-contained and "unreal," most such efforts—films, paintings, well-told stories, novels, musicals—are at least in part *presented* as works of art and entertainment.

The three network-news programs are for many Americans the only available mirror of the world at large. And they are fun-house mirrors: they shrink, elongate, widen, narrow, lighten, or exaggerate what stands before them. I do not know whether these images could be corrected or even that they ought to be corrected. I do know that we must see them for what they are, for we do not live in a fun house. □

J&B That's Italian isn't it?

When young Giacomo Justerini left Bologna for London in 1749 he had in mind only to pursue the woman he loved. A beautiful opera singer named Margherita Bellino.

But while courting that lady, he struck up a partnership with a Londoner and they became purveyors of distilled spirits. The romance eventually died but the business has grown steadily ever since, more than two centuries.

From virtually the beginning Justerini and Brooks has been a favorite of European royalty. And hundreds of historically important people like Charles Dickens have been customers.

Today, their most famous product, J & B Rare Scotch, is enjoyed by drinkers all over the world.



JUSTERINI
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Hampton Hawes and Don Asher

WHERE I'M AT NOW

Hampton Hawes plays his way out of the pen

TO FIGURE OUT where I'm at today, how I progressed from the hop years of the late Forties and Fifties to the new album I just cut (my thirty-fifth or thereabouts)—seven original tunes on which I play four electric keyboards and a Moog Synthesizer that can get a flute sound like a drunk cobra coming out of a green basket in Egypt—to understand why I don't play "All the Things You Are" anymore and can walk away from Bird and Tatum records 'cause I'm tired of having to listen to dead giants to make me feel good, you'd have to go back thirty-five years to the neighborhood of 35th and Denker in West Los Angeles.

My father was a Presbyterian minister, not one of the jacklegs, as we called them, with their rich robes and voices, eyes all aglitter watching the Sunday collection plates come in (and Mondays be out juicing, seven-card stud, balling anything they could lay their hands on), but a straight-ahead believing ordained minister. My brother and I called him Sevens 'cause when he went hunting in his funny coat and hat he looked like someone out of 1847. People poured into his church on Sunday mornings like driving into a gas station to tank up with enough fuel to see them through the rest of the week. Get your ass kicked outside or come on in, brothers and sisters, get down on your knees and pray to God. Ready to write testimonials to the good things that happened to them because of their faith. They weren't bad people, just hurt and blind and scared. The church was their strength, the only thing they had where no one would mess with them.

When I was six, I was given a little gold Sunday school pin that was the reward you got for a year's good attendance. But two years later I was listening to Freddie Slack (bad cat), and Fats Waller (very bad cat), and Earl Hines (unbelievably bad cat).

Don Asher is a jazz pianist and a novelist. His latest book is *The Electric Cotillion*.



Hampton Hawes

playing his "Boogie Woogie on St. Louis Blues" and stopped going to the gas station Sundays, using the time to pick out that stuff on our parlor piano. One of my sisters, thinking she was helping Sevens combat boogie on Sunday—holding off the Lord's wrath—took to locking the piano. I finally found the place she'd hid the key, so when the family took off for church Sunday mornings I'd unlock, play my stuff, and when it was time for them to come home, lock it back up, pick up my Batman comics and Terry and the Pirates, and be sitting there cool when they walked in.

Now, it must sound strange that a black minister might not be too keen on having his own kid play the inbred music of the times, so to speak. But in the neighborhood of 35th and Denker the heroes of the black community were George Washington Carver and Rochester. Fats and Louis and Earl Hines were looked down on, were a source of pride only to the street people, pimps, and nightclub habitués. Those cats played in clubs where booze was served to gangsters and other people of ill repute, and where chicks in groovy dresses

smoked cigarettes. All that was considered heavy sin, but it sounded fun to me and made a lot more sense than kneelin' down on a hard wooden floor in a starched white shirt saying Hallelujah all the goddamn day. I agree the piano so much, I figured the other part of the scene must be cool too. I didn't think at the time that I might have a talent or gift, it was just freedom and the music drawing me.

The important thing is, a lot of the best black musicians had fathers in the ministry. Charlie Parker's father was Bishop Peter E. Parker and Duke Cole's father was a minister. Did it? When I was in my teens and started hanging out and jamming with the cats, they'd say, Come by my house. And when I came by their houses and met their mothers and sisters, their mothers and sisters would remind me of people I used to see in my father's church on Sunday. So we were the first generation to rebel, playing the bop, trying to be different, going through a lot of changes and getting strung out in the process. *What the crazy niggers doin' playin' that crazy music?* Wild. Out of the jungle, as long as they're not lootin' no stores or shootin' our asses, leave 'em alone.

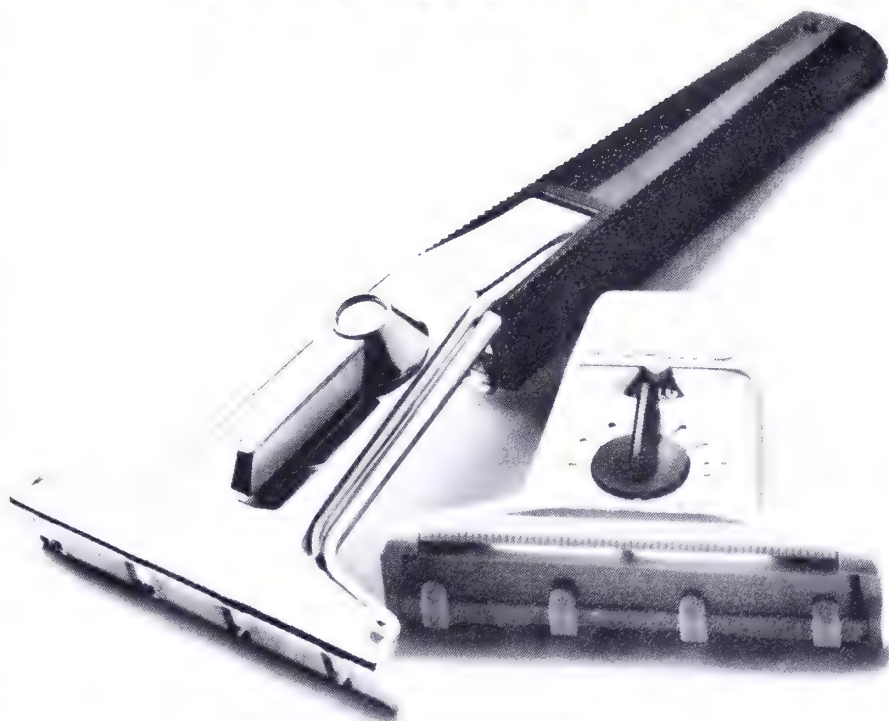
Though we were rebelling, we were doing it musically, nonviolently, and most people didn't know what was coming down. Our rebellion was a lonely thing, a form of survival. We were pilgrims, the freaks of the Forties and Fifties. The kids rebelling with their music today got a whole Woodstock nation behind them.

When I became semi-famous recording and winning some poll prizes, *Down Beat* and *Metronome*, my family hardly ever came to hear me—my sisters once in a great while, never my father or brother. They didn't understand where I was coming from. But what they'd do is when I sent them one of my albums if the jacket made a pretty picture (never mind if it bore a good likeness of me), why they'd put it in a frame and hang it up on the wall.

I WAS PLAYING the Embers
ew York making \$1,500 a
ople flattering me, buying me
the young players from the
dropping by, making me feel
d groovy, asking me, What's
t, man, how come the white
don't get it like you? I
back to the church and the
iano, all those years getting
Army years, Yokohama and
der the gun, various dun-
trung out... What's the se-
shipped it on them, putting
easy-like. What I told them
n I was a kid the white kids
amas could afford the lessons
ying Mozart and Chopin and
church picking up on "You
es, I got shoes, all God's
..." then afterward we ate
liard greens, women in bed-
ppers cookin' ham hocks in
hen hummin' *Mm-hmm*, so
started playin' naturally it
t "You got shoes, I got shoes
hmm," and if you'd been
en you was four you would've
o playin' the same thing. Shit.
secret. No two different kinds
just *areas* of music.

ker hits an F chord it's an F
'll grant you, some suckers
oler than others, but it really
secret. Many blacks play
ause they don't know nothin'
t oughta get good experi-
that shit for two hundred
hat messes us up is we're pro-
l to do this and that; if you
be educated and civilized you
e closed up—a secret. When
ut I might want to be a sci-
a lawyer Sevens was going
one to USC. But he scared me:
"Well, I'll send you there but
er make A's," so when the cat
ext block said, Come by my
d we'll play some music, that
n way to go, earn my diploma,
and soulful; get it together.
n. Feel positive. When your
oes into the world, you're
ou ain't no secret. Babies and
a have no secrets. An animal
c an animal in the park in
everybody. A baby boy or
i see in your face, cry, turn all
shake, so you put a diaper on
hold him, ain't no secret.
i can play the blues is I got
ut in the streets and eat col-
gens; well, using that kind of
t re might just be some other
o reens that are *better* for play-

Save your skin.



Gillette Techmatic.
It's tough on your beard.
Not on your face.

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in' blues. Ain't no secrets about feelin' or cryin' or bein' scared. The only righteous secret is not to *have any* secrets. Everybody got his own shot, his own way to come in.

The labels have been stuck so fast for so many years it's hard tearin' 'em away. Lots of ofays still think we all play boogie woogie and shine shoes, but I'll tell you, the most prejudiced, jivest, complex, untogether race in the world is blacks. There are so many divisions, so many gradations of color, that's why it's taken us so long to get anywhere; all those years black, brown, high yeller shovin' each other to get closer to the front of the bus. Survival. Mm-hmm.

Jimmy Rushing, the great blues singer who was with Count Basie's band when I was reading Batman comics, hired me a couple of years ago to back him up on a gig in San Francisco. We were out of different eras, thirty years apart, and he had never heard me play. Was skeptical of me because he knew I'd been born and bred in Southern California. But you know, after he heard me take my first chorus of blues he said, "Son, you may o' been brought up in L.A. but you had to have eaten blackeyed peas in Mississippi somewhere along the line." So those inbred prejudices stick like flies in molasses.

It wasn't so long ago I was still running up my banners, thinking, How dare these new kids steal my stuff, play it so bad, and make all that bread? It was the way the older musicians felt about Bird getting all that fame and glory in the Forties. Now look at me: electric keyboards, digging Stevie Wonder. Look at my hair, my clothes; and wait'll you hear my album. I've pulled my banners down and put my armor aside. The styles are coming together, the labels finally loosening and falling away.

But sometimes you can't help looking back. The years when it seemed like every day was Sunday, Reverend Hawes this and Reverend Hawes that, broads in their stiff white dresses jumping up and down, "We see the light, Reverend, and the light is radiant!" (*Shun the weed, keep idle hands out of your pockets.*) "Tell it all, Reverend!" (*Don't lift the little girls' dresses.*) "Care to drop by for some chicken, Reverend Hawes?" . . . And you know, all those years I would've given anything to hear someone say, no airs or pomp or formality, just, "Hello, Mr. Hawes," or

"Hey, man."

So three decades later the prodigal son packed some clothes and took off for Mexico to kick. I had a friend down there with a ranch. I said, "Sevener, I'm goin' to Mexico, I'm sick." He said, "Well, I'll give you some milk of magnesia," and I thought, Motherfucker, I'm using *heroin*, I got a two-year habit, what you talkin' about milk of magnesia?

THERE WERE SO MANY good people who got busted in the decade between '55 and '65 that didn't deserve it. Friends of mine who were caught in the same dragnet as me and tried to fight it got twenty years. They should have known better because those of our generation who were using and rebelling were getting slammed down hard and the word going around was, It's no use, be cool. So I pleaded guilty and got a dime [ten years].

I was sent to Fort Worth Hospital, which was a relief; I'd been there twice before voluntarily. After the physical I was taken up to the kick ward, which is just what it implies: the people coming off the streets are held there until they're considered clean enough to be turned out into the population.

The doctor they sent to interview me looked over my medical records and said, "You sure have done a lot of crazy things, Hampton." I told him that at the time I did them it didn't seem to make any difference whether I did them or not. He said, "Would you like to stay at Fort Worth?" I said, "What difference does it make? I'm locked up, got to stay somewhere, here or outside chained to a tree."

A couple of days following the interview I was released into the population and assigned to a regular ward. Probably decided this cat's so messed up, been strung out so long, we better keep him here for psychiatric treatment; if he gets too funny we can always ship him out. What they were doing then was leaving it up to me, which was the best thing they could have done.

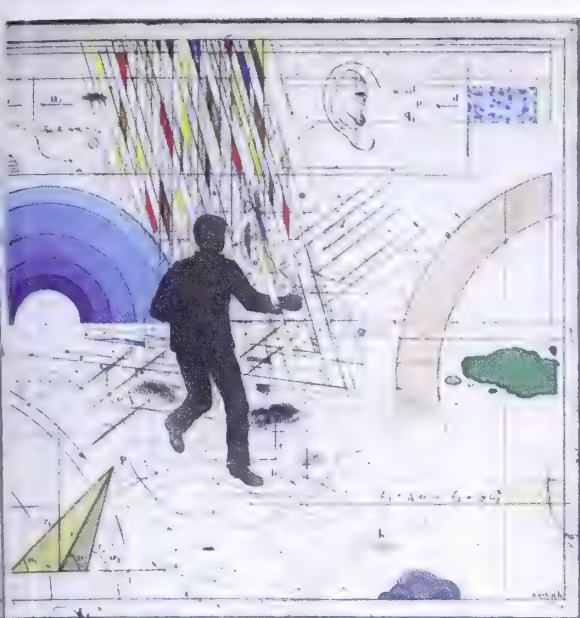
In an innocent, ungrievous kind of way those doctors were like the jack-leg preachers, all robes and ceremony. It wasn't that any of them was dumb or incompetent, but if you start with someone like me who has come out of the haven of the church into the streets, playing jazz and messing with

dope, why there's no white psychiatrist in the wide world qualified to analyze me because, wherever you would start from, his thinking is going to be alien and wrong. There is no way he can possibly conceive what I'm coming from. So it isn't his fault that he doesn't know what he's doing.

The first night I was assigned to a ward I could feel the buzzing of electricity through the dining room. The word had filtered through the Hampton Hawes was down from the ward, and I guess it was inevitable there was going to be a session that night. I hadn't played piano in over seven months. When I walked into the bandroom after dinner it seemed like every cat in the hospital had passed, they were jammed in, sitting on top of the piano, spilling out into the tunnels. Bass and drums set up a couple of horns. We left the doors open and started playing, drawing some of the doctors and nurses to dig it—and a few funny Texas guards who didn't know what to make of the music. Well, we cooked pretty good, no one trying to shoot anyone else down, and I thought of the early days in New York when I was starting to make a reputation and the East Coast cats in their peacock feathers tried to cut me up like they tried to cut up anyone new on the scene (*chump, jump or I'll burn you up, you don't know nothin'*), calling far-out tunes with the hip change of tempos so fast if you didn't fly you fell—that's how you earned your diploma in the University of the Streets of New York. But no peacock feathers on view tonight, just easy blowing at old standards and one cat sitting at the piano, feet dangling in my face, calling down, "I heard about you before, you a bad motherfucker."

JUST AFTER MY SECOND Christmas in the joint I was watching John F. Kennedy accept the Presidency on the Washington steps. Something about the look of him, the voice in his eyes, way he stood bright and coat and proud in that cold air. I thought, That's the right cat, troubles are nearing an end.

The next day I told one of the medical officers I wanted to apply for a Presidential pardon. He said, That's the root of your trouble, Hampton, you refuse to be realistic. When you leave here you're probably going to go back to dope because you'll still



artist: p. sovak

al
 ology has trapped us in a
 unnatural sound which
 ens our health, our thinking
 very sense of well-being.

deal
 n rediscover our own best
 s when we once again find
 et that has been lost.

at The Art Institute of Chicago

Total environmental noise is doubling every ten years. And unwanted sound forces up our blood pressure, tenses our muscles, frazzles our nerves.

But noise is an environmental enemy we can conquer with better urban planning, improved industrial design, well-planned legislation, sound-dampening

construction, and above all, respect for one another's right to quiet.

It's time for all of us to help plan ways for quieting things down—while we can still hear ourselves think.

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thinking unrealistic. As I said before, it wasn't basically their fault those doctors' heads were all fucked up.

They put so many obstacles in my path—warning me the effort would be useless and I'd be worse off than before—that it was a year before I even found out the name of the pardon attorney I had to contact. Late in 1962 the official form finally arrived: Application for Executive Clemency. Raft of pages in funny type and at the bottom of the first page the date 1923, so I knew nothing in this field had changed for a while.

Most of the brief was made up of routine information questions. The last page was the heavy one—the place where you explained your reasons. I decided I didn't want to make it a personal cry for help. What I did was send John Kennedy a directive: as you are the Commander-in-Chief it is my duty as a citizen to inform you that an injustice has been perpetrated, one of your people is being subjected to cruel and unjust punishment and it is your duty to consider the evidence and reciprocate. Made it professional and detached. I wasn't asking for a shoulder to cry on. And then to round it off I added some heavy legal shit in Latin I'd dug up in the library.

Now at the time I was in the honor ward. Established, nonfretting. Cool, docile, and not contemplating escape. I'd made a lot of friends among the staff and started collecting letters of recommendation to go with the brief.

In April of 1963 I made my move, sent along the application and eighteen letters to the President, and tried to forget about it.

On August 16, 1963, my Commander came through.

I woke up in the morning just as I'd been doing for five years, took my funny little case into the can to wash up and brush my teeth, headed for chow as usual, here's another day, man, and was stopped by a security guard. Deputy medical officer wants you at the administration building. The guard drove me over.

Doctor Kay, the deputy MO, said, "Good morning, Hampton." Cool. Behind his desk were two flags, the American flag and the Public Health Service flag, and between them a big color picture of John F. "I've got some news for you, Hampton." He turned and called through a doorway to another doctor, and now his voice was shaking a little—"Would you come in, Bob? I want you to hear

this." He showed Bob the paper. "Ever see one of these?" Bob's eyes got wide and he shook his head. "Never." So the two top cats in the hospital told me to my face that my struggle was over, the long five years were over, and I wouldn't have to do the other five. Executive clemency by authority of the President of the United States. I had my final diploma.

I sat down and asked them to read it again.

That's it then, I said. Yeah, they said. I said, when can I leave. They said forthwith.

By the time I got back to the chow hall the grapevine was already alive, word spreading like flash fire. Nine hundred suckers in there eating breakfast, and most of them seemed to be jumping up against the rules, crowding around to shake my hand. I moved through it all wooden, like a dead limb, hardly reacting to any of it 'cause you can't immediately react to something that heavy. We were moving through the tunnels—aides, security guards, some nurses, a lot of well-wishers tagging along, all those cats I wasn't going to see anymore, taking me to some building to be processed out; records put in order, personal stuff gathered, bags packed, put him in a suit and tie, make a plane reservation.

I haven't shaved yet, I said, dazed.

Hasn't shaved yet! Man's sprung him and the crazy motherfucker wants to shave.

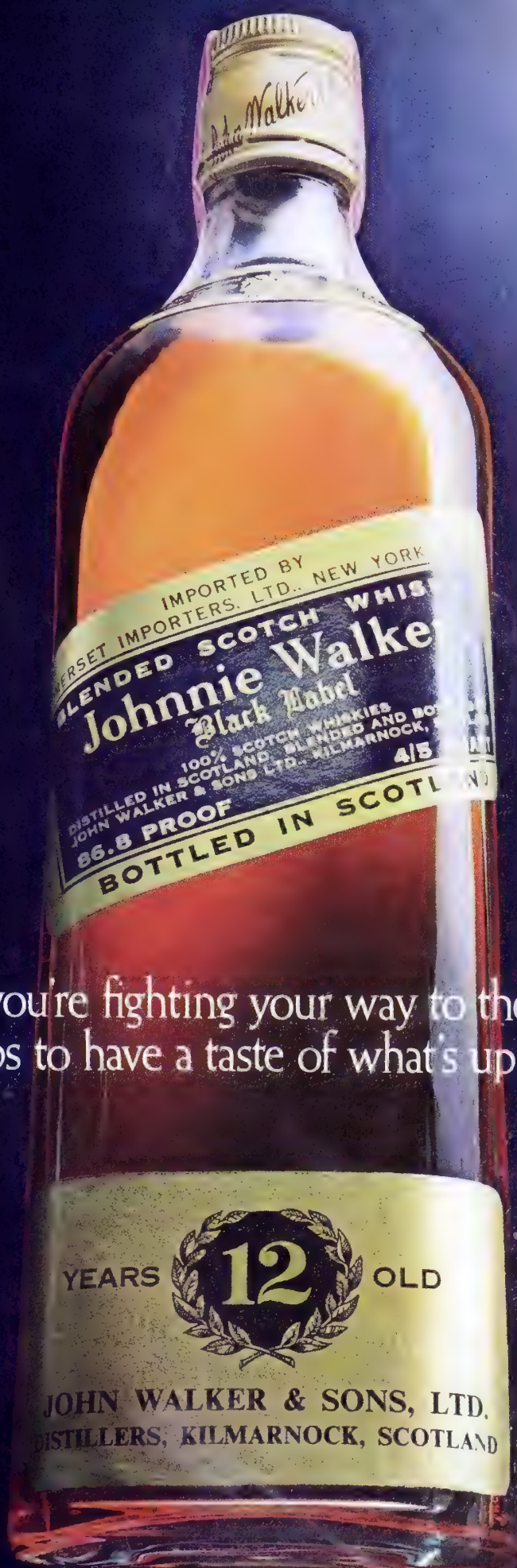
Someone drove me to Dr. Kay's house on the edge of the grounds. Don't know what I was doing there but I was upstairs shaving in his pink tiled bathroom, going through the motions looking at myself quiet and stone dumb in the mirror, when his wife busted in so glad and excited she practically jumped on my back, hugging me then backing off and looking at me with shaving cream on her face and tears in her eyes. And the doctor calling up to get my ass downstairs 'cause we had to get to the airport.

Next thing I remember I was drinking a toast with his family downstairs, and now the curtains were parting a bit, clear light showing through, and it began to come in on me what had happened. August, Texas, dig it. Hot as blazes in the little linoleum kitchen. My first drink in five years. Made it. President told them to let me go. Right? Laid it on him in Latin. Some hope left in the world. Nine years

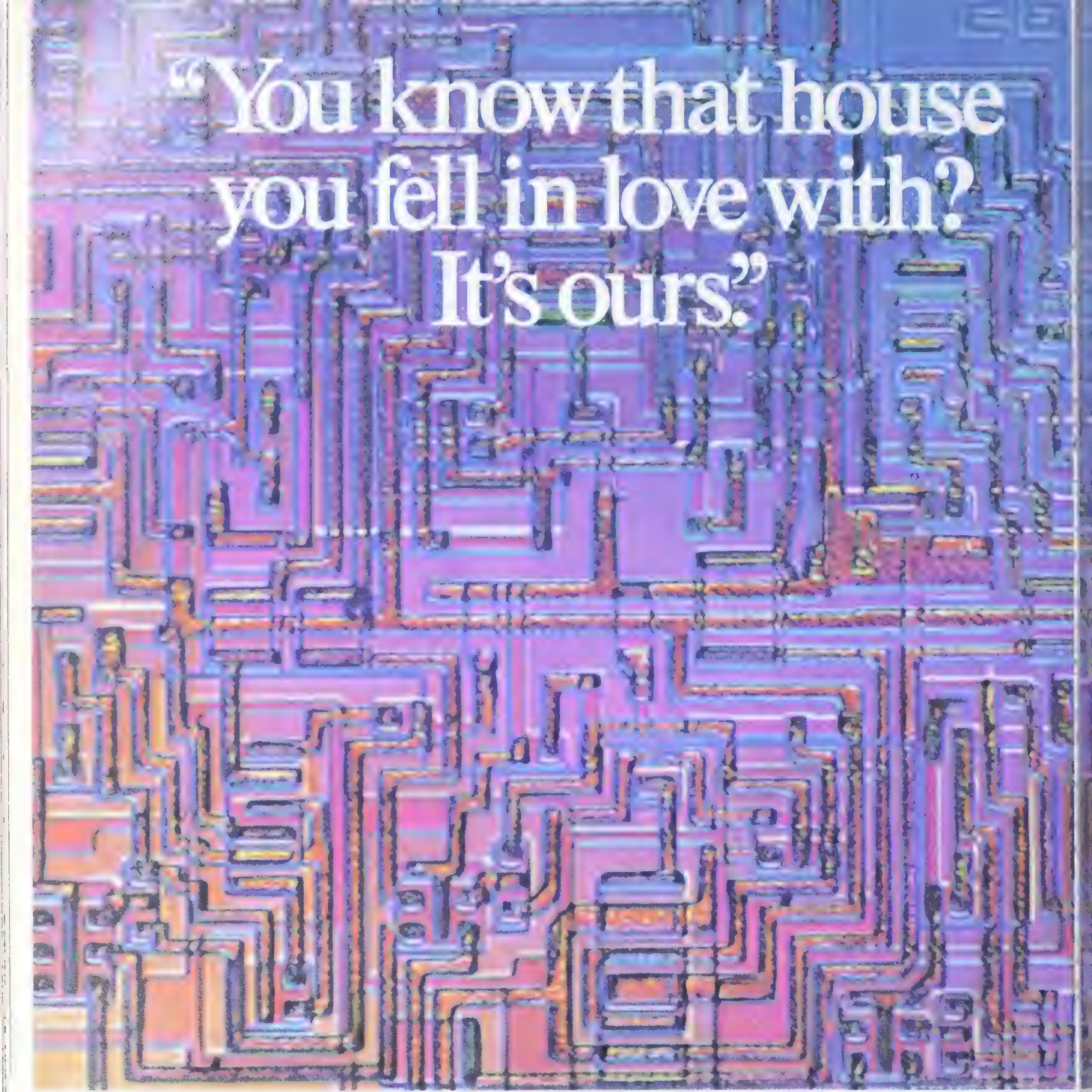
strung out, all those hospitals dungeons, right? Made it, kiel. Standing up with this fine fan tall, straight, not fucked up. Looking good, feeling strong. Never been so confident before. And these people who'd helped me thinking a miracle had happened. Was no miracle. The only thing that happened was the most ordinary thing in the world—somebody was waiting over the country. President sitting up there in his tower and a scream for help had come out of the dungeon, filtered on up there. What happened was normal, the kind of thing that's supposed to happen if the son on the throne is watching a shop, doing his job. So how could be a miracle?

American Airlines lifting over Worth. Heading west, 30,000 feet over the Pecos River. Dig it. A little smiling stewardess in an orange cap coming in at me with the words I'd heard on the outside in years. "Good afternoon, sir, would you like coffee or a beverage?" I said, "Baby, please bring me a hard drink any kind at all." And when she turned with it, still smiling, the little cap perched just so on top of her hair, she said, "How was your day today?" Like I was coming back from a week's vacation on a dude ranch, visiting my old grandmammy in Leno. How was your day today. "Beautiful," I said.

YESTERDAY I FLEW UP to Berkeley to finish the overdubbing on my new album. Driving across the bridge to San Francisco afterward. I thought of what that medical officer had said about being realistic, how anybody who's realistic knows if he's in jail. President isn't about to get him out. And I thought if I'd listened to that dude I probably wouldn't be here today recording my new stuff, into electronic sounds, making it around town in my new denims with my new woman—renewed, looking forward, my head straight. Nine years struggling and the last nine straight since John F. came through for me. Remembering when I was a kid and heard a record with some cool changes and thought, Shit, I gotta get that down, and I did it and it felt good. Well, that's what I'm at now, only the times have changed and the music's different. Survival. Jumping in again.



As you're fighting your way to the top
it helps to have a taste of what's up there.



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COUNTERSIGNS

In defense of forgetting the POWs

requires a sad alienation from country not to care about American prisoners in Vietnam. Surely all sympathize with their relatives, selves prisoners of anxiety and uncertainty. Yet, the final irony is absurd war may be that we not afford great compassion for 18 captives and the 1,251 men hanging in action. Our compassion itself too easily to exploitation says that could prolong the war, and it.

Connoisseurs of political cynicism have witnessed anything so great as the manipulation of these prisoners. The manipulators include Jim little men in Hanoi, the gray man in the White House, and Candidate McGovern and his assorted singers. But for sheer connivance and bungling—Richard Nixon is to have overreached everyone. POWs appear to be Nixon's chief concern in his effort to win reelection as the war. While repeatedly expressing heartfelt concern for the prisoners, the President has seldom, however, acted in their real interests. Instead of speeding their return, Nixon's every move has somehow diminished their bargaining value—especially to North Vietnam.

At one point, the North released a prisoner, doubtless for propaganda purposes. Not to be outdone at that point, Nixon has made it harder to get anyone out except on his terms. Surrounding the problem, the irreparable "rescue" raid on the Son Tay POW camp (which proved to be a hoax) risked an instant massacre of the men actually been where U.S. intelligence claimed they were. Another Nixon tactic—resumed heavy bombing of the North—has obviously produced more and more prisoners. All of which strengthens the North's refusal to free any more POWs except on North's terms.

By reinforcing Administration propaganda, the North Vietnamese have meanwhile given many Americans no reason to believe that the prisoners

are being mistreated. They have forbidden Red Cross inspection of POW camps; and if war has any ethic, this is surely a breach of it. Hanoi argues that in signing the Geneva Convention, North Vietnam reserved the right to forbid inspection of captured "war criminals." Since most American POWs are aviators—alleged pulverizers of defenseless civilians—the North finds no reason to treat them as other than putative war criminals. Even so, the North Vietnamese have not staged the kind of show trials that presumably would prove their point. Moreover, they have practical as well as ideological reasons for rejecting inspection. By pinpointing POW camps, inspection would free the U.S. to bomb wider areas without fear of killing Americans; our side could also conduct more Son Tay raids with a far greater chance of success.

As a result, Hanoi has gained immensely valuable hostages, while the President scores debater's points that impress the American electorate. The more we fail to achieve instant release, the more Nixon demands it—unless, be it noted, the Communists offer it as a *quid pro quo* for halting the war on other than Nixon's terms. This raises a certain doubt about his motives. The President retains an old fondness for either/or rhetoric. Either you entrust the peacemaking to him, for example, or you will share blame for the inevitable "bloodbath" in Saigon. Either you back Thieu's regime, or you rise to "the height of immorality" in abandoning seventeen million South Vietnamese to Communism. So it goes for the prisoners, whose plight now resembles something out of *Alice in Wonderland*.

In midsummer, the Administration indignantly resisted a strong effort in Congress to force the President to withdraw all U.S. forces from Indochina before the election, conditional upon a concurrent POW release. This, of course, was the usual Democratic politicking. Presidents, not Congress,

conduct foreign relations. But Nixon could not resist prevailing by means of the old threats. Either he must have sole charge of the Paris talks, he said, or Congress would "prolong" the war by showing North Vietnam that it need only wait until after the election for a better deal. In fact, it may get a worse deal, because Nixon has an excellent chance of winning the election. Thus, we can expect even more exploitation of the hapless prisoners—this time by Candidate McGovern and the North Vietnamese, who might well suggest a piecemeal release that would thoroughly confuse American voters.

In truth, POWs are relatively well off; captivity is surely more desirable than a combatant's nearly fatal situation just before he is captured. Nor should we assume that our men are automatically mistreated. Their death rate, for example, is quite possibly lower than that of their captors, who in turn have every incentive to keep the Americans alive and healthy, if only in the hope that some will eventually testify to the ferocity of U.S. bombing. If the military's recent talk about preparing "hospitals" for released POWs is any indication, our side is a bit nervous about the prisoners' attitudes.

Painful as it may be, the beginning of wisdom in this sad affair is to somehow remove the prisoners from the debate—somehow devalue them, deprive both sides of their usefulness as poker chips. We need to think of these men as human beings, not as counters in an endless game. We can do so, in part, by remembering that most of the captives are professionals who chose war as a career. Moreover, Hanoi has no reason to hold them beyond the war's end, unless our presence continues. For the moment, callous as it sounds, the best way to help the prisoners may be to forget them. If by that means we can defuse the prisoner issue and thus deconfuse the peace negotiations, our men will get home a lot sooner. □

Germaine Greer

McGOVERN, THE BIG TEASE

"He might be an expert in the techniques of coquetry,
but his women were a pushover."

THE WEATHER IN MIAMI reminded me of Vietnam, the same rank heaviness in the air whacking sullenly against the rotor blades of the military helicopters and the same filthy skirts that the airliners trailed across the livid sky. The fumes that clouded the freeway came from the exhausts of vast carapaces of metal shielding their soft-bodied drivers instead of the million Hondas that infest South Vietnam, but the root cause of the ecological disaster is the same. The soldiers billeted in Miami Beach High School had the faces of American soldiers anywhere, and the nondelegates lived like refugees in their pup tents in Flamingo Park. The whores threading through the gloaming of the plush bars used the same lines and chewed the same gum.

Saturation bombing and defoliation and cloud-seeding are not the only disasters that the U.S.A. has inflicted upon Vietnam; they may not even be the worst. American money is the central reality in the war-made metropolis of Saigon; it reaches into every area of life, civil and military, so that it has almost destroyed the last vestiges of an individual civilization. The withdrawal of every last American soldier will not eradicate the traces of big business and gangsterism, even though the money will depart when the soldiers can no longer protect its interests and consume its heroin, and when the military supplies no longer stock the black market and there are no more lucrative currency deals to be made. America will leave behind a nation of whores, pushers, beggars, spies, petty spivs, racketeers, cripples, and disaffected mercenaries who have learned how to use their guns for robbery and looting.

It is not only American policy that has laid waste Vietnam, but the nature of the American economy and the cast of its civilization. Buy or die is the message. Those who buy the free enterprise system escape massacre and economic ostracism, but their culture grows leperous with the absorption of cannibal values. Imperialism is not a vice practiced by certain depraved characters, but the mode of operation that characterizes economies that must keep expanding in order to survive. To blame Richard Nixon is weak-

minded; to hope that a nice man from South Dakota will reverse the process is plumb crazy, but that is what I and thousands of other middle-class radic-lib did.

Who knows? Economic analyses of American hegemony might be false, might be emotional reactions caused by an overaesthetic response to Holiday Inns and Thick Shakes. Perhaps the trust of international corporate capitalism is not a feeling after all, seeing how few radicals really understand it, business know-how on that level being a prerogative of the practitioners.

It has become for many of us essential to believe that there is a way out. Humanists are anxious to accept the idea that man is now ruled by the machine. Democrats believe that the people can take power again in the name of the Constitution, notwithstanding Nixon's accomplishments without a Republican majority in either house. If the President's personal power makes him virtually uncontrollable, the solution is not to abolish the office, it seems, but to choose a good man for President (as if Nixon were not himself, by his own lights, an extremely virtuous person, appalled by dirty words, if not by dirty money). The most cynical of us now try to sing "We Shall Overcome" occasionally. After years of guilt about our standard of living, education, the color of our skins, and our unconscious assumption of ethnic superiority, the middle-class radic-libbers desperately need a change to feel *good* again.

I struggled to retain a modicum of Marxist good sense, but the drag of desire pulled me away so many times that despite myself I began to hope madly that McGovern was a superman. When the convention was open, that the people were really the people, autonomous and honest, and not mere pawns for the men who were marked McGovern. From the first time I had ever heard the man's name, he had been praised by people I loved and respected, Americans Abroad and McGovern. At best, so it was said, he was capable of lying, at worst he was our Only Hope.

If I were going to hold hard to my economic analysis of American politics, then I could have

be seduced into support for McGovern by
ter economist. When Kenneth Galbraith
ed on me with all the tender optimism he
een amassing during the campaign, irra-
hope gained another toehold. When Arthur
explained fervently how important it was
McGovern get a chance to realize the issues
hich American liberals had been fighting
st tremendous odds all their lives. I felt like
ructive child wrecking my own source of
ness. Amerika cannot be willed out of ex-
e, so it must be changed. Violent revolution
re likely from the military-industrial com-
an from the faction-torn, informer-ridden,
ic-stoned Left, whose futile gestures to-
it simply provide the sanction for more
ng forms of repression. Nonviolent revolu-
ould require more time than anybody
we have. McGovern offered a chance, al-
ender, of a change for the slightly better:
Nixon threatened a change for the much

Arthur Miller announced the familiar
ng: "If this man wins another term, the
me Court will be castrated, and the *New*
Times will be a single mimeographed
Upon reflection, neither eventuality
d as unlikely as it should have.

many, McGovern appeared like a new
et, a healer of society who could not func-
without faith. "You gotta believe," they
say. Flo Kennedy, the black attorney from
York who had arranged the Feminist party
ies at the convention, explained it in her
ivid way. "Honey, this man McGovern is
paper cup. You turn him up empty and put
r leg on him and he'll collapse. You fill
o with sand and put a lid on him and turn
o, and he'll hold the chair and anyone who
him. The people are the sand; they've
ake him what they want him to be." Lack
in McGovern was lack of faith in oneself,
rism, as Flo calls it. "There's a whole lotta
out there who are afraid to win because
on't think of themselves as running the
They've been niggerized, the only way they
s suckin'. They'll bitch their own people
op down their own supports. It's all part
zontal hostility, see." Maybe part of my
sness about McGovern stemmed from that
a feeling. Kurt Vonnegut said once that
vas no worse experience than seeing the
ho were in high school with you in charge
world. As a small-time academic, McGov-
me from a class I was contemptuously
r with; I did not want to think I mis-
him on that ground.

Myths of the Republican regime are repul-
ixon has survived on the notions that the
emain poor through their own fault; that
a lacks the resources to assure every
an the fundamental necessities of life;
tional health services are too expensive to



Jill Krementz

maintain; that unemployment is essential to the American economy—and that all these notions shelter beneath the banner of the New Prosperity.

The New Mythology of the Democratic party is more attractive, although softer-headed, than the nastiness of the GOP. "Power to the People" is a slogan that will warm the heart, especially when set to music by John Lennon and bawled in the streets by the young, the gifted, and the black. We would all so very much like to agree, to feel our energies flow for altruism, and to believe that the issues are not so complicated as to evade our grasp. "Intellectual pseudosnobs" are ill-equipped by their cultural traditions to accept dialectical materialism that denies the individual will. is anti-Protestant, substitutes determinism for heroism. Such a philosophy is dehumanizing, degrades the individual, phallus and all, to mere reagency. The middle-class radical can easily be persuaded to forgo it in his fantasy, and the best educated are the most vulnerable in this respect. The cultural revolution that Marxism entails is an unbearable impoverishment, a forfeiting of the intellectual's most cherished heritage; Yevtushenko and Solzhenitsyn remind him horribly of the price that the proletarian dictators must exact, in return for the least amelioration in the condition of the masses.

The softening up that the Democrats had planned was bound to draw us in: no bourgeois Marxist really sees himself as an anomaly or expects to be massacred by the proletariat; he has

not the sense of grievance necessary to believe that he could cut the throats of the White House incumbents, although they could turn the M-16 rifles of the National Guard upon him without turning a hair. His intellectual passion for truth and justice and equality and tolerance cannot join in battle with the irrational hostility of a race brutalized for generations by anality, competition, and sexual repression. The idealist Democrat cannot kill for his ideals. We needed so intensely to believe that our case was not hopeless and that we were not totally hypocritical in our well-fed radicalism, we were ready to love the man who would agree to represent us (yes, me too) that within hours of arriving in Miami Beach we were all maudlin and ripe for being screwed in every orifice of mind and heart.

God bless America

AT A MEETING of the National Women's Political Caucus on the morning after I arrived in Miami, I caught sight of my fellow Yippie, Abbie Hoffman, covering the meeting for the book he is writing with Jerry Rubin and Ed Sanders. Abbie looked odd with the unsolicited nose job he had as a result of a police beating in Washington in May, but odder still was the something soft and questioning, even mawkish in his expression. "Come on, Geegee," he pleaded with me. "Don't be so down on everything! We gotta chance to change this time, Geegee!" "But Abbie," I replied faintly, "it can't work this way. What kind of bargaining power have these people got? Remember you're a Marxist, man, and the nature of capitalism." "Gee, I never read Marx, but Lenin woulda liked it." I realized with a guilty creak of the heart that Abbie was sick of trashing and being trashed, tired of the feds infesting the staircase of his apartment, tired of informers and spying, too intelligent not to see that most of his activities had the net result of intensifying oppression when the revolution remained as far off as ever. Besides, he loved America.

"It's terrific, Gee. We're inside the hall this time. All these women and blacks and you kids, it's terrific! Ya been down to the Park? Ya gotta come down, and there's a poetry reading. Ya wanna read a poem?"

I had been to the Park—the night before, when a young reporter who had lunched at me with his lips puckered when we were on our way to the cab. I ducked; he asked me why. I thought the overriding question was why he had lunched with me in the first place, having received no encouragement. What I did not realize is that a political convention is still a convention, that all the maladjusted away-from-home expect to let their hair down and make love to strange women, dance all night and do all that.



have seen a good many People's Corrals in time, and Flamingo Park must rate as one of the nicest. It was warm; there were lavatories, even a swimming pool, and the retaining wall was hidden by blossomy hedges, and Green was handing out nourishing food. Best of all, there was hardly anybody there. A drug store, appropriate to the strategies of containment, had appeared, a muscle relaxant called Valium. The nondelegates sprawled about, ended and content. The Democrats could exert little needle from that quarter.

Way of relating to the disenfranchised poor youth Beach, the slogan of the nondelegates, had been "Think Jewish," not the Jewish eyes of Lansky or Moshe Dayan or even Trotter, but the Jewish of chicken soup. Allen Ginsberg was into wearing a yarmulke and intoning Jewish mantras. Abbie Hoffman produced a tape abusing Nixon in Yiddish. The Zippies fed up with the schmaltzy complacency of the hippies, and a few abortive trashings ensued, the truth about Flamingo Park was that nothing was happening there. As Jerry Rubin said, "I met him on the convention floor, 'The man is here, man. The Park is a drag,' and he went off to secure himself a nomination for the Presidency from the New York delegation. It felt like the end of an era."

THE NONDELEGATES' FINEST HOURS were spent in the Doral Hotel lobby demanding an explanation from nominee McGovern of his words to the POW and MIA families: "While I am fully confident that there would be no such need, I would also retain the military capability in the air—in Thailand and on the seas—to signal and fulfill our firm determination on this issue of the release of all prisoners and a full accounting of all missing in action."

The irritating thing about that statement was the impression it gave that McGovern had only partially grasped the practical difficulty of withdrawing from Vietnam, and that only in the gentlest way. He was saying what the families of the dead and MIAs wanted to hear, just as he had previously produced the stirring promises that the anti-war lobby wanted to hear, regardless of U.S. commitments in Southeast Asia and the size and cost of the American operation there. Five hundred people marched on the Doral to hear an explanation. They arrived at noon; McGovern was not to be coaxed from the seclusion of his hotel until nearly seven o'clock. A little straight talk could have had them on their way in minutes, and yet the Democrats were amazed and impressed that McGovern agreed to talk to them at all, and overcome with admiration for his cunning in getting it together for prime time viewing, LIVE!! I stood and waited for them for a couple of hours off and on.

Arthur Miller was standing near me, appalled by the self-consciousness of what he saw. A demagogue from the Park came up to me and asked for \$60 to buy the people food. I dug my last \$37 out of my pocket. "That's no good, man," he wailed. "I need sixty." "You're damn lucky to get more than half of it at your first touch. You get and raise the rest, you asshole," I snapped. "They're publicity hounds, provocateurs," Arthur was saying miserably.

The most vociferous of the invaders of the Doral were probably no more than self-seekers and stoned demagogues, but there were more perilous infiltrations into the ranks of the nondelegates. The Yippies smelled a grand jury and more conspiracy trials in the offing and clammed up, but the vets, the most persuasive antiwar group in the country, were not so fly. As a result of the infiltration of their open Southeast regional planning meeting held in Florida a month before, more than twenty vets were served with subpoenas to appear before a federal grand jury in Tallahassee on Monday morning, the first day of the Democratic Convention. The scale of the operation was unprecedented, the number of men expected to testify on one day apparently preposterous.

The Democrats' wholehearted support of the vets was a mark in their favor, even if one considered that it was more closely connected with anti-Nixon feeling than a genuine understanding of the issue. Anti-Nixonism is probably the main

"Why had Bella and Gloria not helped Jacqui to nail him on abortion? What reticence, what loserism had afflicted them then? I wondered if they had already made some sort of deal."



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reason the convention was so ready to accept the contention of the People's Coalition for Peace and Justice that U.S. Air Force jets have been repeatedly and deliberately bombing the dikes in North Vietnam, despite official disclaimers from the White House and the Pentagon. By the last night of the convention, the dikes had become an instant cause célèbre; the vets marched silently through the streets carrying torches and bags of sand to patch a symbolic dike. A huge banner appeared in the convention hall: STOP BOMBING THE DIKES. A journalist standing near me asked, "Is that a Gay Liberation sign?"

Shirley MacLaine in tears

THE DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION also represented the first emergence of women as a significant group in electoral politics. The National Women's Political Caucus was only a year old, and its first big opportunity had arrived. There was almost no hope that it could have developed voting strength and practical strategies in such a short time, but in the unkind way of history it was about to be tested and a precedent set. The intensity of my irrational hope that the course of American politics could be changed with respect to its foreign policies was compounded by the fervidity of my desire to see the women distinguish themselves and win some representation in the party platform and some power to implement their own will. After several days of following their activities I found myself in a morass of passionate wishing and utter disappointment.

When I got to the National Women's Political Caucus meeting in the Napoleon Room at the Deauville Hotel on Sunday morning, Gloria Steinem was speaking, and the controlled jubilation of her tone pushed my tormenting hopes up to fever pitch. She spoke of councilmen being ousted by housewives, of women forming 46 per cent of the attendance at precinct meetings in one state. "The political process has been changed," she sang, "and it will never be the same again." Women had challenged their way to being 40 per cent of the delegates, with 38 per cent of the vote; they had made the McGovern-Fraser guidelines work for them. Of course, some delegations had simply stacked themselves with token females, wives and daughters and whomever, in order to escape a challenge, and for them at least new activism among women had nothing to do with it, but the atmosphere was so electric, the women's enthusiasm so contagious, that I for one could not keep my heart from beating faster.

Bella Abzug took over, vowing staunchly that Yvonne Brathwaite Burke was not going to be Lawrence O'Brien's right-hand man, that women

would not be McGovern's sacrificial lamb, coming down heavy on every last syllable as if to nail her meaning to the Democratic masthead.

A bevy of women paused in the doorway, their heads moving with odd self-consciousness, mimed extravagantly to a row of empty seats. One of them, a delegate from New Mexico, attired with Zuni jewelry, her hair elaborately teased into a modified braid, was smoking a small blue enameled pipe. Her eyes slid round the room, under their carefully slanted false eyelashes, Fifth Avenue Indian style. The blonde next to her suddenly said, in a skittish, unnecessarily piercing voice, "Ah think we'd do a lot better down in our room"—at which signal they rose, clattering and clinking and excuse-making at the tops of their voices. Even Bella paused her oration to demand the cause of the disturbance, but the ladies, swinging their rumps and ponies, were gone.

Bella brought up the question of the minority report on control of one's reproductive destiny. To bring abortion into the Democratic party platform might seem unwise, she argued, but the issue concerned a fundamental human right that could not be denied by those who chose to live by a different code. There was a brief debate on the subject; some delegates argued that it was a state matter, and inappropriate therefore in a party platform. Another woman said she was against abortion and she was sure that more than half the women there were on her side. A show of hands was called for; five went up. A tension crept into the high-spirited meeting. Bella's attitude had been doggedly apologetic, and she did not expound any strategy for the defense of the abortion report. Her windup left us in even more doubt about how the women were to proceed. It was our overriding priority to dump Nixon, she said, even if we had to waive the immediate certain demands. "Womanpower is a growing thing that must live."

Betty Friedan, introduced as "the mother of us all," took the floor and reminded us that in 1968 there was not one word about women in the Democratic party platform. Women had figured as miniskirted greeters or invisible wives who had lunches with each other. This year, she announced proudly, "women are gonna make policy, not coffee." The women's duty at the convention was to make "what may not be realistic today, realistic tomorrow." Her words suggested another possible strategy for the women to make sure that abortion entered the Democratic party platform, because the Democratic candidate was unlikely to win in '72; by '76 he would have had to develop a way of handling it. I wondered if abortion would have a chance if Kennedy ran in '76. By this time it was obvious there were no clear guidelines for feminist action at the convention could be expected from the NWPC. Most of their talk was self-congratulation.

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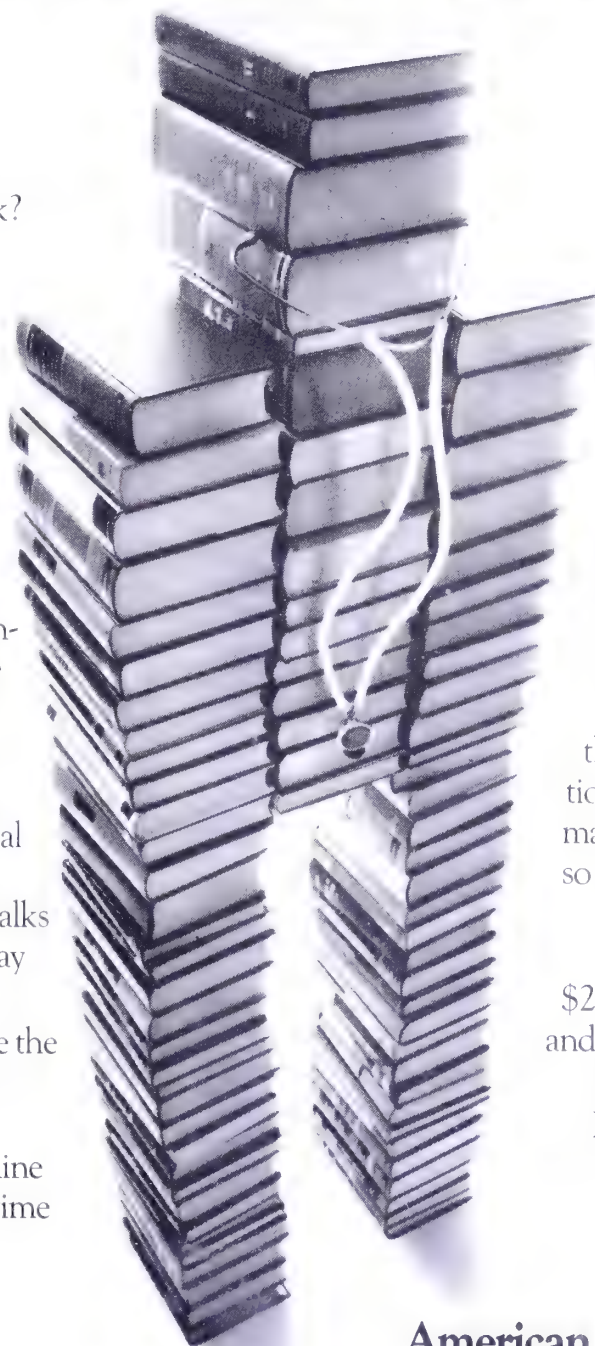
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what had already been achieved, but it was early days yet and the meeting was very small.

IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOWED I went to many women's meetings. Women for McGovern debated the credentials' challenges, which I had great difficulty in following and for which, in any event, the strategies would be directed by telephone from the McGovern campaign trailer. The caucus met again on Sunday afternoon to discuss strategy, but while I was there I heard only Bella's oratorical chariot riding over the voices of dissent. Gloria and her cohorts withdrew to the Betsy Ross Hotel to prepare for the meeting with the caucus of women delegates and to throw a fund-raising party, while I went down to the Shore Club Motel for a sing-in with the Feminist party, whose various educational activities, such as public burning of antifeminist religious quotations, went largely unnoticed. (Apparently the fires in the Playboy Bunny wardrobe were caused by electrical faults: such a symbolic conflagration could have been claimed by a women's guerrilla organization notwithstanding, but it wasn't.)

The Feminist party had arrived at the Shore Club only to find that the motel had netted some bigger spenders than the poor women who had come by bus and train to sleep two or three in a room and eat fried chicken out of cardboard boxes; their block booking had been summarily shifted to another hotel. They had printed all

their literature with the HQ address of the Shore Club, so Flo Kennedy announced her intention of squatting bag and bagging in the foyer of the Shore Club honored its obligation. The tensions fell at one blast of her trumpet, and the women moved in.

Jammed together in a steaming cardroom, the Feminists relieved their hearts by roaring, "I'm tired of bastards fuckin' over me," and, "Move over or we'll move on over you." We allowed ourselves the luxury of believing that sisterhood is strong, although the events of the day had left me feeling that the mere fact of femaleness does not constitute sisterhood, and sisterhood does not automatically confer power.

The next morning I dashed down to the Caucus for the big womanpower meeting of the caucus of women delegates. This was going to be here I would see 40 per cent of the delegates emerging as a powerful voting bloc, disciplined and agreed on all essential points. When I arrived, Gloria Steinem was calling the roll, and delegates sat at tables set in semicircular rows and sprang to their feet cheering themselves whenever the name of their delegation was called. Their jollity was infectious, but I was feeling slightly appalled that the business of the caucus seemed to be self-congratulation and laudation rather than hard plotting for the nights ahead. There were even a few indications that some wheeling and dealing was being attempted offstage, contrary to the stated spirit of the proceedings. Even Gloria's relentless presence in all affairs began to disturb me. Most of all her occasional wistful mention of the "smoke-filled rooms where the decisions were made." Either this convention was going to get the naked screaming decisions out of the smoke-filled rooms, or it was going to be defeated in its essential purpose. It was hard to be pessimistic with the women howling with glee as the states were named, leaping in the air and beating all round, but I persisted in wondering how many floor leaders were absent because they were at McGovern briefings on the night's strategy.

The miserable fact was that the women's caucus was not a caucus in any meaningful sense: the McGovern machine had already pulled the rug out from under them. Even if they had microphones on the floor at their meetings and had thrashed out the issues, polled the women present, and based a feminist strategy on the results of the poll, they would not have had more bargaining power than they had had before they ever attended a precinct meeting. They were in Miami as cards in McGovern's hand, to be used or discarded as he wished, not as players at the table. He could rely on the intensity factor to work them hard and stack the hall with his supporters, and he was not obliged to offer them a bent nickel in recompense: they would vote him to the nomination because they had no alternative.



Jill Krentenz

wing could threaten him with secession, of his captive women, blacks, Latins, and They were just not cynical enough to grasp act, or else they would have considered an ative play, a vote for Humphrey or even xon. As Flo said bitterly, "Honey, if you'll for a dime, you can't complain because yody else is getting a fur coat." Womanlike, did not want to get tough with their man, , womanlike, they got screwed.

egan to fear that I could no longer main-ny journalistic pose of calm impartiality, o I bolted from the room to the Latin s next door. It was every bit as muddled ombastic as the women's. Later glimpses t black caucus and the youth caucus indi-what I had feared all along. None of the ses really existed as policy-making bodies iuential entities on the convention floor. A us leaderism ripped them all off and mas-aded as the collective voice, without one position sanctioned by the collectivity out ich a hard deal could be made. Spokesman spokesman claimed to have secured this or on a collateral of hot air, and the women's s was no exception.

HEN I GOT BACK to the Carillon, newspeo-ple were scurrying everywhere, like bed-when you turn the light on. A clot of men its was moving like the Blob From the ap toward the room where the women's s was. I squirmed through the cameramen hind the Blob. In its heart was McGovern: s the first time I had seen him since I ar- except for a glimpse of him, as coquettish y sultana riding in her palanquin, as he was out of the Fontainebleau after a press rence. I had seen a smallish man, with an gingly shy list to his head, his teeth as well d and his jowls as well shaven and pow- and his shoes as shiny as you would expect e who is desirous of being a Presidential date.

Govern was eventually decanted from his t's collective embrace and faced the n's caucus. They threw themselves at his cheering, climbing on chairs for a better at him, yelling endearments. If ever he ed that he had them in the palm of his he could no longer doubt it. He might be pert in the techniques of coquetry, but his n were a pushover. I raged inside, to think such spontaneity and generosity could cost Liz Carpenter introduced him with a ges- o fulsome that it almost overbalanced itself. man beside me muttered, "What a hypo- Everyone knows she was for Humphrey." said, "We are all here because of him." s and tears. McGovern took the floor and ed the boo-boo that revealed that he had

utterly no understanding of the temper of feminism. To have passed off responsibility for the women's presence from himself to Eve would have been bad enough, with all its pious reference to the anti-feminine Judeo-Christian tradition, but to put it down to Adam! He must have been reassured, for the women forgave him at once. There were a few cries of "Shame!" and "Pig!" but you would have thought they were more endearments. He swung into an explanation of the California delegate dispute and on into his stock speech on Vietnam. Suddenly there was an interruption. Jacqui Ceballos, dead pale, was on her feet just below the stage.

"What about the right to control our own bodies?" she cried. "We'll never be free until we have that!"

I could hear her from where I was standing, halfway down the hall, but Bella and Gloria stared glassily out into the room, as if they were deaf or entranced. Without a microphone, Jacqui could not hope to compete with McGovern's hugely amplified voice. He faltered, and in the brief silence Jacqui's voice wailed. "We must control our bodies, otherwise we'll never be free." McGovern resumed, sailing crescendo into the familiar finale: "I want us to resolve that once that tragedy is put behind us, never again will we send the precious young blood of this country to die trying to bail out a corrupt dictatorship."

I would have been happier if he had also said that America would never again send her precious intelligence to set up corrupt dictatorships, but everybody else was deliriously happy with McGovern's oratory. He and his acolytes proceeded past me, women reaching out to touch him and take his hand. Shirley MacLaine trod softly behind him, her eyes awash with tears. The women's last chance to negotiate had been washed out in a tide of soupy emotion.

Why had Bella and Gloria not helped Jacqui to nail him on abortion? What reticence, what loserism had afflicted them then? I wondered if they had already made some sort of a deal. They may have thought they had: perhaps they had agreed not to embarrass him with the minority report on reproduction, but what on earth would they get in exchange? South Carolina? What could be worth it?

A tale told to a pious idiot

WHAT HAPPENED ON THE first night of the convention is now a matter of record. McGovern's nomination was safe before the official proceedings had even started, when he and Abraham Ribicoff had persuaded Lawrence O'Brien to rule that the credentials issues should be settled by a majority of those delegates eligible to vote. South Carolina, *pace* the women, was

"I was feeling slightly appalled that the business of the day seemed to be self-congratulation and laurel-counting rather than hard plotting for the long nights ahead."

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thrown out to avoid a ticklish dispute over the definition of a majority before the California vote was settled. It was, after all, a numbers game. The delegates did as they were told; onlookers who marveled at their biddability ought to have spared a thought for their lack of any organization except McGovern's. I hardly understood what was happening, my eardrums perforated by Sammy Spear's hypodermic sound, penned in a dark gallery on the wrong side of a TV catwalk where you couldn't see the convention floor or the large TV screens. I had read that George Wallace's campaigns were a new kind of carnival, which mixed revivalism, jingoism, and populism in a new and heady brew, and it seemed to my unseasoned eye that the Democratic National Convention had modeled itself on his scenario. An overamplified choir had screamed rousing songs in bursts for an hour or so; flags had paraded around the hall to shrieking brass, a cleric had prayed for the proceedings. God, whom I had thought of as a Nixon intimate, was continually invoked.

The presentation of the New Mythology was as remorseless and simplistic as any advertising campaign. I had become familiar with the principal gimmicks by watching the telethon the night before, and in Lawrence O'Brien's opening address we got most of it over again. Like all marketing techniques it worked by manipulating emotions, at the most accessible level, and even as you recognized the facileness of the technique, it got to you. God, Conscience, Sincerity, the dead Kennedys, the suffering Vietnamese, and, above all, the People were all on the side of the Democrats. Gloria Steinem said that the McGovern-Fraser guidelines had had the effect of making the convention floor "look like the country": the Democrats cited this single factor tirelessly in their own praise, but actually the change stopped right there. The convention floor only *looked like* the country. The presence of women, blacks, and youth was visible; what had changed was the party's *image*, so crucial in the age of media politics. The attributes one could not see, like class, income, and education, are more fundamental to politics in many ways than the obvious sexual and ethnic differentiations, and when it came to representing these less obvious categories the Democratic National Convention was markedly inadequate. More than two-thirds of the delegates came from the over-\$15,000-a-year bracket, which accounts for only 23 per cent of the American population; 39 per cent of the delegates had done postgraduate work, when only 4 per cent of the population has enjoyed that privilege. The insolvency of the Democratic party had affected its ability to bring the lower-paid workers to Miami Beach, just as the lower-paid workers have not the expensive leisure to undertake political campaigning. One delegate told me that the first question the party had put to her,

when she announced her desire to become delegate, was her name; the second was, "Can you pay your own way to Miami Beach in June?" Some of the delegations had been subsidized, not by the party but by the McGovern machine.

The Democrats knew that the faces of the delegates were their most valuable stock-in-trade (closely followed by the pious memories of the Kennedys and the quotability of JFK). They used them over and over again, in their opening publication, "Democrats in Convention," in the telethon, then in Lawrence O'Brien's opening address. The precedent was well established: the depiction of the vital, glowing eager faces of the news media. The long nights that followed were bearable only because the eye could be guided from the dreariness of the rostrum to the ferment beneath. Film of prettily lit, prettily faced of every racial cast, but all of them agreeable, fleshed out the platitudes of O'Brien's opening speech. The dialectic was that of the patient flesh and soul against the giant machine: the language was the same that Goldwater had used, of moral revival, righteous disquiet, the ground swell of public feeling. The Democratic party was the party-of-the-smaller-man-ever-before.

In depicting the people, the image-makers of the Democratic party allowed no dissenting voices, no one who said, "If we don't fight in Vietnam, we'll be fighting them in our backyards," as the people can be heard to say, not a queer-basher or a law-and-order advocate among them. The people on the convention floor were only too happy to applaud this characterization of themselves as simple folks; direct, honest, and profound in their candid appraisal of the political malaise of America, tolerant of human failings, but hell on institutions. A foam of enthusiasm rolled off them, and O'Brien's speechwriter worked them further, using a special variety of meaningless language that would elicit a consensus response. "It comes from the people up," he intoned with a throb in his voice. "these simple direct words sum up what many people have been saying . . . In good men—and good women—good ideas—and good works, the Force of the People is unmatched." What was the point of drawing a polyglot convention from the intellectual elite, when you had to talk to them as if they were sentimental, tasteless, pious idiots?

Suddenly I realized that the most significant aspect of the convention was being lost on me precisely because I was present. O'Brien was speaking primarily to the delegates; he was speaking to the nation-at-large on prime-time TV. The delegates were no more than the studio audience, kicking the show along by cheering and laughing whenever the signal was given. O'Brien was not after all wearing pancake makeup for our benefit. In the fact that almost

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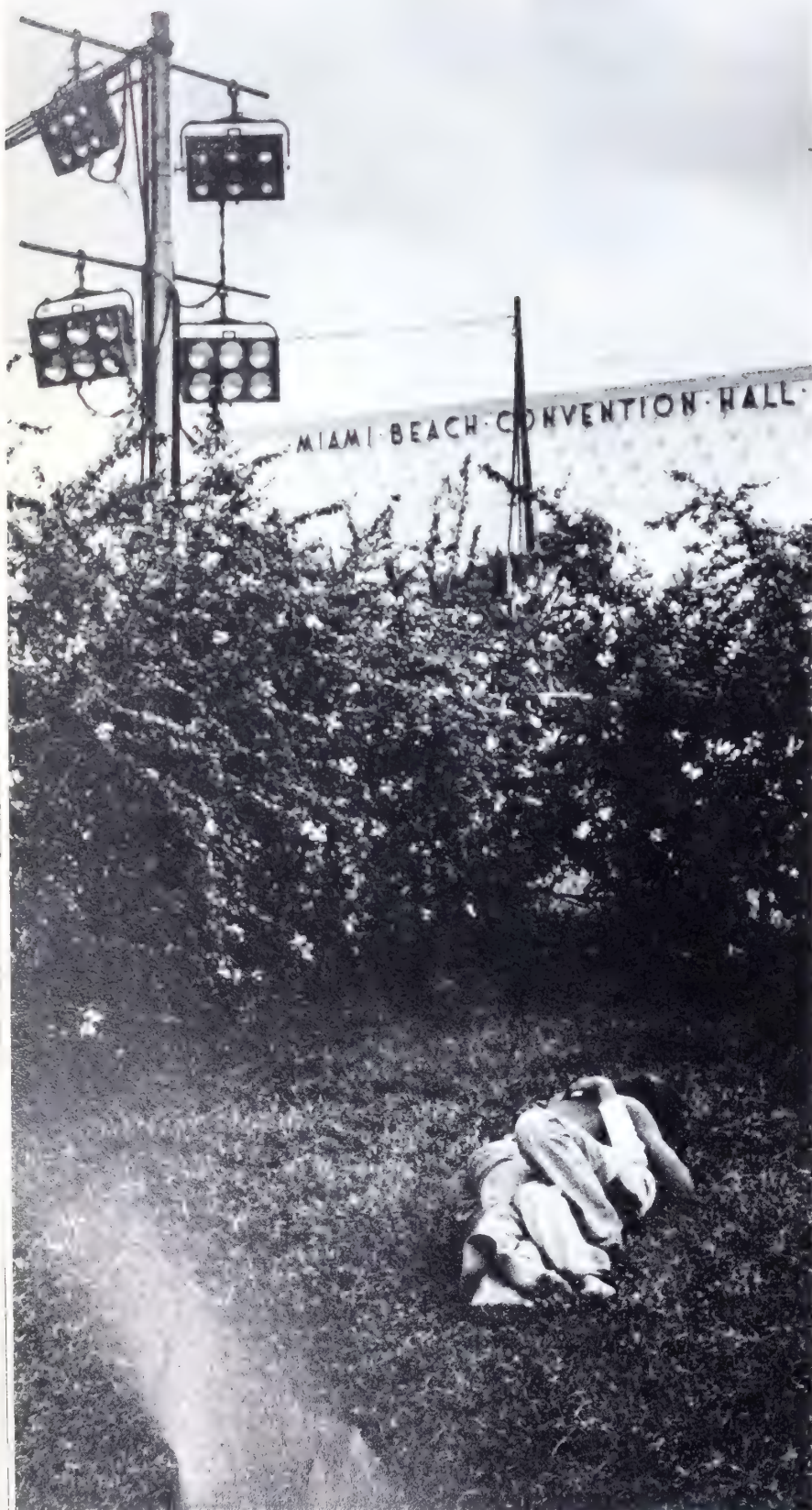
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significant contender for office appeared in public without cosmetics I found an interesting insight into the methods of political parley. As the man's face, authentic and expressive as it was, could not be allowed to make its own appeal to the public and stand or fall by the results, so also a politician's arguments could not be allowed to be clearly and faithfully expressed. They must cloak themselves in jargon and the resonance of the pulpit. To get people to believe the truth, the admen believe, it is necessary. Before the convention had ever nominated McGovern, his personality and beliefs were falsified by those who sought to make the public buy him. His meaning had to be puffed into vagueness, because consensus politics means that you cannot afford to give the many-headed beast the public, anything to vote *against*, for what is against is what gargantuan pseudodemocracy has to come down to.

The delegates were not wearing stage makeup, though, and they were not talking to each other in the fervent hope of saying as little as possible. They were extraordinary, so proud and alive, so earnest and so damnably naïve that it swelled your heart and broke it to watch them, puzzled over the issues, doubting what was best to do, seeking guidance and being raked by the guns of baloney-power. If only they had had the confidence of their own imagination and judgment instead of meekly allowing themselves to fall in line at the merest touch of a McGovern whip, he might have had to be their servant instead of their master. That is what was so menacing; there was a chance of something new, but it was stifled at its birth.

FOR ME, THE CLEAREST CASE of funk was the railroading of the abortion issue. The minority report on a "person's right to control reproductive destiny" was, of course, treated as an abortion plank, although it applies equally to a man's right to have a vasectomy and a woman's right to refuse compulsory sterilization. The delegates who were for McGovern first stated the interests of the group they represented, and argued that abortion was a state matter and had no place on a federal platform, which was irrelevant. What was in question was a *right*, then established constitutionally and upheld by the Supreme Court. If state laws were in violation of the right of privacy, they must be declared unconstitutional; for the women who have already spent millions of dollars and years of their lives battling the state legislatures on the issue, federal intervention has become an urgent necessity. If the "abortion" plank had been adopted as part of the party platform, thousands of people with energy and experience would have campaigned for McGovern in a positive and intelligent way, just as they had done in the primary

might lose, but they would lose honorably. foul means I acquired a delegate's pass to to the floor for the debate. Betty Friedan ld me that the Idaho delegates had had the idea of asking the male delegates who not interested in the issue to give up their to the women delegates who felt more concerned. As I asked around the floor it lear to me that many delegations were to do this, but many of the willing men for the adoption of the plank in any case. many of the women said that they were for ank, but that they had agreed to vote it for McGovern's sake. At least two womed their entire delegations, which polled single votes *for*, with a bad grace; most n.

en Eugene Walsh came out with the argu- of the Right-to-Lifers, not a single opinion convention hall was changed. If anything, untorted face repelled, but Gloria was s that he had been allowed to speak at all. promised us you would not take the low she said to Gary Hart. I was at a loss to n her distress: the friends of the fetus do ve so much right on their side that their ents must be stifled. Even more, I was out- to think that nonsensical promises had made in secret sessions, when the business ngthening the women's caucus had been ted. Shirley MacLaine's speech to the made one single point, which if it had been to heart would have lumbered McGovern ne "sensitive" issue he was now so anxious id. Instead of speaking directly against on, which she could not in conscience do, e the slot she chose to speak in, she begged elegates to vote according to their con- es—but even as she spoke, the McGovern were instructing his delegates to avoid the ity of a roll call by shouting the minority down. Why Bella Abzug should have been gry with her, on the ground that a "sister goes against a sister," when sisterhood had en adequate to bring Jacqui Ceballos' ques- o McGovern's notice, I could not under- either.

I traveled home in the bus that night some- happened that brought home to me in the vivid way the fact that McGovern had not ged to please the sexual bigots by betraying ual liberals. A man sitting across the aisle ne suddenly burst out:

hat am I doing, sitting here all night letting ebate abortion? Suppose some broad does rself knocked up, I don't give a shit!"

wife's hands were loosely clasped on the of her little-girl gingham dress. She was not ng.

an on the other side said, "The country's dy for that. It's a matter of education." went on for a bit in a calming way, and

then suddenly overbalanced and began to say in a voice that rose higher and higher, "That sexual orientation stuff, that's what I don't like. I don't care what they do in private," (his voice said that he cared passionately) "but I don't want one teaching my kid! I just don't. I mean, how would you like it if some homo is getting at your kid . . ." By now he was screaming with disgust.

The other man joined in, "Yeah, You know, most of the elected officials in my state are *queer*! Every damn one of them."

They yelled insanely at one another until the first man capped it all by roaring, "You ever see McGovern walk? He's one of them, I tell you! He's one of them."

I looked around the bus looking for signs of ridicule or dismay. A boy with a Wallace button on his hat gazed at me as unwinkingly as a lizard. The two men had fallen to commiserating on their long years of service for the Democrats, and how they would have to abandon politics. It did not matter to them one bit that the distasteful reports had been voted down; McGovern's image was tainted with them anyway. Instead of carrying his stinking dead dog proudly through politics, he had hidden it under his coat.

The official sexuality of the Democratic party has not, of course, changed. The politicians' concubines sat in their seraglio at the side of the rostrum each night, until the debates got too tedious and they began to lose their beauty sleep.



Jill Krementz

"A political convention is still a convention, and all the males-away-from-home expect to let their hair down, make love to strange women, dance all night and all that."

Germaine Greer
McGOVERN,
THE
BIG TEASE

when they melted away. They were all coiffed and plentiful of eyelash and fixedly smiling. If you asked for information about any of them from their aides, the answer came, "She is lovely, truly lovely," or words to that effect. On all symbolic occasions the wives appeared, standing beside, behind, below, and smiling. The heterosexuality of the politicians was in plentiful evidence, but their virility was almost as important. Ladies of the Wallace persuasion, worried perhaps that the Gov'nah might not appear to be holding his own, volunteered the information to me on three separate occasions that "he has all of his sexual faculties *unimpaired*."

According to Rocky Pomerance, Miami chief of police, the Democratic Convention had not attracted the usual number of whores; a mere 18,000 had bothered to make the trip, and, said Pomerance, "That'll be 18,000 votes for Nixon." The ladies implied that they had been undercut by amateur competition from the large number of women delegates, but the fact of the matter is that few delegates or press men had the time or the energy for whoring. I hung out with the ladies who work the Fontainebleau one night, trying to get their angle, but there were so many newsmen trying to engineer newsworthy confrontations between us that I had to give it up. The newsmen wrote their stories just the same: the *Miami News* said that I told one girl "she was a disgrace to our sex," when really I don't think she is any more disgraceful than any politician's wife. *The Village Voice* imagined that a whore had upbraided me for prostituting myself to *Harper's* (as if they ever use the word, let alone figuratively). The only person who did that, in fact, was Norman Mailer.

THE IMAGE-MAKERS went to some pains to present Eleanor McGovern as a new sort of candidate's wife, careless of how history suffered in the process. Her least pronouncement was greeted with wonder and acclaim, as if it were remarkable that she could speak at all. One afternoon in the Doral, a woman for McGovern grabbed my arm: "Quick, Mrs. McGovern is going to speak, down there," and she spun me off down the lobby. "No, no," I heard them say crossly when I arrived in the room. "Mrs. McGovern is not going to speak," and they shrugged as if the whole notion were preposterous. I had got pretty used to Mrs. McGovern as the traditional smiling mute and was preparing to leave when my arm was grabbed again. "Come and meet Mrs. McGovern." I was dragged into the scrum that hid her tiny form from view. The press of advisers and trainbearers parted and catapulted her into my midriff. I took her hand, as cool and dry and still as a dead bird. "It must be so nice to be covering the convention," she said faintly. I choked on the desire to say that

it was unmitigated mental torture and blew something about how I'd rather have been involved. "Oh no," she said, "much less exciting. So much tension." Bending over at the waist to bring her voice within earshot, I felt like an intolerable, sneaking bully. "The Senator Eleanor has an energy problem," someone said. A gigantic bouncer appeared from nowhere, clearing the room for the next nonevent. Credibly he was wearing a clergyman's collar.

Of all the extracurricular events Mrs. McGovern might have attended, the one she chose was a fashion show put on by Governor Askew's wife. I had come across it by accident, seeing the tiny demonstration that trudged round and round in the Americana Hotel forecourt shouting, "The poor need food, the poor need clothes. What do we get? Fashion Shows!"

I ran the gamut of the security men and am gingerly welcomed by the hostesses. Until I saw the complimentary orange drink among the samples of suntan lotion and scent on the table. I could not fathom why the hostesses were placing giant orange paper roses on their heads or why in that heat they were draped in orange capes with bobble trim. Even Mrs. Askew, starring in an imaginary commercial for Florida in her orange, green, and white dress overspangled with orange blossom. She mounted the podium to present the distinguished guests; "I want to meet the women behind the men behind the wheels of the Florida government," she said.

Then she introduced us to all of her female relatives, in blood and in law; "It is a very special pleasure that we have our mothers with us at this convention." Mrs. Wilbur Mills and Terry Sanford and a bevy of assorted wives were present, but the star had still to come. Eleanor McGovern's arrival was signaled by a panoply of photographers. Under cover of the confusion a few poor women laid down their \$3 and melted quietly into the ballroom.

A small voice arose in the din: "This is what the poor woman is wearing this year, cut-dungarees and levi jacket—" The genuine McGovern is more likely to be found in a wash-cotton dress and trodden-down slippers, but the women made a point and they were making it with a little Crash! The security men moved in, lifting the girls bodily off the floor. One of the women held a very small baby. The police in their space helmets came running down, batons akimbo, to help. "You rich women—" one of the girls began to scream, but her voice was choked off by the rush that carried her clean out of the room. Mrs. McGovern curled a small white-shod foot around the leg of her chair. The Florida matrons clicked their tongues. "Publicity-seekers," they opined sagely. The models came out and galloped down the catwalk in ready-made stocklines from Saks Fifth Avenue. The poor had been ph



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poor, and the rich were not rich. Nothing in Miami was what it seemed.

AS IF I HAD NOT fallen foul of enough bamboozlement and forlorn hope in Miami Beach, I also had the misfortune to entangle with the Star. I was introduced to him in an elevator, so there was nowhere I could take cover when he bent his full charm on me. That charm is a work of kinetic art, and I am not one to sneer at artistic achievement. The raw material is not contemptible either; there are few flaws in

the marble out of which the Star has hewn himself. We achieved the fifteenth floor and I prepared to make a dash for reality, but the Star caught my arm. "Can I have a meeting with you?" he asked as he drew me aside into a chair. "Do up that button," I said crossly. "You don't have to come on with your tits hanging out. Bless my soul if he didn't put his perfect finger to the second button on his shirt. "I wasn't serious," I amended feebly. The Star leaned close. "Do you know I have been trying to find you? I even called the Chelsea." My palms began to sweat.

I don't remember too much of what ensued. The Star was upbraiding me for voicing my misgivings about the American political system of the Cavett show. He was leaning so close to me that I began to worry about my toothpaste, mainly because it was still in London, and I hadn't cleaned my teeth in days. I snatched a toothpick and stuck it in my mouth. The Star leaned further forward, nipped the end of my toothpick in his perfect teeth and bit it off. I was so rattled I forgot the cash value of a toothpick curtailed by the Star and promptly broke it into tiny pieces and left it in the ashtray. The Star took my gnarled paw into his smooth hand.

"Why do you want to go to that meeting?" he asked. (Shirley MacLaine's voice was echoing from the meeting I had been on my way to attend.)

"Because I'm on an assignment and I like to be serious about serious things." I wasn't really too sure that the Democratic Convention was serious, but I was still giving it a chance.

I bolted from the chair. The Star ran after me. "Call me," he said. "Any time." He gave me his room number, which I instantly forgot. I could just see myself, trucking round Miami sniffing at the Star's warm trail like a bloodhound. I knew I was being challenged, but I squirmed away. "Look, I'm pretty busy. Can we play the game according to the old rules? You call me." I cut and ran.

When I tottered home to my air-conditioned nightmare that night, two messages were waiting. One said simply, "Please pursue." The more I thought about it, the more I thought that the whole encounter was phony. I was being vamped for McGovern, or maybe just so that the Star could test his artistic creation and find it still good. The next morning I sent him a dozen red roses and a note, "Sorry I was out when you called." The Star was not to be so easily snubbed. At length he left a note, "Can we go on like this? Heartsick and teased beyond endurance by what the convention had become, I still managed to resist the promise of an intimacy that still struck me as illusory as everything else at the Democratic National Convention. I could see it as part of the whole process, the wooing and winning of vulnerable and hopeful people, for somebody



Charles Gatewood

but not their own. I withheld belief, but I not avoid him forever. We met again. He ed with me not to play into Nixon's hands elping to destroy McGovern's credibility the people who were the hard core of his ort. I wanted so much to believe, found my icism so desolating, that I almost threw my- obbing into his arms and signed on for the dential campaign trail, but the Star tired s conquest before it had quite taken place. s right after all, although he laughed up- ously when I accused him of vamping for overn; I was right, but I wished with all my I hadn't been.

A vapid anthem

THE LAST NIGHT OF THE convention seemed o me the culmination of outrage. All week McGovern machine had been soliciting for ective candidates for Vice-President with ections among the labor unions and the olic Church. At the eleventh hour, Tom ? came across with so much alacrity that ections must have been aroused. There was ne by then to check these out because the ates had to be organized out of saddling overn with some woman or black or pot er. McGovern was running out of arm's t of his core supporters to angle after the r and the centers of organized tyranny, but exhausted delegates, after a week without and a diet that should have given them hiorkor, were still supporting him as trust- as ever. When the charade of voting was e and Teddy Kennedy had summarized the ous traditions of the Democratic party, I ed among the delegates while they greeted e hero, issuing forth after three days in the nacle. I remembered how Valerie Kushmer econded his nomination, putting her suffer- s a POW's wife at his disposal in simple s, her nakedness almost obscene among the ey that surged about our ears for so many t. It had seemed to me then a blasphemy to e such wanton use of sincerity and fervor vulgar tourney for power. Coming after her ome act of faith in McGovern, Walter troy's speech sounded as false and mannered y fraudulent preacher's pitch. The Philis- n of the famous litany shocked me almost ears. Even the hard-bitten newshounds nd me had looked sick. Respect for the age, for communication, is essential if ideas o be respected; truth could never prevail in guise of hucksterism. People around me ned at my expression of consternation. I're just not used to American politics. You to learn to accept the ballyhoo." won't and I don't," I said unsteadily, "espe- y when your precious party makes such a

big song and dance about its new candor."

McGovern came among his people, painted the color of pigskin and gleaming with sweat. High on the podium, facing the raunchy disorder of the convention hall, he looked like a disposable paper man compared to the people who sent up such a blast of enthusiasm to him. Walking among them as they drank in his words was like moving about during the National Anthem. Perhaps tiredness had a good deal to do with it, but many eyes brimmed with tears of joy and thankfulness. I wanted to warn them that they were being teased and played upon, to beg them to keep some reserve, but I was too close to hysterical tears to speak at all. McGovern's words, the regulation mix of jingoism, pietism, and populism, were aimed at their heartstrings, working them over and over so that emotion roared about the hall in waves.

Come home, to the affirmation that we have a dream.

Come home to the conviction that we can move our country forward.

Come home to the belief that we can seek a newer world.

I should not have been surprised that Fauntroy's bombast had supplied the McGovern movement with a slogan, vapid as it was, or that McGovern was reduced to quoting jingoistic songs or that America was still committed to warlike policies everywhere else but Asia, as far as he was concerned. I passed a young black delegate, his hands clasped to his breast, his eyes shining adoration at the man who would bring him home. My resentment at the whole horrible travesty became unbearable. As I turned to get out of there before the kissing could begin, I heard McGovern intoning:

May God grant us the wisdom to cherish this good land and to meet the great challenge that beckons us home.

When the shouting was all over, I realized that despite the secret dealings, the hypocrisy, the tantalization and the bamboozlement, the coarsening and cheapening of every issue, the abandonment of imagination and commitment for the gray areas of consensus, there was no alternative for American liberals but to let McGovern tease them a little while longer. In their alienation, their impotence, and their guilt they have no other alternative. Through the disappointment and the dismay that clouded my mind, another flicker of hope began to burn, against all reason and probability. I wish and painfully hope that the women, the kids, the blacks, the Latins, and the "intellectual pseudosnobs" bring off the impossible for him in November, in spite of himself, his baloney machine, and his Machiavellis, even though they will take the credit for it. The Big Tease has just begun. □

"The women were in Miami as cards in McGovern's hand, to be led or discarded as he wished, not as players at the table."

Does Your City Recycle Garbage?

| Location | Separation System | Estimated Annual Can Recovery* | Markets |
|--------------------------------------|---|--------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| Amarillo, Texas | after incineration | 50 million | copper mines |
| Atlanta, Georgia | after incineration | 100 million | ferroalloys |
| Chicago, Illinois | after incineration | 730 million | copper mines |
| Franklin, Ohio | slurry system | 30 million | steel making |
| Houston, Texas | dry separation at a transfer station | 104-130 million | copper mines |
| Los Gatos, Cal. | after shredding, before incineration | 120 million | copper mines |
| Madison, Wisc. | after shredding | 38-41 million | steel making/ copper mines |
| Martinez (Contra Costa County), Cal. | portable separator at landfill | 80 million | copper mines |
| Melrose Pk., Ill. | after incineration | 83 million | copper mines |
| New Castle County, Delaware | after shredding | 312-500 million | detinners/ steel making |
| Oakland, Cal. | portable separator at landfill | 182 million | copper mines |
| Pompano Beach, Fla. | after shredding | 35 million | to be established |
| Sacramento, Cal. | portable separator at landfill | 74 million | copper mines |
| St. Louis, Mo. | after shredding, before incineration | 260 million | pilot operation |
| St. Petersburg, Fla. | segregated by householders before magnetic separation | 3 million | detinners |
| Stickney, Ill. | after incineration | 84 million | steel making |
| Tampa, Fla. | after incineration | 104 million | steel making/ copper mines |

*Data supplied by municipalities or estimates based on 4% of total garbage less 20% for incinerator loss. Source: Survey by American Iron and Steel Institute as of mid-1972.

From Amarillo to Tampa, forward-looking communities are using magnetic separation to recover an estimated 2½ billion used Steel cans annually.

By the end of 1973, eleven more will join the list: Brevard County and Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.; Framingham, Mass.; Harrisburg, Pa.; Hempstead, N. Y.; Milford and Newington, Conn.; San Francisco and San Diego, Cal.; Scottsdale, Ariz.; Vancouver, Wash. That will add another 1.5 billion cans recovered simply and easily.

People in these communities become ecologists and conservationists when they buy beverages and other products in steel cans... and simply throw the empties into their kitchen garbage pails. Thanks to steel's magnetic quality, the used cans are mechanically extracted at municipal or regional landfill sites, transfer stations and incinerators. Magnetic separation saves fast disappearing landfill space and produces revenues from the sale of cans as scrap.

Properly processed scrap steel cans have four principal end uses:

- They are remelted to make a variety of new steel products.
- They are "detinned" in plants throughout the country to conserve tin (all of which must be imported) and provide steel for remelting or other reuse.
- They are used to extract copper from low-grade ore, thus conserving still another precious resource.
- They are used in the manufacture of ferroalloys—a basic ingredient in the production of new alloy steels and high-grade castings.

The steel industry's traditional use of millions of tons of scrap enables us to guarantee that the steel we make for cans contains at least 25 percent recycled material.

That's why we say that steel is the recycled material.



THE SUBCULTURE SPAWNED BY ELECTRONIC WARFARE

A little-known face of the military-industrial complex

ELECTRONIC WARFARE, OR EW as it is referred to by military-industrial insiders, is a rapidly expanding field of pushbutton defense technology that has already revolutionized modern air warfare. It has also spawned a subculture of EW buffs in the military and electronics industries. The result has been a national club, the Association of Old Crows (AOC), with its own magazine, a yearly national convention, and numerous local chapters or "Roosts."

For ten dollars anyone can become a member of National Crowdom. As a Crow (or infrequently a "Crowette"), one receives a certificate and a small desk medallion engraved with the Crow mascot and insignia, a Heckel and Jeckel-like black crow cartoon figure with lightning bolts tucked under one wing and shooting out from the claws of one foot. An additional five dollars brings a subscription to the Old Crows' official journal, *Electronic Warfare Magazine*. Though membership is open to all, attendance at meetings generally requires a security clearance.

While the group may sound like some satirist's fantasy of the military-industrial underground, it is both real and powerful. Each year Old Crows preside over hundreds of millions of defense dollars and one of the fastest growing areas of weapons development. Along with organizations like the American Ordnance Association and the Defense Supply Association, the Old Crows are an example of the cozy relationship that exists between the Defense Department and its suppliers.

THE MOTTO OF THE OLD CROWS is *Non Videbunt*, or "They Shall Not See." William Crawford, past president of the AOC, describes the possibility of blinding an enemy: "I believe that the U.S. could effectively deny the use of the electromagnetic spectrum to any potential enemy. This would mean that the enemy could not easily defend himself by use of radar warning and other electronically controlled defense systems. He would be denied the use of most electronic means of communication such as radio, microwave links, television, and other broadcast channels."

The crux of electronic warfare lies in ECM, or Electronic Counter Measures. The object of ECM is to prevent an enemy from having unimpeded use of his own electronic systems, such

as radar and radio. This can be done by jamming, deception, evasion, and eventual destruction. For instance, a Russian surface-to-air missile used by the North Vietnamese may be guided toward its moving target by a ground radar beam. Often, when fired at high-altitude targets such as photo reconnaissance planes or B52s, ground radar can only guide the SAM to the general target area. Then it must use its own radio beam or infrared sensor to home in on the hot jet exhaust of the aircraft.

Electronic Counter Measures against surface-to-air missiles might include sending out scrambling radio signals to distort the beam, dropping "chaff" (small sheets of metal foil) to cloud the target, or launching decoy missiles or rockets to confuse the missile. Needless to say, much of this equipment is highly classified. It also becomes obsolete very quickly as opponents develop their own ECCM (Electronic Counter Counter Measures).

One of the most celebrated and effective weapons in the ECM/EW arsenal is called "the Wild Weasel." The Weasels are essentially advanced radar-jamming devices in plane form that lead attack formations. According to a Weasel ace, Air Force Major George Mikos, a man becomes "something special" to be a Weasel. "This something consists of being a fighter pilot at heart, a tiger, a human computer, and of being willing to bet his life on his ability." Willie the Wild Weasels were designed in 1965 (relatively early in the EW chronology) to retaliate against the Soviet SAMs that were beginning to be a threat over North Vietnam. The Weasels first were fitted onto F100s and F105 Thunderbolt fighter-bombers, and subsequently were added to other aircraft, including B52s, as protectors on bombing runs.

Like the Old Crows, those who have sold, used, or been interested in the Wild Weasels have formed a club, the Society of Wild Weasels. They, too, have an annual convention, a newsletter, emblem, and motto (*Cave Putorius* or "Beware the Weasel").

Sophisticated products like the Weasel are in a constant state of flux and as a result are extremely expensive, frequently exceeding the basic cost of the aircraft to which they are affixed. (To cut costs, newer aircraft are being designed with the EW components inside the cockpit.)

older aircraft have them mounted in (beneath the wings). Admitting their high the Crows claim that these devices have air way handsomely by reducing aircraft Says one Weasel pilot, "Up high we take down below we run into flak. Without re'd be a lot more of us in Hanoi jails."

ST EVERY MAJOR electronics firm in the S. has participated in some aspect of the h and development or the manufacture systems. In spite of threatened defense is for many weapons projects, EW has continued promise as a lucrative field. ture is bright for EW," says a Crow from Force Avionics Laboratory at Wright on Field in Ohio, "as long as the Russians riting the requirements and we continue e up with sexier ideas."

Crows draw almost as many members e military as from the electronics indus- This close and convenient relationship so natural to Crows in both categories ardly occurs to them to question it. They te candidly that they are dedicated to g "DoD [Department of Defense] to- to exploit EW," but they avoid the label yist. "Anyone who believes in something out it," says Warren G. Austin, editor of *Electronic Warfare*, "but we are not a lobby

Crows officially proclaim themselves a sional society dedicated to the advance- of EW." But clearly it's a buyer's market, is buying except the U.S. Government, re would be no EW and no Crows with- government contracts. "Our job," says a ght *Electronic Warfare* editorial, "is to t an adequate amount of the nation's re- are put into EW so that it may take its place in the nation's arsenal." There can e dispute over the Crows' success.

example, each year the Crows jointly a convention and symposium with the ment of Defense. These annual get- rs are attended by hundreds of people, ature golf tournaments (with Golden rophies), banquets, awards, seminars, speeches, and socializing. According to z, the AOC executive secretary, they at- nainly government and industry people, re I'm talking high people—scientists, s, etc. This is where we'll figure out the ture of the future."

1971 Convention heard speeches by such as Senator John Tower of Texas and Joseph M. Montoya of New Mexico. ynote address was given by Defense Sec- Melvin Laird, who sounded right at home. idn't know so many of you so well," he would have misgivings about facing this

audience of specialists and experts in the field of electronic warfare."

SURPRISINGLY, DESPITE the direct involve- ment, most Crows show little long-range concern over Vietnam. Of course, they want to win and they are committed to protecting U.S. pilots in the process. But they tend to downplay the war looking at Indochina simply as a convenient testing ground for the future. "Any country that's geared toward wartime ECM now is wrong," says Litz. "The country that's going to make it will look to ICBMs and Safeguard set-ups, etc." It is difficult to get some Crows to discuss Vietnam at all, whereas the subject of "the Russians" brings long and animated responses.

"Well," says Dan Graves, Central Region Vice-President of the Crows, "you might say Vietnam is a bad war. I don't agree to that. But just for the moment I'll agree. I don't think this will be the last one . . . Whoever the bad guys are in the Kremlin who work around the clock starting wars—you know, they started the war in Vietnam, and they'll start another in five years. I don't know where it's going to be, but it's going to happen. You don't have to be very clever to figure that out . . . If they ever declare peace, it would really wreck us."

Many Crows are still deep-frozen in the Cold War. Their fear of the Russians conveniently places them at odds with the world's other major power and possessor of complicated weapons systems. No doubt one reason why so many Crows have a difficult time taking the NLF and the North Vietnamese seriously is that they have so little technology and use almost no aircraft. Such opponents do not, in fact, provide a very convincing threat when it comes time to jimmy billions of dollars from Congress—certainly not compared with a hostile superpower like the Soviet Union.

IN A RECENT ISSUE, *Electronic Warfare* ran an article entitled "Civilian Application of EW Technology." The article discussed a relatively innocuous application of new military electronics to watches without movable parts. Yet what one Crow called the "direct technical fallout to civilian society" from EW ("fallout" and "spinoff" seem to be coterminous in EW circles) clearly has a more ominous side to it.

"There is no doubt about civilian gains," says Warren Austin. "Bugging equipment has really come out of EW. So have better radar systems at airports." Much of the technology developed for air-dropped seismic and acoustic sensors, infrared and TV surveillance devices, microwave data links and night-vision scopes is of consuming interest to people in law enforcement. To date, however, the big contracts are still with

"It is difficult to get some Crows to discuss Vietnam at all, whereas the subject of 'the Russians' brings long and animated responses."



Orville Schell
THE
SUBCULTURE
SPAWNED BY
ELECTRONIC
WARFARE

the military. In terms of the large research-and-development outlays, crime control is small potatoes compared with defense. Although the Defense world is notable for the insecure financial futures it offers, the men in EW exhibit tremendous confidence. "The main thing," says Austin, "is that nothing that flies can live without EW." Another Crow proudly points to the fact that the Association of Old Crows is the fastest growing professional society in the country. "I got nothing to bitch about, as long as EW is paying my bills," he says. "And as long as the Association is peopled by people who are enthusiastic, then the future will be exceptionally brilliant. There are probably not many pessimists in the organization. Not many of those. Just a lot of optimism and good humor."

THE ASSOCIATION OF OLD CROWS had a modest genesis. "The Crows were a social organization to start with," says Warren Austin. "They were just a bunch of guys who had flown together in World War II and Korea. You know, it started out of war stories. They called the guys who jammed the German radar 'Ravens,' and they would just get together." Austin mentioned something about Old Crow whiskey, and then went on to say, "Anyway, we're here to stay." The Crows still reflect the unusual fraternity of military pilots of earlier years, although by now their membership on the whole consists of electronics executives, engineers, and other "guys who fly desks."

The social function is fulfilled today by frequent gatherings throughout the year at all levels of the Association. There are some forty-four Roosts (including several in Southeast Asia). Each elects its own officers and organizes its own activities. Six regional vice-presidents coordinate Roost activities, attend local meetings, and inform Roost presidents about the availability of speakers from the military and industry.

This year the Crows are led by Linc Hayes, of Ling-Temco-Vought in Dallas (which will host this year's convention). He is assisted by a twelve-man board of directors composed of the pl men from industry, two colonels, and a that the Apparently, the military and the elect-electromagnets involved underwrite much of the emy. This wred by the men who fill these posieasily defend od publicity. As one Crow put it, and other ele access to the top of the heap." systems. He woulws recognize the importance of tronic means of heap," the true social life goes microwave links, Roost level. Here subcultures channels."

mes such as the Armored Crows The crux of ek, Redstone Rebel Roost (Hunts- or Electronic Cou the Big Look Crows (San is to prevenrnia), the Roadrunner Chap- impeded use of his, Arizona), and the Mugu Crows

(Point Mugu, California). Their outings events mix together a strange pastiche of days at the racetrack, banquets, drinking, fa projects, and classified briefings, all dut reported in the Association magazine fo enjoyment of other Roosts.

Tan Son Nhut O Club (Saigon): "The 'O' Roost gave a cocktail party with 26 Cro attendance . . . with awards to Mr. Gene 'space' Cunningham. Gene was one of those guys who was able to spend six months fig in the real war out of Phu Cat, before in dragged into headquarters . . . Just prior t the conclusion of the night's festivities, the bership unanimously elected Miss Nguyen Kim as the Seventh Sea Club Crowette."

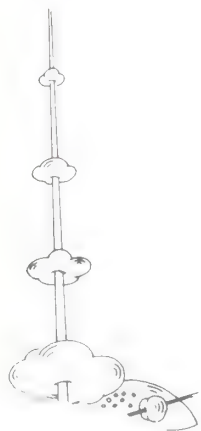
Air Capital Roost: "Our January me was a smash. Col. Gary Willard and Major Frith, two of the wildest and wooliest of the River Gang [in North Vietnam] told how Wild Weasels do their thing. Cocktails, mignon, and war stories at McConnells Of Club rounded out the evening."

Gateway Roost: "One of the highlights of the winter season was our sweetheart dance (square dance and half round dance) he, Mosley Hall. Prizes were numerous, with the main attraction being a \$100 basket of won by Ron Peck, McDonnell Aircraft Co. was followed by a classified briefing on Ideas in Electronic Warfare' by Frank En Litton Industries."

PERHAPS THE MOST IMPORTANT MEAN keeping the Association of Old Crationally cohesive is the magazine, *Elect Warfare*. It is described by one Crow as et Warren Austin's "labor of love." The mag is a glossy quarterly put out by Austin in a ment office beneath his home in Alexar, Virginia. Austin works on the magazine he is not at his regular job with Maxson tronics. He started publishing it in 1969 it replaced its less impressive predecessor, *Caws*. Its circulation is now around 6,000.

Most of the articles are contributions technical nature from "scientific members of EW community"—topics such as "Panor Receiver Operations in a Strong Field Environment" and "Electro-Optical Microwave Cnelized Receiver." The magazine also publ speeches and ruminations by various right-military figures on their current interpreta of the Communist menace. Other sections. "People in Electronic Warfare," appear sionally, providing short biographies of the important in the world of EW.

The homier side of EW is dealt with in issue by Dan "Pumpkin" Graves, the genial toastmaster-general. His three-dot col Operator 750, expresses what one Crow



Orville Schell is editor of Pacific News Service and co-director of the Bay Area Institute in San Francisco.

real let's get together, have fun, and get the one spirit" of the Association. Graves, who to show up at get-togethers wearing humors and headdresses, is an untiring traveler participates in more local Roost meetings any other person. His hallmarks are a string cigar, and a Midwestern drawl. He was in Oklahoma on a farm, and he says, "There's not much dove in me. Politically speak-stand just to the right of Genghis Khan. I have two sons in the military, and served in the army myself, and happen to think that this country is worth defending. In case we have to fight, I think we have to be ready. And about the part a man of my limited talents can play in some spot where he can contribute and do it."

Reading Graves' chatty column, it is easy to get just what it is that brings the Crows together. In one issue he reported that "Rel Vice-President, K.O. Rogers (Boeing, Italia) [everyone is always identified by his company or service branch] met with AOC members in town... using his wife's new car. He claims that some Crow loused up the car's engine by smoking cheap cigars and left the car in the car..."

Humor tends to revolve around cigars, golf, or an occasional friendly racial jibe toward fellow Crow: "It was a nice wedding and the first interracial (Polack-Irish) ceremony I attended." Or, "One of our Eastern Crows signed a long-term contract on the West Coast. The Ragazzo got married. Bob, or 'Pizza Boy' as we know him, is one of the better 'presentations' that we have heard. I hear Bob's bride's party included a six (6) month's supply of spaghetti."

Electronic Warfare Magazine is rounded out by a Letters to the Editor column, editorials, and numerous photographs of banquet scenes with Crows presenting plaques to other Crows.

THE SAME CORPORATIONS that make electric toothbrushes, TVs, kitchen appliances, heaters, thermostats, duplicating machines, and light bulbs also hold contracts from the Department of Defense for electronic-warfare components. They are the regular advertisers in *Electronic Warfare Magazine*. "We are entirely supplied by ads from industry," says Austin. "If they don't come through, we don't come out."

Last year's convention issue, Sylvania took up back-page space. The display was a watercolor showing a panoply of EW devices in action: an air transport radiates little lines representing some sort of scanning or jamming; a plane flies overhead; beneath it a jet fighter streaks along the coast emitting similar lines of dramatic beams; a little lower, helicopters can be seen dropping sensors; in the dis-

tance, more fighter-bombers are taking off from a carrier; in the far background, a destroyer floats in the harbor while a landing craft disgorges tanks onto the beach; a mobile radar antenna stands on a hill not far from a jeep towing an unidentifiable trailer; in the forefront, a GI peers through a night-vision scope. In spite of all the apparent activity, the scene conveys the impression of tranquility and order. The caption: "Electronic Warfare Is Our Business... Sylvania."

The Teledyne MEC Co. takes a slightly different approach to marketing its solid state microwave relay devices. Their ad shows a voluptuous naked woman (the photo is cropped just above her nipples) smiling and holding a small relay device in the palm of her hand. Beneath the photo, which is in color, a caption asks, "Would You Like the Rest of This Picture? As well as the rest of the picture on solid state relay devices? Call or Write Teledyne."

Other ads range from highly technical presentations to heavy Crow come-ons. In a recent convention issue, Raytheon Co. (which has also adopted the slogan "Electronic Warfare Is Our Business") depicts a cartoon crow with bloodshot eyes, obviously drunk out of his mind, his feathers falling out all around him, sporting an Old Crow badge and wearing a beanie. He looks ready to topple over any minute. One limp wing holds a briefcase, the other a Raytheon pennant. The caption: "Welcome to the Association of Old Crows National Convention."

WHILE CROWS ARE NOT GIVEN to divisive in-house debates, they do have one ongoing controversy, and this is over their name. One detects an uneasiness in members who criticize the name, as though "Old Crows" is a little too flip for the cause to which they have dedicated themselves. As several members have pointed out, there is also something very blatant about the name of their magazine, *Electronic Warfare*. One member says, "Since the term *warfare* is in social disrepute in some circles, a name change here might have some benefit but it's difficult to think of a really peaceful name that has any meaning."

In defending the present name, Thomas W. Reader of the Missile Electronics Warfare Technical Area, Electronic Warfare Lab wrote in the Letters to the Editor column: "Another reason for our name is that it is woven into the fabric of the nation itself. During armed conflict it is absolutely within the American character to inject a little levity into the prevailing situation. We have seen this trait in all our wars whether it was Yankee Doodle Dandy, a snappy nose design on a bomber, or a short message like Cong Killer on a tank. I feel our name provides this sort of inspiration to our profession." □

"No doubt one reason why so many Crows have a difficult time taking the NLF seriously is that it has so little technology and uses almost no aircraft."



HARPER'S MAGAZINE
OCTOBER 1972

Who says **FIRE IN THE LAKE** is the one book on Southeast Asia you must read?

Schlesinger, Chomsky, Just, Fritchey, Lewis, Galbraith, Woodside, and Lacouture.

"A superb book—the most penetrating study thus far of the American experience in Vietnam. If Americans read only one book to understand what we have done to the Vietnamese and to ourselves, let it be this one."—*Arthur Schlesinger, jr.*

"A work of rare insight and lasting importance... goes a long way toward explaining why the United States has been compelled virtually to destroy the society of South Vietnam... a sympathetic understanding of the Vietnamese that is quite unusual in English-language scholarship."

—*Noam Chomsky*

"A humane, witty and deeply knowledgeable book, certainly the best yet written on 'The Vietnamese and the Americans in Vietnam'. It's unique in the literature of this war, and indispensable to anyone attempting a serious understanding of the tragedy."—*Ward Just*

"An astonishing achievement. I would not have believed there was anything more to say. But, after reading **FIRE IN THE LAKE**, I hastily concede I was wrong. There is still much to be said, and Miss FitzGerald has said it beautifully, perceptively, compellingly. It makes all the new developments in Vietnam comprehensible."—*Clayton Fritchey*

"This is a book that strips away illusions about what Americans have done and are doing to Vietnamese society. Miss FitzGerald is not content with devastating logic or analysis; she gives us the facts of Vietnamese society under the impact of the American war."—*Anthony Lewis*

"With the best. It's hard to believe that one could still learn so much about a country that has been the subject of so many books."—*John Kenneth Galbraith*

"Perhaps the most sensitive, the most ambitious, and certainly the most eloquent book ever to examine the American intervention in Vietnam against its Vietnamese historical setting."—*Alexander B. Woodside*

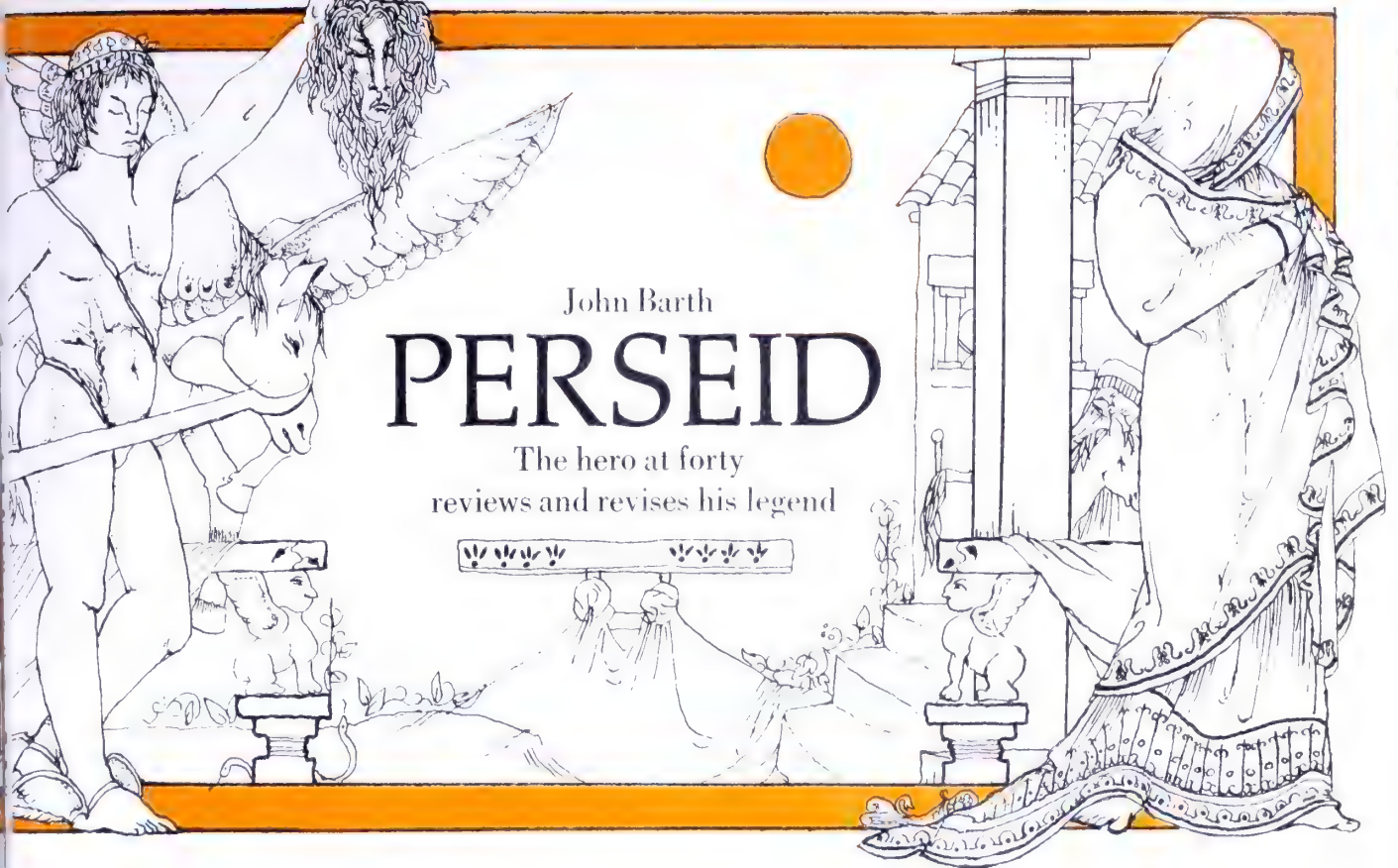
"Miss FitzGerald's study is one of the most penetrating to have been published on the causes and effects of the Vietnamese conflict. The author's sensitivity, her knowledge of history, her intellectual courage, and her personal on-the-spot experience boldly sweep away the convention and clichés of official propaganda: This book is a gust of fresh air."—*Jean Lacouture*



\$12.50 at a bookstore

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY PRESS

LITTLE, BROWN and COMPANY



John Barth
PERSEID

The hero at forty
 reviews and revises his legend

GOOD EVENING.
 Stories last longer than men, stones
 than stories, stars than stones. But even
 our stars' nights are numbered, and with
 them will pass this patterned tale to a
 long-deceased earth.

Nightly, when I wake to think myself
 beworlde and find myself in heaven, I
 the night I woke to think and find myself vice versa. I'd
 ong lost, deserted, down and out in Libya; two decades past
 rllown that country with the bloody Gorgon's head, and ev-
 op that hit the dunes had turned to snake—so I learned
 at twenty years and twenty kilometers high, how could I
 nown? Now there I was, sea-leveled, forty, parched and
 d, every grain in my molted sandals raising blisters, and
 uered by the serpents of my past. It must have been that of
 gods in heaven, the two I'd never got along with put it to
 ndy Ammon, my mother-in-law's pet deity, who'd first sent
 meda over the edge, and Sabazius the beer god, who'd
 the roof in Argos till I raised him a temple. Just then I'd've
 ed Mycenae for a cold draught and a spot of shade to sip it
 ven prayed to the rascals. Nothing doing. Couldn't think
 I'd been or where was headed, lost track of me entirely,
 nenced hallucinating, wow. Somewhere back in my flying
 I'd read how to advertise help wanted when you're brought
 I stamped a whopping PERSEUS in the sand, forgot what
 about, writing sets your mind a-tramp; next thing I knew I'd
 PERSEUS LOVES ANDROMED half a kilometer across
 nes. Wound up in a depression with the three last letters;
 ning before them slipped my mind; not till I added USA was
 enough again to get the message, how I'd confused what I'd
 to clarify. I fried a while longer on the dune top, trying to
 was a dying man: so what if my Mayday had grown through
 vertisement to an amphisbane graffito? But O I was a born
 , and would die one: as I looked back on what I'd written, a
 last breeze sprang from the right margin, behind, where I'd
 iming, and drifted the A I'd come to rest on. I took its cue,
 the whole name, got lost in the vipped space between

object and verb, went on erasing, erasing all, talking to myself,
 crazy man: no more LOVES, no more LOVE, clean the slate alto-
 gether—me too, take it off, all of it. But I'd forgot by that time
 who I was, relost in the second space, my first draft's first; I
 snaked as far as the subject's final S and, frothing, swooned; made
 myself after that seventh letter a mad dash

"And that's all you remember?" asked Calyxa.

"That was it, till I woke up here in heaven, in the middle of the
 story of my life. Would it please you if I kissed your navel once
 again?"

"Take a chance!" I blushed and did. Here's how it was: some
 lost time since I'd died as I imagined with my name, I opened
 eyes upon a couch or altar, a velvet gold rectangle with murex-
 purple cushions, more or less centered in a marble chamber that
 unwound from my left-foot corner in a grand spiral like the triton
 shell that Daedalus threaded for Cocalus, once about the bed and
 out of sight. Upon its walls curved graven scenes in low relief,
 each half again and more its predecessor's breadth, to the number
 of seven where the chamber wound from view—which scenes,
 when I had come fully home to sense, I saw depicted alabasterly
 the several chapters of my youth, most pleasing to a couched eye.
 The first, no wider than the bed from whose sinistral foot it
 sprang, showed Mother Danaë brazen-towered by vain Acrisius
 my grandfather for contraceptive reasons, lest she get the son pre-
 destined to destroy et cetera, Granddad himself, with Grand-
 mother Aganippe, stroked horses fondly in the court, unaware that
 up behind them Zeus in golden-showerhood rained in upon their
 frockless daughter, jackpotting her with me. A pillar divided this
 mural from the next, as it were on my port quarter: Acrisius had
 judged Mom's story counterfeit, called me his twin brother's bas-
 tard, and set suckler and suckled adrift in a brass-bound box; the
 scene itself was the beach of Cycladean Seriphos; there was young
 Dictys with his net; he'd fished us in, opened the chest, and stood
 agape at the sight of sweet-nursing Danaë, in mint condition de-
 spite her mal de mer. In the background was fairly copied the pal-
 ace of Dictys's brother, King Polydectes. The third relief, abeam of
 and as long as my altar couch, was set in Samos: twenty years
 were passed with the fluted pillar; back in Seriphos the King lus-

Barth is Professor of English at the State University of New York at Buffalo. His works include *Giles Goat-Boy* and *Lost in the Funhouse*.
Perseid is one of three novellas that constitute *Chimera*, to be published in September by Random House. Copyright © 1972 by John Barth.



ted after Mother and had rused my rash late-teenhood with a pledge to marry someone else instead if I'd contrive to bring him Medusa's head as a wedding gift. "You're sure it was Zeus and not youruncle up in that tower?" I'd asked Danaë one last time—for she'd admitted an early defloration by Proetus, Acrisius's twin.

"I was sixteen," she replied, "but I knew a slug from a shower of gold."

And you don't want to marry King Polydectes?"

"Small change."



SO, BANKING ON DICTYS to safekeep her, I'd set out for Samos on a tip from half-sister Athene, to learn about life from art; for represented in her temple murals there (and so reditto'd here in mine) were all three Gorgons—snakehaired, swinetoothed, buzzardwinged, brass-clawed—whereof, as semiSis was pointing out, only the middle one, Medusa, was mortal, decapitable, and petrificient. Already holding the adamantine sickle Hermes had lent me and Athene's polished shield, I stood listening, a handsome auditor I was then, to her hard instructions. Sword and shield, she said, would not suffice; one thing depended on another; just as Medusa was prerequisite to Mother's rescue, so to kill Medusa required not only the Athenian strategy of indirection but other gear; namely, Hermes's winged sandals to take me to Gorgonsville in far-off Hyperborea, Hades's helmet of invisibility to escape from the snake-girl sisters, and the magic *kibisis* to stow her head in lest she petrify all posthumously. But these accessories were in the care of Stygian Nymphs whose location was known not even to my canny sister; only the grim gray Graeae could tell it, and they wouldn't.

My first task, then, clear-cut in the fourth panel, had been to hie me from Samos to Mount Atlas, where sat the crony trio on their thrones, facing outward back to back and shoulder shoulder in a mean triangle. Some way off from its near vertex (which happened to be between terrible Dino and Pemphredo the stinger), I hid behind a shrub of briar to reconnoiter and soon induced, concerning the single eye and tooth they shared, their normal mode of circulation. Right to left things went around, eye before tooth before nothing, in a kind of rhythm, as follows: Pemphredo, say, blind and mute, sat hands in lap while Dino, on her right, wore the eye just long enough to scan her sector and Enyo, on her left, the tooth just long enough to say "Nothing." Then with her right hand Pemphredo took the eye from Dino's left, clapped it in place and scanned, while Dino with her right took tooth from Enyo's left, popped it in to say "Nothing," then passed it on to Pemphredo, who passed the eye round to Enyo, put in the tooth, and said "Nothing." Thus did report follow observation and meditation report, except that (as I learned some moments later) at the least alarm any Gray Lady could summon by a shoulder-tap what either other bore. For, having grasped the cycle, I moved closer in a cautious grope, keeping ever abaft the eye, at the vertex between speaker and meditator; but when I rustled a pebble underfoot, then-blank Enyo, her right hand out for the eye from Pemphredo, whacked Dino into reverse and fetched the tooth as well! I lunged to her right, Pemphredoward, just as she clapped the organ in; by

the time she was toothed to cry "Something!" Pemphredo eared me at her feet and tapped Enyo for the eye, at the time reaching right for the her-turn tooth. Dino, unable to that she'd returned the tooth to Enyo, swatted back both twice-tapped Enyo got her hands crossed, giving Pemphredo eye and Dino tooth; I dived through thrones to the cent clapped all; eye and tooth flipped round in countercircle could be by none installed before doubly summoned. By deftly interposing at a certain moment my right hand between Dino and Enyo's left, I shortstopped eye; no problem then, as Pemphredo made to gum home their grim incisor, simply to shoulder her and excise it. The panel showed me holding triumphantly aloft while the grieving Graeae thwacked and flopped and croaked in vain, like crippled herons.

Its Stygian successor in my judgment was less successful; tactically speaking, for while it curved some thirteen meters behind my bedhead to the Graeae's right, both the task and representation were much simpler; having learned from the furious trio where the Stygian Nymphs abode (perforce retaining tooth for angry Pemphredo to speak with, but retaining a way of insurance against Gray-Lady-bites) it was simply a matter of going there, holding by dose thus against the biserable shell girls gave off, ad collectig frob theb the helbet, wallet, ad yokesaddles.

"What did they smell like?" asked Calyxa.

"Your opposite," I said. "But if, immortal that you are, perspired through all eternity rank sweat here where I abode of kissig, dor ever washed id all that tibe—"

"I'm twenty-four," Calyxa said, "until next week. That's okay."

But I couldn't tell her where took place that easy feat up the wall, for just as Lethe's liquid is a general antidote to memory, Styx-girls' stench proved specific against recollection of its scene. All Pemphredo said was to shut my eyes and follow my nose, opening the former till I was obliged to close the latter. No time, all till I had lapped the team of tool wardens there depicted winged off, don't ask me whence.

"If she hasn't anyone to wash herself for her," primly declared Calyxa, "a girl should wash herself herself."

The penultimate panel, on my entire right hand, was the most eventful and my favorite. Itself septuple in proportions similar to the whole's of which it was sixth episode, its first scene, Labyrinthian, showed me holding aloft the Gorgon's dreadful head, which, catching her napping, I'd snuck in shielded to cut from her reflected neck; the second, Hesperidean, my petrification of hospitable Atlas; the third, fourth, and fifth, all Joppian, respectively my backhand slaying of sea-beast Cetus, threatening dromeda on the cliff; the post-rescuary nuptials, held over the siopieia's protest, whereat I'd recited to the wedding guests my story thus far; and the splendid battle in the banquet hall where I'd rival Phineus, who lusted after Andromeda as had Proetus I'd broke up the reception: the mural showed me turning into a snake with all his company that avuncular nepophile. In the heptameter sixth panellet, climax of the climax, back in Seriphos, I had again called my enemy to my aid, rescuing Mother and ending my tasks by the petrification of taskmaster Polydectes. The scene represented a mere and minor mishap some time later, at the Isthmian track-and-field meet, where a zephyr slipped my stung flung discus into a curve and Frisbee'd down to Hades Graeae Acrisius in the stands; it was as overlong for its substance as



interpart in the whole heptamerous whorl, which for all its
s (thirty-three and then some) showed but my wife and me
d in Argos, surrounded by our gold bright children, a
r of Perseidae.

DAILY, HOURLY, since first waking on my
Elysian couch, I reviewed those murals,
wondrous, as faithful to my story and its
several characters as if no chiseling
sculptor, but Medusa herself, had rendered
into veined Parian, from her
perch in the great sixth panel, our flesh
and blood. That image was of the lot
welcome to me: all golden muscle, hard as marble, I stood
d on the Gorgon's corpse in the model glory of twenty
the magic sandals were strapped to just below my calves;
I knee bent to bound me next moment skyward; held back
t midthigh was Hermes's falcion, declined from horizontal
e my knee, my penis (see below), and my eyes—not to
hrough the golden locks that curled from under Hades's hel-
iose of Medusa, whose dripping head I held aloft in my left
Despite two small departures on the heavenly sculptor's part
lassic realism (though I grant it was a moment far from aph-
r, he had, I'm certain, undersized my phallus; and Medusa's
naccountably, was but for the herpetine coiffure a lovely
's!), it was a masterpiece among masterpieces, that panel; it
my eye first fell on when I woke: it it was I was still trans-
y muchwhile later when my radiant nurse-nymph first en-
om beyond the seventh mural to kneel smiling at my bed-
if before an altar.

voice still scratchy from the dunes, I said, "Hello."
whispered: "Hi," and on my asking who she was, re-
d: "Calyxa. Your priestess."
, so, I've been promoted?"

raised to me brighter eyes than any I remembered having
n Earth and said enthusiastically: "Here you've always been
Perseus. All my life I've worshipped you, right along with
n and Sabazius. You can't imagine what it means to me to
I speak to you like this."

wined, but touched her cropped dark hair and attempted to
be circumstances of my death. Calyxa, eyes closed, made
t noises. She was neither white, like most other nymphs of
uaintance, cinnamon-dark like Ethiopish Cassiopeia, nor
rysal like my handsome widow of panels Six-C through -E
ven, but sun-bronzed as a young gymnasiast through her
briefs—which showed her too to be lean-hipped and
d like an adolescent Artemis, as against Andromeda's full-
malehood, say, or the cushy amplitude of—there, my
v, with my manhood, stirred, giving the lie to elsewhere-mar-
Six-A.

This Elysium, Calyxa, or Olympus?"

heaven," she replied, brow to my hip.

ever heard, from Athene or the several accounts of fellow-
which I'd studied in the past decade, of erections in Ely-
hereas the Olympians seemed as permanently tumesced as
ant they dwelt on: I *was* elevated, then! Still stroking as I
red this rise my nice nymph's nape, I noticed that while

the mural began at my bedpost, the spiral it described did not, but
curved on in and upward in a golden coil upon the ceiling to a
point just above where my head would be if I moved one heads-
width left; when I raised me up to watch whither hot Calyxa now,
I saw the same spiral stitched in purple on the bed. And—miracle
of miracles!—when the sprite sprang nimbly aspread that nether
spiral and drew to her tanned taut tummy dazzled me, I perceived
that her very navel, rather than bilobular or quadrantic like the
two others I best knew, was itself spiriferate, replicating the in-
finite inward wind both above and below the finite flesh on which
my tongue now feasted.

Godhood was okay. However, I was twice disturbed to find my-
self impotent: twice in that, one, I twice tried Calyxa then and
there, that "afternoon" (I'd not supposed the sun set on us immor-
tals), and despite or owing to her own uncommon expertise was
twice unmanned; two, it was the second time in as many weeks
and women (so it came back to me the second time) I had thus
flopped, after never once failing done Andromeda in seven thou-
sand nights—an alarming prospect for the nymphed eternity
ahead.

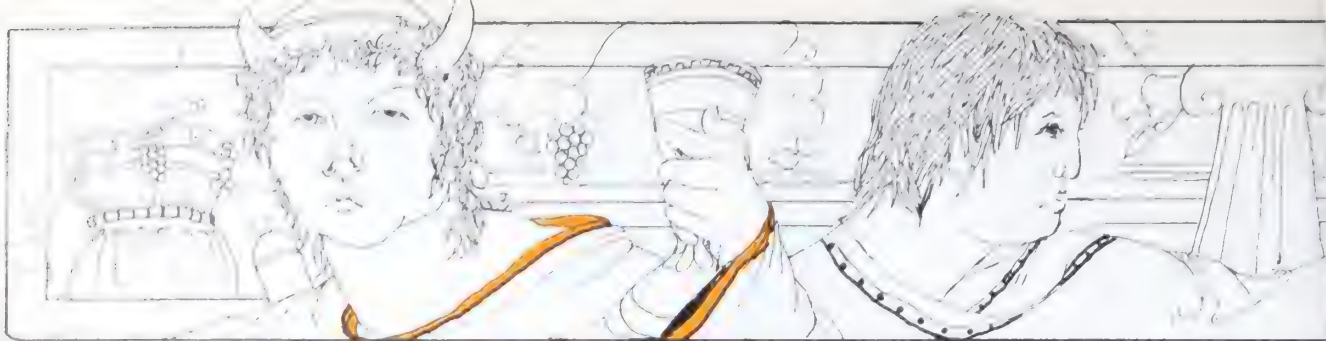
"It doesn't *matter*," insisted sweet-sweat Calyxa, several times
in each of the days and nights that followed. "It's just *being* with
you I love, Perseus; it really is one of my dreams come true."

There was another thing: used as I was, as king and mythic
hero, to a fair measure of respect, admiration, love, I was unused
to reverence: I could not make water without my votary's adoring
view (I had not known gods pissed like mortals); she literally
licked clean the plates she fed me back to strength from (not am-
brosia after all, but dates, roast lamb, and retsina, as at home) (I
insisted she wash them after); licked *me* clean too, like a cozy cat,
in lieu of bathing, and towed me with her hair (too short for the
job); sport enough when one was in the sportive mood, as Calyxa
seemed more or less continuously to be; a mere embarrassment
when one was not. Truly I believe she would have reli-
quaried my stools if I'd allowed her (I hadn't guessed gods shat).

"You divinities take sex too seriously," she chided when I
swore at that second slump. I supposed to her, not unbitterly, that
nymphs like herself were accustomed to a rounder overgoing from
the deities they attended, and made clear, perhaps overprotested,
that I myself was unused entirely to impotence, could not account
for it.

"Oh, you'll be heavenly once you're aroused, I can see that,"
she soothed. Not her fault at all, I assured her; indeed, never since
my first nights with Andromeda, so long years past, had I couched
so lively, lean, and tight a miss; moreover, Andromeda and I, I
fondly recollected, had begun as equal amateurs and learned
love's lore together, whereas Calyxa's skill bespoke much prior ex-
perience. . .

She laughed around the limb she gaily lipped and enjoined me
from pout. "Believe it or not, I was a virgin till twenty-two."
Cheerfully she acknowledged then that all her girlhood she'd so
adored myself, Sabazius, and horny Ammon, and had in addition
been so preoccupied with sports and studies, she'd let no ordinary
mortal know her (I'd not heard mortals *could* lay hands on
nymphs); then one evening, as she was sweeping out the sheep-
god's shrine, which she ministered along with mine and Beer-
Boy's, Ammon himself had appeared and to her great delight had
rammed her. Thus initiate, she'd gladly become not merely tender
of our three temples but priestess-prostitute as well, holily giving
herself, in the honorable tradition of her earthly counterparts, to



the truest of our male admirers between tuppings by two-thirds of the deities themselves.

"Sabazius too!" I protested. Ammon I could be purely jealous of, despite my old grievance concerning his advice to Cassiopeia, for the images I'd seen of him in Joppa showed a fine-fettled fellow with handsome ramshorns coiling from his swarthy curls. But not only had Sabazius fermented no end of trouble for me back in Argos; I winced to picture that old priapist a-puff on my neat nymph. She giggled. "You think *you're* impotent! But don't make so much of it, Perseus!" Along with swimming and foot-racing, she candidly admitted, she liked few pleasures more than the chains of orgasms Ammon and one or two of her mortal partners could set her catenating. She and Sabazius, on the other hand, made do with beery conversations, burps, and blow-jobs, which, the first being long and friendly, the last short and sweet, pleased her in their way quite as well as Ammon's frisk fierce fucks.

"You worry too much," she told me on the second night, when, flaccid once again, I'd advised her vexedly to forsake me and revert to Ammonism. "In the first place, I've never stopped *being* an Ammonite and never will—or a Sabazian, either, even though neither of them keeps in touch with me anymore." I was not, she gently reminded me, the only god in her pantheon; on the other hand, it made her happy beyond imagine merely to be with me on my altar-couch; to know her deity—*any* of her private trinity—as a "warm human person," "off his pedestal," in her terms. Besides, was I really so naive as to equate lovemaking, like a callow lad, with mere prolonged penetration?

Yes. "I'm a *hero*!" I indicated with a sweep my relieved glories, whose first extension she had revealed to me that day. "Virtuoso performance is my line of work!"

She removed my dexter hand, it being an article of her creed, even with deities, to allow no sheepish, merely dutiful clitorizing. "The more you think of sex as a performance," she advised me, "the more you'll suffer stage fright on your opening nights. Just hug up close, now, and fill me in on what I showed you today."

SIGH, I DID, curled up behind my wise cute tutor as the temple's great second whorl, to which she'd noonily introduced me, enconched the first. As I'd come to hope and fancy, the Perseid reliefs and my altered view were not coterminous there where I sat regnant with Andromeda; a second series—correspondent to the first in its own proportions, but of grander breadth to fit the scale of their enormous revolution—commenced just after, at the pillar on that farther wall aligned quite with my left-foot bedpost and Calyxa's navel-point.

"Yes, how it was," I said: "The kids were grown and restless; Andromeda and I had become different people; our marriage was on the rocks. The kingdom took care of itself; my fame was sure enough—but I'd lost my shine with my golden locks; twenty years it was since I'd headed Medusa; I was twenty kilos overweight and bored stiff. With half a life to go, I felt fettered and coffered as ever by Danaë's womb, the brass-bound chest, Polydectes's tasks. In fact—please keep your face straight—I became convinced I was petrifying, and asked my doctor if it mightn't be

the late effects of radiation from Medusa. 'Just aging of the joints,' the fool declared, correctly, told me to forget about the Gorgon, give up ouzo, get more exercise. But harehunts call for a candle to monsternachy: I stayed up too late, drank too much, traded shamelessly on my authority to bore each night a select audience with the story of my life. 'Change of scene, then, doctor ordered: 'bit of a sea-trip, do you oodles.' He even winked. 'Take the Missus along: second honeymoon, et cetera.' I'd proposed it, and Andromeda said sure right off: park the kids in Argos, sail down to Joppa for a visit with her folks; twenty years since she'd seen Cepheus and Cassiopeia. 'Not quite what I had in mind,' I told her; 'we'll stop off there when the time comes, but let's go the route: drop in on King Dictys in Seriphos, say hi to Samian Athene, run over to Mount Atlas, where I short-circuited the Graecae—you've never seen Mount Atlas—then a quick stop at Chemmis on the Nile, where I landed for a drink before you lost your life.' By the way, Calyxa—"I had unwound to follow you, eye those furlid episodes along the wall.

"Please don't stop," she pled, and taking her to mean, I resumed her policy, the idle handiwork that went with my recitation.

"So, it was a battle from the outset, even though I'd dropped Styxynymphsville, Hyperborea, and Hesperia from my itinerary to give us an extra week in Joppa and time for a quick look at the Thessalian Larissa. 'Joppa period,' Andromeda said."

"I think she was being unreasonable," said Calyxa.

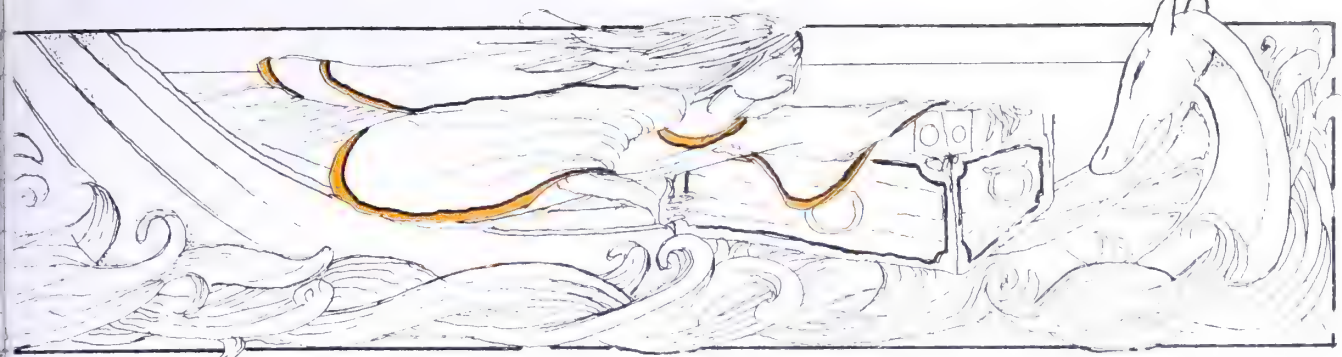
I cleared my throat. "Well, now, perhaps it was a bit vain of me to want to retrace my good young days; but it wasn't *just* that. No more were my nightly narratives: somewhere along the way, I'd lost something, took a wrong turn, forgot some knack, I don't know; it seemed to me that if I kept going over it carefully, I might see the pattern, find the key."

"A little up and to your left," Calyxa whispered. But I was now in my story. "Ever since that run-in with your pal Sabazius, I said, 'things hadn't been the same between Andromeda and me.' I told her how the bellied beer-god, using his Dionysian alias, had come binging from Naxos into Argos with his no-nonsense Ariadne—

"He told me about her, last time I saw him," Calyxa corrected. "At first I was mad with jealousy, but he was so happy, and so sweet . . ."

"*Everybody* was mad," I said: "the older women especially. They'd drink drink drink, and when I tried to close the bars behind them into eating their babies till I gave in. I'd've held them off while—you've got to draw the line somewhere—but Andromeda claimed it was his fame I couldn't abide . . ." Truth was, I'd declared, I *did* envy the upstart god his enthusiasts, the more for his own glory had not increased since I'd given up heroism for the orderly administration of Argolis; on the other hand, though I was prudent, mind, I quite believed in order, measure, self-discipline, and was opposed on principle to indiscriminate housewife indulgence, not to mention pedophagy. I was no less than Sabazius a devotee of Zeus, and if no god, I had the *vita* of a gold-haired hard-boiled hero, whereas Sabazius did nothing but booze and ball all day long.

"Better say 'guzzle and go down,'" Calyxa said comfortingly. She too, she added, had no taste for orgies unless among especially valued friends—such as, say, Ammon, Sabazius, and me—her general policy being to offer herself to others, corporeally and mentally, to the extent of her esteem for them. Nevertheless, she'd gone along with group-grope, gang-bang, daisy-chain, and



sions for her plump pal's sake, deferring her preferences to st as, with Ammon, she smoked hemp and humped hind-to, gh left to herself, so to speak, she'd choose light palm-wine position One more often than not. In both instances, her plea- theirs not only gratified her beyond her own preferences ade distinctly pleasurable, just in those circumstances, the emselves. In short, she was by no means blind to Sabazius's omings, but they were without effect on her worship of him. eally used to talk, he and I."

iked Sabazius okay too," I admitted, "despite the trouble aused me; once I'd agreed to build him a temple to keep the vives happy, we drained many a goblet together before he on. But there was no peace after that with Andromeda: ne claimed I'd given in out of weakness, or to curry favor on us: was I pandering to public opinion, yielding to the pedo- protest groups, or kicking over my traces like a foolish ear-old? Fame and kingship had changed me, changed me, elared, and not for the better, et cetera.

was all downward after that," I concluded; "squalls and ales; flirtations, accusations; relovings and relapses, let's not it, you know the story, it's all in that pillar between the last yonder," where Andromeda and I shared our loveseat ringed by little princelets, "and the one today," in which old-faced queen sat throned far right and sullen I far left, ownlings wondering between and a ship making ready in rble foreground.

went weekendening once with Ammon down the Nile to ,," Calyxa remarked. "We swam a lot. It's the only time I've under water."

s not so great, actually, didn't you find?" I asked her in her , delving at the same time down to recollection. "The natu- ricants get washed off, and it sort of hurts. I knew this sea- once . . ."

ked it anyhow," Calyxa said.

NEXT NIGHT TOO we made less progress with each other than with the templed exposition. "If only Medusa had petrified just *that* part!" my priestess sighed. "You're like some of the holiday tourists we get: bold as brass back home but all tinsel and tiptoe here."

When I had been Perseus proper, I r then, I'd flown the known world over. Hyperborea to Hes- yet never heard of tourists to the country of the gods. Part y morning, afternoon, and evening Calyxa disappeared into ple's outer whorls with strict instructions, as she said, from hat I was not to follow past whichever mural she'd last laid . Where did she go, I asked her now? What do? Was she g off to Ammon and Sabazius, or tourist-tupping in my ly precinct?

was not annoyed until I apologized (at once) for my imper- e. "If you're going to be quarrelsome, be quarrelsome; don't e step forward and two back."

ologized for my apology, attributing my too-tameness to ars of Andromeda's house-training, and that in turn to her s domination by Cassiopeia, while at the same time ad-

mitting that, as Andromeda herself had charged in the Sabazius affair, a better man would in the first place never—

"Stop that!" Calyxa cried. I did, began to apologize, stopped *that*, reflected a moment, and then declared her under no obliga- tion to attend me if she found my manner, mind, or manliness disappointing; but if she chose to stay she must accept me on my terms—which for better or worse included (unlike Sabazius's or Ammon's, I daresaid) permitting me to accept her on hers. No drachma but had its other side: Andromeda in my opinion had near henpecked me out of cockhood; but I had learned from her what few men knew, fewer heroes, and no gods: that a woman's a person in her independent right, to be respected therefor by the goldenest hero in heaven. If my pert priestess was unused to parity as was I to novelty, then we had each somewhat to teach the other.

Calyxa sat up and closed me in her lap (these conversations were all postcoitally, anyhow epiclimactically, couched); but all I could get from her was "You, you! You're leaving something out. Those *letters*, Perseus, that she threw overboard . . ."

I groaned. Had voyage in nautic history, I asked rhetorically, ever begun so crossed as ours whose wreckage that day's mural had fixed forever? We'd set out when spring gave way to summer, neither of us yielding to the other. Andromeda stormed at me it must be Joppa without side trips, or she'd go it unburdened of her had-been hero; I stormed back, if she'd wanted a lackey instead of a lord, she should've stuck with her Uncle Phineus. Thus we raged and counterbaited as we cleared the port. I perhapped our prob- lem to be mixed marriage: Argives and Ethiopians were oil and vinegar, I declared, palatable when right-proportioned but never truly mixable. Pah, she spat: all marriages were mixed, a man and a woman; but there was my insufferable ego again, proposing three parts Perseus to one Andromeda, when it truth it was her rescue from monstrous Cetus had made the reputation I'd grown so puffed upon: she had, as it were, laid her life on the line to make me famous!

I replied, not unfairly I think, that even the bards who sang our story were wont to call her both the cause of my labor and its re- ward—which was but putting prettily (I went on less fairly) that had I bypassed Joppa altogether I'd've spared myself two hard bat- tles (with Cetus and with Phineus's gate-crashers), plus the sus- tained one of our recent years together, and found me a more con- genial princess somewhere else, whereas *she*'d've been fishfood. That always got to her: she bawled back that what I'd freed her from were but the chains in which my forebears caused her to be put (she meant Uncle Poseidon, who'd given Ammon word to cliff her when the jealous Nereids complained to him of Cassiopeia's boast et cetera); she owed me nothing, more especially since I'd manumitted her into the bondage of my tyrant vanity, a mere bed- partner and accessory to my fame; it was but a matter, in her view, of exchanging shackles for shekels, or iron manacles for gold. That always got to me: I stormed back, unfairly now, that even read as I read them the poets were wrong: freeing Mother Danaë, not Andromeda, had been my mission; regaining my lost kingdom; resolving, by the death of both, the twenty old feud be- tween Acrisius and Proetus, which dated from the womb. To this end Medusa, not fishy Cetus, had been my true adversary and chief ally; I hadn't even employed her in the Cetus engagement, to dispatch which wanted but my trusty sickle and a bit of shadow- feinting. In short, the whole Joppa adventure, charming as it was, could be regarded as no more than a couple of subpanels, as



it were, in the mural of my life; an interlude in, indeed a diversion from, my hero-work proper. "Danaë, Danaë!" then had shouted Andromeda. "You should have married your mother!"

Calyxa clucked her tongue. "You two really went at it, didn't you?"

I agreed, my face burning afresh. "That's when she pounced upon the brass-bound sea chest on the poop," I said. "We had lots of traveling bags, but I'd decided to do the trip right—my trip—and had packed my things in the same old trunk that Granddad had shipped me off in, forty years past. For one thing, I thought Seriphean Dictys would be pleased to see it again, so I'd kept in it all my souvenirs: a piece of the net he'd fished us ashore with, the crescent scabbard of Hermes's sickle, couple of rocks from giant Atlas after I'd stoned him, fern-corals from Joppa (I'd laid Medusa's head on seaweed while I skewered Cetus), Andromeda's leg-irons, the Larissan discus, and the letters."

"Those letters, Perseus . . ." I was left-flanked on the couch: naughty Calyxa, propped on her elbows at my hip, amused herself as I spoke by scribing capitals on her forehead with my flopped tool as with an infirm pen. R, S, Something, P: the scrambled uncials of my name.

"Fan letters, mostly," I said. "Nut mail, con letters, speaking invitations, propositions from women I never heard of—sort of thing every mythic hero gets in each day's post. I swear I didn't save them out of vanity, as she claimed; I almost never answered them."

"It was partly habit, I'm afflicted with orderliness, they were even alphabetized, starting with *Anonymous*. Partly for amusement, to pick me up when I was feeling down, remind me I'd once got a few things done worth doing. But mainly, I swear, it was for a kind of *research*, what I mentioned once before: certain letters especially I read and reread; half a dozen or so from some dotty girl in Chemmis, Egypt. They were billets-doux, I admit it—but along with the hero worship was a bright intelligence, a lively style, and a great many detailed questions, almost as if she were doing a dissertation. Did everything that saw Medusa turn to stone, or everything Medusa saw? If the former, how explain the sightless seaweed? If the latter, how came it to work when she'd been beheaded? Considering the crooked sword, the Graeaeae subterfuge, the rear-view approaches to Medusa and Cetus, the fardarting Hermean sandals, even the trajectory of the discus that killed Acrisius, would it be fair to generalize that dodge and indirection were my conscious tactics, and, if so, were they characterological or by Athenian directive? O, Calyxa, this nameless girl, she had no end of insightful questions! Which I pondered and pondered as I've done these murals, to find if I could their meaning, where they pointed, what it was I'd lost. One question alone—whether I felt my post-Medusan years an example of or an exception to the archetypal pattern for heroic adventure—set me to years of comparative study, to learn what that pattern might be and where upon it I currently was. Thus this endless repetition of my story, as both protagonist and author, so to speak, I thought to overtake with understanding my present paragraph, as it were, by examining my paged past, and, thus pointed, proceed serene to the future's sentence. My trustiest aid in this endeavor was those seven letters, at once so worshipful and wise; I'd've given much to spend an evening with their author! Hence my fury when Andromeda, herself unhinged by wrath, tore open the chest lid just off Hydra and threw them to the fish. For the first time in our life, I struck her."

Calyx Squeezed Me

MY EYES FILLED at the double. Calyxa curled me in her way salt tears filled her navel. Post-s went on, I took from the chest correspondence with Andromeda letters written during my youthful Larissa, and posted them with th in the Gulf of Argolis. Then And

in a perfect tempest of outrage, fish-fed the contents of th shore me of my valiant past as a steering drover ballocks a

"I could listen all night to the way you talk," Calyxa said

"We were so busy storming at each other," I went on, "d crew and galley slaves enrapt in our battle royal, none not a natural tempest till it struck astern like the fist of a god, a ther Zeus were counterpunching for smote Andromeda. A qu rels went by the board with mast and tiller; we were sto trice, sunk and drowned—all save my wife and me, who, st tling with the relatched ruin of my chest, were washed wit way of its contents. Empty, it floated; our grapple became the storm passed, the sharks were patient; two days the cre easted us, as in your picture, clutched and quarreling in the Candia; on the third, as if caught in a repeating dream, v netted by a fine young fisherman, more the image of my youth than my own sons were. He congratulated us on o vival, complimented Andromeda on her brined beauty, intr himself as Danaus, Dictys' son, and home-ported us with of his catch to Seriphos."

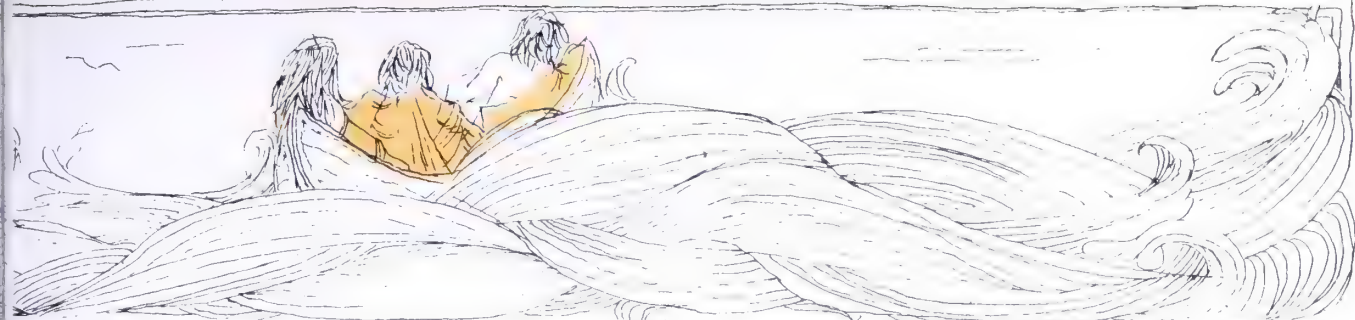
Calyxa squeezed me. "When I drew that panel for the s from your sister's sketches, I was afraid you and Andromeda embracing over the sea chest."

Embarrassed, she acknowledged then under my amazed rogation that all the murals in the temple were rendered fr drawings, after careful instructions delivered her from time over the years by couriers from Athene. She was no merely maid, minister, and mistress of her deities, their to and devotees, but artful chronicler of their careers as well frained from asking whether Sabazius and Ammon were si shrined, but praised her artistry to the skies. "I'm no artis demurred. "Anyhow, I'm not interested in me."

But I would not let her off so modestly; with real appreci kissed her from crown to sole, which flexily she enjoye pressed her tell me how far the murals went—for while I could predict, I thought, the next couple of panels, my men an odd dark passion in the desert just prior to my demise w obscure to me, as was the manner of my death itself.

She shook her head. "Tomorrow, or the next night, may tell you, if you haven't guessed." Her tone grew graver. "W you think the next panel will be?"

I supposed it would portray the famous "sculpture-museu Seriphos, now the isle's chief tourist attraction, which w somed—Andromeda, Danaus, Dictys, and I—soon after, i became the cycled dream's continuation. King Dictys hims in declining age and health, but overjoyed to review the and cause of his ascendancy. Andromeda, unsalted and refr seemed to have lost five years and kilos in the sea; she bas the gallantries of her yet-younger life preserver. The famou ues, of course, were no sculptured likenesses at all, but the originals of Polydectes and his court, fixed forever in the tures of insult and abuse that I had countered with the Go head. There in the center sat the false king himself, still gl



claration that my whole laborious adventure had been but for my riddance; that he had never intended to bed any gold-girt mother, whom presently he was starving from her y with Dictys in Athene's temple. Those had been his last iscinated, I pointed out to my companions that his tongue tipped to his teeth to make the *theta* of Ναῶ Ἀθήνης, to a he would never come.

arkable," young Danaus had agreed, and added with a tease in his own teeth-tipped tongue: "If Uncle P. was en you froze him, and has been lisping that same *theta* for ears, you and he must be about the same age now."

meda laughed, her first mirth in months; then the two of nt off at smart Danaus's suggestion to find something less o look at than his petrified progenitors. Dictys and I them go, my wife merrily accepting her escort's elbow, went round the remaining figures, pensively summoning nd patronymics from that glorious morning for half the n. Returning at last to the now-cool shadow of Polydectes, d from silver beakers of Hippocrene and traded troubles. "t manage the boy," Dictys said; "it's because he never other, and I was too busy running the government to be a ther."

pathized, reflecting on my own sons' growing rebellion, d who was Dictys's queen; at his hem and haw I dropped ct, inferring with some satisfaction that young Danaus t. He suggested we ought to interrupt their tête-à-tête; but for more wine instead, and two beakers later was con him my domestic problems and my conviction I was pet Dictys shook his head. "Just ossifying, like the rest of us." about Andromeda, he said; he was just as pleased never wed the only woman *he'd* ever loved, seeing how seldom iment withstood the years' attrition. For the rest, as there elp for it, he advised me to resign myself to lovelessness ine; he'd ship me off to Samos, Joppa, or wherever I but all voyages, he reminded me, come soon or late to the k port. "Better late, then," said I, and announced to the company at dinner I was determined to resume the ent of my ancient route. If Andromeda would not retrace e . . .

es flashed. "Joppa, period."

ast consult Athene," old Dictys implored me.

," said I. "Where I did before, in her shrine in Samos."

re he learned about life from art," Andromeda mocked represented in her temple *there were all three* —snakehaired, swinetoothed, blah blah blah. I know it by a staying here."

g Danaus fiddled smiling with his flatware. "I've heard it said, "that when you were done with Medusa last time, out her back together again, with a difference: nowadays stone to flesh instead of vice versa: makes old folks spry ou and Dad should look her up."

s impertinence there was a general pause, and general re- I merely thanked him, level-voiced, for the report. If she to go with me, I told Andromeda next day, she must Seriphos under Dictys's chaperonage until my return: I t have her travel unescorted. She replied, she was her an, would as she would. Very well, I countered, remind- however, that independence had its limits; that, given our r tempers and past, the more she became her own he less mine.

n," Andromeda said, a Joppa expression.

"So I went it alone," I said to Calyxa, "and my guess is that tomorrow's mural shows us there in the hall of statues: Danaus grinning, Andromeda and I glaring at each other, Dictys shaking his head, and Polydectes still lisping Ναῶ Ἀθήνης."

I was mistaken, my artist informed me—not only about next day's scene (which pillared all I'd just rehearsed) but about the nature of parity between the sexes as well.

"I know," I sighed, mistaking her. "Andromeda was right."

"That's not what I mean!" Calyxa sprang to her nimble knees. "Look at *me*, for instance: would you call me dependent? I go my own way, lonely or not; that's why I've never married. But don't you get the point?"

She flipped my flunked phallus. "I swear, I'll have to draw you a picture."

Instead, she showed me one, next day: myself in conference already with the hooded woman in Athene's temple, beneath the familiar frieze of Gorgons, winged Pegasus grazing just outside.

"Remarkable!" I scrutinized my companion-in-relief. "The resemblance . . ."

"With the cowl it's hard to tell," Calyxa said; "but if that's Athene, then Athene's the one who's brought me the instructions for all these scenes over the years, and finally brought you here in person from the desert. She's always been very polite to me, but she never explains the pictures."

"I'll be glad to: at first I thought her a fellow suppliant—"

But Calyxa reminded me of our little rule, explication only after form.

We went to bed early, I did better, fairly entered her, though for less than heroic time and space; I was chided for sighing; she held me between her pretty legs and said: "Aphrodite's a woman and so am I. Does that make me her equal?" Andromeda's fallacy, in her view, was an equivocation on the term *equality*: she, Calyxa, frankly regarded herself as superior in numerous ways to numerous men and women—

"I think you are *too*."

"Do don't flatter now; I'm serious." Her dark eyes were, past doubt; I'd have moved off-top, to beside her, better to manifest our parity, but she had extraordinary grip.

"I mean, they're mortals, and you're a nymph," I said limply.

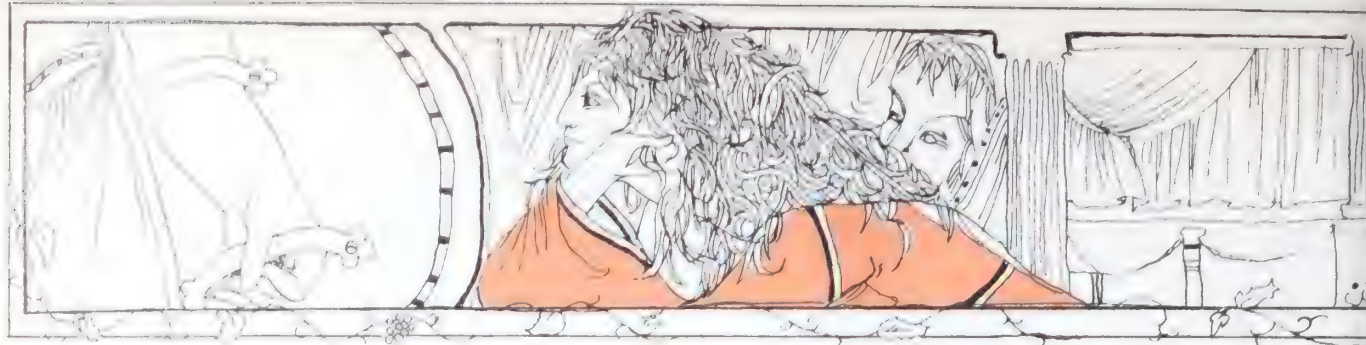
"Never mind that." The point was, she asserted, it went without saying, in her opinion, that to say men and women were equal was to say nothing. She herself admired excellence wherever she found it; she was far from servile by nature, knew herself to be uncommonly intelligent, witty, healthy, athletic, articulate, brave, and a few other adjectives—

"Pretty," I suggested. "Sexually adroit . . ."

She stopped my mouth. "But I happen to know men and women quite superior to me in all these things, and not only wouldn't I dream of calling myself their equal, I happen to *prefer* them to myself and my equals. You reminded me once that you're a mythic hero, but you keep forgetting it yourself. Were you always psychosexually weak, or is that Andromeda's doing?"

Truly I wished to withdraw, and being at least her muscular match, managed to. She grinned and bussed my forearm.

"No man's a mythic hero to his wife," I said. But Calyxa took spirited issue: no woman remained a dream of nymphhood to her husband, either, she daresaid, but real excellence in any particular should be excellent even qualified by comparison, long familiarity, and nonexcellence in other particulars. That permanent relationship was fatal to passion was perhaps inevitable, and as she preferred to love passionately she would never marry; but having



been more than once abused by those she loved, she knew for a fact that her admiration of their excellences was invulnerable. "Ammon's a real bastard, often as not," she said; "but I'd die for him tomorrow if he asked me to. I'm good, but he's great. What does Andromeda think she is?"

I'd hear no more such criticism. "My question to Athene," I said, "was who was I? I made proper sacrifices, prayed she'd appear and counsel me how not to turn to stone. If there was a new Medusa, let a new Perseus be resickled, -shielded, -sandaed, and the rest, to reglorify himself by rebeheading her. It wasn't Mother Danaë wanted rescuing now, but Danaë's son."



CALYXA SNUGGED against me with a kind of fond exasperation. I went on to recount how, as I'd recounted to Athene my apprehensions, a hooded young woman had appeared beside me at the altar, whom I took to be a fellow suppliant until from the corner of my eyes I saw a radiance from hers—which, however,

like all her features, were cowed from view in the temple dusk. And when she said to me, "Your brother was right: there is a New Medusa," I recognized the voice as no mortal's: Athene had come to me, as was her wont, in suppliant's guise. I reminded her I had no mortal kin, only scores of divine half-siblings like herself, got by Zeus upon his scores of bedmates.

She touched my arm and softly undeceived me. "Dictys and Danaë were closeted a long while in the Seriphos temple before you rescued them. But think again, Perseus, what Polydectes was saying: it wasn't the *theta* of *Ναῦ Ἀθηνῆς*, but the *sigma* of *Ναῦ Ἀφροδίτης*. He really did lisp, and your mother's shelter was Love, not Wisdom . . ."

In short, she said, young Danaus my rescuer and current rival was half my brother! And fortunate it was—she went on at once, to check my flabbergasted ire—King Dictys and my mother had chosen Aphrodite's shrine instead of Athene's for their besieged amour, since Athene would have sorely punished them for sacrilege. Such exactly (I could not get in my outrage edgewise!) had been innocent Medusa's original sin: was I aware of the circumstances of her Gorgonizing?

I surrendered.

"Me too," Calyxa said.

She'd been a pretty young girl, went on the cowed apparition: a daughter of the sea-god Phoreys and thus kid sister to the grim Ladies and cousin to the pretty Nereids. She'd been well brought up by her mother Ceto, was in fact as proper a sea-nymph as ever swam: discreet of her person, pretty as the April moon, a regular churchgoer and comforter of the drowned. Her only failing, if it could be so called, was a maiden's pride and interest in her budded beauty—in particular her naturally wavy hair, proof against sea salt and so comely withal that it fired the passions of the admiralty-god himself, her Uncle Poseidon . . .

"Uncles, I swear," Calyxa said. "That's three in this story. And two hair-things. I'm glad I'm a crew-cut orphan."

"She came one morning to this temple, to sacrifice to Athene," Athene went on, oddly referring to herself in the third person, "and catching sight of her reflection in the goddess's shield, left

off her obsequies for a moment to pin up her hair. Next she knew, there was a smell of seaweed; wet lips pressed to her nape, and Poseidon put her under. Shocked Athene turned away, but Medusa did too, but my, her eyes were fastened on the reflection: as the blue-eyed scallop resists the greedy starfish, length is pried and gobbled, so she saw herself shucked and forked by the mussled god. When he was done she redid her tears her hair, to look more becomingly ravished, and on Athene to avenge her. But that goddess, in her wisdom, punished the victim for the crime. Me—Medusa she banished to Hyperborea with her sisters, whom she'd cursed into snake-frights; the very sight of them was enough to turn Medusa's hair to stone when they approached her. It was a perfectly calm time."

"Just a minute," I interrupted.

"I'm glad you did," Calyxa said; "I was wondering too."

"I know," said my sister's surrogate. "But Medusa didn't have then. There were no mirrors, you see, in their stony cave, and swinetoothed sisters could only grunt. After a few years of her would-be boyfriends freeze in their tracks when she made at them, she decided that if she was ever to have a love life, she had to have to pretend in the cave what had been no pretense in the temple: not to know he was approaching. One day the seagull, the statues of her bouldered beaux told her that Perseus was winging herward, a golden dream; she lulled her self to sleep with a snake-charm song she'd learned and then she slept herself. Softly he crept up behind; her whole body trembled, his hand, strong as Poseidon's, grasped her hair above the crown. Her eyes still closed, she turned her neck to take his kiss . . ."

"O wow," Calyxa said. "Do you know what I think?"

"I know what I felt," said I. "But how was I to know?"

"I wish I'd known," I said shamefaced to the hooded one, replied, it was no matter: if she'd known herself to be as good as her sisters, Medusa would have begged to have her head cut off. In any case, when the Perseid tasks were done and the hero returned (except the crescent scabbard, given Perseus as a gift, and the Graeae's eye, which unfortunately he'd dropped into Lake Triton on his Libyan overflight), Hermes had kept the mantine sickle, restored their tooth to the aggrieved Graeae, forwarded the helmet, sandals, and *kibisis* to the Stygian Nymphs. Athene retrieved her bright shield and affixed to its boss the Gorgon's scalp.

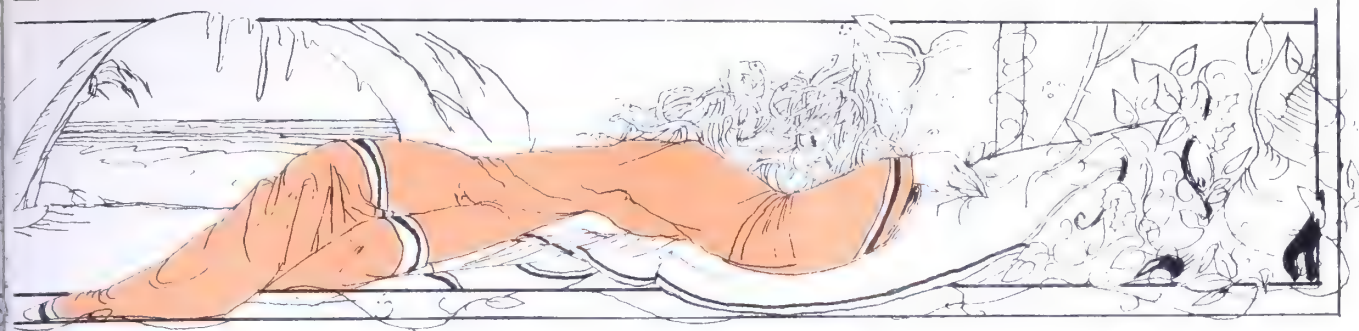
"Then there's no New Medusa? You said there was."

"There is," she said. "Athene reckoned she'd punished her nearly enough, so she rejoined her head to her body, revived and restored her original appearance. What's more, as a compensation, she allows her some freedom of motion away from the temple, away her sculpting glance for the most part, as long as she obeys by certain strict conditions . . ."

"Never mind those," I said. "Can she unstone me before she's too far gone?"

The girl hesitated. "Perhaps. Under certain *very* strict conditions . . ."

But I would none of reservations and conditions; begged her to be outfitted as before and directed how to head off my real adversary. I paced about the temple, impatient to be off; all I felt younger, more Perseus than I'd been in a dozen years. Good her telling me things had changed; I was a new man. I'd regird me with shield and sickle, it was a decade's petrification I'd cut off first, then Medusa's head to melt away a



start Danaus's, and confront Andromeda with a better Perseus had first unscarpd her.

"Is really what you want?" the hooded lady asked then, simultaneously later Calyxa: "That's really what you wanted?" ed both; let there be no talk of past past capture, I was younger by the moment in both temples, hers with anticaine with recapitulation.

well, then, said my coiffed counselor: she'd advise me as but the case was truly altered, and so must be both my and my address. From beneath her mantle she produced dagger the length and straightness of my phallus fairly was dismayed, for what might never lose in love would n in war.

damantine sickle?"

this," she said, "and your bare hands." The point was, I I must proceed this time with neither armor nor disguise. I imagine Hades himself no longer used the helmet of his not that not it nor any other charm could work invisce one passed a certain point of fame? As for the poleld, it itself was changed, aegissed with the former Gormer power; hence its absence from the temple, lest self-petrify its beholders.

c wallet?" I asked, heartsunk.

may be useful," she said. "Not to put the New Medusa's since you're not to cut it off—"

cut it off?" But then I remembered and remarked that her rization made the *kibisis* unneeded. "All she has to do is ae, then, and I'm twenty again? Or is it whoever looks at as asked that question about the old Medusa, in a letter rl in Chemmis, Egypt—"

not that simple, Perseus," my adviser warned, and my "You didn't answer the question."

d she, I said, except to say that the New Medusa's probapulations allowed for one special circumstance in which on might occur as of old, and one in which not only its but a kind of immortality might be accomplished. As a safeguard against the former, I was advised to borrow in the *kibisis*, to use not as a tote bag but as a veil: Meelf would explain it when she came to me, "and I," I said i, "when I come to her, in panel Six-A of your second What I asked Athene then was how to deal this time with Ladies, who though eyeless were not blind to my former Or might I skip them altogether and follow my own nose mphs' sour seat? In any case, surely I must borrow Herdals again as well, to fly to Hyperborea, or I'd die of old e I ever reached Medusa.

oman shook her head. "Athene said to remind you she relatives to look after too; that's why she couldn't speak re in person today. She's taken a great shine to a cousin named Bellerophon—"

heard of him," I said, and Calyxa: "I have; they say he's Never mind him," I told her, and the hood-girl me: "You enough; your sister has big plans for him. Her exact re: 'I'll always have a soft spot for dear old Perseus, but do m he's not the only golden hero in Greece.' I'm sorry." n I," said Calyxa. "I see now why it upset you about nd Sabazius. Let me ask you one question . . ."

on, I'm almost done." She did; the cowed messenger moned Pegasus from the court, stroked and purred to the ast as to a favorite child, and set forth candidly, at times

apologetically, Athene's new orders and instructions. I might borrow the winged horse, but strictly on a standby basis, since Bellerophon had first priority and could call for him at any moment. I should fly directly not to Mount Atlas but to the lakeshore of Libyan Triton. There I'd find the Graeae, helpless and cross enough to bite my head off; but I was to introduce myself plainly, endure with patience their threats and insults, and offer to skindive for their long-lost eye if they'd redirect me to the Stygian Nymphs. In general, she concluded, my mode of operation in this second enterprise must be contrary to my first's: on the one hand direct instead of indirect—no circuities, circumlocutions, reflections, or ruses—on the other rather passive than active: beyond a certain point I must permit things to come to me instead of adventuring to them.

Stung a bit still at being bumped by Bellerophon, I protested that direct passivity was not my style. It had grown by then as dark in that temple as now in this; I could discern my companion no more clearly than Calyxa. But a resonance in her reply—she observed that *before* the point aforementioned, initiative was mine to take—aroused me oddly through my new dismay and old-husband habit; I realized not merely that I was alone in the dark with a sympathetic and perhaps attractive young woman not after all Athene—but also that I hadn't put myself in the way of such realization for many years. Abruptly I embraced her; Pegasus skittered; she too was startled, and for some reason I when she neither protested nor pushed away. Simply she stiffened; I as well; thanked her for her counsel; prepared to unarm her with some mumble. She disarmed me with a murmur instead, how it had been long since she'd been embraced. Impetuously then I ran hand under habit; she drew off, not offended, however, and from her bosom took a light gold bridle. "This is for Pegasus," she said, "to restrain him." Smiling she led me therewith courtward, where she turned and straightway came to me, reminding me it wasn't *Ναῶ Αφροδίτης* we'd been in, but *Ναῶ στερνᾶ Ἀθηνῆς*. She wouldn't uncowl, for modesty, she said, but let me ground her and lift dun shift to white shoulders. It was an ample soft young body, wide-hipped and small-breasted; the night was warm, the empty court flags also; but I, ay, I was cooled by the veiled allusion to Danaus—

"And by the novelty," Calyxa said, "and by your fear you wouldn't get it up for her, which of course you didn't. No need to go on about ample young body wide-hipped et cetera; I get the picture." "Excuse me." "Don't apologize." "Sorry."

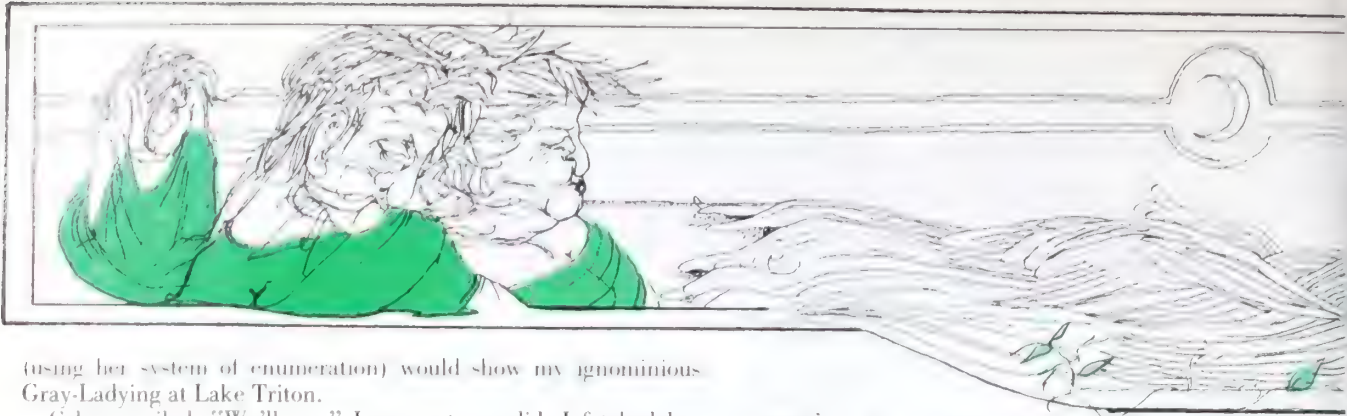
No more that night, Calyxa insisted, and turned away, pouting as it were with her very scapulae, her back's small small, pouting I declare with her lean little buttocks.

"No need to go on about small smalls and lean little buttocks."

Sorry, love, and good evening. I was sorry at once, reached to caress those same et ceteras and remarked, not ungently I hope, that just as Perseus was not the sole gold-skinned Greek hero, and the Calyxan religion not monotheistic, so she might allow that lean small what-had-she's were not the only you-know's deserving admiration. She spun to me merry-faced and tear-eyed and kissed me hard enough to fetch me at last full-length into her precinct proper—if only for a moment, as I'd threshold once again my of-fertory. But we were pleased.

"You're getting better," she said. "Now tell me how you know you'll meet Medusa in Series Two, Mural F, Panel One."

I replied, I thought I had the picture, but would withhold hypotheses until next day—when, if I was not far wrong, II-D



(using her system of enumeration) would show my ignominious Gray-Ladying at Lake Triton.

Calyxa smiled. "We'll see." I was not; we did: I fetched her couchward from the scene swiftly as Pegasus had me Lake Triton Samos and, lacking that splendid stone-horse's Bridle of Restraint, yet again fired surely but too soon. I was right, I told her eagerly: as the mural showed, I had been wrong to wrong the Gray Ladies in despite of the cowl-girl's counsel. But old habit had died hard: even passing over Seriphos, en route to North Africa at an altitude of forty stadia, when it had occurred to me to drop in unexpectedly and check on Andromeda, it had been my impulse I checked instead, deciding to surprise her less directly by coming back rejuvenated from Medusa. And when Pegasus touched down at Triton, I could not bring myself to tell my old victims straight out who I was. There they railed, craned, and cooted on the beach, old past aging, and gummed their breakfast; I altered my voice and asked crisply, "May I be of service, ladies?" What flap, cackle, and plop ensued! "Pah!" said Pemphredo; "Perseus!" said Enyo; "Puncture him!" said Dino—vituperating serially as they took the tooth.

"Not at all," said I, sidestepping their pecks. "Self-centered Perseus is my enemy as much as yours. I understand he dropped your eye somewhere hereabouts? I'll find it for you if you'll tell me where the Styx-Nymphs are."

Prepayment was my hope, for the lake, though shallow, was wide, and I despaired of finding in it an eye lost twenty years before. But "Pfui!" said Pemphredo, "Fool!" Enyo, and Dino "Find it first!" So we coracled off in all directions, the Graeae blindly paddling, I pondering, and Pegasus grazing back on shore.

"See it?" asked Pemphredo; "Sure he does!" Enyo; and Dino, "Say something, silly!"

"I see it," I said. "But I won't dive for it till you tell me where the nymphs are."

Alas, I was so banking on that desperate deceit I failed to cloak my voice. "Tooth-thief!" Pemphredo cried at once; "Eye-dropper!" Enyo added; and Dino, "Ditch him!" In a jiffy they had me jettisoned; the airwaves were my medium, not the sea; I sank like a stone—and saw clearly, just before I drowned, not my mere folly, but three eyes peering eerily from the weedy bed, whereof one—useless miracle!—was disembodied, the very Graeae's. Dropped from the high point of my hubris, it winked now from the depths. I clutched it, closed my own, and gave up hope, not knowing my life was to be—

Continued in the next installment," Calyxa put in. "Do you remember now what happened then?"

Three days ago," I said, "I'd've said I was fetched here from my drowning in Two-D, if I'd remembered even that. But One-E reminds me that I wasn't. Now answer me a question: how far do these murals go?" For I'd seen, belatedly, how each in the second whorl echoed its counterpart in the first, behind which it stood—yet no amount of examining the final panels in Series One called anything to mind from my late mortality. Calyxa, however, declined reply: I'd slept a night on *my* hypothesis; she demanded equal time.

And sleep she did, or feigned to, but I couldn't: like a bard composing, he reviews each night his day's invention in order to extend it on the morrow, I studied wide-eyed in the dark my recollection of I-E (the acquisition of my gear from the odorous nymphs) and imagined its correspondence in next morning's scene.

WE STOOD BEFORE IT gravely, I-E, a relief vast and nearly empty as the deserted shore it showed. Owing to the spiral's grand proportion, the three meters of I-E were stretched to nearly a hundred; yet in all that stadium but one thing caught one's eye, even mine, had caught the Graeae's: Pegasus, leaping off to the upper left corner with Pemphredo astride his grin-toothed Enyo sidesaddle, and Dino leering backward over his crupper; and, on the lakeshore far down right, myself looking mournfully up after, a drip-dry-hooded lady by my side.

"Same one as in the temple?" Calyxa asked. "Or a Styx-Nymph?"

I wondered how to tell her. "That's what I wondered whether she rescued me," I said. "But don't forget our rule." We gazed a moment longer, until Calyxa let go my hand, said flat, "It was an easy picture to draw," and went back inside. I sneaked one preview over my shoulder of I-F-I, which quickened certain sluggish memories and dredged up others, then followed after, and found her now veiled on-center as usual, but briefed still and cross-legged on the couch, in her lap a game board.

"I'm bored by all this fucking," she announced. "Let's play chess."

"Are you jealous, Calyxa?"

"Whatever of?"

But she mated me in no time, four games straight, declaring frankly and frequently that I made stupid moves, rooking and queening me unmercifully until I put by board and piece, bolstered her firmly by the shoulders, and ditto'd her. But she opened, but looked away the while, none of her usual inspection of our coupled parts. Therefore, perhaps, I did ok still briefly, even eliciting a minor moan of pleasure from toward our pleasure's end. When we rolled, still a-clip, together sweating on our sides, she twirled a finger in my chest-hair, said, "I thought you said Styx-Nymphs stank."

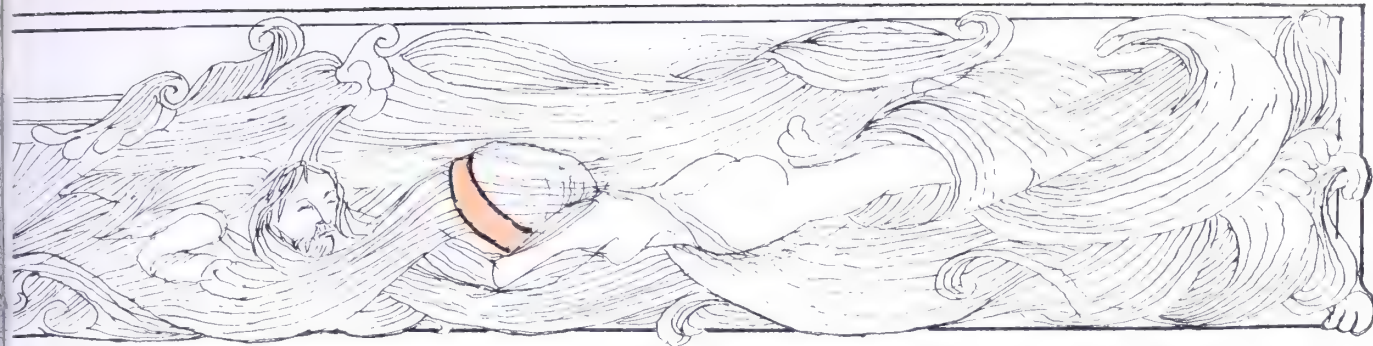
"On the other hand," I retorted, "sea-nymphs douche with every stroke. You must remember how it was with Ammon, in Nile?"

She apologized then for sulking and merely asked whether she supposed, it was Medusa herself who'd salvaged me, and whose embrace I would be stranded in the panel to come.

"That's putting it disagreeably."

Sorry—my words, not hers, but we know what she meant: point in further false suspense; I told her it was, or turned out to be, the one I sought.

"All I knew at first was that she was a sea-nymph, that pair of green eyes down with the Graeae's gray. She must have been and insufflated me; when I came to we were mouth to mouth under her cowl. I couldn't see a thing; when I opened my eyes kept them covered with her hand till she'd moved off and veiled herself. Not a half-veil, mind, like some Joppa girls wear, I a regular bag, with the hood over that. When I thanked her, she reminded me I'd flouted Athene's orders, hence my dunking, advised me to return the eye at once, unconditionally, to the Ladies, by this time shoaled some way downshore. I did, beginning to wonder whether my lifeguard was perhaps amphibian."



who'd briefed me in Athene's temple and bridled me in her
ur horse-metaphor's ass-backward," Calyxa said dryly. "It's
is no poet, I reminded her; merely a man with a tale to tell.

ght get on with it? How, introducing myself to Pempfredo
seus, son of Zeus, I'd plunked the eye in her palm and pled
three for triangulation; how, eyed, she'd eyed me, clapped
th from Dino, snarled "Nothing!" and taken off in a trice
asus with her cronies, in the direction of Mount Atlas.

much for my sister's wisdom," I said to the hood-girl, ex-
myself, and waded into the lake, asking her please not to
pi this time my drowning. No map no Styx-Nymph, no
no wallet, no wallet no Medusa, no Medusa no relief from
tion.

waded behind. "Why do you want rejuvenating, Perseus?
really think you'll win back Andromeda?" I was in deep.
t think of a right reply. "Or is it simply to be able to do
ork again?" "That too, mainly." "Then wait!" She
d me by the tunic-top, now shoulder-deep.

ondered too," Calyxa said. "How can Being Perseus Again
goal, when you have to be Perseus to reach it?"

s twice fetched up, by the cowl-maid and Calyxa's question,
I'd not considered. I uncouched and considered her.

you were mortal, Calyxa, did you write those seven let-
Her lip-bite attested authorship; I could scarcely tell on, so
pistolary details came crowding on me. I repeated Athene's
l, which the veiled one repeated to me: "Past a certain
t tight, hang loose, stand fast, let things come." Don't fret
Pegasus, she advised me; Athene had recalled him for young
phon, who was ready to commence now his own career. I
camp on the beach, at least for the night; since the Styx-
ere off the map and I seemed not to know where I was ei-
perhaps they were not far distant, might even come looking
She, at least, would return before morning to see; why not
y nose for news and get some shut-eye?

s sure then she was Athene's handmaid, the same I'd cour-
Samos. I cloaked out on the shore and watched the stars
not so many then as now, making stories from their silent
nd correspondences. The night was chill; I was stiffer than

ne on," Calyxa said: "she came."

ht. It was a camper's wet dream: she stole from the lake by
t and slipped under my cloak, her own still sopping. She
a-shiver; I helped her off with it, up to the cowl and veil.
she'd not remove. But I was right: I'd've known that body

ple soft wide-hipped small-breasted blah."

I're being Andromeda," I chided Calyxa. "Sorry." "Don't
ze. She confessed she was the Styx-Nymph, her veil the
which she'd as leave keep on till morning if I didn't mind.
ln't get much done." "You said she was Stygian, I be-

Stop that. She was innocent, had had only one man be-
poseidon, he left his traces, never an orgasm." "I had or-
ong before I ever had a man." "She wasn't like you, for
und worse, but she was sweet, sweet, my lifesaver; I was
e, she was impetuous and shy at once, I was flattered—but
s stiff with me, out of inexperience, and I limp with her
"Out of practice." "You *did* write those letters! Anyhow,
Athene's aide, I reminded myself, not Aphrodite's. I was

eager to see her face, which she promised to unveil when the time
was right; if her neck, which especially pleased me, was any in-
dication . . ."

Calyxa sat up and requested a change of subject. She was past
her pout, even teasy, but would not be touched by my retumes-
cence, inspired as it was not altogether by herself. "We all know it
was the New Medusa," she said. "Is that why she kept the bag
over her head?"

"Don't be crude."

She turned sober. "I'm afraid of tomorrow, Perseus."

I was astounded, and explained that my Styx-Nymph, toward
dawn, had said quite the same thing, which I'd explain in the
morning. I comforted both: assured the sea-girl that I had more to
fear than she, since, without Pegasus to fly me to Hyperborean
Medusa, the *kibisis* was useless; endeavored in Calyxa's case to
change the subject to her Perseid letters, which could be said to be
responsible for the narrative in hand, its source and omphalos.
Had she died in Egyptian Chemmis—drowned while skindiving
with Ammon in the Nile, perhaps, or been crocodiled in the deeps
of love—and elevated posthumously? Or was her heavenhood a
kind of prize for authorship, as Delphinus had been starred by
Poseidon for his winning speeches? Speaking of Chemmis—



BUT SHE'D SPEAK NO MORE, only cling to me
most close that night as Medusa, still
mantled, was shown clinging to me on
the beach in the morning's mural. II-F,
like its counterpart, was septuple, but so
grander in scale that its several panels
were each broader than the broadest in
the inner series and could be viewed
only individually. I asked Calyxa whether, in Zeus's timetable, the
whole of it might be seen that day, or were we obliged to give a
week to its several panellets.

"Are you in such a hurry?"

"No no no," I assured her; "well, yes. For one thing I can't
remember a thing after the week I spent with Medusa on Lake
Triton, and I want to know exactly when and how I died. But
what really interests me is the way this temple of mine is unfold-
ing." What I meant, I explained when we returned to bed, was
that given on the one hand my rate of exposition, as it were—one
mural per day—and on the other the much rapider time-passage
between the scenes themselves, we had in six days rehearsed my
life from its gold-showered inception to the nearly last thing I remem-
bered; it followed that soon—any day now, perhaps—the marmor
history must arrive at the point of my death and overtake my
present transfiguration. What was she drawing currently, I de-
manded of Calyxa, if not herself and me in spirate heaven, review-
ing the very murals she was drawing?

She bid me consider two things: first, that, immortality being
without end, one might infer that the temple was as well, from our
couch unwinding infinitely through the heavens; on the other
hand, it was to be observed that as the reliefs themselves grew
longer, the time between their scenes grew shorter. Mightn't it be,
then, that like the *inward* turns of the spiral, my history would
forever approach a present point but never reach it? Either way, it
seemed to her, the story might be presumed to be endless.



"But it's all exposition! Where's the real-time drama? Where's the climax?"

Calyxa smiled seriously. "I think we'll come to it very soon. Together." She then announced, at first augustly, that next day, the ninth since the sun's entry into Leo, was the twenty-fifth anniversary of her birth and the twentieth of another red-letter day on the calendar of her life, which she'd tell me about tomorrow. By way of celebration, it being presently by her estimate an hour or so from midnight, she suggested we reverse our usual order and enjoy narration before copulation, so that she might arrive at the quarter-century mark in my arms. I was much touched—and troubled by another implication of her news—but I observed to her that the gloss on II-F-1 would be malapropos and anaphrodisiac in those circumstances, since, as she knew, that morning's scene had represented my tryst with Medusa. Should we not just skip it? Game of backgammon? Hour's nap? "No," Calyxa said positively. "I'm okay now. I want to hear it."

"Okay, I guess she *is* okay. I'm still jealous, but I won't be critical anymore."

Good. She *was* okay, certainly, that night, as I told the tale. I hope she's okay now. "It was in the morning," I told her, "Medusa told me she was Medusa. We'd tried again, not a whole lot better; she'd drawn up hind-to to me—please don't turn over—still wearing the *kibisis* alone, and bade me not turn her over till she'd told her tale. First came the story of her life, part of which she'd exposed to me in Samos: her pretty girlhood, Poseidon's rape, Athene's punishment, her ignorance of her Gorgonhood and mistaking me for her lover instead of her destroyer. Very difficult to tell this part, especially with you listening. "Her eyes had been opened, she told me, by my sword at her neck, and her last sight had been her reflection in my shield—the same she'd set her hair by in Athene's temple. It so mortified her she was pleased to die; she knew no more until Athene had scalped, rebodied, and revived her—whereupon her first request was to redie at once if she was a Gorgon still. An odd thing was that, once brought back, she could recall all her dead head's doings, and did so with mixed feelings. To be perfectly frank, despite my having killed her she still loved me, and had lived, during her death, for those moments when I raised her by the hair and she withered my enemies with a glance. This declaration moved me; I begged her to unbag and let me kiss the pretty head—she *had* said it was pretty?—I'd so ill-used to such good effect in its former state."

"But she stayed my hand with a recital of the hard conditions of Athene's amnesty: first, should she ever again look at her reflected image, she'd see a Gorgon, not a girl; second, should she show her face to anyone, she'd instantly return to Gorgonhood."

"That's not fair," Calyxa said. "For all she could tell—"

"Exactly. But there was one compensation and one escape clause. Athene granted her the power to juvenate or depetrify, just once, whomever she gazed uncowed at or whoever uncowed and gazed at her; but the conferral of this boon on the beholder must be at her own cost, since by the earlier stipulation she'd be reGorgon."

"Ay," Calyxa said. "Your sister doesn't give anything away free."

"She's not the goddess of justice. I asked Medusa what the escape clause was, but for a time she wouldn't say. I believe I mentioned she was shy; what I've told here in two pages took me days to coax from her. Between confessions—which I prompted by confiding my own troubles, at an exchange-rate of seven to one—we

strolled the beach, swam and fished, talked about life in ge-

"And made love," Calyxa said.

"And tried to make love. She was pleased enough; Poseidon that time in the temple, had been rough on her; you know the gods are." "Yup." "Nobody'd ever done the forepleasure with her properly, or showed her what to do with herself. . . ."

"I promise not to say anything critical," Calyxa said. "I'm not like Medusa now. But I thought most of those things were instinctive." "Nope." "Well...hadn't she *read* anything? You know she read."

"Reading was what she did most," I replied, "especially the myths and legends; it was what we mainly talked about. Her as you may have noticed, myth isn't reality: it was agreed to teach her how love is made, but her inexperience was so putting in its way as your expertise. What's more, I was more concerned over Athene's stipulations, as I learned them. . . ."

"In short, you were impotent, like with me a few days ago." "Yes." "Not the whole time, I hope? I'm on Medusa's side."

"Did she really say that, Perseus?"

She really did. "Just the first few times," I answered. "I was a bit better each night, just like us. It turned out she was never wouldn't want her when I learned she'd been a Gorgon, as raped by Poseidon, and given birth to Pegasus." "Hear me saying anything?" "But I told her, honestly, that those didn't bother me at all. The fact was, no other way to save the first-person narrative, Medusa really loved me, her first experience of that emotion, and I realized I hadn't been loving the old days with Andromeda. What's more, she truly wanted a third spirit; we had jolly conversations. . . ."

"Don't beat about the bush," Calyxa said. "Did you love her or not?"

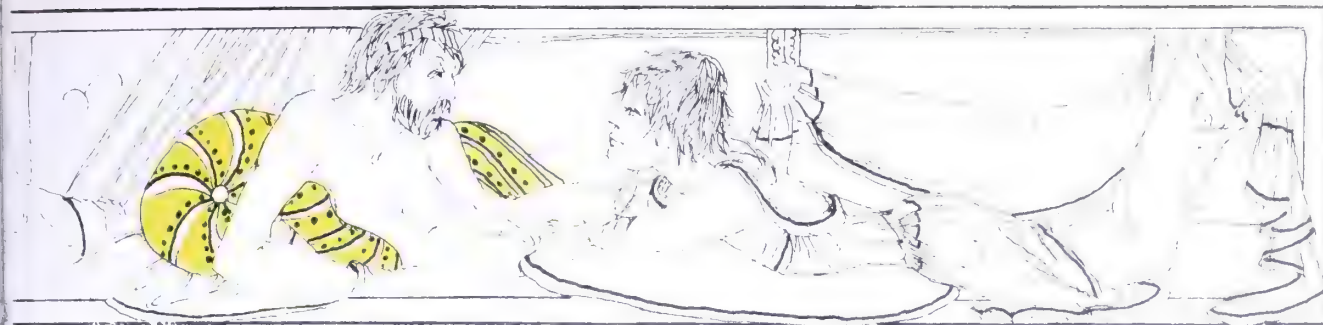
I answered, forgive me, I was plagued by doubts about her. "How could I be sure what was behind her veil?" I answered. "And wasn't it likely my attraction was mainly relief after all those troubles, or mere vanity at being loved?"

"What you *really* wanted," Calyxa said, "was to be twenty with Andromeda again. Can we get to the escape clause?"

I was astounded by her insight. "That's what we got to on the fifth night. We'd finally had a proper lovemaking; she'd let herself go a little, even felt her first bit of orgasm; it was we'd be all right soon enough if we kept at it, just as we did while we clung together in the denouement, I declared I loved her and asked what Athene's last condition was, for I wanted to see much to see the face that spoke in such a gentle voice and such a pretty neck, excuse me." Excuse me. "At last she showed out: if the man who uncowed her, and on whom she laid her shot grace, were her true lover, the two of them would turn as the stars and be together forever. But since she hadn't been herself a Gorgon before, and couldn't view herself now, for I or I could know she might be Gorgon still, and Athene's was a nasty trick. In short, whoever unveiled and kissed her must do so open-eyed, prepared to risk petrification forever in the god's hug. 'I'm willing, Perseus,' she told me at the last, 'you'd better think it over.'"

Calyxa shook her head. "I can't remember any analogous that motif."

"I couldn't either. Next day she was quieter than usual that evening she told me very gently just what you said a day ago: in effect, that I loved her less than she me and was bound with half my heart to Andromeda. I wished then I'd had the *kibisis* for myself, to hide my shame; I swore I *did* love her."



as much as I could, not really knowing her and all—"oy, Perseus."

well. She wept a bit, near as I could tell; I was all cut up, the same time stirred; lots of sex in this story. I touched her; yved at once, most womanly; I managed almost as well as Andromeda. Medusa was in rapture; I don't say this out of

now why you say it," Calyxa said. "But how about you, ? Were you in rapture? I think about us, last night, on the ge . . ."

I her, what was true in the other case as well, I was still too pried to feel rapture of the kind I'd been accustomed to Andromeda in better days. Pleasure, yes, and some satisfaction as yet not rapture, quite, of the free transporting sort, nor likely, until we rose unfettered to the same high altitudes. ver."

suggested. "In any case, Medusa came at last; there was the t to discover her." "Yes."

"But I didn't, merely held her fast till I fell asleep. Next : she was gone; I woke alone."

seus?" "Yes?" "It's after midnight. I'm twenty-five and Will you make love to me?"

she did; there is a surfeit of sex in the story; no help for erged on much and didn't cross the verge. No more my riestess, Calyxa solemnly sat up and by the light of the al- watched me drip from her to the spiraled spread.

re my life," she said, as if addressing the little puddle. "I d go as I please. It's a free, independent life. I wouldn't down to any man. You and I don't really relate. I can't a on. We'd probably drive each other crazy if we stayed . You're not in heaven, Perseus. Neither of us is."

finger was permitted to touch her thigh. "Chemmis?" nodded. "And alive, then." "Yes." Pause. "I wondered as you could have a birthday."

e. We both watched her flex to stop my flow from her, in all her able musculature. "When you stopped here on y to Joppa the first time, it was my fifth birthday," she hey let us out of summer-kindergarten to see the gold- flying hero who'd cut off the Gorgon's head. You only rink of water from the public fountain and flew off, but all school we studied you and the other Greek heroes, along Ammon and Sabazius and our native ones." She sat cross- on the spermy point, her tears running too. "I could stop closed my eyes and legs," she declared, and didn't. "At town council put a little bronze plaque on the water foun- Ammon and Sabazius were the local favorites. Later on, hought I might like to be a scholar, I wrote a thesis on the you: my heroes." She smiled, sniffed, fingered the pudlet. , that *was* my thesis: that since of the local heroes only was technically a hero, and a first-rank one at that, the others were technically gods, but secondary ones, you 'serving of a temple as they were. It was a stupid essay." I know."

took her head. "I can't do scholarship. Or write or draw ing. I've got this great IQ and I can't do anything. I'd rking in Ammon's and Sabazius's temples to support my and then Ammon screwed me, and I liked it, so I let Sa- too, and pretty soon I was in charge of all three temples. ad work; I meet a lot of people; I just wonder sometimes

if I'm *getting* anywhere that matters. The three of you are married; Ammon and Sabazius have loads of other girlfriends. In a way, I guess, you were my last hope; when Medusa brought you here, I couldn't help wishing . . ." Idly she flicked semen at the lamp flame. Missed. "So it turns out even you've got a girl already."

"Not anymore," I said. "Not even I." But I did, if I was alive, have a wife (I regarded her—young, naked, and lovely, chained to the cliff in I-F-3), to whom I'd better be getting back. "I'd *wondered* why Chemmis was the only scene missing. So tomorrow's mural—"

"Just the desert, as you'll see on your way out. But Perseus . . ." Surprisingly, for I thought her vexed, or self-sorrowing, or both, she slid over and put my head in her lap. "I might as well be the bastard who breaks the news; Andromeda's left you. For keeps."

I'd been enjoying close-up her lamplit navel. At this announcement my heart skipped as in poor poetry, and my eyes closed without my closing them.

"Medusa told me when she fetched you from the desert," Calyxa said. "Your wife's gone on to Joppa with Danaus."

I unlapped and found my missing voice. "I'll kill him."

But Calyxa observed, calmly, that killing Danaus would change nothing; he meant no more to Andromeda than she Calyxa me; a mere diversion, a refreshment. Andromeda wanted rid of me, and that was that; if I examined my heart, I must see that I was finished with her as well. Such things happened. Wasn't that the case?

I spoke with difficulty, into her stomach. "I suppose." Now my eyes were wet as well.

"Do you love Medusa?"

"I don't know."

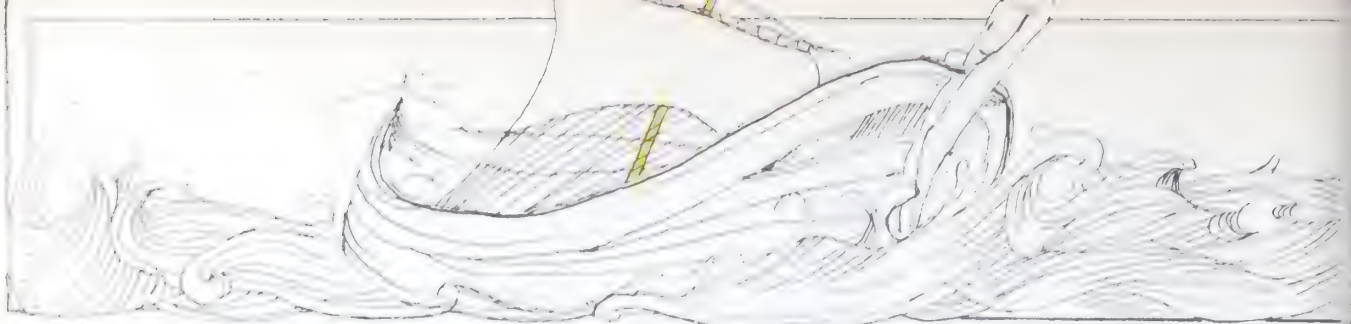
Calyxa rubbed two fingertips in closing circles where gold curls formerly grew. "If you wanted to stay on here . . . I mean indefinitely . . . I'd like that."

We spent a sweet half-hour; then she slept imperiously as a child while I tossed the night through, galed by emotions sundry as the II-B winds. The image of Danaus abed with Andromeda one moment made me retch and sweat with rage; the next I was euphoric with relief to be at last unchained, free to be Perseus, starved or stoned as the issue might prove, but my own man. Followed grief at the lost past, my one young-manhood; then sympathy sharp as pain for my Andromeda, mine no more—so fine and dainty in the bed still (rerage at young Danaus! fresh fury!), unbearable as myself every other where. Toward dawn I went round with the guttery lamp, reviewing for the last time the first revolution of my story; lamp oil, night, and heroic youth ran out together; I came back to Calyxa, stroked her out of dreams into drowsy liquefaction, here it comes again, climbed with her to our first full fillment. She held my face close for examination while we finished pulsing.

"I was sure you'd gone."

When I didn't answer she held fast yet a moment, blinked once, then let go all and turned her face away.

"I may be back," I said. Further: "Thanks an awful lot, Calyxa. For *everything*." I might even have gone on to say, "I really mean it," had not a throat-lump spared her that final gaucherie. A tunic, prose-purple, hung in the passage behind I-A; I donned it, left my priestess leaking love, and tiptoed out. A few early tourists approached from the vast blank spaces that in time would be II-F-3



through 7 and H-G. Not having entered my story yet, they didn't recognize its hero, and I (I recognized an hour later, dhowing down the pea-green Nile) neglected in turn to notice whether any man among them looked deserving of its artful chronicler, and my gentle, cosmic jealousy.

JOPPA PERIOD. I told the boatman, who proposed a Memphis rest stop and a tour of the river's seven mouths. Two-thirds of my tale was told, its whence and where; as to its whither, I knew only that I would once more and finally confront Andromeda: whether to kiss or kill, hello goodbye, her whomever, I'd know when I was H-F-3'd. Calyxa was behind; I assumed, more heartfelt loss, I was bereft of New Medusa too, despite her having yet again saved my life, since love and gratitude, in the clutch, *is not to be falsified by doubt.*

My scruffy boatman, next morning when we landfell Joppa, pointed out the cliff where fair Andromeda had been snacked for Cetus till mighty Perseus et cetera. She wasn't fair, I corrected him. One in every boatload, he rejoined, I having paid him in advance for the night's sea journey: had I been there, as he had? To preserve my anonymity I let the seedy salt run on; even when he described, in lowdest terms, my bride-to-be's nakedness, to ogle which he claimed had been my motive for going down, I didn't dagger him—only vowed to post Calyxa this further hair-thing in my history, thitherto forgot: how I'd thought Andromeda a marble statue till the sea breeze stirred her hair. The seaman mistook my smile for smirk and reported what he said was coastwise knowledge: that that same Andromeda was currently whoring it in Joppa with a new boyfriend; that one Galanthis, said to be Cassiopeia's gigolo, was out to hump her as well; that the elder queen was so smote with jealousy she'd hecatombed Ammon to send another Cetus, which remonstrance would permit her to resacrifice her roundheel daughter; that—but that *that* was the last he thatted: passivity he damned, I dirked and sharked him, dhowed to port alone.

That day I prowled the town in hopes of reconnoiter, hooded like my desert darling—till I recollected her advice, near on to evening. I doffed my mantle then, went straight to the palace gate, told the dusky guard I was King Perseus, out of my way, strode into the court, where I sat on the nearest bench to let come what would. Came, from behind the hedge behind me where old Cepheus grew his greens, his antique voice, I knew it.

Good evening, good evening, I believe. I presume there's someone there? Eyes and ears aren't what they used to be . . .

I went through the hedge. "It's I, old man." Much shrunk with years, Cepheus sat on the vegetable ground, not addressing me after all, but as it were the sprouts themselves, and went on as if I weren't beside him.

"Seems to me I've been here forever. I make a kind of circuit of our fields, I guess; rotate like my crops; after a while one's much like another. Pity, that. Caught me nap—"

I tapped the ground.

"I was about to say," he said, "you caught me napping, as one night Perseus will . . ."

"Sir, I *am* Perseus!" "Perseus?" My eyes welled and blanked on through me.

"But I wasn't really asleep, only drowsing. Old folks done much sleep; the night ahead keeps us awake. I, I'm always one up, never really go to bed, prow house and grounds through, napping and nibbling. O, I fret about the wife and national debt, garden; talk to myself, go round in circles."

I squatted before him. "Old fellow, are you blind and deaf?"

"Excuse me," he said. I gripped his arm. "Used to be," he said. "I'd have a lackey do the introductions when I held an audience. No need now. I can start the story anywhere; it goes right where you'll see, hangs together like a constellation if you know the stars, how to read them. My name's Cepheus—the Ethiopian. My wife'll be along presently, Cassiopeia; she's down washing her hair. Andromeda, too, Perseus, all the rest, they'll come by and see them."

I moved my hand before his moveless eyes.

"To be king of Ethiopia, you know, it isn't easy. But I was a king, only consort to a queen. Cassiopeia, her mother, that's the whole story; that's why we're all here, for better or worse. By heaven, she is beautiful! I can remember as if it were yesterday the first time—I forget. Andromeda? It was your mother I forget." He frowned, seemed about to clear his head. "No, I remember, I remember! Zeus Ammon, it comes together!"

I groaned. "Where are they, Cepheus?"

"We've always got on, Andromeda and I, despite the V. I wish she'd brought the kiddies too, they'd like the beach this time of year. Don't forget, she's my only child: it left a hole in my house, I tell you, when Perseus fetched her off, happy as I was to see her saved. Just me and Cassiopeia then, in this big palace, don't know."

Hand on dagger I made to leave; but Cepheus held my robe the moment it took to reinstruct myself in patience.

"It isn't the separation upsets me so," he declared. "The kids aren't kids anymore; their kids aren't even kids; I keep forgetting. And often as Cassiopeia and I have wished we'd never met. Though even at the worst we've stuck together, marriage is what it used to be, youngsters nowadays. Faw! Andromeda's forty, showing it too, eyelines mainly, all those worries, got from me. It's like I told Perseus—"

"What'd you tell Perseus, Father?"

Again he frowned beside me. "You . . . you can't have women in the same palace." "I believe it."

"So do I."

Love, please, we're a way from the epilogue.

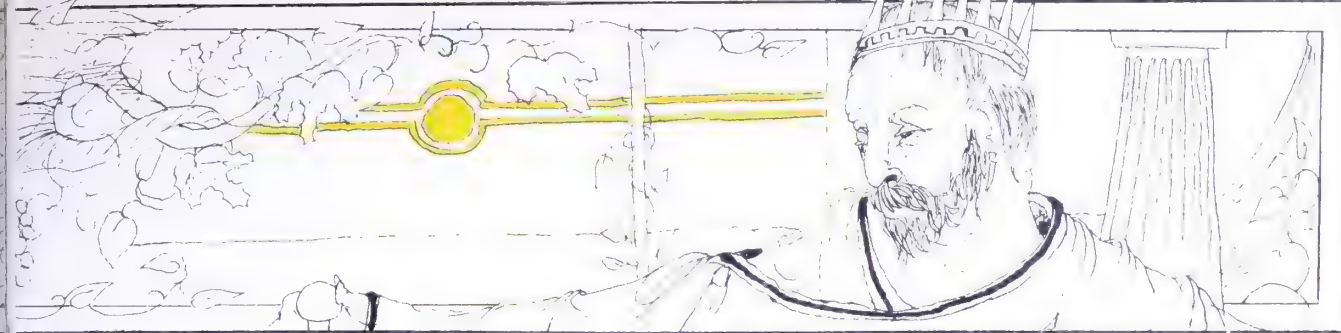
Cepheus shook his head ambiguously. "Twenty years later I'm still in a misery over it, weeding out my chick-peas and eating myself for a coward, to let history repeat itself . . ."

"You never were a coward, Cepheus! I-F-5, the Battle of Banquet Hall, remember?"

"No, by Zeus," he agreed, I hanging on his pronouns, "quite a coward, just deadly henpecked, and there you are—"

"Perseus! This is Perseus!"

"Come to a man's fight, I always held my own." He let me lead him to his feet; my own knees were scarcely less stiff. "I excuse myself," he said. "You can imagine how I felt when time came, rambling in the bean hills, tapped once again there stands Perseus, asking me what's Cass cooking up this time and where's Andromeda, and what's she up to, as if twenty minutes had gone by instead of twenty years!"



jeezed. "That's what I'm asking, Cepheus! Look at me!"
s were moving now, more like a frightened man's than a
laughed and slapped my gut and pate. "See? It *has* been
years: I'm fortier than your daughter—stout and stiff, half
to stone . . ."

heus closed his eyes. "Perseus . . . stout, stiff, or ill . . ."
sed a small smile. "Is Perseus still. Night air's bad for the
s. Let's go in, son."

leared entirely, he confirmed as we limped palaceward
Andromeda and young Danaus were there shackled up; that
eia, furious at her own Galanthis's flirtations with her
er, was nagging him, Cepheus, again with Ammon-oracles
the first; that (what I hadn't heard before) it was she
et Phineus to disrupt my wedding, out of general jealousy.
s stopped cold. "Why do you put up with her, Cepheus?"
ingered an earlobe; glanced at me sidewise; declared he'd
course long since distressed that he wasn't loved by the
whose beauty he still so honored, but that he'd never reck-
mself especially lovable, and assumed it was not for no rea-
t women like his wife, who did not begin so, became what
came; concluded with a shrug: "You'll learn."

ink not. Where's Andromeda?"
hinned his beard at the house ahead. "In the banquet hall,
to say goodbye." By means he'd been unable to discover,
ained (certainly not his own intelligence department, al-
st to know anything, or the Royal Ethiopian Post, which
at sea-snail pace), reports of my arrival had preceded me to
caused general alarm in the palace, and brought on, he
only assume, his fearful trance. "But the reports were
they said you'd lost ten years."

ng I replied was right: I'd lost twice ten, my wife as well,
t ten older for the loss. We reached the banquet hall,
s lagging some meters behind with vague complaints:
round, old bones. At the threshold I paused to let my eyes
nodate to the famous scene, I-F-5 in 3-D, an alabaster
es. On the marble floor, in pools of marble blood, lay those
before I'd fetched Medusa out to marble all: skewered
s, the first to die; Athis the mind-blown catamite pinned
Lycabas, the sickled Assyrian bugger; Phorbas and Am-
on shish-kebabs on a single spear; granite Erytus, bonged
to Hades with a sculptured drinking bowl; the sharp-
l head of old Emathion, unaltered on the altar as if still
disembodied imprecations; Lampetides the minstrel, wed-
nd funerals a specialty, fingering forever on a limestone
chord of his dying fall. Standing among these were those
sed *in vivo*: Ampyx and Thescelus, cocked to spear me;
outhed Nileus; Aconteus my too-curious ally; and one hun-
nety-six others—chief among them Phineus, Andromeda's
rothed, whom I'd memorialized last in a posture of tunic-
terror to remind my wife how luckier she was to have me.
ing him took some moments, in part because he was but
ong so many, in part because—as I saw now when she
l her hair—the white-gowned woman standing before
ck turned meward, was not Exhibit 201 but live Androm-

sance to keep dusted, all this," Cepheus murmured behind
hushed him, not to miss the odd soliloquy my wife ad-
to her uncle's statue:

r Phineus. I'm as old as you are now, and Perseus is older.
n who stoned you's gone to seed; I'll soon go too; I don't

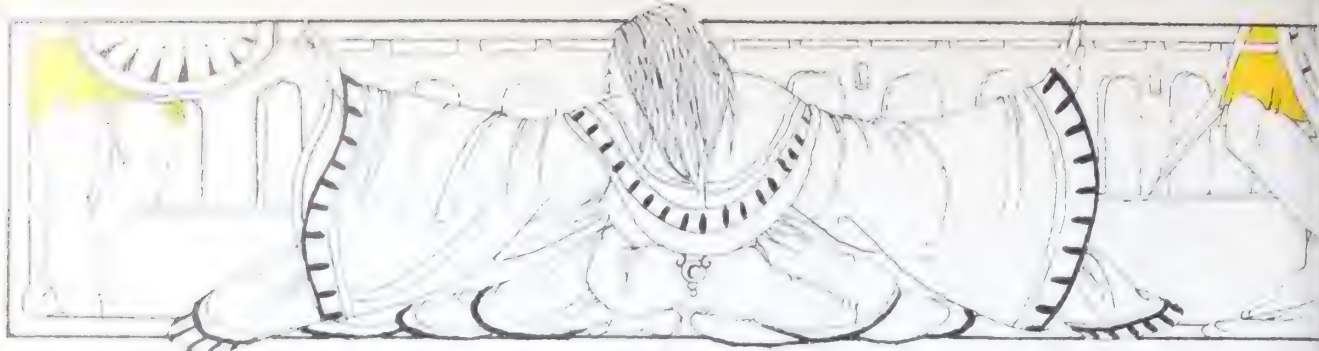
scorn your last words to him anymore." It was the cringer's se-
niority-over-merit plea she meant; that while I'd done more to de-
serve her, he'd known her longer. I considered wrath, but was
touched instead by curiosity and complex jealousy: the timbre of
her voice was so familiar I could not distinguish it for comparison
with Medusa's, soft and throaty, or crisp Calyxa's; Cepheus per-
haps was right about her harried face, but, dizzy at thought of
Danaus, I remarked as I hadn't in years how slightly pregnancies
and time had told on the rest of her—not much less trim than what
I'd salvaged off the cliff.

"Trial enough," she went on to her skinflint uncle, "being life-
partner to a Dream of Glory; but what a bad dream I woke up to!
Thin-haired, paunchy, old before his time, dwelling in and on his
past, less and less concerned with me and the family . . ." Her
voice was hard-edged, a tone I winced from; now it softened. She
touched the statue's averted cheek; had she ever touched mine so?
"Thoughtful Phineus, gentle Phineus, weak-willed Phineus! With
you I'd have been strong . . . and would have yearned, I guess, for
somebody like—Perseus!"

THROUGH THIS LAST she'd wept; my eyes
stinging too, I'd drawn my dagger and
called her name across the hall. At her
cry it was as if the statues came to life,
or shed live men from their dead encase-
ments, and I saw too late the unnatural
nature of her monologue: Danaus, armed
and shielded, stepped from behind
Phineus; half-a-dozen others in Seriphean garb from Astyages,
Eryx, and the rest—and from a nearer door, a somewhat larger
number of the palace guard, led by a rodent-faced young man and
followed by grim-visaged Cassiopeia.

"O my," said Cepheus, "they've set a trap for you, Perseus.
Sorry."

I moved to stick him as he to draw his antique sword, but was
diverted by a fresher threat from Danaus, who roared upon me.
Happy interruption! For Cepheus, in fact contrite, ordered the pal-
ace guard to kill my ambushers, except Cassiopeia and Androm-
eda. For a moment all were caught in the commands and count-
ermands: Cassiopeia called on the guards to follow Galanthis in
killing the lot of us, Andromeda and Cepheus included; Galanthis
amended her directive with an order that Andromeda be spared;
at the same time Danaus exhorted them to join the Seripheans in
killing me, Galanthis, and their own king and queen, after which
they themselves could govern Ethiopia by junta; Andromeda
meanwhile screamed at everyone in general to kill no one, and at
me in particular that she'd had no part in the conspiracy. Danaus's
javelin whistled over my shoulder into the couch first speared by
Phineus twenty years past, ending the suspension. Cepheus him-
self pulled it out and feebly hurled it at Galanthis; the gigolo side-
stepped, a guard behind deflected it idly with his shield, and to
all's surprise it punched into the Queen's décolletage. Dismayed,
she sat down hard and died, drumming her heels upon the floor;
Andromeda shrieked; Cepheus with a groan went at Galanthis,
Danaus with a grin at me, the guards and Seripheans randomly at
each other. Even shield-and-sworded I'd have had hard going, for
I was out of practice, short of wind, and overweight; with Athene's



mere dagger I had no chance. Danaus therefore took time to taunt: "Not a bad lay, old boy, your wife; plenty life in her yet; all she needed was reminding what beds are for."

I'd felt a moment of Phinean panic at my death to come, displaced next moment by red rage. But my helplessness itself gave me a third for self-collection. As Danaus jibed on—calling Danaë the mother of whoredom for having been first to spread her legs for coin, myself therefore the original whoreson and a paper drachma—I knew what I assumed would be my final satisfaction: that despite the inequity of our arms it was partly awe that hesitated him, inspired by the Perseus whose legend he'd cut his teeth on. My last chance to write a fit finale, however different in style, to that golden book came to me clear as Calyxa's art: declaring (what in another sense was true) that I preferred an even contest. I tossed away dagger and stalked him bare-handed.

"Empty bravado," Danaus scoffed, and retreated one step. There was the only victory I could hope for, for (as I told him calmly above the din) we were born of one mother; mere inexperience of hero-murder delayed his hand. His pallor I knew was momentary; even as I spoke his color returned, his sword went up—"Ah, Andromeda [I can't say whether I said aloud or to my swoony self]! He is a fine lad, your lover; a young Perseus!" At this instant two things flew together from the free-for-all: a massive silver goblet, knocked from the altar-of-Emathion, spun to my feet; and Andromeda dashed between us to clutch her friend's knees. Shield? Stay? Embrace? Supplication? Frantic, Danaus pushed and shouted at her, slipped his helmet, got himself tangled and turned round. In moments fewer than these words I snatched up the great goblet, more welcome to my hand than its prototype beside long-smashed Erytus, and while my half-brother half-wept and swore at his handsome hobble, I fetched him such a clout aside his head that the goblet gonged.

As if at that bell, the fighting ceased. Danaus dropped dead. Stunned at my own salvation, I turned its instrument in my hand: of newer manufacture than the Erytus-model, its reliefs depicted the earlier donnybrook in that same hall. Further, as though Calyxa herself had drawn the day, while distraught Andromeda lovingly cupped her late lad's head, I remarked that the wound she wept on, intaglio'd in his temple, was the image of his bowled forehead. Now she stood, my wife, wild-eyed, to keen general grief: besides Cassiopeia and Danaus, all the Seripheans and sundry palace guards were slain—including Galanthis, whom Cepheus had had the satisfaction to dispatch and posthumously geld. Fresh flesh lay everywhere among the petrified. Slightly wounded, Cepheus wept by Cassiopeia's corpse; a guard tapped my shoulder and deferentially put himself and his surviving comrades at my orders: was it my pleasure that Cepheus and Andromeda be killed at once, or reserved for torture?

Before I could reply that they were on pain of flaying to obey henceforth no other than their ancient king, Cepheus entreated me to spare his daughter's life, but denied that any Ethiopian could take his, which was already flown to Hades with his black queen's shade. Fetching up Athene's dirk (scuffled himward as his cup had me-) he hilted it to heart, spat blood, rolled eyes, and died as he had lived, at Cassiopeia's feet. Andromeda wailed from her perished paramour dead-dadward, even washed with tears her hard mother's hair, root and follicle of our misfortunes. Then she rose above all, still regally herself, faced me from the fear-chased figure of chicken Phineus, and invited me to kill her as I had everything she prized.

"Sorry about your folks," I said. "Danaus too."

But she'd none of my apology: as I well knew, she declared hadn't loved my young half-brother, only consoled herself with him; it was I she'd loved—Perseus the man, not gold-skin demigod—and wedded we, till I had by lack of heart-deep procreancy murdered marriage and love alike. "You never do me," she charged, "except as mythics might mere mortals."

My soul winced from her words; the fact remained, however my fact, felt first to the auricles in the heart of Calyxa's shadow, ineluctably and for worse as much as better, one of the Zeusidae, a bloody mythic hero.

"You're free, Andromeda," I told her.

No thanks. "I've *always* been!" she cried. "Despite you on the cliff I was free!" I couldn't follow her, let it go. Spare or spare her, she declared, she wanted no more of me; we'd remain in Joppa if alive, fetch from Argos our younger children.

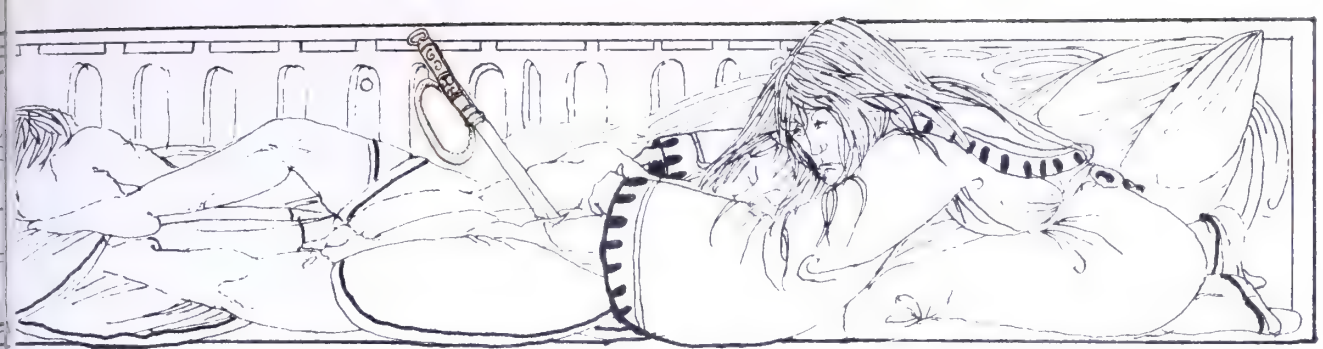
Unpleasant middle Perseus, who had dwelt stonily between young Destroyer and the New-Medusa'd man, interrupted with a sneer, "And find another Phineus?"—his last words, as I perceived to death promptly and forever on hearing me speak them. Before I didn't bother with apology when thereby Andromeda was inspired to perfect wrath. In the first place, she raged, her husband had been a kind and tactful fellow, no doubt no hero, but a man in other ways than myself; in the second, he reminded me wasn't the only g-s'd hero in the book: she could if she chose surely find another, even goldener; but (in the third place) how her mother's regal eyes flashed in her face! the last thing she cared to do was subject herself to another man, heroic or heroless. No Cassiopeia she, all she wanted, in what years were left her, to build as best she could a life of her own. What *I* craved, on the other hand, she dared say, was a votary, a mere adorer, no low human; let me find one, then: the sea was shoaled with girls on the make for established older men. . . . "Like your friend with the hood," she ended bitterly, pointing behind. "Do what you please; I've stopped caring; just leave me alone."

Till that last imperative she was in possession of herself; undid her: she threw her arms around Phineus's neck and his shoulder with fresh tears. My own flowed too, no want of wash in this episode. I unCepheus'd my dagger, considered of us to kill. Motionless as her renditions on the walls of Chelone but in my tear-flood swimming as at my submarine first sight of her, gentle Medusa stood just beyond the threshold. Half the chambers of my heart surged: one ventricle, perhaps, would forever vacate, like a dead child's chair, in memory of my marriage and late young-manhood; one auricle, as yet unpleasurably shilly-shallied on the verge of choice. If only she'd beckon me, relieve me of doubt, reach forth her hand! But of course she wouldn't, ever. For a pulseless moment I stood halfhearted in transfixion, as if she were the simply baleful Old and not the doxic precious New Revised Medusa. Then (with this last, theatrical, over-the-shoulder glance at Andromeda and my dream of rejuvenation: difficult dead once-darling, fare you farewell! Farewell!) I chucked wise dagger, strode over silbraced eyes-shut the compound predications of commitment choice! soft flesh!—slipped back midkiss her problematic opened eyes.

"Now may we talk?"

My heart: all night.

"The night's half done."



is my life. *I.e.*:
 y. We've half a night ahead."
 ditto the next and next and next, till even our stars burn
 f of each I'll unwind my tale to where it's ours, and half of
 e'll talk. There's much to say.
 much goes without saying."
 half of forever is forever. How long do you suppose we've
 here, love? Three nights? Three thousand years? Why do
 fine—
 're asking all the questions. Shan't we take turns? I've

One:
 at first. I love our story and the way it's told, but I wonder
 ie or two things. The alliteration, for example?"
 elp for that; I'm high on letters. Look at II-F-2, my Saha-
 bble, or the epistles posted between II-A and -B. . .
 a. One?"

not alone. Who else is here?
 yone who matters. No help for *that*, either. My eyes, you
 Athene's conditions . . . everyone I looked at in that last
 turned to stars—except stone Phineus, who returned to
 blood. Don't ask me why."
 k I know, and thank you.

neus is overhead; he comes up first, talking to himself.
 ia's with him; I put her a bit lower down . . .
 show. You needn't really have included my ex-in-laws,
 d like old Cepheus. I wonder whether he's repeating his
 ue.

aps we all are. I thought you'd want the whole cast out.
 assiopeia has her bright spots, if you look for them.
 is flying off upper-leftward—"
 od you have custody.

us . . .
 der what ours would have looked like. Not a question.
 ow. So. Andromeda's at his flank, just over my head,
 either at her father or at her mother's hair."

us . . .
 hains again, too, but don't mistake my motives. She's on
 in the night's first half, and her chains are jewels—tem-
 ples, loins, and shanks, if you want to know, where she
 r jewels when you first met her. Those bonds she hated
 define her, from your story's point of view. I mean her
 l part, which can't be offended, whatever her mortal part
 l."

ot nettled; I thank you for the shining image, Medusa.
 er mortal part doing these days?
 're out of turn. Cetus, finally, is below your left foot. Even
 a story, if one cared to tell it: it's a monstrous fate to be
 stly."

who's hung up on letters? Not a question.
 you I'm hung on. Shall I say how bright your stars are?

elta Persei, please. Its magnitude?
 doesn't count."
 swer, then. I haven't forgotten Calyxa's mistake in I-F-1.
 the Chemmis stonework, by the way?
 u want to make me happy, please forget both picture and
 er subject matter, anyhow, I remind you, came from me.
 e star you vulgarly inquire of: its magnitude is sufficient
 y constant, you may take my word, as it stands directly in

my line of sight all night long till the end of time. More than that
 you'd be in sorry taste to ask, since for all you know I may be with
 you from the neck up only."

Not even to be able to see you! Just from the corner of my eye I
 glimpse a twinkle now and then . . . You're not winking at some-
 one out there?

"Really, Perseus, it *is* my turn! For your information—but I'm
 counting this, so I get to ask two in a row—my right eye, unlike
 your precious *Delta P.*, has a variable magnitude. If I'm winking
 at anyone, it's the whole wretched world down there, which I'm
 glad to be out of. Back to your storytelling now: much as I et
 cetera, isn't it just possible the style is too mannered?"

Excellent Medusa, sweet salvatrix: leave such questions. I don't
 mind sleeping with a critic now and then, but I wouldn't spend
 eternity with one. That's two. Three?

"You're the monster in this ménage! Do reflect, darling, that if
 the *Perseid* weren't my favorite fable I'd have starred us in a dif-
 ferent one, with a more flattering role for me and a less for you.
 Now I *will* ask another literary question: that business just before
 the climax, where Andromeda flings herself between you and
 Danaus . . . You'll agree it's a trifle melodramatic?"

Heavens yes. In fact, from this perspective, a clumping *klitsch*.
 As is the whole story nowadays, I daresay. But that's how it was,
 and at the time we were archetypes, not stereotypes; reality, not
 myth. Your own stonework, so realistic in its day; I'll bet it's leg-
 endary now. So it goes.

"I yield."
 And I pass, until you've done questioning my narrative tech-
 nique.

"I *do* have one more tiny one. The auricle-ventricle business at
 the story's climax? I'm not sure of that metaphor, quite."

No more was I then of my heart.

"And now?"
 Now it's my turn. Let's see. Why does Cassiopeia spend half the
 night with her head in the ocean?

"If you could ask her, she'd say she's washing her hair; Athene
 made me put her where she'd have to soak her head now and
 then, to mollify the Nereids. Your heart's not in that question."

Well. What ever happened to Cousin Bellerophon?

"That's another story. Look, I'm counting two halfhearted
 questions as one whole. Do ask a real one; you've only four left."

Calyxa?

"Must you, Perseus? No question."

Calyxa.

"It was brutal of you, darling! Brutal to jump from my arms
 into hers, when I'd just rescued you; brutal again to compare us in
 bed, as if my awkwardness were anything but innocence, *loving*
 innocence, which you should have treasured! Don't reply. And
 brutal finally to dwell on her the way you did and do. Don't you
 think I have feelings?"

No question. I'm more or less contrite. But look here: in the
 first instance, don't forget I thought I'd lost you . . .

"Your own fault."

Quite. In the second, although my friend Calyxa isn't at the
 heart of the story, it's her fate—her *immortal* part's fate—to spend
 eternity at its navel, where it and I both came to light. Have you
 done something dreadful with her?

"Sweetheart, you *are* a perfect prick!"

RSVP.

"Only if you promise you'll never ask this question again for all



eternity. One of the jewels, if you must know, in one of the manacles on one of Andromeda's wrists—make it her navel, you're such a fetishist—happens to be a spiral nebula, and that nebula happens to be your little buddy. It also happens to be quite striking, I'm sorry to report, like fossil ammonite done in gold: in fact, a smasher. On the other hand, you may be sure I've seen to it she's simply oodles of light-years from us; out of our galaxy altogether."

Thank you, Medusa.

"Don't mention it. Now tell *me*, how comes it to pass, sweet—what all this lit-crit's been building up to—that in a drama whose climax and denouement consist ostensibly of your choice, however belated and three-quarter-hearted, of Yours Truly for eternity's second half, the two female leads are Andromeda and What's-Her-Name, that bit of fluff in your Egyptian omphalos? *That* strikes me as a weakness in your plotting, to say the least."

The less said the better: they're the ones I speak of; you're the one I chose.

"I withdraw all restrictions. Ask me anything."

How long *have* we been here, Medusa?

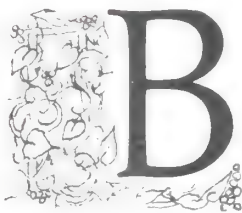
"Can't tell. What you're really asking me is—"

Yes. All this about mortal and immortal parts. Out there, in the world, are Andromeda and Phineus . . .

"Truly, Perseus, I don't know. And truly, do excuse me, that isn't our affair."

I withdraw the question.

"Sorry: you touched the piece. And my intuitions tell me you'd better ask your Number Seven before I my Six."



BELOVED VOICE; sweet Medusa whom I cannot hold and couldn't see even when I could: not long since, you exhorted me to forget panel I-F-1 in a certain mural in some temple along the Nile, together with its first draftsman; but our arrangement here, whereof yourself are sole designer, suggests that that same scene

may be still graved in your own imagination. What have you done to us? In what condition are we? Have you indulged yourself in a monstrous martyrdom to gratify what would be in me a perverse, unspeakable vanity? I retch, I gag at that idea! To see nothing; to feel nothing of you but your hair in my left hand! Why is it I look at empty space forever, a blank page, and not at the woman I love?

Let me assume you mean myself . . ."

I'm not being clever, Medusa.

No more am I. At that last moment in the banquet hall—it's not easy for me to say these words, Perseus—when you discovered me and kissed me open-eyed . . . what I saw reflected in your pupils was a Gorgon."

In the name of Athene, love, don't forget her conditions! Eyes are *murder*.

"I've forgotten nothing. Quite possibly it *was* a false reflection. Just as possibly your tricky sister never unGorgoned me at all . . ."

What an *idiot*!

"I entertain it with deadly calm, let me assure you. But even

assuming you'd abandoned your childish wish for rejuvenation and granting a measure of vanity in my own wish—that you're me enough to throw everything overboard to have me . . ."

Please, please, please, please, please, please, please.

. . . it nonetheless remains a distinct and distinct possibility that your kiss was in complete *bad* pleasant third possibility that your kiss was in complete *bad* an act not of love but of suicide, or a desperate impulse to *bad* tality-by-petrification. In that event, I revealed my 'beauty' *bad* wrong man and *became* a Gorgon forever."

Pause. Hear how quietly, how calmly I reply. To give the mentionable hypothesis one moment out of eternity, which is more than it deserves: suppose it true. How would you feel?

"Sorry: your questions are all used up, and I haven't *bad* mine. When you opened your eyes, Perseus; when you saw . . . what exactly did you see?"

My Medusa: I've thanked you for the pretty memory of Andromeda; for my own estellation; for all the selfless, *bad* erogatory gifts you've showered on me, from bright Calyx to four-star likeness of my crescent blade. I even thank you for stoning Phineus, and wish him and his companion well. Now *bad* ten and believe me, if there's any truth in words: it was *bad* who discovered your beauty to me, but I who finally unveiled myself. And what I saw, exactly, when I opened my eyes: two things in instantaneous succession, reflected in yours: first was a reasonably healthy, no-longer-heroic mortal with *bad* half his life behind him, less potent and less proud than he *bad* twenty but still vigorous after all, don't interrupt me, and *bad* too wise to wish his time turned back. The second, one *bad* after, was the stars in your own eyes, reflected from mine *bad* reflected to infinity—stars of a quite miraculous, yes *bad* love, which transfigured everything in view. Perhaps you *bad* image trite; I beg you not to say so.

"Pause. *Long* pause. I can't say anything."

You've one last question.

"It'll have to wait . . . I'm raining on half the zodiac . . ."

If I had one, I'd ask about your and my mortal parts.

"No use: those parts are private, like Andromeda's *bad* Phineus's; not for publication. We didn't die down there at *bad* max, I can tell you that; simply we commenced our *bad* here, where we talk together. Down there our mortal lives *bad* ing themselves out, or've long since done—together or *bad* comic tragic, beautiful ugly. That's another story, another *bad* can't be told to the characters in this."

So be it. Last question?

"Are you happy, Perseus, with the way this story ends?"
Infinite pause. My love, it's an epilogue, always ending, *bad* ended, like (I don't apologize) II-G, which winds through *bad* sal space and time. My fate is to be able only to imagine *bad* beauty from my experience of boundless love—but I have *bad* imagination to work with and, to work from, one priceless *bad* unimagined evidence: what I hold above *Beta Persei*, Medusa's serpents, but lovely woman's hair. I'm content. So with this *bad* our net estate: to have become, like the noted music *bad* tongue, these silent, visible signs; to *be* the tale I tell to those *bad* eyes to see and understanding to interpret; to raise you up *bad* and know that our story will never be cut off, but *bad* hearsed as long as men and women read the stars . . . I *bad* tent. Till tomorrow evening, love."

"Good night."

Good night. Good night.

JUDGMENT FROM THE BENCH

Those who sit in judgment of a piano come from many branches of musical achievement. But they all look for the same signs of truth to emerge.

Responsiveness, for instance, is always called upon—especially when a new concerto is being tried.

Clarity must come forth—as in the case of enunciating vs blurring the inner voices of

Bach's fugues. Reliability, above all, will figure hard in the outcome of every rock concert.

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Wayne Rindels

THE VERNON SCHILLER FARM

A tapestry of the people, the land, the way of life



George Gardner

WHEN SILENCE COMES to the Schiller farm, it is not perfect, the pigs clank at their feeders through the night, and in the barn John is prone to overstate his role as watchman, and then wolfing back the dark—which of course upsets the terriers who sleep in the dining room beneath the pool table, so that Judy or Rosalind seldom all four, will yap in response—still, the quiet is full, and necessary, nursing all that is in the lots, in the grove and in pens: in the house upstairs:

Jean Schiller is the last to speak at night, she is lying beside her husband, in their room facing the yard. The door is closed, an act of gentle vision: this is for Vernon and me, alone, the only such place on the farm, in their lives. On this side of it the boys share a bed, John who is sixteen and teases his mother, and Paul, who is fifteen and teases the world. Earlier they hear their mother and father talking downstairs in the kitchen, putting aside the cookies and cups reserved with hot chocolate, which they all shared, but they don't listen because they must resolve the loss Allison (their school) suffered from Reagan, and by the time they're satisfied with the end of the football game, the parents climb the steep stairs and walk through the boys' room.

He looks at them, asleep, and nods without moving his head; she wants to pull covers over them that aren't loose, but touches her husband's arm instead: they are grown now.

They lie in bed, talking about tomorrow:

"You gonna put those gates in before Dad?"

"I'm torn between that and digging potatoes."

They are each smiling into the darkness, neither will ever know what they say, his voice low, coming across the floor, hers, this one of hers, and trusting as a child: good night.

Vernon is in the barn now,

in the dark before breakfast, milking the cows, the steins that all came in from the lot of their grandfather's volition, sliding heavily off each other until the right stanchion is before them, around which the door is closed: carefully eating the half pail of grain, then feed John (his turn for cow chores) dumps the feed on each oversize head. Behind them the father touches his body on theirs, stepping between the cows, draping his right arm over a hip, bending low, washing the udder quickly with a cloth, then at once, and with no less grace he squats, repeating a comic cone-dip four times, once for each teat, so a machine can suck out her milk. The country music on WMT (the radio from the Rapids) is interrupted with weather and "Radio Hanoi said today . . ."

She is waking her kitchen now, the table is set.

Paul is feeding the hogs, warily, wisely, the sows who are farrowing;

by now Big John, the Schillers' donkey, is graciously stopped leaning against the crab

rd sauntered to the barn, waiting for atten-
not food;
fifteen cows have emptied themselves; the
re fed, and the rabbits.
k is cooling, route man comes tomorrow;
s done early and helps John scrape manure
e gutter.

Schiller men walk from the barn, across
rd where four egg customers have already
in, dealt with Jean, and left; Barky
es between them into the porch, which is
y, and that riots the terriers inside, and with
y breaking stride, Barky's ejected, the ter-
tolerated then hushed, jackets hung and
washed in the egg sink in the pantry, bacon

l:
family stands suspended in the same room,
er the toaster; he, arms akimbo in the din-
om doorway; John, hands in hip pockets,
g against the pantry doorway; Paul, mus-
cised on the long counter;

line is secured again;
ou fellas might as well sit down, it's all

our turn to pray," Vernon says.

id it last time," Jean says.

ast be John's turn," Paul says.

me Lord Jesus, be our guest, let these gifts
be blessed. Amen." John's hungry.

Dawn

IS LIFTING the barn now. In the hay-
ow, a pigeon hovers at the window, enters.

If John was outside, with his cherished
nd if the pigeon was on the roof, he'd shoot
eons traffic in hog lots from farm to farm,
ng probable death—for all their intelli-
pigs have the most vulnerable bodies of
rm animal. There is a bull calf, in the barn,
ng out his short life. When Vernon gets a
r, he'll take him to the Waverly salebarn.
buyers used to bid for calves' brains, useful
amins, but now they are perverted into
n soup. In the barn, time: browns emerg-
om blues and grays, beams, hand-hewn,
d, superfluous; a single cat slips between
without noise, at his leisure. Only the milk
unnatural in its own light, its own room,
in the barn: all other forms are implied.
tter have another cookie there, sonny
Jean says.

on concedes; Paul purses his mouth, de-
es then declines.

ppose we might as well get a load of shav-
Vernon says. He lights his pipe. Occa-
y a menthol cigarette; maybe four in a

y are all awake now, agreeing with break-
eggs, Paul up, John over, Mom and Dad

varying, half a pound of bacon, not sliced thin,
juice (not from the farm), milk, toast, coffee, a
plate of thick chocolate-chip cookies to dunk,
they couldn't get a day off right without those,
jelly from the orchard, maybe home-canned
fruit.

"How about you, Mother," Vernon says
around the stem.

"Guess I'll do my chicken chores and bake a
few things."

Saturday the boys are home; Jean reshapes
her time toward the house, though she prefers
outdoor work.

The shavings are made by a sulky factory a
few miles away, one of four in the nation. A
neighbor is vice-president—concerned about
pollution, he doesn't want to burn them and since
shavings make good bedding, the people help
each other out a little. The carts are made in-
dividually for each racehorse, measured to fit. A
fun thing to talk about; each of them listens, add-
ing what he's learned about such an interesting
industry; it has the touch of worth to them,
of sense.

To say that chickens are degenerate neurotics
is not unkind. On the contrary. They are active
now, in their houses, piling up shrill obscenities
for the first nonchicken they see, nervously chok-
ing down their scratchings, massing their sound
like ten thousand slipping chains, with one tiny
rusted link's worth of slippage from each, some
terrifying belt in their lives that must be driven,
but cannot by them and they know it. Whoever
enters is complicit in their nightmare existence,
and they acknowledge his presence at once,
suicidally, heads low and racing wildly ahead of
the body, shrieking, flailing, jamming themselves
into each other, under roosts and feeders and
nests, six, a dozen, thirty, unable to move, del-
irious to die, please please.

Even with the unimposing presence of Jean
Schiller, who walks among them twice a day,
taking their eggs, feeding them, unplugging the
automatic water pans, not easily moved by their
desperation:

"Knock it off, girls. Okay, okay. Come on . . .
oh come on now."

On the tractor.

in the field, running men's hands over the
land; no one talks because the chopper is loud
chewing off clover and weeds, wild oats, spitting
it into the feeder wagon, which is last on this
train. The boys sit absorbed in forward motion
looking backward, beside Vernon, who is driv-
ing, and they each control a thin rope that con-
trols where the silage accumulates. The logic of
turning the cows into this field is false, for they
would eat only clover, enough to kill them (each
of the Schillers points out to Big John's critics
that only donkeys don't overeat). A gate: in one
precisely rehearsed gesture, John puts his rope
in Paul's hand as he flows off the tractor, walking

"There are move-
ments for the
eye, nothing
garish, no
natural thing
that can't be
penetrated by
the color beside
it, or the shape,
none that is not
permuted by its
context."

*Wayne Rindels is com-
pleting a two-year fel-
lowship at the Center
for New Performing
Arts at the University
of Iowa.*

Wayne Rindels
THE
VERNON
SCHILLER
FARM

forward ten seconds after Vernon has cut the chopper, and opens the imperfect gate in time for the train to drift through, shutting it with the same rhythm that carries this farm: one; two; three; four: all live things simply conform to it, Vernon, his family, cows, all of them, no wasted motion, no energy thoughtlessly spent—all these bodies passing through, born satisfactorily on an old and gentle beat. Until John is mounted on the fender again, Vernon's expression is incomplete.

Every day
we feed our cows;
they give us milk.

Around them everywhere, Iowa in autumn, flushed with umber and ochres—ochres, not golden cornfields that run waving to tan gravel roads.

The new order

THE SCHILLERS are average farmers; they net about \$8,000 a year.

But there isn't a farm like theirs within a day's drive; they are not in business.

Around them everywhere the old order has soured in the mouths of other farmers. Some are custom farming now. They have sold all their animals, which would tie them to their place every day, cheating them of their freedom, and they have invested in new machines, confronting cornfields with huge distorted helicopters turned upside down, carpeting and stereo decks in the cab (two-men-high off the ground), and blades that pick, husk, shell, load your corn and scatter the cobs, ground up, all at once, for about \$13,000 per unit. They show you their home place, a new 200-foot machine shed and three rows of accessories for their "combines"; they have a service for sale.

Some have sold their crop land to corporations, including corporate farms, and live on in their house, working the land they used to own, or, if the corporation is in the trend, they watch the conglomerated land of their section, four sections, idle, drawing from \$30,000 to \$100,000 a year out of government soil bank programs. Companies buy land at \$1,000 an acre, advising their farmers to plant, yes, and also not to worry if the crops fail since it's all a tax write-off anyway.

Some have sold everything and moved to Waterloo to work at John Deere or Cedar Rapids at Quaker Oats.

Some still live in their country homes and commute to jobs.

Some wait it out, bitter, bankruptcy assured.

The Schillers own 120 acres, part of which is permanent pasture with what Vernon calls a meandering creek running through it. With some regularity it goes from two feet of trench

to 250 feet of water flashflooding. Last year a fifteen-inch rain, the whole family went to play in the water. Brought a couple of tubes along. Fences were washed out they have been fixing, but that would happen way, in good enough time. It's dried up when the polliwogs and minnows died, the feasted.

Vernon has built his Holstein dairy herd thirty, never milking more than fifteen at perhaps because the barn has that many chions. He used to name all his cows—when he was first married, he named them after his girlfriends, a joke his boys savor more each year. Because his facilities aren't new enough, his milk is graded B, not for human consumption. He tells you Jerseys, Guernseys, and Ayrshires have a higher butter-fat test, meaning more money per pound of milk sold, but each has advantages for him—temperament, lower udder, fussy appetites. At peak production he gets 20,000 pounds per month, and his milk goes for \$11,000 a year.

Plus house milk and meat (Holstein-cross for the freezer).

THINGS DO GET IN THE WAY. When Big Vernon got out Labor Day, scampering knock-down the road with the whole Schiller family trying to get him back, he made it possible for the cows to gorge themselves on corn, which would kill them, for sure screw up production. The founder is one potential danger, a bizarre condition resulting from too much protein in the diet. Cows' and horses' hooves begin to grow and stop, curling over and starting upward.

and things no one's heard of:

Vernon's sows aren't settling. They are bred all right, but they're not sticking; they have a hard time at farrowing because there aren't enough pigs to get out. Some experts think the pigs are absorbed by the sow's body; some are out of virus. He considers himself lucky because he has four to six in a litter—though they normally have eleven to fourteen.

There are 250 pigs on the Schiller farm, rotating cycles, so that part are sold four times a year. Plus meat for the house.

Crops are corn and soybeans; you watch for small brown spots on the corn leaves with a yellow halo; when the spot grows and touches the next rib, the leaf dies: blight.

Rudimentary: corn, beans, checking the market, finding a balance over the years, both checking milk and checking pork.

And for all their odious behavior, the chickens kick in ready cash, thanks to Jean who takes care of them, scrubs their eggs, sorts, counts, crates and sells 200 dozen a week to farm families. No chickens, to black customers who won't get in their car for fear of the dogs, to restaurateurs.

In these dark and stormy times, . . . we turn for relief to the solid ground, and look with wistful eyes to the men who live upon their own land and win a constant livelihood, however frugal or homely, from their own farms. Never, perhaps, in the history of our country, has there been . . . so good an occasion for re-viewing seriously our ways of living, especially in our cities and large towns, and asking whether we may not take as well as give some wholesome lessons in the conduct of life by a little more intimacy with our farmers.

—"Editor's Table"

Harper's New
Monthly Magazine
November 1861

TAYLOR



NEW YORK STATE

PORT

WINE

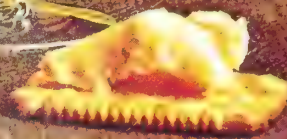


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Wayne Rindels
THE
VERNON
SCHILLER
FARM

the highway who call at four some mornings.

But almost no meat for the house—seems most chicken raisers are not chicken eaters.

Jean does other things. She works 8,000 square feet of garden—canning 300 quarts of vegetables, some fruit she buys—plus 800 pounds of potatoes (kept in the basement, cold stone walled, not comfortably lighted, with two freezers, one twenty-foot, the other fifteen-; one for meat, the other not), and squash, onions hung like giant grapes in the garage, pumpkins, sunflowers for blue jays.

The Schillers have had a good year if they've paid all their bills and made an improvement on the farm.

MARY, THE TOY TERRIER born crippled, is licking Paul's knee under the table; Judy, the toy terrier born too big to sell, leaps easily into Jean's lap: without losing a syllable from her sentence, Jean dumps her dog off the other side with one neat slice of her right hand, kind of a home-movie circus act: the dogs are needlessly coveting pork roast, potatoes, gravy, bread, green beans with bacon, pickles, milk, coffee, pumpkin and custard pie, needless because they'll eat their fill of the five-pound noon roast, like the other Schillers, and what's left goes to Barky.

Jean mixes the conversation, kneads it, a little Imogene Coca in her facial style.

"Gonna put those gates in this after Father?" she says.

"Probably be a good time," he nods, again.

He stands and walks between his boys and stove, opens one of two dozen drawers in counter that reaches halfway around the kitchen, finds an oversize syringe, starts back: he John he stops, touching both his shoulders.

"You have a lingering aroma, son."

The men chuckle.

"Didn't wear your boots, hunh, Scout?" says. "Got enough iron in the bottle out the

Vernon looks at the needle.

"Think so. Should we do it, fellas?" He goes for the jackets and sweatshirts hanging in pantry, about nine per Schiller.

Jean marshals the dishes, cleans them, how finding room in her cupboards; she's in time to wash the pig vaccination syringe head for the barnyard with her men to put gates in, hurrah.

The house:

none of the walls in it are straight, but Vernon is not distressed by that, even the floors recede from room to room, as though one wall is three with inner walls knocked out then put together, and that's not wrong, for his place built on when he was born, and he built on his boys were born: he has lived in no other house, ever.



George Gardner

ry, here, yet to be made: a 1938 calendar a Schiller brought with him from his last Europe, in Dutch with pictures, Reich-
r Dr. Goebbels smiling, touching a golden

ry, here: Grandpa's passport, Jean didn't
uch but she thought that was important,
was the boys' ancestry; the same man
ved out a farm among his Platte Deutsch
ors; who was too ill to fight in World War
one who had his garage wall by the road
mailbox painted yellow because of it;
still shows through the white.

ian hymnbooks, prayer books, dish
An upright piano and a sewing machine
a tiny off-room; a fancy painted barn
made from half-inch plywood for the
vo feet high, solid as a barn, upstairs in
ed bedroom full of child's things; Wahoo
(a variety of Chinese checkers) Vernon
make for his nieces and nephews for
as presents, and his sons; twenty blue
rowed above the boys' bed. 4-H. mostly
y projects.

lining room is really the poolroom; in the
ry a stereo with bossa nova, Lawrence
Jesus Christ Superstar (the boys bought it
eir confirmation money), wall phone,
sk. books:

of the Flies, *Lassie Come Home*, three
s by Eliot Warner; dozens more;
D's Dairyman, a bimonthly from Wiscon-
ttermen, the magazine for high-school
; *Capper's Weekly*, "Heart of the Home
eekly for Mid-America," published in
which all the family reads with amuse-
"Guns Aren't Toys!" by Garry Cleveland
Ph.D.; "How to Avoid Calories at Social
" by Ida Jean Kain; "The Pale Pink
a mystery series by Frances Y. McHugh.
times a year the pool table is hidden un-
ping-pong top that feeds sixteen relat-
at is, the sixteen who sit in the dining
here will be eight more in the kitchen
in the living room—the dogs have to
t in their boxes, under all those feet—
s not unfair, because Vernon and Jean
n and Paul will visit other relatives at
r times a year.

chillers have never been on a vacation;
since marriage they have not taken an
it trip away from their farm.

ean was a communications operator for
and other airlines while Vernon was in
y. She flew East several times: he was
l in Scotland; neither was impressed.
e to get out once in a while and look
farmers' crops, other sets of buildings,
ith the knowledge that in less than ten
ere won't be a farm like theirs in Iowa.
hey don't often talk about it.

chiller house: it's a friend: you can get

what you want in it, what you need: cookies,
bottom cupboard on the right, radio and record
music, four dogs to sleep on your lap, laughter, a
shower but not every day because why do it,
stillness.

Evening

UNSURPRISINGLY, supper is ready; the men
lean a little more gratefully against their
kitchen supports; okay fellas; comeloreezuzbeur-
gustteezgiftswusbeeblest—amen . . . Paul's turn.

"Paul," his mother says, winking at him with-
out closing her eye, "Edith said on the phone
today that Vernon's nephew was the only Allison
football player that did good. Said he was the
only one working plays right."

Paul considers that, through two mouthfuls of
Swiss steak and half a glass of milk:

"I wouldn't have said that. Potatoes please."

In the lot, cows lug themselves toward the
barn, waiting for the square of light and radio
music to appear on their side of it. Big John's
around, stepping slowly with two feet of penis
dangling beneath him, showing it off, flaring the
end of it now and then, intimations of a story-
book erection; pigs about ready to sell grunt on
each other in a smaller yard to the left, one fe-
male especially enamored with another, trying



George Gardner

"They like to get
out once in a
while and look at
other farmers'
crops, other sets
of buildings,
riding with the
knowledge that
in less than ten
years, there
won't be a farm
like theirs in
Iowa."

to boar her without a drill, all that body angled upward into the air and only her stubby hips move, a single deliberate pump, slow and dirty; behind the house the rabbits haven't tired; Barky licks himself on the front steps, protecting his people from all danger, also waiting for table scraps.

"Oh, they're very strict about that," Jean says. "When somebody leaves the colony, they put a headstone with his name on it in their cemetery. I knew a boy who used to tip over his own gravestone every Halloween—course he was a little wild."

She looks at them without seeing, running back all the stories she'd heard about him: "Boy was he wild."

Supper conversation is about the Amish, the Hook-and-Eye Dutch, who farm a colony they own twenty miles away; about their sawmill, the man who breeds Belgian horses for all, the kerosene lamps in their general store; Vernon gets teased about all the red tape he had to cut before they'd sell him a high Amish hat; how the parents of a marriageable daughter keep a lantern on the gate, how a boy is marked as married by his beard:

how outsiders try to rook them, but they're not stupid: don't you have to admire their independence, Jean says in admiration:

"But they're not above stealing Bibles—I'll never get over that," Jean laughs, retelling the story about a farm sale where her aunt saw this Amish woman . . .

They diverge still in perfect rhythm, Paul and Vernon to milk, John other animals, Jean dishes.

John returns:

"Barky says he liked the meat scraps, and the gravy, and he especially liked the tinfoil dish. He hasn't had one in a long time."

DONE. HOGS, COWS, CHICKENS, rabbits, sheep, dogs, donkey, cat, done; cleaning, leaning, scooping, all of it, thawing, mixing, grinding, done.

Let us play. There are four Schillers in the dining room now, and the room is closer, as though they were all talking over one table: John at the wall desk computing his garden project for 4-H—he is president; Paul typing it for him on the pool table, he is vice-president; Vernon is shaking his head at *Capper's Weekly*, not a steady rocker, he must just like the chair, and Jean:

"How many tomatoes from the garden, Mom?"

"Gee, I don't know—want it in bushels or quarts?"

"Well, how much does a bushel of tomatoes weigh?" John asks.

"Just go weigh a quart," Paul says, a little irked at his family's lack of analysis.

"Won't work," Vernon says. "Look it up."

"I'll find some tables of measures," Jean says.

Everything she finds faithfully omits tomato. "You got any charts, Dad?" she asks.

"I thought you'd never ask," he laughs; he does too, hell he means it, the boys do.

"Say," he says out of his book, "if Adam had been paid a salary of twenty-five thousand dollars a year to keep up the Garden, and if he had drawn it regularly,"

turns out the Vanderbilt estate was worse.

"Did you know twelve things make a dozen?" Jean asks. Oh geez Mom. Well, it says so. Right here.

"Know what a hogshead is?"

"Sure, a barrel."

"No, two."

"Oh."

After a lot of this, having crazed everyone there, reference books out they never knew they had, after a while, still without a suitable equation, Jean looks up:

"Would you believe John has lost interest?"

After all; his books are closed, estimated, and he pleads with the old TV, come on sweethearts, John Wayne's on in *The Alamo*, come on, then that's not too bad, is it, Mom?

"Can't you boys find anything else to do?"

John's left unmoved by the movie; Paul is asleep on the floor, conked out before the Mom can charge.

Breakfast is light on Sundays, everyone watches out for himself because church is at nine, so Jean has to fix her hair, get a dress out.

Same United Church of Christ church that has been there for ninety years; pastors come and go, the last one being a little unusual for the congregation, since the undertaker's wife was living with the pastor and his wife; same church where the furnace blew up one packed night, and one lady the Schillers know with a large family jumped up and ran out without her kids, and the pastor said this is the end, and Jean thought everyone grabbed a piece, they could save the altar, which is new—a church filled with new things.

Not like it used to be when Vernon was a kid there. Women sat on the south side, then girls not yet confirmed, then a high partition, and men were arranged oppositely on the other side—he was fourteen before he knew for sure they weren't all Catholics sitting over there.

Come on boys, Paul, come on honey;

Good night, good night.

Outside a drizzle has thickened a little, so not many cars drive by on the new pavement there mostly for commuters from little towns 63 to Waterloo. No light draws the tops of the Schiller buildings together, bottoms already washed into the darkness along the ground.

In the house four people, known only as they choose to be known; not easily separated from their farm.

THE QUAYLE PAPERS

by Lincoln Barnett

Oliver Quayle, the well-known public-opinion analyst, is a neighbor of mine. Our houses stand side by side on the shore of Lake Champlain in Westport, New York. In Olly's study, where he collates reports from his interviewers in the field, the walls are hung with signed photographs of his clients—Presidents and Presidential nominees, Senators, Congressmen, governors, officeholders of both parties, famous television newsmen, and newspaper columnists.

I have long been fascinated by Quayle's work, which he sometimes discusses with me but with utmost discretion, political impartiality, and great reserve. A few weeks ago, while we were sharing a martini and watching the evening news over TV, I noticed a file marked "Vox Populi, Confidential." I remarked that it bore an interesting label. He shrugged and made no reply. My curiosity, however, overcame my scruples, and so, when the Quayles were away on a field trip, I let myself into their house (with the key they leave with me for emergencies in their absence) and looked at the vox populi file. What it contained was a compilation of unusual responses that Quayle and his interviewers had collected over the years. I decided in a matter of minutes that the contents of the Quayle file should be leaked to the public.

The questions involved issues and candidates; the answers were remarkable, even in the case of formal introductory questions, such as:

"Q. Who is the head of this household?"

"A. Nobody lives in this household."

"Q. What is your occupation?"

"A. I am a housekeeper for my brother-in-law who is deceased."

Some of the responses may have been due to phonetic errors in transcription. Examples: "Too many squabbles among the High Arkies in City Counsel." "Occupation: obstitchrian." "She's a mealy-mouse."

But many clearly echoed the voice of the great American people. Here, as polling experts say, is a random sample.

**"Do away with
taxing dead people."**

"Retire some of the government people laying around."

**"Out here
one boy who
s a crime wave."**

**"I'll never
vote for
Rankin File
or anyone
of that ilk."**

**"He is very
pent at times."**

**"Let's get
out of Vietnam
and try
something else."**

**"o I feel about
Schultz?
othing pacific."**

**"There is something about him
I don't feel is right;
I can't keep my hand on it."**

**"Take the Indians
off the reservoirs."**

**"The head of
this household
is a dead
engineer."**

**"He's feathering
his own hat."**

**"Abortion
is bad
for the baby."**

Ira Glasser
and Herman Schwartz

YOUR PHONE

They that can give up essential liberty to obtain a little temporary safety deserve neither liberty nor safety
—Benjamin Franklin

Your son has just turned eighteen, and the Vietnam war is raging. You call up your local draft-counseling center, run by the Quakers, and make an appointment. It's important to know what your son's options are under the law, according to a friend of yours who is a lawyer. "The Selective Service law is very complicated," he tells you, "just like the tax law. At tax time, you go to a specialist, so when it's draft time for your son, you should do the same." The advice sounds reasonable and you are worried.

The local police are worried too, but not about your son. They are concerned about subversives and hippies, so they are watching everyone who comes and goes at the draft-counseling center. They are keeping political dossiers on the people who run the center and are even considering planting an undercover police agent inside who himself will provide advice while he checks out everyone else. Just to be on the safe side, they've got a tap on the center's phones. When you call about your son, your conversation is recorded.

You are a United States Congressman, and you have just discovered that the environment is becoming a big political issue. Environment groups are organizing a massive demonstration in Washington called Earth Day. You figure it would be a good idea to attend. Overhead, Army helicopters are taking aerial photos of the participants. Later, as a result of Congressional hearings, you discover that your activities have been closely followed and recorded in the files of Army intelligence.

You are married and the mother of a fourteen-month-old little girl, Cathy. You have a small house in the suburbs, and your husband works hard, but runaway prices aren't making it any easier to make ends meet. The last thing in the world you and your husband want is another baby, so one night while he is out bowling, you decide to attend a lecture about birth control. Baby-sitters are very expensive, and the meeting is early, so you take Cathy along. The lecture is fascinating, and despite some apprehension you had, she behaves well.

In the audience, however, are undercover police agents, watching everything, listening, and taking pictures with hidden cameras. After the meeting, you are arrested, charged with endangering the morals of a minor because you exposed your fourteen-month-old daughter to demonstrations of birth-control devices.

You are a member of and occasional contributor to a minority political party, one of the many splinter groups that have always existed on the fringe of American politics. Along with many other groups, your party is organizing a few buses to go to Washington to participate in a demonstration against the war. The FBI is nervous and decides to check up on the demonstrators. FBI agents persuade officials at the party's bank to let them see the names of officers of the party, those authorized to sign checks, and those who posted bond for the buses. Your name is among them. Soon your phone is tapped in the interests of national security.

You are a construction worker and life isn't easy. After a hard work in the hot sun, you like to off at the local tavern for a cold beer. When you can you take the beer to a ball park, or at the track. Sometimes you don't mind placing a bet on your favorite team, or on a horse. There's this bookie you know and once in a while, if the odds are right and the hunch irresistible, you give him a call and put down a few dollars. It makes the evening a little more interesting, and when you finish the beer tastes a little bit colder.

But the police (who will tell you if you ask them, that gambling should be legalized so they can spend more time catching real criminals) know every bookie they know tapped. One bookie is one of the unlucky ones. When you call (and when his wife, his mother, his daughter, or his friend calls), the conversation is recorded. If you call often enough, maybe your phone will be tapped. Just to be on the safe side.

You are an Army doctor, serving out your two years on an Army post in the South, taking care of the minor ailments of Army men and their wives. Like most Army doctors you are privileged to have the rank of captain, and you are permitted to live off-base. You decide to spend your time off (out of uniform, of course) working with a local civil rights group in a voter-registration campaign. While engaged in this work, you attract the attention of a civilian Army counterintelligence agent, who happens to live in the same town. Before long, there's a thick dossier on you, the magazines you subscribe to are noted, and your name is placed on your phone.

S A PARTY LINE

passion for wiretapping continues unabated

THESE EXAMPLES of government surveillance are true. Aside from some anecdotal ones, all actually happened. Although surveillance of phone conversations (wiretapping) takes place in some cases and not in others, all of—and many others like them—document the government's promiscuous desire to snoop. Contrary to news reports and editorial hosannas, the government's passion for snooping is unlikely to be cooled by the Supreme Court's decision requiring federal agents to obtain judge-signed warrants before they can tap telephones of alleged suspects in cases of "pestic national security." To be sure, the Court's decision was a strong reaffirmation of the Fourth Amendment—and a stern rebuttal of Attorney General John Mitchell's arrogant argument that he was empowered to wiretap political dissenters with no judicial supervision whatever. As we shall see, though, the Court's decision is sufficiently narrow that government wiretapping is almost certain to continue virtually unchanged, at least under the Nixon Administration. The future looks bright for everyone in the surveillance business—local police, Army intelligence, and various civilian federal agencies—from the FBI to the IRS.

A growing sense that government is watching has become the paranoid delusion of a few discredited left-wingers. According to Justice William Douglas: "Those who register dissent or who petition their government for redress are subjected to scrutiny by grand juries, by the FBI, by the military. Their associates are indicted. Their homes are bugged and their telephones are wiretapped. They are befriended by secret government informers." Douglas' comments are warmly shared by old-fashioned conservatives like Senator Sam J. Ervin, Jr., the North Carolina Democrat who is generally recognized as the Senate's foremost authority on constitutional law. Interestingly enough, Ervin, chairman of the Senate Subcommittee on Constitutional Rights, originally supported the bill that authorized wiretapping and electronic eavesdropping. After watching the surveillance system in action for four years, however, Senator Ervin had this to say: "Knowledge

that the government is engaged in surveillance of its citizens creates an atmosphere of fear, which is inimical to freedom... Democracy cannot survive if the people are sullen, scared and rebellious."

Ira Glasser is executive director of the New York Civil Liberties Union. Herman Schwartz is Professor of Law at the State University of New York at Buffalo.

Writs of assistance

WIRETAPPING IS NOTHING ELSE but an electronic search. If the government wished to have one of its agents provided with a key to your house, to come and go as he pleased, listening to whatever interested him, we would all be quite properly frightened. But if the development of technology allows the government to achieve the same result by using a powerful microphone or by electronically intercepting the signal on a telephone wire, it doesn't seem to bother us as much. (A few polls have indicated widespread hostility to wiretapping, but the



John Sullivan

hostility has remained silent, and as a result many legislators throughout the country have voted and spoken for wiretapping.)

The lack of public fright or outrage over government wiretapping is especially puzzling in light of the fierce defense of privacy that formed much of the early American colonial struggle against Britain. British colonial revenue officers, for example, were granted wide discretionary powers by Parliament to search in suspected places for smuggled goods by means of "writs of assistance." The fight by American colonists against these hated writs was described by John Adams as "the first act of opposition to the arbitrary claims of Great Britain." Colonial revulsion against British searches led the Founding Fathers to write the Fourth Amendment to our Constitution, which bans general searches and narrowly limits the granting of search warrants except under very special and particular conditions.

Unfortunately, however, wiretapping was for years not considered by the Supreme Court to be a "search" within the meaning of the Fourth Amendment. The Court, in a 5-4 decision handed down in 1928, ruled that there was no search when the building was not actually penetrated physically. In these days of parabolic microphones, miniature electronic devices, and hidden cameras, such a view seems quaint and wildly unrealistic. In any case, due to that decision, the chief protection from government wiretapping had to come from Congress. In 1934, Congress passed a law prohibiting wiretapping. Ever since then, the battle has been on.

For more than thirty years, law-enforcement officials lobbied hard for bills that would relax the total ban on wiretapping. Such bills always failed (although many law-enforcement officials continued to tap wires illegally, spurred on perhaps by the ambiguous attitude of Supreme Court decisions). But then, in 1968, Congress enacted the Omnibus Crime Control and Safe Streets Act, which permitted all state and federal police to obtain warrants in order to tap phones and bug rooms for an almost unlimited number of crimes ranging from marijuana possession and cockfighting to murder.

Time, money, and liberty

IS WIRETAPPING NECESSARY? Is it so crucial to effective law enforcement that it is worth risking our right to privacy? Does wiretapping snoop only on criminals, or do innocent citizens have cause to fear? How much does wiretapping cost? How many criminals does it catch? How much wiretapping actually goes on, and for what purposes?

Until recently, it was not possible to answer these questions with any certainty. If legislators

were forced to balance the claims of privacy against the claims of law enforcement, they usually had nothing to go on but the strong opinions of law-enforcement officials. Is wiretapping necessary? Certainly, according to New York District Attorney Frank Hogan, who repeatedly claimed that electronic surveillance was the "single most valuable weapon" in fighting organized crime. Does wiretapping catch a lot of criminals? Certainly, according to former FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover, who before his death claimed that "much of credit for [increased convictions in 1970] should go to court-approved electronic surveillance devices." Is wiretapping especially useful for really serious crimes like homicide and kidnapping? Certainly, according to Mr. Justice Lewis Powell, who wrote an article in *American Bar Association Journal* in August 1971, before he was appointed to the Supreme Court, arguing that federal surveillance was used largely for crimes like homicide and kidnapping.

For the first time, however, facts are available that show that Hogan, Hoover, and Powell were exaggerating grossly. And the facts prove that wiretapping is not a very useful, much less necessary, tool of law enforcement; that it is extraordinarily expensive; that relatively few convictions are linked to wiretapping; and that of those few convictions, an almost negligible number have been for serious crimes like murder or kidnapping.

These data are available from the federal government. The Omnibus Crime Control and Safe Streets Act of 1968 that authorized expanded bugging and tapping also required government reports to Congress detailing annual costs, results, and number of wiretaps conducted. The reports have now been issued for the years 1968 to 1971, and they prove conclusively that wiretapping is at best of very little value.

Here are the facts:

- In 1968, when there was no federal eavesdropping, state officials listened in on 66,716 conversations.
- In 1969, when both federal and state officials eavesdropped, 173,711 conversations were overheard.
- In 1970, the amount of eavesdropping doubled to 381,865 conversations.
- In 1971, at least 498,325 conversations were overheard, a jump of 30 per cent over 1970.

What were the results?

- In 1968, out of 66,716 overheard conversations, no convictions were reported.

*For some reason, the government reports cover only very few overall totals. Our figures were obtained by multiplying the average number of conversations overheard per wiretap by the total number of wiretaps.



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"Points of View", 1958

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1969, out of 173,711 conversations, 294 convictions resulted.

1970, out of 381,865 conversations, 538 convictions resulted.

1971, out of at least 498,325 conversations, 322 convictions have resulted so far.

In the four years since the bill was passed, many people have been spied upon, and thus far only 1,154 have been reportedly convicted by more than 1 per cent.*

In 1971, the reported cost of such surveillance was over \$5 million. The average federal tap in 1968 cost \$7,500; in 1970, it was \$12,106. None of these figures includes the many, many hours spent by lawyers, judges, and investigators preparing applications and keeping records. It also omits the cost of so-called "national security" surveillance, which if included would increase the total enormously.

It is true, of course, that the rate of convictions is not yet complete, because there is a lag between the time the tap occurs and the time the case is disposed of in court. But certainly one can assume that most arrests that took place in 1968 and 1969 have by now been disposed of and their results reported; and even if it turned out to be twice as many convictions as have so far been reported, the rate would still be only 2.5 per cent of the persons overheard.

LAW ENFORCEMENT OFFICIALS are not happy about these meager results, which do not support their constant clamor for wiretapping power. They would rather use statistics on arrests, which are somewhat more favorable from their point of view. Arrests, however, prove little about guilt or innocence and are often made incorrectly at the discretion of the police. During the May Day demonstrations in London last year, for example, thousands of arrests were made and later dismissed as "mistakes."

Furthermore, wiretap warrants may not be constitutionally issued unless there is already some evidence to arrest at least someone. So even if that wiretaps lead to a large number of arrests, it is hardly surprising. Even so, if arrest rates are used instead of conviction rates as a measure of wiretapping's usefulness, the results are remarkably thin. Out of more than 1.1 million tapped conversations involving 93,080 arrests from 1968 to 1971, only 6,131 arrests were made, less than 7 per cent of the people overheard. Of those few arrests, less than 20 per

cent are not at all clear that even these few convictions were achieved by wiretapping. It is quite possible that for all of them could have been obtained without wiretapping. We don't know, and the government reports don't know of several examples, however, where convictions were obtained and wiretapping was used, though wiretapping had nothing to do with the convictions.

cent have resulted in convictions, but even if all the arrests had resulted in convictions the returns would still not be very impressive.

The kinds of crimes in which wiretapping is used are equally unimpressive. Mr. Justice Powell's assertion that federal surveillance was used largely for serious crimes like homicide and kidnapping is baseless. In 1970 and 1971, there was not a single federal tap for either crime; in 1969, only one tap even arguably involved kidnapping, and as of December 31, 1971, not even an arrest had resulted in that case. On the state level, the results are similar. From 1968 to 1971, only three taps used by state officials involved kidnapping, and while murder was involved in a few state wiretaps, only one conviction has yet been reported for any of them.

The overwhelming bulk of court-ordered tapping is not for crimes of violence but for gambling and drugs. In 1971, gambling alone accounted for 90 per cent of federal tapping; drugs accounted for another 6 per cent, and all other offenses only 4 per cent. It cannot even be argued that the bosses of organized crime are the target; most taps in gambling cases snoop on bookies and their customers. It is hard to believe that many top figures in organized crime operate out of bookmaking parlors.

Is it worth the cost, in both dollars and liberty, to listen in on many thousands of conversations and people merely to obtain 1 per cent convictions, and most of those in petty gambling cases? Certainly, we should not be spending millions of dollars, invading the privacy of tens of thousands of people, and risking basic liberties for the sake of so little return in law enforcement.

"The lack of public fright or outrage over government wiretapping is especially puzzling in light of the fierce defense of privacy that formed much of the early American struggle against Britain."



Why, then, have John Mitchell, William Rehnquist, and Richard Kleindienst pressed so hard for wiretapping powers? Some people believe that the government has used the fear of violent crime to gain widespread social acceptance of electronic surveillance in order to use it to spy on and ultimately control political behavior, and especially dissent. An analysis of the government's recent vigorous attempt to spy on political dissidents without a warrant lends some support for that view.

National security and political freedom

SO FAR, ALL OF THE ANALYSIS of wiretapping has been based upon official government reports of court-ordered taps. However, these reports *do not include wiretaps and electronic surveillance undertaken in the name of "national security."* In fact, until this past June when the Supreme Court struck it down, the Attorney General claimed the power to wiretap *without court order* on any group or person he considered "dangerous" (whatever that means). Moreover, the government admitted in court that in national-security wiretapping, it is not even looking for criminals but rather is seeking "intelligence." So no question of crime generally arises. FBI agents freely conceded that such taps check up not on criminals but on the activities and associations of political suspects. Indeed, G. Robert Blakey, chief counsel to Senator John McClellan, has said that such surveillance "is sometimes used to determine the influence of extremist groups in other legitimate organizations." The best example of this was the tapping of Martin Luther King's phone, which went on until a few days before his death and which did not remotely have anything to do with crime. Unfortunately, the King example was not an isolated one.

If the reported results of court-ordered wiretapping (where warrants must be issued and reports made) show so much promiscuous government wiretapping with so little result for law enforcement, imagine what has gone on with national-security wiretapping, where no warrants have been required and no reports need be made.

Until December 1971 there was no way to tell. The Administration kept assuring us in public statements that very few national-security taps took place. President Nixon repeatedly said that there were no more than fifty such taps per year in operation at any one time during 1970 and 1971. For example, in April 1971 Nixon told the annual convention of the American Society of Newspaper Editors: "Now in the two years that we have been in office—now get this number—the total number of taps for national-security purposes by the FBI . . . has been less

than fifty a year." And in its brief filed with the Supreme Court, the government told the court that only thirty-six warrantless wiretaps were operated in 1970.

These claims, however, have been completely contradicted by correspondence between the Justice Department and Senator Edward Kennedy, in which the government admitted far more extensive spying. A study of that correspondence and related public materials released last December by Senator Kennedy shows that:

- During 1969-70, there were almost as many national-security wiretaps as there were court-ordered wiretaps.

- The average duration of such warrantless taps was from *three to nine times longer* than the average duration of court-approved taps.

- The total number of people overheard on federal electronic eavesdropping without court permission thus probably *far exceeds* the number overheard by eavesdropping with court permission.

In the Supreme Court, the government admitted to some incredibly lengthy surveillance. In one case, it eavesdropped on a single target for fourteen months, intercepting nearly 100 phone calls and overhearing who knows how many people. If this example and others like it are typical—and Senator Kennedy's study gives some support to such an assumption—the number of people overheard on these national-security taps is in the tens of thousands. These people are not criminals but political suspects—people whose political activities the Attorney General thinks bear watching.

THE FRIGHTENING THING about the government's rationale in support of its power to wiretap without a warrant was that it could equally be used to extend to other forms of surveillance "intelligence," such as entering someone's home or office or doing anything dangerously close to the hated "writ of *habeas corpus*" we fought against during the American Revolution. The true dimension of the government's position as argued in the Supreme Court was revealed: an open demand for vast, lengthy, supervised, and unchecked powers to invade the privacy of many, many people having no link, only the remotest link, to any criminal act.

This demand proved to be too much even for the Nixon Court, despite its domination by a "law and order" majority. Without a dissent (although Justice Rehnquist abstained), the Court ruled that the government could not eavesdrop on domestic groups with "no significant connection with a foreign power, its agents or agencies" unless a court-ordered warrant was obtained first. As the Court said in an opinion by Mr. Justice Powell:

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Photo: Tim Phipps

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Official surveillance, whether its purpose be criminal investigation or on-going intelligence gathering, risks infringement of constitutionally protected privacy of speech. Security surveillances are especially sensitive because of the inherent vagueness of the domestic security concept, the necessarily broad and continuing nature of intelligence gathering, and the temptation to utilize such surveillance.. to oversee political dissent.

The Powell opinion, however, left the government a good many loopholes. First, it prohibited warrantless taps only on purely domestic groups, leaving open the question of whether a warrant is required in investigations concerning foreign intelligence. This opening is dangerous because the definition of "foreign intelligence" is pretty vague and because foreign-intelligence investigations can involve domestic groups. J. Edgar Hoover justified spying on Martin Luther King by referring to "Communist influence." The Justice Department justified taps on the Jewish Defense League either because of the League's "links" to Israel or because of its actions in behalf of Soviet Jewry against Russian diplomats in the United States.

After the Court's decision last June, Attorney General Richard Kleindienst declared that he would not tap domestic groups based on tenuous links with foreign powers. But when the temptation arises, can the government be trusted not to rely on possible relationships between the Black Panthers and Algeria, the Jewish Defense League and Israel, and various peace groups and North Vietnam or Cuba when it wishes to

justify uncontrolled surveillance? Given the record of this Administration, it does not seem very safe to trust the promises of Richard Kleindienst. It would have been better if they had instead closed all the doors to warrantless tapping.

Even where warrants are required, Justice Powell's opinion was somewhat ominously, a wiretapping warrant cannot be issued unless there is probable cause to believe a crime has been committed. That is the standard used to justify an arrest. But in domestic-security wiretapping, the government admitted that it frequently has no evidence of crime but is only looking for "intelligence." Under the usual standards, such taps would not qualify for a warrant. In his opinion, however, Justice Powell virtually invited Congress to relax the standard and make it easier to obtain a warrant in cases involving domestic-intelligence surveillance. If the standards are lowered, the requirement of prior court approval might turn out not to mean much.

As a matter of fact, our experience with wiretapping warrants, and with conventional search warrants as well, shows that the courts have been remarkably cooperative. From 1968 to 1970, of 1,891 federal and state applications for wiretap warrants, only two were turned down. In Philadelphia District Attorney Arlen Specter has delicately put it:

Judges tend to rely upon the prosecutor's word. Experience in our criminal courts has shown that the prior judicial approval for search and seizure warrants is more a matter of form than of substance in guaranteeing the existence of probable cause to substantiate the need for search . . . Some judges have specifically said they do not want to know the reasons for tapping so that they could not be accused later of relaying the information to men suspected of organized crime activities.

Under the even more relaxed standards suggested by Justice Powell, the government will probably be able to tap whenever and as often as it wants, if it is willing to go through the motions of getting prior judicial approval. And that should be easy.

Once, long ago, we were afraid of British soldiers invading our homes on warrantless searches, and so we erected the Fourth Amendment to protect us. Today, in a time of social disorganization, we have other fears—racial, generational, economic—but mostly we fear crime. Not all crime. We don't fear white-collar crime, and we don't even fear the violent land shootouts in New York. Random murder and burglary—the crimes of social disorganization—are what we fear, and there are those who would manipulate that fear and panic by dismantling the Fourth Amendment. If they succeed, we will be less, not more, safe.



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COMMENTARY

Interrupting its usual silence, the CIA has provided Harper's with a rare public document. It is an official letter of protest against our July cover story, "Flowers of Evil," an extremely compromising report by Alfred W. McCoy about the CIA's complicity in the heroin trade in Southeast Asia. "I trust," writes W. E. Colby, the Agency's executive director, "you will give this response the same prominence in your publication as was given to the McCoy article."

The letter appears below in full, together with Mr. McCoy's reply and the testimony of a former USAID representative who witnessed the CIA's participation in the Laotian drug traffic. This exchange, we hope, throws further needed light on a little-known stretch of the sewer that runs between Washington, Saigon, Vientiane, Phnompenh, and Bangkok.

Beyond all that, we are surprised by Mr. Colby's use of the word "trust." We may well be reading too much into it, but that word, and indeed the whole tone of the letter, suggests that Mr. Colby expected an immediate mea culpa from Harper's. Is the CIA that naïve? Mr. Colby, who once presided over the notorious Phoenix program in Vietnam,* is hardly an innocent. Still, his entire letter reflects a troubling simplicity, an unquestioning trust in the goodness of his own bureaucracy. He asks us to share that trust, whatever the stubborn facts may be. As conclusive evidence of the Agency's purity, for example, he even cites Director Richard Helms' public-relations argument that "as fathers, we are as concerned about the lives of our children and grandchildren as all of you."

THE AGENCY'S BRIEF:

Harper's July issue contains an article by Mr. Alfred W. McCoy alleging CIA involvement in the opium traffic in Laos. This allegation is false and unfounded, and it is particularly disappointing that a journal of Harper's reputation would see fit to publish it without any effort to check its accuracy or even to refer to the

public record to the contrary.

Normally we do not respond publicly to allegations made against CIA. Because of the serious nature of these charges, however, I am writing to you to place these accusations in proper perspective and so that the record will be clear.

The general charge made by Mr.

Such curious expectations of trust apparently motivated the Agency to ask Harper & Row to hand over the galleys of Mr. McCoy's book, *The Politics of Heroin in Southeast Asia*, from which he drew his magazine article. The Agency declared that it simply wanted to check the book for factual inaccuracies, possible libel, or damage to national security. To deliver this unusual request, the Agency dispatched Cord Meyer, a man with the proper establishment connections who, as the CIA's overseer of the since-transformed Congress for Cultural Freedom,** may be said to have once been in the publishing business himself. Although the galleys were duly sent to the Agency, the CIA's subsequent complaints about Mr. McCoy's response failed to impress Harper & Row, which has since defiantly published the book, unchanged. Apparently there are limits to trust, even among gentlemen.

Although Mr. McCoy won't agree with us, our only action to this episode is to feel a certain sympathy for the beset bureaucrats of the CIA, who seem to be impaled on the defensive notion, "The Agency, right or wrong, is always in the definition the CIA finds itself involved with a good number of questionable people in Southeast Asia. That is a consequence of its mission—a mission it did not invent but simply carries out on White House orders—and we suspect that the public would trust the Agency a good deal more if it either acknowledged the facts or remained silent. Now the CIA now seems determined to revamp its image with something like a cross between General Motors and the League of Women Voters. But so endeth our sermon; let the reader draw his own conclusions.

McCoy that "to a certain extent [the opium trade in Laos] depends on the support (money, guns, air etc.) of the CIA" has no basis in fact. To the contrary, Mr. John E. Ingrassia, Director of the Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs, in a letter to Representative Charles Gubser of California on May 27, 1971,

*Phoenix is a campaign of systematic counterterror designed to root out and destroy Vietcong sympathizers. As U.S. pacification chief from 1968 to mid-1971, Ambassador Colby headed CORDS (Civil Operations and Rural Development Support), which operated in cooperation with the South Vietnamese police. Mr. Colby has testified before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee that, in 1969 alone, Phoenix agents "neutralized" 19,534 suspected Vietcong, killing 6,187 of them in the process. Critics argue that Phoenix uses assassination methods and that Mr. Colby's figures are extremely conservative.

**The CCF, among other activities, at one time published a dozen or so serious anti-Communist magazines throughout the world. The best known is *Encounter*, which now has a different sponsor.

uced in the Congressional of June 2, 1971), stated:

ually, CIA has for some time his Bureau's strongest partner ntifying foreign sources and of illegal trade in narcotics. help has included both direct rt in intelligence collection, as s in intelligence analysis and ction. Liaison between our agencies is close and constant ters of mutual interest. Much progress we are now making ntifying overseas narcotics can, in fact, be attributed to ooperation.

McCoy makes the following which I shall deal with speci-

General Vang Pao, "com- of the CIA secret army in stern Laos . . . has become an ngly notorious entrepreneur aotian drug trade."

ave no evidence indicating eral Vang Pao is involved in tian drug trade. Because his re the principal Laotian de- to North Vietnamese aggres- any U. S. Government person- been in constant contact with Vang Pao for a number of o evidence has come to light ng him with narcotics traf-

e contrary, General Vang Pao ngly supported the anti-nar- gislation passed by the Lao l Assembly in 1971 and, as a f the Meo, has done his best nce the tribal groups to aban- ir traditional growth of the opopy and develop substitute d new forms of livestock to daily sustenance and income. er, most of northeastern Laos nder General Vang Pao's con- actually in the hands of the ietnamese. General Vang Pao y has no control over the crop on there, and cultivation of ro in that area is extremely dif- cause of the ongoing hostili-

The CIA assurance of food i. to the Laotian Meo tribes- owed the Meo to "allot more he growing of opium." i allegation would not be made rone familiar with the war- economy of the Meo tribe. U.S. Government provides food le refugees—Meos who have iven off their land by the h ietnamese and therefore have



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trained to cultivate—and to villages where the bulk of the male population is off serving in General Vang Pao's forces.

Prior to the North Vietnamese offensive, supplies were delivered to the Meo tribesmen. Those supplies, however, consisted of rice seedlings and other types of seeds plus livestock to provide the Meo with basic sustenance and also to encourage the Meo to give up the planting of opium poppies. These efforts met with considerable success. Mr. Roland Paul, investigator for the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, reported in the April 1971 issue of *Foreign Affairs* "that due to the long association with the CIA, the Meo tribesmen in Laos were shifting from opium to rice and other crops."

The fact is that the opium production in northeastern Laos has been greatly diminished rather than increased as alleged in the McCoy article.

(3) When Air America became the only air transport available, "it began flying Meo opium to markets in Long Cheng and Vientiane."

Air America has long had an effective inspection system, and more recently an even more rigid system to bar even inadvertent transport of narcotics has been introduced. Air America released a statement to the press on June 2, 1972, which said:

There is an intensive program of inspection of both passengers and cargo carried out in close collaboration with local and U. S. authorities. At up-country sites, inspectors inspect all baggage of passengers and crew members departing from their stations. All cargo placed aboard up-country sites is inspected by members of the inspection service. All baggage of persons departing Vientiane on Air America, Continental Air Services and Lao Air Development are inspected. Where boarding passengers refuse to submit to inspection or are found to have contraband in their possession, they are denied the right to board aircraft and their names are turned over to local Lao authorities. Through these and related measures attempts by individuals to carry opium on company airplanes have been detected and prevented. These small-time smugglers and users are the greatest threat and the security inspection service has constituted an effective deterrent.

Please note that these tightened

security and inspection measures predate Mr. McCoy's charges against Air America.

(4) After the North Vietnamese offensive in northeastern Laos, "Vang Pao was able to continue his role in Laos's narcotics trade by opening a heroin laboratory at Long Cheng, the CIA headquarters town."

There is not only no evidence connecting General Vang Pao with a heroin laboratory in Long Cheng, but also none to suggest the presence of such a laboratory in Long Cheng. There are a number of U. S. Government officials in Laos working against the drug traffic. They would have spotted such a laboratory in Long Cheng and seen to its dismantling had one existed.

(5) "CIA contract airlines have reportedly carried opium, and individual CIA men have abetted the opium traffic."

This charge is also false. CIA is not involved in the narcotics traffic and is actively working against it; its personnel are also flatly prohibited from any such activity as individuals, and are subject to termination if so involved. Mr. McCoy has produced no evidence which implicates Agency personnel in the narcotics traffic. Such unsupported charges against this Agency and its people of abetting the flow of narcotics are not only irresponsible but particularly ironic in view of the many efforts this Agency's personnel are making to stem the flow of narcotics into the United States.

More than one year ago, in an address before the American Society of Newspaper Editors, Mr. Richard Helms, Director of Central Intelligence, stated the following:

There is the arrant nonsense, for example, that the Central Intelligence Agency is somehow involved in the world drug traffic. We are not. As fathers, we are as concerned about the lives of our children and grandchildren as are all of you. As an Agency, in fact, we are heavily engaged in tracing the foreign roots of the drug traffic for the Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs. We hope we are helping with a solution; we know we are not contributing to the problem.

This statement remains valid today.

I trust you will give this response the same prominence in your publication as was given to the McCoy article.

W. E. COLBY, Executive Director
Central Intelligence Agency

THE AUTHOR'S RESPONSE:

In essence, Mr. Colby's letter consists of flat denials of my statements backed up largely by supporting comments from such partisan sources as the U.S. Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs, Air America, the CIA's own director, Richard Helms. Given the rather inconclusive nature of Mr. Colby's rebuttal, it is largely a question of whether any other Nixon Administration spokesman's optimistic, sanguine pronouncements on the Southeast Asian drug traffic can be believed.

First of all, let me repeat that it is undeniable evidence that charter aircraft were actively involved in the transport of narcotics in northern Laos during the period from the mid-1960s until mid-1970. My former commander-in-chief of the Royal Laotian Army, General Vang Pao Rathikun, who freely admitted his own involvement in his nation's narcotics traffic, assured me that from his personal knowledge of Air America's involvement in the transport of opium. The former commander of the Laotian Air Force, General Thakol, was forced out of his command because he refused to allocate funds for the transport of General Vang Pao's opium, likewise assured me that Air America was involved in the traffic. During the course of my search for the book, I interviewed former USAID employees and former Laotian bureaucrats who had seen opium-loaded Air America helicopters landing at Long Cheng, the CIA headquarters for northern Laos, and observed an opium refinery operating in Long Cheng valley. To make absolutely sure that these allegations were well founded, I spent ten days traveling through the hills of northern Laos interviewing Meo villagers who fought as CIA mercenaries for the past decade. I spent about a week in the mountain district of Long Pao was told by the Meo district commander, numerous village headmen, opium farmers that their 1971-1972 harvests had been purchased by Meo officers in the CIA's mercenary army and flown to Long Cheng by Air America helicopters. Since the village's 1971 harvest amount

an 700 kilos of raw, pungent here can be no doubt that the n pilots of these helicopters at they were carrying.

et Mr. Colby would have us hat his agency has been do- ything in its power to curb otics traffic in Southeast Asia. w does he account for the fact eral Ouan's heroin laboratory n Houei Sai in northwestern erated for almost two years any interference from the ts 30,000 mercenary troops? e laboratory was abandoned aff in mid-1971, it was the opium refinery in Southeast d it processed thousands of ure heroin for both U.S. GIs in South Vietnam and addicts he continental United States. ial quantities of heroin from ratory, packaged with its dis- Double U-O Globe brand ldicted tens of thousands of n GIs and have been seized in ntities in cities along the East om New York to Miami. The l a number of secret para- installations only minutes by er from this laboratory, and id nothing for almost two or is there a possibility CIA was somehow ignorant situation. Retired CIA per- cal CIA mercenaries, Baptist ries, and ordinary hill tribes- w of the laboratory's location ortance months before it was ed.

it of the gravity of the heroin the United States, it is par- unfortunate that the CIA, State Department as well, mpted to assuage the Ameri- le with falsely optimistic and, blatantly dishonest and, y statements about the qual- he Nixon Administration's otics effort in Southeast

ler to justify its continuing ion of the war in Indochina, Nixon Administration spokes- e come forward with rather claims about the commitment hai and Vietnamese govern- anti-narcotics work. On May etary of State Rogers told the Appropriations Committee are getting good cooperation ailand with the drug prob- nd yet only three months t highly classified Cabinet- ort, prepared by an inter-

agency committee with both CIA and State Department representatives, had concluded that "there is no prospect" of curbing the drug traffic in Southeast Asia "under any conditions that can realistically be projected" because of "corruption, collusion and indifference at some places in some governments, particularly Thailand and South Vietnam, that preclude more effective suppression of the traf- fic by the governments on whose terri- tory it takes place."

When I testified before the Senate and presumed to articulate a position that contradicted the official ortho- doxy as set forward by the Adminis- tration, various government agencies rushed to discredit me. A State De- partment spokesman, Mr. Nelson Gross, accused me of sensationalism, and a Bureau of Narcotics official, Mr. John Warner, labeled me a pur- veyor of "gossip, rumors, conjecture, and old history." In their haste to dis- credit me, however, Mr. Warner and Mr. Gross contradicted themselves and other Administration statements. Rebutting my Congressional testi- mony about the role of official corrup- tion in the Southeast Asia drug traffic, Gross stated: "As for Ouan Rathikoun... we are not aware of anything more than unsubstantiated allegations concerning his past and present complicity. With regard to his 'control' of the 'largest heroin lab- oratory in Laos,' once again, all we have is allegation."

Only ten days later, John Warner contradicted Gross in the course of rebutting my charges in an interview with the *Washington Evening Star* (June 19, 1972): "Gen. Ouan Ratti- kone, former chief of staff of the Royal Laotian Army, had consoli- dated several opium refineries into one, and with his army controlled and protected the Laotian narcotics traffic for years, Warner said."

Evidently, the Administration is so nervous about the compromised na- ture of its anti-narcotics effort in Southeast Asia that its spokesmen feel compelled to conceal or controvert even the most obvious facts. General Ouan has admitted his involvement to me and to other journalists before and since. I find it impossible to be- lieve, as no doubt would the good General Ouan, that Mr. Gross and the State Department "are not aware of anything more than unsubstantiated allegations concerning his past and present complicity." I can only con-

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clude that Mr. Gross is not facing the unfortunate realities of the Southeast Asian drug traffic. But Mr. Gross is only a spokesman, no matter how maladroit, for the Nixon Administration, and his transparent argumentation merely reveals the shallowness of his department's commitment to anti-narcotics work in Southeast Asia.

Perhaps just as damaging in the long run is the CIA's effort to induce my publisher, Harper & Row, to eliminate what it considers objectionable portions of my book, *The Politics of Heroin in Southeast Asia*, or withdraw it from publication altogether. After receiving a formal request from the CIA's legal counsel, Harper & Row's management decided it was bound by its sense of publishing responsibility to provide the Agency with a copy of the manuscript for prior review. Faced with the prospect of delaying the publication of my book past the November elections and thereby denying American voters information they might need for their electoral decisions, I consented to Harper & Row's decision though I disagreed with its philosophical bases.

On July 20, a CIA agent arrived at Harper & Row, picked up a copy of the book, and spirited it off to the CIA campus in Virginia for review by "more than one component of the Agency." On July 28, another CIA agent delivered the Agency's written critique to Harper & Row. Neither Harper & Row nor I found the rather feeble arguments convincing enough to merit any changes in the book.

Aside from the obvious issues raised by this attempted interference with my First Amendment freedoms, what I find most interesting about the CIA's moves is their unprecedented openness. The reaction by the press and publishing industry to date has been predictably hostile. Why, then, did the CIA take this risk? I can only conclude that the Agency realizes that what I am saying about its activities is not only critical but accurate. Evidently it believes my analysis is so painfully accurate that it was willing to accept bad publicity in order to dilute the book or block publication entirely. If I were as sadly misinformed as Mr. Colby would have us believe, then the Agency surely would have been able to rebut me effectively by issuing a simple press release after the book is published.

—Alfred W. McCoy
New Haven, Conn.

EYEWITNESS TESTIMONY:

• There is trouble at Long (the secret Central Intelligence Agency military base in north Laos) guerrilla leaders are demanding operational control over the do (so aircraft that work daily from 5,000-foot paved runway in the dle of nowhere. The Americans, knowing only too well what the implications of giving in would be a hassle. Everybody, of course, has the stakes in this little game. Everybody knows that the Meo have own ideas as to how these flying chins can be put to efficient use there for everybody to see: the banana-leaf-wrapped cubes of opium stacked neatly alongside the runway, not quite a hundred from the air-conditioned shack which Agency officers command a clear view of the entire area. At end, General Vang Pao, commander of the Meo army, has his way. Americans who are supporting the army might regret the small loss of operational control. But the war goes on. Anyway, even if the Meo up all the planes, more can always be brought in. The time is 1967.

• An American refugee-like worker visits a Meo village at a 1,500-foot mountain just north of Plain of Jars. Having come to discuss local food-and-medical problems, he is given a walking tour of the area. Of particular interest to him is a sizable patch of unripe poppy growing on the side of a hill just from the village. It is opium, he is told. Soon it will be harvested. "we will sell it to the General [Pao]." It represents a bit of cash: they will receive about a pound. "You Americans don't pay very much," he is told. The time is 1967.

• A Lao Air Force C47 transport taxis to the head of the dirt airfield at Ban Houei Sai, a small town at the extreme northwest corner of the country. As the engines shut down, a Lao Army truck pulls up beside the main door of the plane. Quickly soldiers manning the vehicle

small packages up to the re-crew members. An American, ng from a distance, asks a n-employee to get a closer look. He back directly: opium, about pounds of the stuff, is being on board. He also says that mander of the Laotian Regu-ny, General Ouan Rathikun, me in with the flight and is sing the operation.

orth of Ban Houei Sai, on the le of the Mekong River near rmese border, is a cluster of "cookers" in which the raw t is reduced, in this case to a ne base. They belong to Chao ao tribal leader and CIA guer-commander. For months, an an badgers Chao La for per-to visit the site. Finally he ot operational at the time, the us invokes images of a boot-l in the backwoods of Ken-. The opium processed here in from Burma and Yunan, s having been made by Chao elligence network that, funded plied by the CIA, works un-er in these areas. The time is

e foregoing accounts have not njured up from my imagina-ney are factual incidents, and the American mentioned in f the examples. And they ult be viewed as isolated but rather as a mere sampling how deeply the trafficking of runs as a central and integral the Laotian power structure. object of bringing these facts e open is twofold. First, to at opium trafficking was ram-these areas when I was there. cond, to state my belief that erican Embassy, together with gencies nominally working un-auspices, not only knew what ing on but was fully aware vas in no small way conducted manipulation of U.S. aid ear-for other purposes. I don't is charge lightly. It was com-nowledge to every field officer orth. Talked about, but only r formal basis, the opium ques-s subordinated to the primary nd objectives of U.S. policy. utter ruthlessness of this tac-ethodology is important to mind. It mattered not what y problems were created by sence. Not, that is, so long as o leadership could keep their

wards in the boondocks fighting and dying in the name of, for these un-fortunates anyway, some nebulous cause. If for the Americans this meant, as it did, increasing the po-tential reward, or quite literally, pay-offs, to the Meo leadership in the form of a carte blanche to exploit U.S.-supplied airplanes and commu-nications gear to the end of greatly streamlining opium operations, well, that was the price to be paid. In time, the arrangement became increasingly mercenary. Dealing on such contrac-tual terms perhaps made it easier to rationalize away the other half of Laotian reality: that hundreds of thousands of natives had been caught up in an American war of attrition, and that the essence—the very life-force—of an entire people had been horribly scarred, if not fatally ex-tinguished.

The war in Laos has always been depicted as only a "holding opera-tion"; merely a place to buy time for our supposed allies, to allow them a period of grace in which to mobilize. Thus, with a second line of defense established, the fate of this belea-guered kingdom could be left to the whim of fate. For the generals, Ouan and Vang Pao, and for the rest of their cronies, there has been time to prepare for the inevitable day of abandonment by their benefactors. For them, enough opium has been grown, enough heroin processed from it and sold on the streets of Saigon to American GIs and in the back alleys of New York City, so that the generals' future portends surfeit, not destitution. The tragedy in Laos is that of the poor—the Meo soldier, his family, and the rest of the conglom-erate Lao society who have long been bombed, shot at, burned, up-rooted, and who must now, in stark confusion, ponder the enormous ca-tastrophe that has befallen them.

The Americans ultimately will go home; the creators and engineers of the Laos operation will be duly com-plimented on a job well done. For them there will be high-ranking ap-pointments, and general promotions all around.

But for the great bulk of the Ameri-can people, who must one day come to realize the crimes that have been committed in the false name of na-tional honor, for them, there can only be shame.

—RONALD J. RICKENBACH
East Hampton, N.Y.

Brother Timothy's Napa Valley Notebook 2nd of a series

Enjoy the Napa Valley difference in Zinfandel from The Christian Brothers



One of the favor-ite controversies among viticultur-ists—professional and otherwise seems to be the historical origin of the Zinfandel grape.

There is no doubt that this is one of the most popular grapes in California vineyards. How-ever, the quality of its fruit varies from area to area. Through the years we have experimented with it, we have concluded that the soils and climate in the vine-yards around our Napa Valley Monastery and Winery produce a truly superior Zinfandel grape.

The wine it yields in our cellars is quite unlike any other Zinfandel. As with our other pre-mium red table wines, we have aged it in oak for about four years, and further in the bottle before shipping. The result is a fruity, deep red wine with a spicy, berry-like flavor. There is an unexpected softness in the first sip, followed by a rich and satisfying deep aftertaste.

Discovering and serving a new wine is always a pleasure—partly because of the discussion it can start. I think you'll enjoy introducing The Christian Broth-ers Napa Valley Zinfandel, and find it fits every occasion—from picnics to formal dinners.

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BOOKS

A reformed masochist writes a sunlit children's classic



Dominic, by William Steig. Farrar, Straus & Giroux, \$4.50.

IT IS GROWN-UPS who determine the classics of children's literature, and not simply because they write them. Over the long haul, children's books succeed to the degree that they reflect what literate adults want their offspring to know and feel about the world. Parents being what they are—a bumbling and inarticulate lot when it comes to talking with their kids about the things that really count—and children being what *they* are—remarkably adept at tuning out the parental voice of reason—children's books often serve as necessary and welcome intermediaries. Long before a grown-up thinks to speak of filial obedience, say, or the meaning of life, works like *Peter Rabbit* and *The Wind in the Willows* act as subtle establishment spokesmen for us all.

The recently published *Dominic*, cartoonist William Steig's first full-length novel for children, is a likely candidate for classic status, at least in part because, from a current (and even more likely, a future) parent's point of view, it radiates a miraculously old-fashioned faith in the overall wonder and worth of living. While most of us would surely like our children to acquire such a faith in life, we now often lack the conviction to transmit it effectively on our own. Unlike the author-artist's six prior juvenile works—picture books aimed more at young listeners and viewers than readers—*Dominic* is a picaresque fairy tale and philosophic odyssey for slightly older (eight through twelve), more patient children, who read both for entertainment and for expansion of their knowledge of what life is all about.

A piccolo-playing young hound-dog of irrepressible good spirits, Dominic announces on page one, in a farewell note to his neighbors: "Dear Friends, I am leaving in rather a

hurry to see more of the world..." When he meets an alligator-witch who gives him the choice of following a road with "not a bit of magic... no surprise, nothing to discover or wonder at..." or a route that "keeps right on going, as far as anyone cares to go... where things will happen that you never could have guessed at—marvelous, unbelievable things," Dominic naturally chooses the latter, the highroad to adventure.

From the outset, all five of his senses—particularly his nose—are keyed to an appreciation of whatever life holds in store. Inspired by wondrous woodland odors ("damp earth, mushrooms, dried leaves, violets, mint, spruce, rotting wood, animal droppings, forget-me-nots, and mold"), Dominic improvises a piccolo melody entitled "The Psalm of Sweet Smells." Falling unexpectedly into the clutches of an unregenerately wicked band of foxes, ferrets, and weasels—the Doomsday Gang—the undauntedly optimistic hound is not blind to their virtues either. "Being evil was what they were best at," he observes. "Everyone enjoys being best at something." Besides, meeting challenges is Dominic's prime pleasure. By his own efforts, the hound outwits the villains and then, in rapid succession, befriends an elderly pig named Bartholomew Badger, loses him to a peaceful death from old age, and falls heir to the pig's vast fortune.



Surprisingly, for a children's book, the death scene takes place on page 100, as if Steig somehow wanted to make the young hero and young reader simultaneously realize that there is no meaningful appreciation of life without the pain of knowing that death is the eventual fate of all. (Steig says that he feels no compunction about death scenes in children's books, so long as they are placed early in the action. And in four best books, his heroes almost confront the possibility of imminent death.) As Dominic tearfully bids farewell to his friend, he comes up with a gloriously simple and comprehensible definition of death, for child or adult: "As is ever likely to be found, the turn was over."

Newfound riches, alas, get in the way of Dominic's free-wheeling joyment of life, and so, lightheartedly, he dispenses with his burden of treasure in two lavish acts of philanthropy. When the second recipient has scruples about accepting the largesse, the hero explains: "I have no use for wealth. I'm young, I'm free, and I have a God-given duty to guide me through life. Please, no more." Regarding Dominic's bounded generosity, Steig remarks that "as a kid, it was my ambition to live in holy poverty—to travel as did Dominic."

A *Sleeping Beauty* ending in which Dominic releases a beautiful hound-dog named Evelyn from the witch's enchantment seems no better or worse than many another author might have chosen. It is so extraneous to the tale's central message: taking life cheerfully comes—the bad with the good. "Fighting the bad ones in the end was a necessary and gratifying experience," Dominic concludes, looking back on his adventures. "I'm happy among the good ones, of course, even more gratifying. One could not be happy among good ones unless one fought the bad ones." As to any ultimate reason for things: "Why are there owls

Selma G. Lanes is the author of *Down the Rabbit Hole: Adventures and Misadventures in the Realm of Children's Literature*.

The Curious Legend of La Dame Blanche

long ago, in the Bordeaux region of France, there lived a handsome young Count.

The estate on which he lived had a truly remarkable vineyard, from which came some of the finest wines in all of France. The wine was treasured throughout the region and was a source of great pride to the young aristocrat.

Everyone loved him, for he was good to them, and the fine wine he produced brought prosperity to them.

However, they were concerned about him, for he had not yet found a wife.

One day, the Count decided to take a journey, and he journeyed to Morocco. There he met a beautiful Moorish princess with dark mysterious eyes and long silken hair.

Her skin the color of dark topaz. As he gazed at her, he thought, the most beautiful woman he had ever seen, and he fell helplessly in love with her. And she loved him. And so they were married.

When the news of the beloved Count's

marriage to a dark-skinned woman reached the people, they were dismayed. And when he brought her home, they turned their backs on her. Why couldn't he have married one of his own kind?

Despite this, the pair lived happily together until the Count died. Then, his loving wife did something that shocked everyone.

She came to the funeral dressed in white... the color of mourning of her native land.

No one in France had ever worn anything but black for mourning. Oh, she had strange ways, this dark foreign woman.

The bereaved Countess wore nothing but white for the rest of her life, for she had loved her husband very much. So much so that, in his tradition, she continued caring for the vineyard. Which, in turn, continued to produce the superb wine.

She was really a very kind woman, and, like her husband, treated the people well. Slowly, they began to accept her. And they learned to love her as much as they had the Count.

Later, when she died, they all came to her funeral to honor her.

And they came dressed in white.

Now, here is the curious part of the story.

Ever since the death of the Countess, on certain mornings at dawn, a strange white mist drifts across the meadow and surrounds the Chateau.

And the people seeing this phenomenon, say, "La Dame Blanche has returned". So when the white mist appears, the people are happy to be reminded that La Dame Blanche remembers them.

Today, the famous Cruse family occupies the Chateau. And their wine, now called Chateau La Dame Blanche, is still among the finest in all of France. As is every wine that bears the Cruse crescent. Each with its own special story to tell.

Happily, the spirit of La Dame Blanche still prevails.

At the Chateau near Bordeaux.

And on some of the finest tables in the world.



Every Cruse wine has its own story to tell... it begins when you open the bottle.





Michelangelo
started with super
marble.
We start with super
grapes.

ic asks himself at a reflective
it in the woods. And his only
is, "Why anything?"
many ways, *Dominic* is a throw-
a more innocent and trusting
What a wonderful world!" the
exclaims early in his travels.
perfect! . . . Every leaf was in
proper place. Pebbles, stones,
all were just as they ought to
teig is championing an optio-
old-fashioned as to be almost
ionary. A hero of the 1970s
in apostrophize: "Oh Life! I
rs. Whatever it is you want of
am ready to give," should
ow be preserved under glass.
t possible that children of the
whose experiences often con-
the passive absorption of
secondhand, may find in
ic's headlong philosophy a re-
g new model for action. For
the experience is akin to
ing into an authentic nine-
century general store: the
s are somehow more appetiz-
n anything we've come across
s.

ET PARENTS who are won over
by Steig's sunlit philosophy for
n also have memories long
to wonder how this mordant
orker cartoonist came to turn
considerable gifts to the enter-
ment of children. As creator, in
2 of *The Lonely Ones*, a collec-
psychoanalytically oriented
s ("Mother loved me—but she
is perhaps the best known),
g earned the title of "trusted
man for the masochist" and
instrumental in launching a prof-
era of sick humor in the greet-
ed industry. Yet in 1968,
the time of the artist's sixtieth
y, his career took a new course
conspicuous success: of the
children's books that preceded
ic, the fifth—*Sylvester and the
Pebble*—won him the Calde-
edal in 1970; and the sixth—
ound Boris—was nominated for
National Book Award in 1971.
is not unique, of course, in
eg a roundabout route into the
of children's books. Kenneth
ne was secretary of the Bank of
d at the time he began writing
ind in the *Willows*. Lewis Car-
s an Oxford don and mathe-
n of some note before being
ed by *Alice*; and both A. A.



Give them this day their daily bread.

Some of the nicest kids you'd ever want to meet are in a constant state of semi-starvation. They subsist day in and day out on a few greens, some peas.. and maybe a little corn pone or fat back once in awhile.

Yes, right here in the U.S.A....as you read these words...there are thousands of hungry children throughout the deep South whose lack of nourishment is affecting their present health as well as the development of their minds and bodies.

The NAACP Emergency Relief Fund is aiding the neediest of these families

through the federally sponsored Food Stamp Program. Under this program, \$10 can buy an average of over \$80 worth of urgently needed meat, milk, and bread for the hungry. \$25—an amount you might normally spend to take your family out for one dinner—can feed a large family for a month! As one donor recently wrote—"where else can my modest donation do so much!"

Please help us in this effort by sending as little or as much as you can to the NAACP Emergency Relief Fund. Contributions are tax-deductible. Thank you.

NAACP EMERGENCY RELIEF FUND, DEPT. A4 BOX 121, RADIO CITY STA., NEW YORK, N.Y. 10019

Milne and James Thurber were admired adult humorists when they discovered a new audience in children. Of his own reasons for turning to children's books, Steig is disarmingly candid. His initial effort, *Roland the Minstrel Pig*, was undertaken because a *New Yorker* colleague was leaving the magazine to found his own publishing house and convinced the cartoonist that there was money to be made in children's picture books. This incentive, plus the chance "to work in a different vein at that point in my life," was enough to make Steig willing to try.

Like his first hero, Roland, who was "a natural musician—from his hoofs to his snout," Steig found himself naturally adept at speaking from the heart to an audience of children. The potentiality had probably lain fallow for some years, since many of Steig's cartoons of the Thirties and Forties depicted self-assured "Small Fry" carrying on the serious business of playing baseball and football, going to school, and dreaming of future power and fulfillment. To an interviewer who asked at that time about his seeming obsession with children, particularly small boys, Steig replied that little boys "are not as quickly socially conditioned as little girls and are not as artificial as adults. They provide the best clues to the intrinsic nature of man." As it turns out, the heroes of Steig's children's books are preponderantly young male animals—a pig, donkey, mouse, and hound. Indeed, one is struck by the consistency of outlook that carries over from his cartoons for adults to his books for children. In *Dominic* Steig suggests that one is in "Nature's good graces" during childhood, a thought expressed in slightly different terms years before in the introduction to *Dreams of Glory* (1953), a collection of cartoons about children. "Even the worst of us," he wrote then, "tends to cherish children and recognizes in them the bearers of the makings of a beautiful human destiny—another tide of life flung against the wall of social stupidity."

A devoted disciple as well as successful analyst of the late Wilhelm Reich, Steig would be the last to deny that elements in several of his children's works derive from Reichian principles. There are those who see in the overall optimism of *Dominic* and the dog's at-homeness in the world an example of the Reichian ideal of

union with the "primal cosmic energy" in the universe. Dominic himself is a fine specimen of the Reichian free man: one who is wholly himself because he is attuned to that inner voice that nudges him gently in the right direction. In one of his papers, Reich counsels that "there is only one thing that counts: to live one's life well and happily. Follow the voice of your heart, even if it leads you off the path of timid souls. Do not become hard and embittered, even if life tortures you at times." It could be a plot summary of Dominic's woodland odyssey.

Because Steig works instinctively, he is often startled by what he later discovers in his books. "It was only when *Dominic* was done," he recalls, "that I realized it was really about my father. He was the same sort of cheerful, optimistic character." Steig was just as surprised to learn that readers have been investing the ending of *Dominic* with symbolic meaning. "I hadn't attached any significance at all to Evelyn's being a black hound," he says incredulously. "But I suppose my making her black had something to do with the things I've been thinking about lately, children's books aside. I do believe that everything you do in life relates to everything else. It's only when you're consciously aware of what you're doing in a book that you're in trouble. It always mars the work." Two major incidents in *Dominic* were informed by random phrases that popped unbidden into Steig's head—"the goose hangs high" and "a wild boar weeping." *Amos and Boris*, on the other hand, began with a drawing Steig made of an elephant pushing a whale back into the sea. With *Sylvester and the Magic Pebble* Steig felt only that he must have a donkey hero, a pebble, and something magical. He has set ideas on what animals should play which roles—again purely on instinct—and no one could have been more shocked than he at the furor created by his depicting the police in *Sylvester* as pigs. "They just seemed the right animal for the role," he shrugs. "I had no ideological ax to grind. I never even knew that cops were being called that as an insult. I happen to like pigs."

As can perhaps be surmised, the abiding charm of Steig's work for children lies not so much in the originality—or even the drama—of his plots as in the curious touches, the idiosyncratic crotchets and convic-

tions he somehow injects into work. There is, among Steig's gifts, his uncanny sense of how children view the world. When Amos hero of *Amos and Boris* is loading a boat with various "necessities" for an ocean voyage, Steig includes not only the expected barrels of fresh water, compact toilet, and telescope but also a deck chair and playing cards." Later in the book when Amos falls overboard at starry night and is in terror and despair, the author notes, "My father came, as it always does," knowing instinctively what a comfort. A simple fact can be to frighten a mouse or child. In *Dominic*, during one of the hound's moments of triumph, the hero wonders: "How did the world ever manage without me before I was born? Didn't the world miss something was missing?" It is a common thought of childhood, just the opposite, "How will the world get along without me when I am gone?" may occasionally occur to the

THOUGH STEIG WILL BE SIXTY in November, he could easily pass for a man fifteen years his junior. He has a full head of graying hair, a strong, square-jawed face, trim nose, and steel-blue eyes that look as though they probably miss less now than they did forty years ago. As to his plans for children's books, he has enjoyed working on a novel-length book that he has already completed. It is a second book for older children about a goose named Gawain who is guardian of a king's mysteriously diminishing treasure. Steig is also thinking about writing a full collection of his own tales. Though he has no intention of giving up his career as a *New Yorker* cartoonist for adults, he is flattered by the possibility of working on animations of several of his stories—particularly *Dominic*. "I would like to see his son Jeb become a jazz flutist and piccolo player with some reputé, improvise the music, would even like to do a book for adults, but feels that this is unadvisable but not smart ones," he says. "I think I'm sure of it that I know more than a lot of kids know." And "more" is likely to keep him busy for some time, if adults have anything to say about children's books and they, of course, do.

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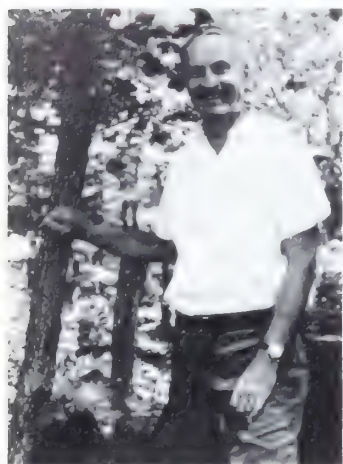
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BOOKS

Conversations, indiscretions, autobiography



Robert Francis



Fort Juniper



Robert Frost

Frost: A Time to Talk. Conversations & Indiscretions Recorded by Robert Francis. University of Massachusetts Press, \$7.50.

The Trouble with Francis: An Autobiography by Robert Francis. University of Massachusetts Press, \$7.50.

ALTHOUGH IT IS fashionable to portray Robert Frost as the grizzly bear of twentieth-century American poetry (with an occasional but uncharacteristic lapse into Gentle Ben), another New England poet who knew Frost from 1933 to 1961 and who kept written records of twenty-five conversational visits with him likens him to Proteus, the Old Man of the Sea, emerging at noon to seek the coolness of some rocky cave. "Though [Frost] knows the truth," writes Robert Francis, "he will not utter it unless caught and pinned down. But first, to confuse his captor, he goes through a series of disconcerting changes, transforming himself into fire, wind, wild beast, etc. If his captor holds on, [he] will finally acknowledge defeat and speak the truth."

The visits took place in Amherst, a college-university town in central Massachusetts where Frost spent many years as teacher-poet in residence. Some visits went unrecorded, but those preserved in Francis' journal were written down within a day

or two, without thought of future publication. Sometimes paraphrasing, sometimes summarizing, Francis more often than not remembered Frost's exact language. The motive was exactness, and the record is invaluable. Except for a brief introduction, a fifteen-page epilogue called "Frost Today," and 111 notes, the book is pure Frost—relaxed, gossiping, telling stories, reflecting on the world, on contemporary poetry, and on his friends and enemies alike, "an outflow of talk fed by a ceaseless inflow of observation, musing, browsing, comparison-making." Frost's talk paralleled his attitude toward life; he let the world come as it would, only giving it now and then "a kick and a touch." It was like steering a car: you kept your hands on the steering wheel, but lightly.

Francis gets the flavor, the directness, the accuracy of Frost's talk: "As the English say of us *terrible* Americans: may I have five minutes of your *valuable* time." (Francis says that Frost looked as if he were dislocating his jaw in getting out the word.)

Other excerpts: when asked if rhyme and meter did not restrict a poet's freedom of utterance, Frost said that a poet had to start with two

major restrictions anyway—the dictionary and grammar. That having successfully "taken" these two, a poet should be in a mood to take on something new.

Frost's advice to contemporary poets who are satisfied with poetry's texture: make something out of cloth, "make a pair of pants."

Frost talking about America: birds that had become extinct or nearly extinct: "Down to ten before anybody did anything to stop the decline;

Frost commenting on his eightieth birthday dinner, quoting the Psalm: "Thou spreadest a table before me in the presence of my enemies";

Frost as philosopher: What is the most conservative thing in our inheritance, biological inheritance. What is the most radical thing? Resistance to inheritance. All progress, all greatness, comes from unwillingness merely to carry the past.

The last visit Frost made to Juniper (Francis' cabin home in the woods of North Amherst) was on June 14, 1959. Frost had brought with him a member of the Houghton Mifflin publishing firm and told Francis (Frost) now had the privilege of choosing four books a year for \$200 to make money and to live. When Frost asked Francis if

Donald Jenkins directs the graduate writing program at the University of Massachusetts at Amherst. His most recent book of poems is And Sandpipers She Said.

with Macmillan, who had published Francis' first three books of poetry. Francis said they had rejected his most recent book, but only a week later. Wesleyan University Press accepted it. Frost was disappointed, and when he left soon afterward he went out the door muttering, "Too late."

In spite of the fact that Francis Frost's pique as unjustified (Frost at his less than best), his incident characterizes a side of Frost that has been neglected: Frost the friend, encourager, admirer, and mentor of a younger poet. Frost's discontent and mild bitterness toward Frost, among other things, his commitment to Francis, a loyalty only hinted at in *Frost: A Time Being*, but fortunately documented in Frost's recent autobiography, *The Life with Francis*.

FRANCIS is a seventy-one-year-old poet who has lived in Amherst since 1926, the last thirty years in a twenty-by-twenty-two-foot house in what was originally the center of North Amherst, but which in 1922 can hardly be described as rural. It is due to the growing of modern homes on Market Street that Francis is a writer, a bachelor, a vegetarian, a violinist, a soybean farmer, an atheist, a pacifist, a bird fancier, a bird lover, a blossom connoisseur, a sunbather, a neighbor to living. He has written six books of poetry; a novel; two collections of long and short; an autobiography; 187 columns and essays not to mention: his poems have appeared in seven anthologies. Aside from twenty-eight reviews of his individual volumes, his work has never been the subject of a published study. His work has neither been nominated for any major poetry prize.

Those who live in the woods and are far from their writings are, often out of range for the committees and poetry judges "in touch" with what's going on in the poetry world. Francis speaks directly to this in his poetry, but one gets the feeling that he doesn't want to be left out. He doesn't want to be let in if it means writing Guggenheim recommendations for his friends, or exchanging critical counterpunches

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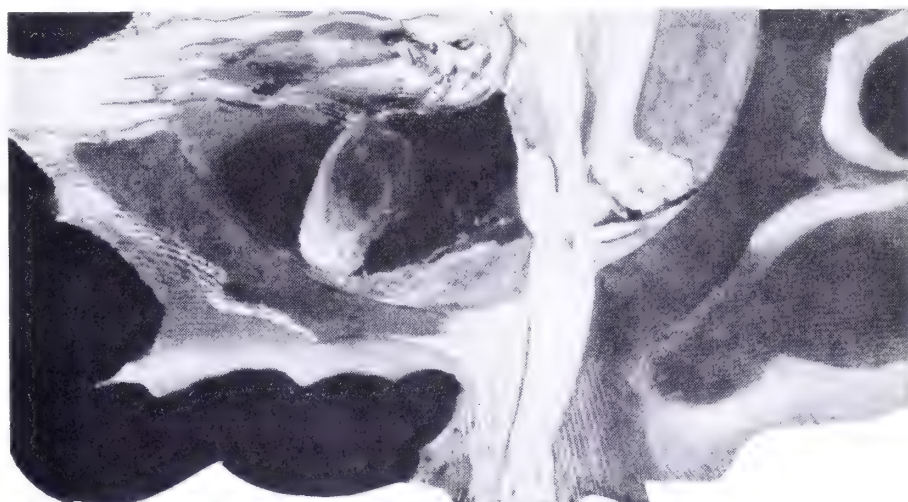
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BOOKS

with one's "enemies."

Other things Francis prefers to be without: a telephone ("once you lift the receiver and say hello, you are on the spot"); a barber ("I have done my own barbering. . . . At one stroke I have escaped all barbershop conversation and the public display of myself as if I were up for auction"); meat of any kind ("with the soybean as a chief protein food, I eliminate absolutely the eating of bird, beast, and fish"); movies, parties, going out to dinner ("to one to whom everything in life is entertaining, it is no hardship to spend no money on 'entertainments'"). As far as money is concerned, Francis has never gone into debt, has almost never borrowed, has never asked anyone for money, and has never received unemployment compensation (he tried to explain recently to a friend that he couldn't receive unemployment compensation since he was never employed, but his friend wasn't convinced). Francis has in fact lived on his poetry, if one includes not only sales of poems to magazines, reprint fees, royalties from books but also poetry readings, lecture honoraria, book reviewing, and occasional fellowships and small grants.

Since he's had so little money over the years, his extravagance has been lavished on his accounting, and since 1932 he has kept a strict record of every penny received and spent. He's also taken a certain pleasure in overreacting to financial appeals from charities and other institutions needing money, by drawing up statements of his own situation. In 1953, part of one such statement read: "As an independent and unpopular writer, I enjoy many rewards, but money is not among them. My income for 1952 was \$489.80. For the first six months of 1953 it has been \$299.80 (to which gifts totaling \$50 may be added). At the moment my checking balance is \$27 and my savings balance between \$80 and \$90. Though I escaped the income tax last year, I never escaped the property tax, which this year is \$70.50." Of his thrift, Francis says: "only a little common sense with a dash of the sportive."

THE TITLE of his autobiography comes from a reviewer in *The Chicago Review* in 1967 who said, "The trouble with Francis is not that he's too happy as that his happiness

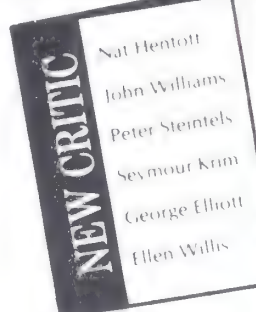


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seems to lack weight." If I read Francis accurately, he was struck by the judgment—it caught his fancy—and the idea has stayed with him with nagging amusement. Francis dealt with it by accepting it as his assessment of himself. By welcoming the joke, Francis pokes fun at the reviewer, and the world. The willingness to twist the play against himself is Francis' style, and he creates a charm that is doubly grave and doubly delightful: the interplay of dead seriousness and true wit (if Francis ever used a phrase like "tickled to death," it would be carefully chosen). His life is lived, for the most part, away from other men, and the wit in *Trouble* seems to come out of a peacefulness that is peculiarly his. His viewpoint includes not only a sense of distance that comes from a deep serenity but also an intimacy that depends on constant close-ups: Francis describing a Chautauqua poetry student: "a tall, erect, earnest, conscientious, near-sighted, warm-hearted woman from Canada whose bobbed gray hair suggested a dandelion gone to seed. She addressed me invariably as 'Chief.'" Francis watching a praying mantis, after intercourse, eating up her mate. Francis describing a rooster at the Lyman farm where he was finishing his war duty as an honorably discharged non-combatant: "crowing with such vehemence and abandon that he would lose his balance and have to run ahead a few steps to keep from falling on his face. A bunch as big as a walnut at his side I assumed was a rupture due to earlier overefforts. What a tonic to the spirit . . . fronting life with fierce earnestness, refusing ever to say die, crowing at the top of his lungs with nothing really to crow about. God!" Francis' 1955 Thanksgiving menu (for himself surrounded by photographs of his family):

- Baked soybeans in cheese sauce
- Butternut squash grown at Fort Juniper
- Baked potato
- Cole slaw with Battistoni parsley
- Pickles from Robins New Hampshire farm
- Wild blackcherry jelly from fruit near my door
- Milk Coffee
- Indian-tapioca pudding from Stosz corn ground at F. J.
- Fudge from Chautauqua
- Elderflower wine

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telescopic in the one Francis lens.

Recollective in flavor, the tone of *Trouble* is a musing candor. A philosophic pessimist and atheist ("When I look around me I am more impressed with the ills of life, the injustices, frustrations, and agonies, than with anything else. . . . There is no redeeming element in my ultimate view of life"), Francis remains a happy man. His happiness, however, is more of a "making do" with what he has than a rejoicing in his condition. One could almost say that Francis has always had just enough going against him to keep him happy. *Trouble* is celebrative, but the celebration lies in spontaneous tones rather than in contrived settings. Not mere festivity, but hitting the target: gamesmanship, not debauchery.

Atheism, after all, is mysterious. One can account for it no more than one can account for suicide. The kind of wound that leads to ontological despair often bleeds upward from its sources, and neither naïve Freudianisms (the minister's son syndrome) nor Francis' own perfectly rational explanation that a life of quietude can provide angles of perception into the suffering of others can account for Francis' belief that the universe at its core is unendurably cruel. Refusing to accept the cruelty itself, Francis makes his life an assertion of anti-suffering.

COMPARISONS WITH FROST are inevitable and essential. Francis has lived over the years, as far as the world of poetry is concerned, in Frost's shadow. Frost and Francis were friends. They lived in the same town for years. They visited each other and read and appreciated each other's poems. Their styles, subjects, and attitudes were adjacent. Frost's letter to Francis concerning *Valhalla and Other Poems*, which Francis acknowledges publicly (and reluctantly, according to the University of Massachusetts Press) for the first time in *Trouble*, is more than friendly courtesy: "I am swept off my feet by the goodness of your poems this time. Ten or a dozen of them are my idea of perfection. . . . You have not only the feeling of a true lyric poet but the variety of a man with a mind."

Frost undoubtedly recognized in Francis' poems what others recognized in Frost's: that the truth of New England pastoralism lies in its sever-

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in a benignity that only masks shadows the suffering and table death. At another time, Francis' poems, Frost said: how to draw a fine wire from your gizzard. You've got to

the similarities between Francis and their New England settings, the use of the technique of low-key details and quick revelations achieved by almost-evasions that beautify the untwists of insight, and the themes of rural suffering, variability, the idea of cosmic indifference, and individual stoicism.

of the differences between Francis and Frost is their attitude toward ultimate things. Nowhere in Frost is there any sense of reconciliation with what he considers to be the center of meaning at the center of the universe. Frost was a pragmatic realist, seeing clearly the horror of the world in men's lives but reconciling (or rationalizing) himself to the Christian God. His quarrel was a quarrel; he was willing to forgive the big joke played on him if he could forgive the little jokes played on him. In one of their conversations, Frost admitted to Francis that his belief in God was "just thinking, but was also a necessary equivalent to 'an act of will.'"

Frost, Francis has, simply always found himself wanting: he got stuck with terror up to his cousin's treehouse;

he couldn't learn to ride a bicycle; he was afraid of baseball games; when he arrived in Amherst in 1926 he automatically thought of himself as a "mere" high-school teacher in an English department where he was "at the tail end of the academic procession"; when his garden failed he accepted it ("I suspect one reason for my failures is a personal one: a readiness to accept failure, to be reconciled by it"); when he wrote *The Satirical Rogue on Poetry* he described himself as a "poor dumb oyster" trying to make a pearl of his gripe.

Perhaps it is the pearl quality that is so compelling in Francis' autobiography, a rareness, an unexpected obliquity that only true art reveals. All lyrical writing expresses the idea of art as fragment, and Francis has a special way of catching the window-glass fragments from his life.

A word about texture. Francis' life wears well. No one knows the troubles that any of us has seen, but rarely does a person respond to the facts of living with the wise-innocence, the childlike candor, the toughness of real self-knowledge that Robert Francis does in his autobiography. Example: how should he deal with the erotic side of his life? Facts (A): he has lived almost all his life in a small town as a bachelor; he has always been more sexually attracted to males than females; for fear of impropriety or scandal, he never experienced a sexual relationship with another person until he was fifty-eight years old.

Facts (B): he has always abhorred violence, psychological or physical; he believes that friendship should be respected absolutely; his convictions concerning the horror of the Vietnam war are so strong that he doesn't know how to respond to friends who are either in favor of the war, are neutral on the war, or who are opposed to the war but unaffected by it in their private lives. Solution: declare homosexuality in *The Trouble with Francis*. As frivolous or outrageous, or simply as ineffective as this may seem to others, it is the true Francis style. The very unexpectedness of it, the near tangential quality of it, the utterly human fact of it, make it so compelling. The tone of the few paragraphs in *Trouble* that deal with this is neither hostile, nor apologetic, nor boastful; rather it is a gentle concern for his friends, a quiet marveling that he, too, has known love (he had an affair with a man he met while returning from a fellowship that brought him to Europe in 1958), a kind of quiet but assertive pride in stating that he is no more and no less than himself.

What Robert Francis does in *Frost: A Time to Talk* is to hold on to Frost long enough to make him tell the truth—which is a rare thing, an insight into the art of friendship. What he does in *The Trouble with Francis* is to lead the reader gently back to his own life, and the story of it—also a rare thing, an insight into the art of autobiography. □

DAY-NIGHT

Robert Francis

Before night darkens to total night
The wild at the next farm is calling, calling,
Calling her dog. Heat and the death of wind
The small wailing like a mosquito close.
Nothing stop her? Yet my complaining adds
Only complaint. Welcome it like a bird,
Whippoorwill, I say, closing my windows
North and east. The voice evades the glass.
Will not, will not let the dog be lost.
Don't they tell her, isn't she old enough
To hear how the whole dog-gone earth is loose
Snooping through the dark and won't come home?

Robert Francis 1950

NEW ENGLAND MIND

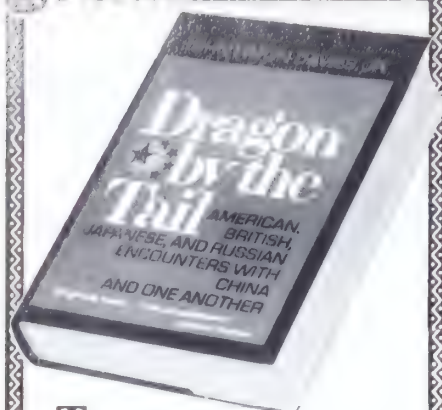
by Robert Francis

My mind matches this understated land.
Outdoors the pencilled tree, the wind-carved drift,
Indoors the constant fire, the careful thrift
Are facts that I accept and understand.

I have brought in red berries and green boughs—
Berries of black alder, boughs of pine.
They and the sunlight on them, both are mine.
I need no florist flowers in my house.

Having lived here the years that are my best,
I call it home. I am content to stay.
I have no bird's desire to fly away.
I envy neither north, east, south, nor west.

My outer world and inner make a pair.
But would the two be always of a kind?
Another latitude, another mind?
Or would I be New England anywhere?



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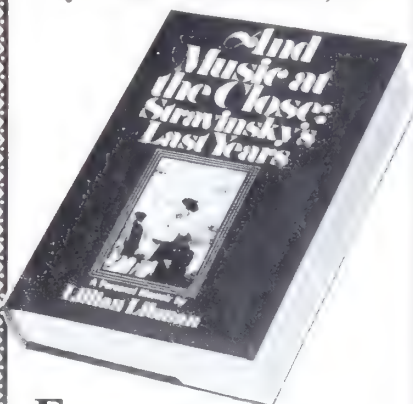
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LOVE IS NOT A FEELING

by John Hollander

*Love is not a feeling. Love, unlike pain, is put to the test.
One does not say:
"That was not a true pain because it passed away so quickly."
—Wittgenstein*

The problem of pain was that there was no problem.

On the torn page there were parts of a diagram, but the proof, the proof
been ripped.

Like a madman leaning on the loudest bell-button, the Toothacher, beh
clouds outside, pressed neither in stupor nor in rage;

But the drilling bell never diffused into the dark air of silence.

The particle clinging to my eyeball remained an intruder; his visit coul
fructify in no gleaming pearl.

Spasms assaulted out of the dark of back: below that plain over which w
eyes to gaze, they could have been hiding anywhere.

The flash of burning was soundless; its moment of waiting, dark; but its
hurt, crescendo, silenced the scoffers, the disbelieving tourists who
stood at the edge of the gorge.

And the lunatic Toothacher again, after some years. We had moved to a
city: he should not have known our address.

And his noise continued to remind us of nothing.

They all sounded, these penetrations, like nothing but themselves.

The one they called, half-fondly, *cramp* has a real name that rhymes with
in any known language,

But which the calf of a leg roars out, wrenched in a sea of bedsheets.

Not like the twilight of fever,

Flooding the inner jungles with a lulling music: Wagnerian, or whitenin
water, or the remembering click of wheels on rails—

Not like the shades of sorrow a kind hand drew over the afternoon sun, d
sickroom windows, softening the edges of things that would otherw
blur—

Nor the warming ache of strain.

Nor weariness, the final weariness shedding its wisdom over recumbent
long and lumpy beneath the blankets' shroud.

FE
mas Williams

ffe is disappearing
the world
word

we to say its legs
ismatched
as if they are on backwards

ins graceful as a rocking chair
in a dream

a lovely girl who has
ngers
f her hands

st let that strange hand
ou

CE FISHERMAN
mas Williams

ning he rose from his wife
were not her creature,
house with lines and auger,
t to the white ice.

known the lake in summer,
thin, swallowing water;
y the accident of weather
m from going under.

across all that white distance
l is jawless but has hunger;
a bite it takes the sense
heels and turns them rubber.

gives before his auger,
black water takes its place
lge of his thin counter.
the darkness in one pulse.

dark he feeds his line:
e fathoms of that thin
of his fearful touch
l is tender to a mouth.

he serves to that deep dark
flesh, and yet the fool
s and is trembling still.
a mouth deep in the lake

his offer and will bite
hook inside the bait,
the steel to get the meat
all are, that we must eat.

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THE POLIMERICK

by W. D. Lewis
Decatur, Ill.

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A Gay and a Lib and a Freak
Met in Miami one week.
They argued all night
About who would be *right*.
Yet each one was *left*, so to speak.

The object of this month's game is to complete any *one* of the unfinished limericks below. Supply a "fifth liner" that is pithy, potent—and printable!

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While under the probe of Ralph Nader.
The Raider has shown
How to deal with a drone.

The Veep is a modern-day hero,
From Alben on down to our Spiro,
To know what to do
When you are "Number Two,"

Disciples of George S. McGov
Speak freely of peace and of love,
Though warlike and raucous
When meeting in caucus,

Said Steinem to Abzug and Greer,
"The price for our freedom is dear,
I've burned fourteen bras
For the sake of the cause,

Send your entry to The Polimerick, Harper's Magazine, 2 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. All entries must be postmarked no later than October 9 and become the property of *Harper's Magazine*. Winning entries will be published in the December issue. Decision of the editors is final.

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First Prize, an SCM Coronet Automatic 12 Portable Electric Typewriter:

The absurdly obvious solution to gypsy moths is to give them a caravan, a crystal ball, and a two-year tour of Rumania.

—Ann Castel
Kalamazoo, Mich.

Second Prize, the London Times Atlas: The absurdly obvious solution to the problem of crime in the streets is to put it back in the alleys where it belongs.

—Earl Bentley
Dallas, Texas

Third Prize, The Random House Dictionary of the English Language: The absurdly obvious solution to is to change the term "bus" on the conveying vehicle to "train" and "training."

—Mrs. C. E. J.
Charlotte, N.C.

The absurdly obvious solution to is Women's Lib.

—Helen Macdonald
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The absurdly obvious solution to the Island Expressway is to *shorten* it.

—Voigt Smith
Sterling, Ill.



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Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.

Harper's

November 1972

Magazine

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Harper's Magazine

FOUNDED IN 1850/VOL. 245 NO. 1470

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photograph by Jill Krentz

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LETTERS

Vietnam photographers

John Morris's article on war photography, "This We Remember" [September], is a revealing summation of a sad profession: unfortunately, regarding references to me and my work, there are basic errors.

Morris writes that "Duncan maintains that Korea was a 'good' war in that we were fighting side by side with Koreans in their defense against aggression." Anyone familiar with my book, *This Is War!*, would be surprised by the Morris interpretation of my pictures and words of that era included as the foreword of the book: "I wanted to show what war did to a man. I wanted to show something of the comradeship that binds men together when they are fighting a common peril. I wanted to show the way men live, and die, when they know Death is among them, and yet they still find the strength to crawl forward armed only with bayonets to stop the advance of men they have never seen, with whom they have no immediate quarrel, men who will kill them on sight if given first chance. I wanted to show something of the agony, the suffering, the terrible confusion, the heroism which is everyday currency among those men who actually pull the triggers of rifles aimed at other men known as the 'enemy.' I wanted to tell a story of war, as war has always been for men through the ages. Only their weapons, the terrain, the causes have changed." Some proponent of the "good" Korean war!

Then Morris deals with my "dilemma" over the way I (apparently) view war photography. He, Morris, sees my pictures as work being capable of satisfying hawks as well as doves. Some hawk, who enjoys seeing his gladiators gut-wounded, freezing to death, at the bottom of the well of human resistance. Gore? No. I can make my point to most, although not Morris it seems, without it. Curiously,



Capa and I felt the same on this point, yet Morris—one of Bob Capa's most fervid friends and admirers—fails to mention this aspect of Bob's coverage, ever. Cornell, Bob's brother, holds this quality (I believe) as his most precious memory of his great brother's war photography.

Finally, regarding the Haerberle pictures at Mylai: I never "admitted" that the shots were real—hell, I know what death looks like—in a "confrontation" with Haerberle. What I tried to pin down, from the beginning, when I first saw the makeready of the *Plain Dealer*, was *where* and *when* those shots were taken. Seymour Hersh had just broken the text story of the massacre. These shots appeared. There was no photographic connection between the victims and the Americans in the pictures. I advised total caution on the part of the paper's picture editor—and still would. Morris was there at that "confrontation" so it's a shame he missed the basic point.

DAVID DOUGLAS DUNCAN
Castellaras, France

Your September issue carries a summation on the photographic coverage of the Vietnam war by J. Morris, a personal friend whose respect. Regrettably, there is a comment in the article that is inaccurate. "It was the slow-motion picture of an American soldier, ready for combat, only to have the State Department talk the editor out of using it. The story, showing the Vietnamese doing the fighting, was entitled, 'Fighting the Tide.'"

The article to which Mr. Morris referred was not "South Vietnam Fights the Red Tide" (October 1965, NGM), but "Helicopter War in Viet Nam" (November 1962, NGM) by the late Dickey Chapelle, a courageous and competent correspondent and a very fine lady. She was killed on patrol with United States Marines in Vietnam.

A U.S. Government official requested that we delete Mrs. Chapelle's photograph of an American

rease gun" in his hand in of the helicopter. Despite the (which was not pressed reaffirmed our intention of g the picture), the picture n page 729 of the November e [see opposite page]. been the policy of the *Nat-ographic Magazine* since attempt always to publish y. As I'm sure you are well vocation journalism is not our Mrs. Chapelle's writing and ere published not to take a or or against U.S. involve- vietnam but to show our read- e involvement did exist and isively. Although she hated ared the same mission that bert Capa so respected: to world the horrors of war.

W. E. GARRETT
Sr. Ass't. Editor
National Geographic Magazine
Washington, D.C.

MORRIS REPLIES:

grateful to Bill Garrett for out that the *National Geo-* did indeed run the picture e protest. Sadly, however, ublished a full year after

Americans began dying in combat, went along with the Kennedy Admin- istration's fiction that Americans were primarily "advisers." The *Geo- graphic* approvingly adopted the Administration's "domino" foreign policy assumptions. For example, the "Red Tide" article said, "South Viet Nam stands in the path of a Commu- nist drive in Southeast Asia."

Perhaps this is not advocacy jour- nalism, but the "Red Tide" is not listed in my dictionary of geographi- cal terms.

I am sorry that I have caused my old friend Dave Duncan so much anguish. I used the word "good" in irony, not to imply that he had used it to describe the Korean war but to underline his often-expressed view that we were right to fight it out in Korea.

Despite Duncan's disillusionment with the French war in Indochina, he chose to cover the current war in Vietnam entirely in terms of the suffer- ing of the U.S. Marines. He entitles his Vietnam book *War Without Heroes*, meaning that heroism is empty indeed when the cause is ques- tionable (and I am glad he feels this way). His book presents 221 pictures

of American Marines in the current war without showing a single Vietnam- ese face—of either side. Small won- der that Dave's critics, looking at the pictures, fail to understand his anti- war position.

These notes also provide the op- portunity to correct the picture credits for Kyoichi Sawada, who worked for United Press International, not As- sociated Press, and who lost his life in his determination to photograph the war in universal human terms.

Indicted meat inspectors

It is with sincere appreciation that I wish to thank you. I am referring to your article entitled "The Curious Case of the Indicted Meat Inspectors" [Peter Schuck, September]. For the past year, my family has been leading a very nervous life. My father, Fred J. Affsa, is one of the forty meat in- spectors under indictment. For the past year, no one has given them a chance . . . My father was a meat in- spector for ten years and was really devoted to his job. His lifelong dream was to work in the Department of Agriculture. I wonder whether now it

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has become a nightmare—night after night he worries about the trial, which is approaching soon.

After reading the article I can say there are still people around who believe there are two sides to every story!

For my whole family, thank you.

DOREEN AFFSA
Weymouth, Mass.

Peter Schuck by his analytical reporting has truly performed a fine piece of service to consumers everywhere.

We value this article for its insight into the dark corners of the food industry.

GILBERT PARMALEE
Chairman, Health Defenders, Inc.
Crestview, Fla.

Since Peter Schuck is associated with Ralph Nader he would, no doubt, dispute the lesson I gleaned from his article. Nevertheless, he amply demonstrates that the perennial argument between the free-market advocates and those urging ever stricter controls over the economy has been, once again, edged in favor of those calling for a return to economic freedom.

Isn't it obvious that it is much easier to periodically please a few bureaucrats than to have to satisfy, every day, millions of critical shoppers in the marketplace? As I see it, the meat packers have it made: facing a host of trusting consumers who have forgotten the principle of *caveat emptor* and who continue to rely on the government to protect them in economic matters, the meat packers find it profitable to regard as their main consideration the appeasement of an ineffectual, self-serving; meat-inspection bureaucracy.

No doubt many will continue to believe that government is ideally suited to protect the interests of the consumer. I believe that articles such as Mr. Schuck's will do much to bring to public consciousness the thesis that was once so aptly stated by the economist E. G. West: "Since it is typically assumed that self-interest motivates representative politicians no less than others it is clear that normally it must be only by coincidence that political decisions will truly reflect the economist's 'ideal' welfare prescriptions."

T. W. KOPCZYNSKI
San Jose, Calif.

PETER SCHUCK REPLIES:

While I (as well as Ralph Nader) share Mr. Kopczynski's bias in favor of the free market, I do not concur, as he evidently does, that the free market is in every case the appropriate regulatory mechanism. Nor do I, him, infer from the documented perfections of government regulation of meat processing that *no* regulation would be a superior alternative.

Unlike many of the more naive laissez-faire economists, consumers must function in the real world. I suppose that meat consumption would indeed be harder to regulate than USDA bureaucrats—than if meat consumers were equipped with microbiological laboratories in their kitchens and could manage to keep up on veterinary medicine in their spare time. Evidently, however, consumers would rather be at the mercy of the bureaucrats (self-interest, not) than at the mercy of the meat packers. And so long as this is the case, citizens will do better to pressure for the improvement of important public bureaucracies than to promote that *caveat emptor* applies where the buyer is, for all practical purposes, blindfolded.

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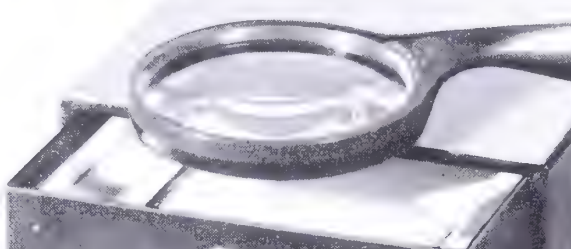
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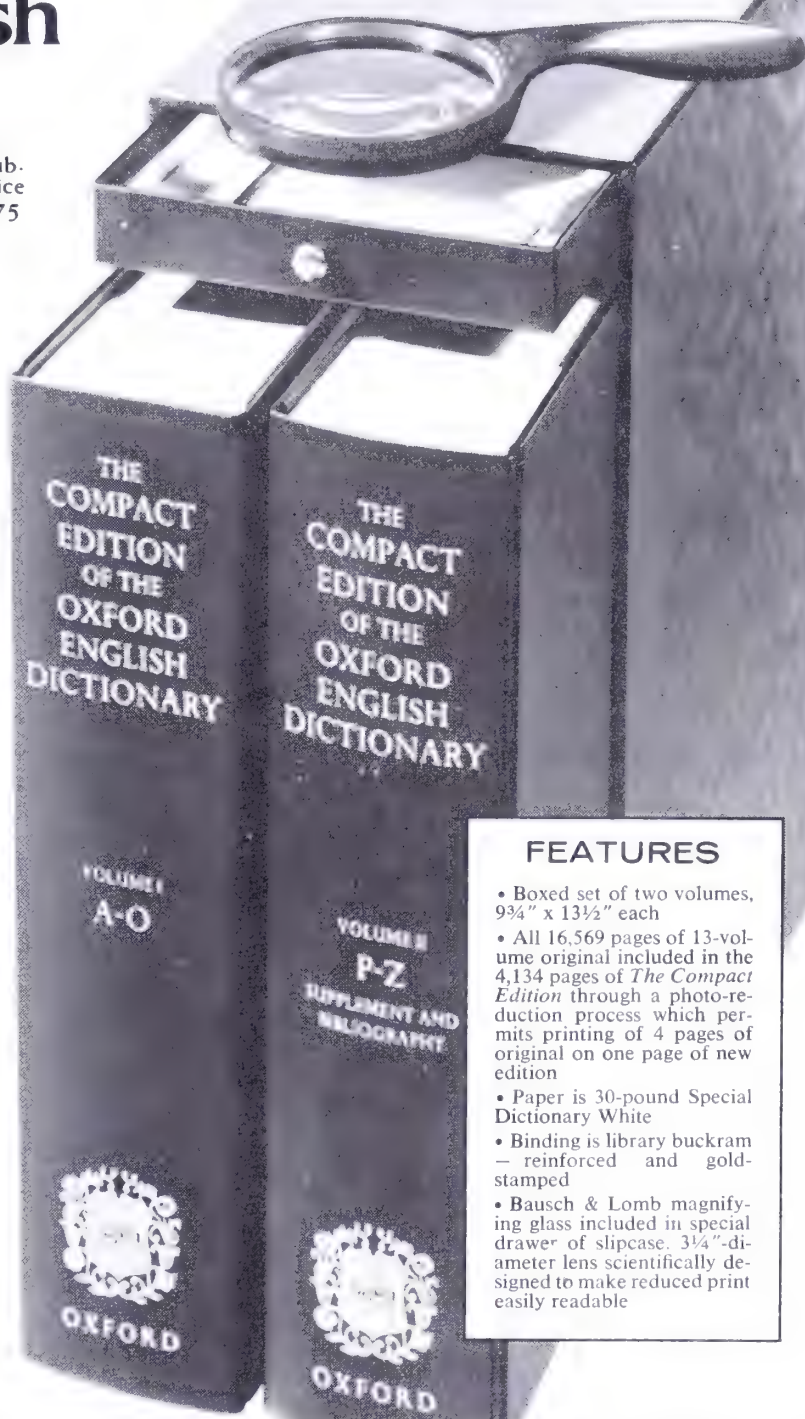
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Vietnam veterans

The readers of *Harper's Magazine* are entitled to better researching and less sensationalized reporting than that offered in Tony Jones' "The Invisible Army" [August].

Many of Mr. Jones' conclusions are based on a report prepared by the Veterans World Project at Southern Illinois University. We need, then, to examine the reliability of this base report. Even the author, who acknowledges that he served as a consultant on the Veterans World Project, admits the report is "informal."

The report itself is even more explicit on this point. Its introduction makes clear that it is not "a research report in the usual sense"; that it is not "a definitive or authoritative statement." From this shaky base Mr. Jones proceeds to some rather startling and ominous conclusions. Vietnam veterans, he says, are greeted "with the expressionless mechanical face of normal bureaucratic procedure"; the individual veteran "is left to thread his way alone through crowds of strangers," and these fine young veterans are put down by an

American society that says, "We require invisibility of you."

What does America really think about its Vietnam veterans? A thoroughly professional study conducted by Louis Harris and Associates, Inc., revealed that both the public and employers overwhelmingly demonstrate genuine respect for these veterans.

How do veterans feel about their reception by a cold American society that requires "invisibility" of them? The same Harris survey noted that 96 per cent of the veterans believed "friends and family did everything they could to make you feel at home again."

The Harris report, to be sure, does note areas of alienation among some groups of veterans, and areas where improvements can be made in general, and these have been and are receiving our attention. It is just not true, however, that the American people are hostile to our newest veterans, or that most veterans feel they are cold-shouldered by an indifferent society.

"The Invisible Army" piece would have the readers believe that the government has shortchanged Vietnam veterans through indifference, a lack

of understanding and compassion and a business-as-usual attitude. On the contrary, the Veterans Administration has undertaken many programs to assist and counsel veterans. They are sought and assisted by "first ever" U.S. Veterans Assistance Centers in more than twenty major cities; through a series of individually tailored letters; through a special toll-free telephone service; and most recently by innovative mobile vans.

From reading the Southern report, says Mr. Jones, there is no doubt that VA needs an infusion of Vietnam veterans in its work. Any sort of desultory inquiry the author would have revealed that the VA has already hired some 15,000 Vietnam-era veterans and is adding another 1,000 more to the payroll each year.

Again referring to his *Bibliography* (Southern Illinois) report, Mr. Jones brands the national Jobs for Veterans program a "dismal failure," claiming it is providing "little more than empty promises." This is a gross and unfair indictment returned on the basis of the least evidence.

It is not only unfair to the service men and his national commitment, but also maligns the efforts of the National Alliance of Businessmen, several hundred special committees organized by governors and mayors, and thousands of contributions to the jobs campaign by veterans organizations throughout the land.

The NAB alone has placed more than 100,000 veterans in jobs. The President's program has succeeded in placing more than 1,000,000 veterans in jobs or job training since July 1971. Although Vietnam veterans represent less than 5 per cent of the civilian labor force, they accounted for nearly 25 per cent of the past year's growth in the number of employed people.

I do agree with the author when he refers to our Vietnam-era veterans as "a unique resource." I have fully proclaimed time and again my sincere conviction that these veterans are "the best part, the cream of America's young men." The overwhelming majority of these millions of veterans are performing as well as standing in civilian life as they did in the service of their country. They are mature and they are Americans. Most of these millions, I am sure, would be the first to resent being labeled "Wasted Men," or men



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red.

DONALD E. JOHNSON
Administrator of Veterans Affairs
Veterans Administration
Washington, D.C.

ES REPLIES:

A, like most government
ends to mistake its wishful
or reality. A few examples
Johnson's letter:

Lou Harris poll that found
agreeing that returning
deserve respect and thanks
ed that roughly half these
the government wasn't do-
should for veterans.

96 per cent of veterans
y and friends try to make
at home again, over half
eyed also felt that "people
ist didn't understand what
en through in the Armed

the innovations in the VA
Mr. Johnson's pride in un-
such as mobile vans, let
Senator Vance Hartke,
of the Committee on Vet-
airs, from the August 3,
Congressional Record: "After
o years of discussion and
s by Members of Congress
mobile vans in outreach
VA now has two vans oper-
outhern Texas on a 'pilot'

regard to the Jobs for Vet-
gram, the Lou Harris poll
Johnson invokes also ob-
The Jobs for Veterans pro-
not distinguished itself as a
the view of the three groups
employers, and the public-
interviewed for this study.
to turn this around, the
suggests that the program
nd more time and effort
os for veterans and not so
ublicizing itself."

me Mr. Johnson's agree-
Vietnam-era veterans con-
important national resource.
it I view his recent speeches
at "we find nothing to sub-
e that there is any difference
rans from Vietnam com-
their predecessors" not as
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THE EASY CHAIR

A dirge for DeVoto and the new heresy of Light Whiskey

AMERCY IT IS that the sainted Bernard DeVoto is not with us today. His soul would be woefully troubled by the heresy now creeping into barrooms and pantries all over America, and his bullfrog voice would be whooping maledictions. For he was a purist, as you will remember if you read this column during the twenty years it was in his charge; and his particular mission—well, one of his missions—was to protect the spirit of the Republic (bottled) from corruption and false gods.

Inevitably, then, he would have been outraged by the new Light Whiskey that is beguiling patriots away from the faith of their ancestors. DeVoto was a chief apostle of that faith. He set forth its dogmas, once and for all, in a series of encyclicals that first appeared here. They were reprinted in scores of anthologies and expanded into a book, *The Hour* (Houghton, Mifflin), that has sold in its various editions hundreds of thousands of copies. Its main tenet was that no man of virtue and good sense would ever affront his innards with any form of alcohol other than the three canonical drinks: straight rye, straight bourbon, or—under certain special circumstances—a martini. He was a rye man himself.

As DeVoto's successor in this pulpit and his disciple in most things, I have a guilty feeling that I ought to be defending the faith as he promulgated it. Alas, however, I have not always been able to live by the true doctrine. At an early age I was seduced by my wife and her relatives, Scots all, into the Scotch heresy. Moreover, I have worked from time to time in places where I had to depend for spiritual sustenance on such heathenish inventions as slivovitz, sake, or Bolaram's gin, so I can't pretend to DeVoto's standards of righteousness any more than I can to St. Augustine's. Besides, I have to admit that there are good reasons—at least three—why Light Whiskey should now be cascading into the liquor stores.



BUT FIRST it might be well to pause a moment to note what Light Whiskey is. It is something new to creation; not a drop of it could be legally sold until the first day of last July. Not a drop of it was ever made until 1968, and ever since then it has been locked in the distillers' warehouses, under the harsh eye of the Internal Revenue Service, pending the official date of release. Even now it is hard to find in some places, although all the liquor dealers probably will have at least half a dozen brands in stock by Christmas.

For research purposes, and through the connivance of my friendly neighborhood package store, I got hold of a bottle a few weeks before the official release date. Assembling a few of my friends who are certified as scholars,

gentlemen, and judges of good key, I then conducted an experiment. To each of them I served a small amount of the new whiskey, uncontaminated with water or anything else. I then asked two questions: (1) "What does this taste like?" (2) "Do you like it?"

Not one of them identified the amber fluid as whiskey. Two of them thought it might be some kind of cognac; one other guessed that it was a new kind of vodka. A fourth, plumped for sherry, extra heavily fortified. No one allowed that they liked it all the way, but not enough to forsake their habitual tipples. To my surprise, it didn't taste like anything much. It was smooth, certainly, smooth enough to be offensive, but without any pronounced nose or flavor.

This test was far from conclusive because we had only one sample to work with; others no doubt have different characteristics, just as Crow differs from J. W. Dant. Most of them will have a less robust character than the traditional bourbons; hence their designation "light."

This is an inescapable consequence of the way Light Whiskey is now begun with, it is distilled at a lower proof than regular American whiskeys, by specific authorization of the Internal Revenue Service. It has nothing to do with the quality of the product, of course; it is simply a measure of alcoholic content. But it does have a great deal to do with taste. Pure alcohol is 200 proof and is usually tasteless. If you dilute it with water and half with water, you will have a 100 proof beverage, also tasteless, a strong vodka. If Light Whiskey comes out of the still at 180 proof, as some of it does, it will be as flavorless as pure alcohol. It will have little resemblance to an old bourbon distilled at 120 proof and normally sold after aging and diluted with water at a proof somewhere between 80 and 100. The reason for this is that most of the elements that give whiskey its flavor and aroma—congeners, and, yes, fusel oil

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and evaporate when the mash is distilled at high proof.

There is another difference between Light Whiskey and the traditional varieties. By federal regulation, bourbon and rye have to be aged for at least two years in new barrels of white oak, charred on the inside. As they age, the tannins and other natural chemicals in the new wood impart additional flavoring elements to the whiskey. By contrast, Light Whiskey is aged in used barrels, which no longer have much flavor to contribute.

THE AMERICAN liquor industry had strong reasons for wanting to make Light Whiskeys, and Internal Revenue had equally strong reasons for giving its permission.

For more than a decade, the preference of the American drinking public has been steadily shifting away from the old-fashioned full-bodied ryes and bourbons toward beverages of lighter flavors—vodka, dry gins, and Scotch and Canadian blended whiskeys. Naturally our distillers wanted a product that would meet this preference, and so compete on more even terms with Scotch and Canadian imports. And the government, worrying about our balance of payments, was delighted by the prospect that American toppers might be weaned away from the imported goods.

Besides, Light Whiskey is cheaper to make. White oak is scarce, and getting more expensive every year. Now that a barrel can be used not just once but many times, the saving is obvious—not only in cash, but in the conservation of ecologically valuable trees. Moreover, the traditional American whiskeys had to be mellowed in the wood for a long time—up to twelve years for some brands—to reach their peak in body and flavor; Light Whiskey needs far less aging. Since age is the most costly item in making whiskey—all that capital tied up for years in warehouses—a product that can be marketed young means money in the bank for the distillers. Just possibly, it might also mean cash in the pocket for consumers, if competition is brisk enough to force distillers and dealers to pass along some of their savings. Ralph Nader might well look into this, if he isn't too ascetic to stoop to such frivolities as the liquor market.

The trend in favor of light-tasting beverages is no doubt partly a matter of fashion, as unpredictable as a

change in men's hair styles or women's skirts. Probably snobism is involved too; some people believe they can plump up their prestige by serving imported brands. But I suspect that another, and more lasting, factor may also be at work here—one you never see mentioned in any of the liquor advertisements. To put it crudely: the lighter the taste, the lighter the hangover.

For the same elements that give body and flavor to the traditional whiskeys also, when you get too much of them, give you a headache the next morning. You can of course get a hangover from any form of alcohol, however tasteless, if you guzzle enough of it; but glass for glass, it will be worse if your tipple contains a high proportion of those esters and congeners that endow old-fashioned whiskey with its characteristic taste. Light Whiskey, then, should be a boon, not only to the distillers and federal treasury but to all heavy drinkers.

THAT IS what DeVoto would have deplored most. Although he was the celebrant laureate of God's Golden Gift, he himself was an abstemious man. In many an evening with the glasses between us, I never saw him take a drop too much. For drunks he had nothing but contempt, and for those who use alcohol as a quick anesthetic, nothing but pity. He held that liquor should be a savory grace note to civilization, and he searched far and long for whiskeys worth savoring.

They were never plentiful, and today they are almost impossible to find. Brand names are not much help, because many distillers keep their old, honored labels but change the character of the stuff inside. Twenty years ago, for example, I used to rejoice in a straight rye whiskey with a taste as clear, mellow, and individual as a phrase from Louis Armstrong's trumpet. It was produced by a small Pennsylvania distillery from a mash containing nothing but fermented grains of rye, yeast, water, and a little barley malt. After ten years of aging it was bottled at 100 proof, as pure as it came from the still. Sure enough, anyone who put down more than two standard-size drinks of it in the course of an evening risked throbbing temples and a shaky hand next day; but two were enough for any man of sensibility.

Today the name is unchanged, but

the whiskey is something else—now distilled from a mash containing only 51 per cent rye, the minimum allowed for anything labeled "rye." The rest is a mixture of corn, wheat, and sugar. It is aged only four months and before bottling it is blended with large dollops of grain alcohol. The result is both safe and insipid. In fact, it is almost indistinguishable from many good many modern bourbons. It is no surprise, since they are often made from mashes containing 60 per cent corn, and are produced in much the same way.

I don't blame the distiller. For the sake of survival, he was merely following the trend toward bland-tasting liquors, which has now culminated in Light Whiskey.

MUCH THE SAME THING happened in Scotland more than a century earlier. Before 1826 all Scotch whiskey (the spelling Scots insist on; they add the extra "e" to the Irish, American, and Canadian) was made in pot stills. These were simply large kettles made of coil of copper pipe rising from the bottom and curving down to one side—like the homemade stills of American bootleggers during Prohibition. The liquid from the fermented mash was poured into the pot and heated. Fumes rose into the coil, condensed, and trickled out as raw whiskey. It was usually aged in used sherry barrels—no nonsense about always using cooperage for the thrifty Highlander. Its distinctive flavor came in part from the barrel, but primarily from the unique character of the mash; it was always made entirely from malted barley, smoked over a peat fire. (To malt barley, you soak the grains in water and let them sprout. This turns some of the starch into sugar, and also produces enzymes that speed the fermentation.) But a pot still can produce only a single proof, heavy whisky, the primitive Scotch was a delectable but ferocious article.

A fine, braw drink it was for ferocious clansmen, who spent their days fighting Englishmen with their mores and their nights sleeping on the ground wrapped in their plaids against the drizzle,* and who lived on oat

*It is told that the chief of the Ogilvy once came upon his son, lying in the gutter pouring rain, with his head on a stone. With rage, the old man kicked the stone shouting, "No bairn of mine is going to soft from easy living."

and poachers' deer meat. They needed the stoutest liquid reinforcement they could get, and if their heads ached the next morning, they hardly noticed it among their other lumps, wounds, and bruises. But for the effete English and other foreigners, such Scotch was a little too ferocious. According to Sir Robert Bruce Lockhart, historian of the Scottish distillers, practically none of their product moved south of the border until well into the nineteenth century, although everybody in the Highlands knew how to make it and everybody drank it, including colicky children.

Incidentally, they drank it neat. Soda water was unknown in those days and is still regarded as an abomination by knowledgeable Scots. Even plain branch water was frowned upon, on the ground that it changes the flavor of the whisky. To this day connoisseurs abide by the old saying: "There are two things a Highlander likes naked, and one is malt whisky."

ROBERT STEIN is responsible for introducing Scotch to the rest of the world. In 1826 he invented the patent still. Unlike the pot still, it could turn out its distillate in a continuous process, rather than in batches, and thus was cheaper to operate. It also could produce high-proof whiskeys—so close to neutral spirits as to make no difference—and because these had little or no taste, they could be made from corn or any other kind of cheap grain.

They were the original light whiskeys, and they rapidly became popular in England and overseas for the same reason that light-flavored drinks have been gaining favor here. To give them at least a minimal taste, the distillers found it advisable to add a little of the classic single malt whisky from the surviving pot stills. Often this flavoring additive was compounded from a score or more of single malts, according to secret formulae that were supposed to give a distinctive character to each blend. Personally I can't tell one blended Scotch from another, any more than I can distinguish among blended vyes and bourbons, and some of my Scot friends of long experience tell me that they can't either.

Nowadays it is hard to lay hands on a straight, unblended single malt Scotch. The total output of the pot stills is relatively tiny, and some of the

most famous distillers sell all they make to the blenders. Those remaining ship only a small fraction of their output to this country, saving the rest for private customers, London clubs, and local consumption. American retailers seldom stock it, because it is expensive and little in demand; most of their customers, in fact, have never heard of it, much less tasted it. If you insist hard enough, however, a conscientious liquor dealer can usually get you a bottle or two by special order.

For anyone with a well-honed palate and a serious interest in the distiller's art, it is well worth the trouble and expense—at least for rare, grand celebrations such as a golden wedding or the defeat of Senator James O. Eastland. (I'm saving a bottle for the latter occasion; it has to come someday.) As to which of the great malts you should choose, I am ill qualified to advise you. In all my life I have tasted only five of them: Smith's Glenlivet, Grant's Glenfiddich, Laphroig, Glen Islay, and an unnamed treasure bottled especially for an Oxford college. To me, they all tasted like miracles, and each one was unforgettably different from the others. A number of venerable authorities, including Sir Walter Scott and George Saintsbury, have held that Smith's Glenlivet is the monarch of all whiskeys; certainly it was the first to be produced legally—in 1824—when the English gave up their vain attempt to suppress Highland whisky-making after Bonnie Prince Charlie's uprising. (A cautionary note: there are other Glenlivets, no doubt excellent, but none of them has achieved the renown of George and J. G. Smith's.)

Some men who have made a career of tasting Scotch, either as professional blenders or enthusiastic amateurs, claim other favorites: Talisker from the Isle of Skye, for example, and Clynelish from Sutherland, and Balmenach of the Cromdale Hills. In the end, of course, it comes down to a matter of personal preference. But I think I can safely promise that *any* single malt you can get from a reputable importer will be a sound whisky, and unique in its flavor.

Why each of them is unique is a mystery. A pot-still master will talk about the special qualities of the water he uses, the way he smokes his barley, the virtues of the local peat—but finally he will admit that he doesn't really know why his product tastes so different from that of another dis-

tillery just across the glen, proud of his whisky (and heard of one who wasn't), he is meticulous care not to make the slightest change in the method the sources of supply that have come down to him through generations, for he has a deep-seated fear that something might change the character. Some won't even sweep cobwebs out of the still house.

ONCE YOU COME BY a bottle, drink it with due respect. To share it, invite only those people you think will appreciate it, by dint of experience and proven taste buds. It would be sacrilege to waste it on a man who habitually drinks rum and Coca-Cola or bourbon and ginger ale, just as it would be impious to offer a bottle of burgundy to someone raised on California port. Ask only three, or four at most; neither the bottle nor good conversation will stretch beyond that limit.

The best place to serve it is by a fireplace after a day spent hunting wild boars through the snow. If that is inconvenient, any quiet room will do so long as the lights are low and the chairs are comfortable. For each of your guests, pour two ounces into a clear glass. No ice. No water. If anyone insists on soda, tell him to go, but firmly to go home.

After the first sip, the fellow should begin to feel, as DeVoto once put it, that "the water of life has taken us into its current. The rat stops crawling in the wood, the dungeon withdraws, the weight is lifted. The ends that stuck through your skin are bristles when you blotted the light or shut the office door behind you. Have withdrawn into their shells. Your pulse steadies and the soul finds your heart . . ."

"In a few minutes we will see each other as we truly are, sound stout hearts, lovers of the true, and holders of the good. There is no deal in what you are saying and I say it marvelously well. Dismay, annoyance, resentment—we should remember that they are transient world sets for the unwary . . . I certainly I'll have another one . . . the healer, the weaver of forgiveness and reconciliation, the justice to ourselves and one another more, and then with a spirit whole again in a cleansed world dinner."



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KILROY'S NEW MESSAGE

Is the script for the future written on the Men's Room wall?

by Jim Hougan

SLOWLY AND almost unnoticed, the Men's Room has become politicized. On its walls—in London, Amsterdam, Paris, New York—an ideological storm rages multilingually. Imperialism is roundly denounced. World leaders are deflated in witty pentameters that cannot be reprinted in the public press. Liberation is demanded for Angola, Mozambique, Surinam, Vietnam, Greece, Turkey, Spain, Croatia, Quebec, Alabama, Puerto Rico, Guatemala, Haiti, Palestine, and Chicago. Revenge is summoned on behalf of Kent, Attica, and the Eniwetok Atoll.

There was a time when these same walls were the home of the filthy limerick, the inviting telephone number, the obscene drawing, and the scatological observation. There are still remnants of these phenomena, but they grow increasingly anemic. Today the Men's Room (its new status makes its capitalization almost obligatory) is a political forum par excellence. It is there that issues are discussed forthrightly and images are punctured with the pithy elegance that only privacy can afford.

The Left has uncontested hegemony throughout the rest rooms of Western Europe. The Right is overwhelmed by the deluge from the Left, and moderates are totally unrepresented. (This should come as no surprise; it is difficult to imagine anyone seizing the environment's opportunity to letter, "Let us move forward together toward an orderly and viable society of enlightened, democratic reform and constitutionally protected civil rights for all.") Dissidence holds sway, and the messages are terse: "Smash Amerika," "Avenge Attica," "Free Portugal," and "Nixon."

About the only other graffitiists in evidence are the "Cartesians," inheritors of the Kilroy tradition. Unlike their political counterparts, the Cartesians ("I care, therefore I am") have no obvious social program, preferring to scribble only their first names and, perhaps, their points of origin or out-



Linda Stillman

standing characteristics. For example, "Jed the Red," "Marty," "Angelo from Tupelo," "Smart Frank," "Brooklyn's Own Nick," and "The Atlanta Kidd" all recorded their visits this summer in the bars and bistros near Amsterdam's Vondelpark.

The Cartesians, of course, constitute an entirely different genre from the politically motivated graffitiists, though their motivation may spring from a common well: alienation from societies that persist in subordinating identity to numbers, personality to social utility.

JUST WHY the pornographers should have abandoned the world's privies to ideologues and Cartesians is not difficult to surmise. Certainly the liberalization of laws relating to obscenity has had its effect in the WC's transformation from the domain of Eros to the demesne of Marx and Descartes. Its suppression over, pornography is today more a commodity than a *cri de coeur*. Its relation to the rest room is forever changed.

Jim Hougan is traveling abroad on an Alicia Patterson Fellowship while on leave from The Capital Times in Madison, Wisconsin.

But the pornographer's loss is the dissenter's gain, and the shift will have important cultural implications. To understand these ramifications, graffiti's role must be placed in proper context, and, while he does not mention the word, historian Huizinga is most helpful here.

Biographer of Erasmus and author of *Homo Ludens*, Huizinga was the posthumous theoretician of the Provos and Yippies. Constructing historical analysis almost exclusively predicated on the element of "play" in society, Huizinga saw civilization in order that proceeded from game and playful activity. Defining play, Huizinga wrote that "it is a free activity standing quite consciously outside 'ordinary' life as being 'not serious' at the same time absorbing the player intensely and utterly. It is an activity connected with no material interest and no profit can be gained by it. It proceeds within its own proper laws and according to fixed rules and in an orderly manner. It promotes the formation of social groupings which tend to surmount themselves with secrecy and to distinguish their difference from the common world by disguise or other means."

Anyone familiar with the tradition of graffiti will have no trouble fitting it into this definition. A full glimpse into the characteristics of graffiti cements the thesis. "All play," Huizinga continued, "has its being in a play-ground marked off before time. . . . The arena, the card-table, the tennis court, the court of justice. . . . all in form and function play-ground, i.e. forbidden spots, isolated, hedged round, within which special rules obtain. All are temporary worlds within the ordinary world, dedicated to the performance of an act apart."

Is this not a moving description of the Men's Room?

When Huizinga alluded to "fixed rules" of play, he did so with the historian's ever-present meta-physical tic of slighting the evidence offered by everyday reality. These



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KILROY'S NEW MESSAGE

not simply the rules of a game (though they are that) principles that hold through dimension of social activity. "Forbidden...hedged round...rary" universe of the graffiti of time and available space the rules, and a spirit of wit cision is the essence of the petition.

Perhaps the reason the graffiti not been accorded his proper or importance is that, as I pointed out, the most hated member of society is the spoilsport, who breaks the rules without both cover the fact by cheating. To forgive the politician, often a liar, because he plays by the rules we punish the graffitist, often a prophet, because he doesn't. The spoilsports (the outlaws, gang revolutionaries, and heretics) are ultimately responsible for new games. Inevitably, new games resisted by proponents of the old each side functions as spoilsport the other.

It is in this light that one regard the efforts of some bars and restaurateurs to provide a board and chalk to deter the painting of walls by graffitists. If the blackboard is ignored, the graffitist's behavior is a travesty of the illicit character of the game and advertises itself as a temptation. So do efforts at paying a graffitist to perform publicly in a "constructive manner." And, in conventional politics, when a solution fails, a program of suppression is substituted: we see this alternative in the growing use of murky, black paint by some anti-graffitists.

Of all repressive efforts, the blackboard is the most naïve, the paint the most totalitarian. The blackboard ploy is naïve because it completely fails to consider the character of graffiti or to recognize the element of *angst* that dominates the graffitist's world. A graffiti is carved into something. Its creation is an effort to reify, to make concrete an identity or political vision that theretofore been only an abstraction. A pen is preferred where a paint would suffice. Neither the painter nor the graffitist, who trembles at the ephemerality of his utopia, nor the Cartesian, who fears for his existence, can be bought off with the respectability a blackboard affords. Lovers carve their relationships into the trunks of trees to signify

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thereby establish its permanence. The man who scrawls his name on the bathroom wall fulfills a similar function. A blackboard simply won't do, because no matter what name is spelled on the wall, each says "I am." Who would trust that to a blackboard and an eraser?

Textured paint is a blatant, frontal attack on the graffitist—another example of technology, which has inspired so much alienation, being exploited to frustrate those who would express that condition. It is the tear gas of the WC, a weapon whose purpose is to discourage, confuse, and disperse. In the end, however, it only removes the dilettantes from the game. The determined graffitist prevails over the medium's difficulties.

THERE ARE, NO DOUBT, those who would argue that because there are no contestants, graffiti does not fulfill Huizinga's definition of a game. But the evidence proves otherwise. On the walls of a rest room at the New York Athletic Club (graffiti knows no class barriers), there once was written, in ball-point:

God is dead.
NIETZSCHE

Beneath that, in heavy laundry marker, was the message:

Nietzsche is dead.
GOD

A third handwriting beneath the second continued:

PERHAPS BUT NIETZSCHE WAS
SIX BOOKS TO HIS CREDIT.
WHAT HAVE YOU DONE LATELY??

In another example, in the WC of London's Lamb & Flag Pub, one person had written:

FREEDOM FOR ALL GRILS

A second person, sympathetic to the point, had corrected it to read:

FREEDOM FOR ALL ~~GRILS~~ GIRLS

A third party had then asked:

What about us grils?

A strongly dialectical character seems always to imbue the "playground" of the graffitist. But there is even stronger evidence of graffiti's cultural role than Huizinga would suggest. The underground press, for instance, has its origins as much in the rest room as anywhere else. Looking at the earliest issues of the smaller "undergrounds," one is immediately impressed by their preoccupation with scatology, pornography, and the slogan (all preoccupations shared with graffitists). Further, the articles tend to have the same satirical, antiauthoritarian character as graffiti—but, unlike graffiti, they suffer from length.

Indeed, it may be that the present crisis in the underground press stems directly from its having lost its early resemblance to the graffito: no longer secret, no longer illicit, sacrificing wit to tiresome arguments and variety to sectarian politics, the underground press today fails to surprise, challenge, or delight.

The graffito's cultural mark is felt elsewhere as well. The bumper sticker and the jingoistic button are blatant commercializations of the clandestine medium, and their messages, however diluted for public consumption, can usually be traced back to somebody's bathroom.

JOHN BLEIBTREU, in his brilliant book *The Parable of the Beasts*, says that "traces of territorial marking instincts still exist among humans." Bleibtreu cites the obviously territorial nature of the words "Kilroy was here," then goes on to say that "perhaps the most directly territorial marking by humans is the urinal graffito."

On its face the observation would seem to apply to the "Cartesians" of the graffito's world—"Jo-Jo 174" and others. But the analysis can in no sense apply to the political graffitists, and, indeed, it is probably invalid for the Cartesians as well.

Specifically, expressions of territoriality, as Bleibtreu recognizes, are sexual in nature. The marks are supposed to warn off other members of the same sex and to attract those of the opposite sex. While the graffito may, with an imaginative assist, be thought to fulfill the first function, it cannot fulfill the second simply because social customs maintain separate facilities for the sexes. Thus, while graffiti may repel, it cannot succeed in attraction. (The homosexual's

relationship to the graffiti course, a horse of a different color, the inherent complexity of the relationship in conjunction with territorial expressions is too far for the scope of this article.)

The territorial theory is dealt another blow by a separate, overlooked fact: territorial marking to signal areas that are the "private" of the marker. However, it is the private home whose bathroom are violated with the graffiti of Dad, and the kids. Yet if territoriality were the true impetus of the graffito, it is at home that he would be most likely to mark (and not to end). Such is not the case.

Yet this is not to say that territoriality never exists biologically. Bleibtreu writes "among humans the association between . . . geographic and territorial possession is demonstrated by word *property* . . . For young males of mating age, the first territorial possession is not a geographic area but an automobile, the sexual significance of which is well understood by manufacturers and their advertising agents. In this respect the behavior of the American male is not very different from that of many bird mammals. The acquisition of territory is an indispensable commencement for any courtship and The American male must often get in a car before he can get a mate."

Bleibtreu is right, of course. It is here that the graffito and territoriality converge via the bumper sticker. There are people who have bumper stickers that read "Eat My Dust" or other equally hostile suggestions. There are bumper stickers with cartoon illustrations and mythic characters—"Road-Runner," "Duster," "Green Hornet." Some are even produced by large automobile manufacturers, and they function to assert identity they themselves create.

Such stickers very likely have origins in graffiti. The brevity, the ical character, pointed aggressiveness of the messages—and even their content—strongly suggest such a origin. Unlike other graffiti, however, mobile ones seem to have a legitimate claim to a territorial purpose, though subconscious. They overtly identify the limits of the marker's property in an individualistic way that is meant to be hostile to other men simultaneously attractive to women (specifically those susceptible to *machismo* of the Day-Glo variety).



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KILROY'S NEW MESSAGE

Both bumper stickers and are divided in kind, and in the same way: Cartesian ("Jo- and "Road-Runner" are, in the same thing) and po ("_____ Nixon" and "The lation Bomb Is Everyone's Bal fall in the same category).

WHICH BRINGS US (not p ipso facto) to the origina that the rest rooms of Weste rope, like most of those in the States, are political (and exist forums dominated by the Left.

Why the left should have lished itself in this area is uncl- that they have is indisputable. we have called the Cartesians ter all, *lumpen* elements, and they certainly compete for theirs is an environmental and ideological struggle.) It may be the medium is inherently dissid- this regard, it would be inte- to know if the Left's hegem, reversed outside what *Time* azine used to call "the Free We Do the revisionists and lack imperialism hold sway in the of Peking?

In the end, no theory of "plac- ties" or of a "territorial imperi- can explain it completely. As far- known, no organized effort has made to politicize the rest room- though it is true that the Left made tentative gestures in this- tion (specifically, Holland's ur- Minas, a Women's Liberation ur- which sealed off Amsterdam's urinals with pink ribbons to p- the absence of equal accommod- for women).

Maybe the answer can be fou- American literature where the phor of constipation is inevitab- tached to the extreme Right, whi- Left is just as often prey to the- site problem (Walker Percy, No- Mailer, Philip Roth, and others, exploited these or related metaph-

But whatever the hegemony son d'être, we cannot escape it- ity. The only issue is whether th- nomenon is a prelude to- generated cultural transformatio- the larger society (as Huizinga- have it), or whether it is simply- burst of light before the sunset is- If the latter should prove true- Men's Rooms of the future will b- indeed.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE/NOVEMBER



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C. Robert Zelnick

PUBLIC DOCUMENTS

The Department of the Interior recites the reasons it shouldn't be doing what it is doing.



THE DEPARTMENT of the Interior's cave-in to the oil industry's demand for a pipeline right-of-way through Alaska seems to have all but escaped public notice. Not many people have the time or competence to read and digest the record laid out in a number of weighty public documents: a six-volume environmental-impact statement, three volumes of economic analysis, a four-volume critique, plus several thousand pages of Congressional testimony. Yet displayed there are the tracks of a government agency seemingly more concerned about appearing to comply with the law than about actually observing it.

The most revealing document is Interior's own massive Final Impact Statement. This report was prepared in compliance with the National Environmental Policy Act of 1969, which requires a complete statement of the possible consequences of any agency action "significantly affecting the quality of the human environment," plus a thorough examination of the alternative courses. But In-

terior needed something of a push to state its case publicly and in detail. Two years ago, the Department attempted to issue a right-of-way to Alyeska Pipeline Company to construct an 800-mile service road adjacent to the pipeline—arguing, incredibly, that the two were separate projects. That move was blocked by a federal district court, in part because the court considered Interior's eight-page impact statement patently inadequate.*

To build an environmental case against the proposal to run a trans-Alaskan pipeline from Prudhoe Bay to Valdez, one need scarcely go beyond the information—and conceded lack of information—provided by the Final Impact Statement itself. In brief, there are three categories of environmental hazards associated with

*The injunction also took notice of the fact that the right-of-way and accompanying special land-use permits exceeded the limits permitted by the Mineral Leasing Act of 1920. Some Washington lawyers feel that the effort to stop the trans-Alaskan pipeline project is more likely to turn on the narrow statutory construction questions covered by this act than on the wider economic and environmental issues.

the pipeline: (1) constructing service roads, campsites, airstrips, pump stations, and the pipeline itself through hundreds of miles of fragile tundra without permanently disturbing the delicate ecological balance; (2) pumping two million barrels a day through a forty-eight-inch pipe at 145 degrees without either melting the permafrost and rupturing the pipe where the line is submerged, or blocking animal migration where it is still open; (3) transferring the oil from the acre "tank farm" at Port Valdez to transporting it to markets in 250,000 pennyweight tankers without endangering a wide spectrum of saltwater resources. Interior's statement also admits that none of these problems has been satisfactorily resolved. These short excerpts from the record indicate:

Virtually all activities related to pipeline and road construction have a potential to cause erosion through watershed disturbance.

The frequency, volume, and location of potential spills from pipeline system cannot be modeled or predicted with the available information.

C. Robert Zelnick writes a weekly column for the Anchorage Daily News.

point along the southern
rds of the proposed pipeline
could be subjected to an
quake of magnitude greater
.0 on the Richter scale, and
most a certainty that one or
arge-magnitude earthquakes
ur in the vicinity of this
of the proposed route dur-
e lifetime of the pipeline.
ground motion and large
l displacement accompany-
h an earthquake could dam-
en rupture—the proposed
e.

he event of a pipeline rup-
4,000 barrels of oil could
at during the time required
mp station shutdown and
losure, up to an additional
barrels of oil could drain
he pipeline at some locali-
he report does not mention
any smaller leaks would re-
undetected until substantial
had occurred.]

le oil in concentrations as
0.3 mg/l is extremely toxic
h water fish. [The pipeline
span some 350 rivers and
i, many of which are valu-
awning grounds for salmon
tyling.]

erous studies of accidental
ls have shown that crude oil
stilled petroleum products
vic to plants. Data from
studies show that tundra
are killed where parts of
dra plants are coated with
e Bay crude oil. Oil-caused
vegetation in areas under-
ice-rich permafrost would
n its degradation and ero-
the soil.

illed in tanker casualties
er operations would affect
rine ecosystem to an extent
ould be determined by many
e factors. The salmon and
shery resources of Prince
Sound would be especially
e to such spills. Over the
m, however, persistent low-
ischarge from the ballast
nt facility and tank clean-
orations at sea could have a
adverse effect than could
ed larger spills.

atement meets the environ-
estions with relative can-
much more elusive with re-
ne broad public-policy justi-
for the pipeline. In effect,
ne will put the oil where it
eeded—on the West Coast.
ement assumes instead of
he important point, and



Pack it in your pocket.

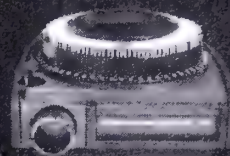
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blandly asserts that the West Coast can absorb the full output of the pipeline. It goes on to argue that this will reduce the West Coast's dependency on the politically sensitive Middle East without ever explaining how our national-defense posture would be improved with other sections of the country almost totally dependent on foreign oil. The Department made practically no effort to judge the possible effect of the anticipated discovery of billions of additional barrels of oil beneath the Prudhoe Bay fields, to coordinate oil production with production of the 26 trillion known cubic feet of natural gas that also lie in the North Slope fields, or to acknowledge the long-term effects the pipeline will have on energy policy in this country. Indeed, Interior seems to suffer "pipeline vision," its attentions focused exclusively within the limits of the application before it.

SEVERAL OF THE ISSUES given short shrift, or ignored altogether, by the Interior report were aired in mid-June by Senator William Proxmire's Joint Economic Committee. The committee was examining Interior's May 11 decision to approve the trans-Alaskan right-of-way to see what effect it would have on national energy policy. From the testimony of energy economists S. David Freeman of the Twentieth Century Fund, Charles J. Cicchetti of Resources for the Future, and Richard Nehring, a young "whistle-blower" who had written segments of the Interior report and then resigned in protest over the Department's final decision, a pattern of startling administrative ineptness and shortsightedness emerged.

To start, Interior's cheery projections of West Coast demand inexplicably assumed a rate of increase nearly double that of the past decade of extremely rapid growth, combined with projected curtailments in supply far beyond anything likely to occur. The statement also ignored other sources of supply such as the Outer Continental Shelf or the newly discovered Peru-Ecuador fields, which together could bring an additional million barrels of oil a day to the West Coast.

Not, of course, that the oil companies would be the ones likely to suffer, stuck with no market for their North Slope oil. The excess could be

traded to Japan in exchange for Japanese rights to Middle East oil which could then be sold pipeline on the East Coast. Or the oil could be shipped by tanker to the West Coast, piped across the neck of the continent, and then transported for refining to the Gulf Islands, a duty-free port.

For the seven oil companies involved in the venture, the results would be diverse and uneven. ARCO, for example, which is poor on the West Coast, would get enough oil to remain competitive plus a little something extra for export to the Caribbean. British Petroleum, whose merger with SOHIO is conditional upon its being able to produce 600,000 barrels per day by 1987, needs the North Slope crude to meet its quota. The bothersome Joint Alaska Pipeline Act, which requires goods move between American ports to treat American bottoms (and upon which the Interior relies heavily for the maintenance of safe navigational standards), would be circumvented if the oil moved either to Japan or Central America. And the complex web of trade-offs and dummied deals would present the companies with a variety of ways to short-cut Alaska on royalty payments.

THE WISPINESS of Interior's report is best seen in its consideration of the estimated 26 to 325 trillion cubic feet of natural gas in the North Slope fields. There are only three things that can be done with this gas: it can be flared (wasted); piped out if the oil is produced; or reinjected into the ground for later production. Even a year or so of oil production would, however, the cost of reinjected gas is prohibitive. The Interior report says that for natural gas, "route selection and construction procedures would be similar to those for an oil pipeline but with some simplification resulting from reduced pipe weight and lower operating temperatures at the same time, though, there are important practical problems standing in the way of a trans-Alaskan gas line. The gas would have to be cooled at Valdez prior to shipping, an operation that would run to \$10 million a year. In addition, there are only about a dozen liquified natural gas tankers operating in the Gulf while twenty to forty would be needed to handle the Valdez traffic.

rior concludes: "A gas pipe-
ss Alaska appears to be a
possibility because of the
involved in shipment from
ern terminus; a gas pipeline
Canada to the Midwest ap-
be much more feasible."
is absolutely no question
environmental benefits of
single long pipeline corridor
f two, especially since addi-
energy reserves in the Alaskan
dian Arctic may attract even
elines in the coming decade.
simply no long-run justifi-
r widely divergent oil cor-
et Interior has considered
s-Alaskan application in a
acuum, unconnected to the
erall resource development.
the fact that, within the
of diplomatic discretion,
officials have expressed
interest in a trans-Canadian
it would seem that a single
as pipeline system through
provides the best solution. In
one point an Interior task
cluded that, even if only oil
on were involved, the Mac-
river route through Canada
ronmentally safer than the
project since it would have
the seismic problems of the
route and would involve no
transportation. The final In-
statement carried no such rec-
ommendation; according to Richard
s testimony before the Prox-
committee, it had been deleted
department.

or Secretary Rogers C. B.
testified that the Department
forced to amend the draft
because the staff analysis of
dian alternative "didn't take
consideration river crossings."
he at once discharged the
odd maladroits who had for-
about Canadian rivers, the
ar did not say. In any event,
and alteration of unfavorable
ings had all along been In-
procedure on the pipeline
ct. In January 1971 the Depart-
de public its "draft" environ-
impact statement. But a draft
raft" had already been circu-
along various federal agencies
earlier and submitted for in-
to the Alyeska Pipeline Com-
ordon Watson, Director in
f Interior's Bureau of Sport
and Wildlife, detected
between the two documents

that he made known in a plaintive memorandum to his Washington chief, a memo subsequently leaked to the press. Among other things, the danger of oil spills to entire watersheds had been changed to refer only to rivers and streams adjacent to the pipeline route. Reference to the likelihood of major spills along the route had been deleted, and so had all discussion of tanker traffic and oil spills in Prince William Sound. Discussion of the difficulty the pipeline would pose for animal migration had been dropped. Also missing was a statement, present earlier, on the unique value of Alaska's wilderness system.

In defending Interior's action before Proxmire, Secretary Morton recited many imponderables involved in the Canadian route—financing, the need for more comprehensive environmental analysis, and resolution of the aboriginal land claims of Canada's Eskimos and Indians, to list three—and the costly delay that resolving these uncertainties would now entail. This argument placed Morton in the position of advertising his own Department's lack of diligence and using it as an excuse for further sloth.

"This is a private project," Morton told his task force last year, a remark recalled by Nehring during his testimony before the Joint Committee. "If the investor does not want to put his money in [the Canadian route], then it is not a real alternative."

Charles Cicchetti framed the social issue a bit more broadly, making clear the poverty of Interior's vision. Noting the convergence of public interests in favor of a trans-Canadian route to the Midwest, he said: "Contrary to this conclusion is the position of the oil companies who, it seems, intend to utilize existing irrational industry regulations at the expense of oil consumers, taxpayers, the State of Alaska, the United States maritime industry, and probably others. Therefore, they have concealed the real reasons for selecting an inferior economic and environmental alternative in order to maximize their short-run profits. Accordingly, the issue being considered today is more than a question of economic or environmental superiority. In my opinion, the issue is which interest, oil profits or national well-being, will dominate major decisions of this nature." □

HARPER'S MAGAZINE/NOVEMBER 1972



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GENTLEMEN PREFER MONOPOLY

The impotence of the antitrust laws

RICHARD HOFSTADTER, the late historian, called it "one of the faded passions of American reform." John Kenneth Galbraith dismissed it as a "charade," and the *Wall Street Journal* has compared it to the majestic but impotent British monarchy. In its infancy, it was given the evocative title "trust-busting." But few trusts have been dissolved since the first antitrust act was passed in 1890, and, to this day, trust-busting remains less a genuine objective of American law, social policy, and economic organization than a facet of American mythology.

Trust-busting is a facet of the mythology that holds that business enterprises win that share of the market to which their competitive vigor, measured in terms of the price and quality of their product, entitles them. It is a facet of the mythology that holds that federal law-enforcement authorities show neither fear nor favor in making certain that this competition is preserved against the depredations of the occasional avaricious businessman. It is a facet of the mythology that holds that electoral politics effectively governs the practices of the corporate system.

In fact, the dominant sector of the American economy is characterized by minimal, or the most imperfect, competition—and is likely to remain so. Federal legal authorities do very little to enforce competition—and have never intended otherwise. Electoral politics is dependent upon the returns of the corporate system—and the relationship will not change as long as candidates need private contributions to run for office. In short, antitrust policy serves as a facade for federal officials and corporate executives to engage in collusion to create an appearance of vigilance in behalf of an economic structure that has never existed—and grows more distant from existence every day.

Milton Viorst, syndicated political columnist for the Washington Star, is the author of Hustlers and Heroes.

More distant, since the domination of the nation's productive potential by a relatively few corporations is not something that was accomplished—and finished—back in history. In 1941, two-thirds of the nation's industrial assets were held by the top 1,000 corporations. By 1971, this same proportion was held by 200 corporations. The top 100 corporations have, in the past twenty years, doubled the percentage of their control over the nation's productive assets. What this trend proclaims is that American industrial concentration is getting more severe from day to day. If antitrust were real, this would not be happening.

IN EXAMINING where trust-busting has gone astray, Ralph Nader's recent study group on antitrust enforcement tells of former Assistant Attorney General William Orrick, a lawyer of proved skill and dedication who was appointed by Robert Kennedy in 1962 to head the Justice Department's Antitrust Division. The study said:

When Orrick attempted to learn the policy of the Antitrust Division, he found there was none. The agency was a "reactive" one, with more than 95 per cent of its cases begun by a letter of complaint from outside. Little initiative investigation occurred, and there was no real planned enforcement. Seventy per cent of pending matters concerned price-fixing and behavioral problems; only 30 per cent dealt with structural problems like mergers and monopolization. To remedy this misemphasis, Orrick created a new Policy Planning section in the Division. He had a team probe the dozen most concentrated industries in the country, with an eye toward bringing monopolization and divestiture suits . . . But nothing happened. No big cases were brought, and the overall number of cases filed dropped precipitously . . .

It was under Orrick that a group of lawyers in the Antitrust Division set a genuine aim at General Motors, the granddaddy of American trust-busting. General Motors produces 54 per cent of the nation's cars and, unlike other giants, has the capacity to make decisions that determine the fate of the entire economy. Over the years, the federal government has brought eighteen antitrust suits against it, a dozen of which it actually won. All of them dealt with peripheral activities such as bus, locomotive, and spare-parts manufacturing, and never went to the heart of GM's domination of the auto market and its influence over the society. Until the trust-busters do something about the heart of GM, any other suit they bring will seem somehow unconvincing.

Indeed, the history of GM's little doubt that the purpose of the trust-busters was not to prosper by manufacturing a better or cheaper product but to acquire a domination of the industry by the simple device of price-cutting and takeovers. Established in 1908, General Motors absorbed within a year Oldsmobile and Cadillac and narrowly missed out on a bid for Ford. By 1920, there were still eighty-eight firms in the industry as late as 1920. By 1925, it had acquired Chevrolet and Fisher, and a few years later, and its sales accounted for 43 per cent of the market. By 1930, only ten companies remained, and today there are four—the others have been absorbed by the surviving, economists agree, at GM's sufferance.

The suit prepared by Orrick's lawyers alleged that GM had been formed by some forty illegal mergers and had driven out competition through the devices of planned obsolescence and exclusive dealerships, had guarded its flanks by depositing money in politically influential banks throughout the country, and had raised advertising expenditure to a level that prohibited any other manufacturer from entering the market. The suit proposed that General Motors reconstitute itself into a

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Blanche Reardon is one of the several hundred women executives in the Bell System. She is a Division Switching Manager for AT&T Bell. In that job she is responsible for 106 men and women who maintain the equipment in 37 telephone exchanges in Chicago's southern suburbs. Blanche began working for the phone company in 1954 in the Engineering Department. In the face of tough competition, she was promoted to various jobs in engineering and marketing. On the way up to Division Manager, she held such responsible positions as Transmission Systems Engineer and Data Marketing Manager. What she wanted throughout her career was to have her work evaluated solely on merit. That was important.

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of my
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GAMES SOME PEOPLE PLAY

companies—generally held a three to nine—to accomplish restoration of competitive conditions in the automobile industry.

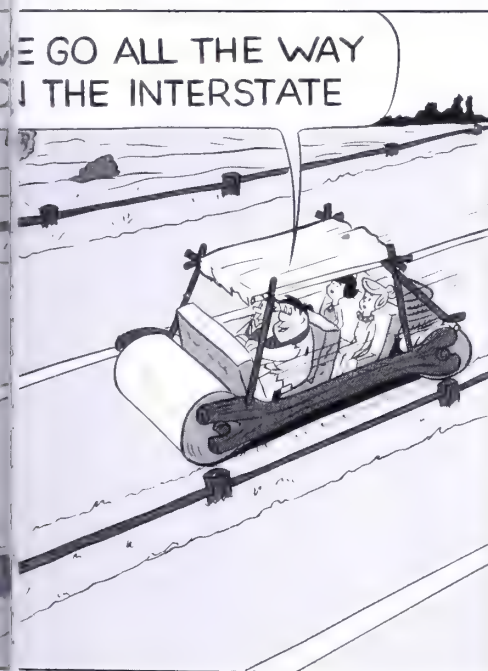
Why the government did not take the suit to court has never been clear. Since the suit's existence was not publicly acknowledged, the case that led to its quashing was unlikely to be placed in the open debate. In conventional wisdom there were surely ample reasons for the Administration of Lyndon B. Johnson to be cautious about such a move. In 1966, the government had a major war on its hands with Vietnam and a major domestic disorder. A politician would understand that the President did not want to add to a major confrontation with the business community.

But it is also true that the President's economic advisers, and their liberal Democratic antipathy to big business, were not enthusiastic about the case. They argued that GM continued, as it had in previous years, to behave itself—that it was sticking to its target profit of 2 percent on investment and not swiping up the remaining auto companies—then it ought not to be bothered. Of course, GM's rate of profit was less than that of American industry generally, and its good behavior consisted, for example, of suppressing research and antipollution technology. But, as advisers responsible for the smooth functioning of the economy, the President's economists said that an antitrust suit of such magnitude would disrupt the stock market, dampen the GNP, and create unemployment. Besides, as argued, it's no simple task to discipline a great corporation—even if the trustbusters win the case they could lose the remedy. But they said, to discipline GM through tax policy, licensing statutes and stringent regulation.

In short, they declared that General Motors, whatever its record, had become such a bulwark of the American economy that the government could not risk its dismemberment. In wider terms, they were acknowledging that the competitive economy and antitrust law was designed to deal with is no more than a theoretician's illusion.

The dominating trait of the American economy, then, is not competition but a tight control that is shared by more than three or four companies over each of the major industrial

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kets. Besides automobiles, some of these markets are: aluminum (Alcoa, Reynolds, Kaiser); soaps (Procter & Gamble, Colgate, Lever Brothers); steel (U.S. Steel, Bethlehem, National, Republic); tires (Goodyear, Firestone, U.S. Rubber, Goodrich); copper (Kennecott, Phelps Dodge, Anaconda). Recently, a Federal Trade Commission staff report estimated that "if highly concentrated industries were deconcentrated to the point where the four largest firms control forty per cent or less of an industry's sales, prices would fall by twenty-five per cent or more." According to the best computations, shared monopoly currently characterizes a third of all American business and two-thirds of American manufacturing capacity. Most experts agree that the antitrust statutes are more than adequate to break up these concentrations. But the record makes clear that, despite the law, the trust-busters find no imperative in them.

To be sure, federal trustbusters become indignant at the implication that the antitrust laws are meaningless, and they argue that, weak as they may be on structural challenges, they are alert to such criminal practices as price-fixing, market conspiracies, and exclusionary boycotts, for which penalties range up to \$50,000 in fines and a year in jail. But, after a flurry of cases in the early 1960s, criminal prosecutions for antitrust violations dropped in the last half of the decade to an average of eleven a year. Furthermore, most of them were settled by *nolo* (no contest) pleas, under which the government presents no evidence, the accused disclaims any conviction, and the victims have no record on which to base damage suits. Equally significant, judges normally respond to *nolo* pleas in antitrust cases with nothing more rigorous than small fines, which are tax deductible. To this day, the time served in jail by all businessmen convicted of antitrust violations totals less than two years. Even the NAM (National Association of Manufacturers) would not maintain that antitrust prosecutions, to say nothing of their penalties, are an accurate index of the prevalence of antitrust practices among businessmen.

SO WHY ALL THE ZEAL on the part of the Nixon Administration—at least, prior to its celebrated change

of mind—to break up ITT? Or only surmise. But it is surely a relevant consideration that ITT is not one of those sturdy, old-fashioned trusts like General Motors or Standard Oil, which are run by old-money Republican WASPs. It is a conglomerate of the new breed of trusts that are run mostly by fast-buck parvenus of more recent ethnic stock, who are often Democratic. Richard Nixon chose as his antitrust chief a lawyer whom he knew felt ardently about breaking up conglomerates. He knew that Richard McLaren had a comparable concern about the conventional trusts. McLaren's motive, by his own testimony, was to slow down the wave of conglomerate concentration, which had taken on a quality of frenzy during the previous two Democratic Administrations. Of the old trusts, which were maintaining their domination of the economy on a base rooted in history, McLaren said: "Because we're so busy with the current crop, we're not looking backward."

Interestingly, lawyers and economists are unsure whether conglomerates, which are normally so thin throughout many industries, exercise any serious restraint on their markets. But, whatever their influence, the President was fixated on them—and thereby diverted attention from his tolerance of the corporations whose monopoly powers are beyond dispute.

Ultimately, what was unusual about the ITT case was not that it was dropped but that, thanks to Anderson's memos, the public required some glimmer of *why* it was dropped. The reasons, as the Administration contends, may have been quite legal. But, on the basis of the evidence, we know that (1) leaders of the party in power had no option to prosecute ITT on charges violating the antitrust laws, (2) they offered this party a substantial sum of money, usually put at \$400,000, a campaign contribution, and (3) the party in power agreed to an out-of-court settlement, along lines that were agreeable to ITT, in lieu of prosecution. The least we can say, lacking proof of an illegal transaction, is that a conflict-of-interest was plainly established. Indeed, the virtue of the ITT case is the clarity it brings to the normally obscure process of corporate influence on the political system. It also makes vivid the contention



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Anything's possible in
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essor Galbraith that antitrust policy is nothing more than a charade.

"If a firm is already large," Galbraith has said, "it is substantially immune under the antitrust laws. If you already have the basic requisite of market power, you are safe... Antitrust laws legitimize the real exercise of market power on the part of the large firms by a rather diligent harassment of those who have less of it. They give an impression of alternative possibilities that do not exist."

Willard F. Mueller of the University of Wisconsin is one of the few respected economists who will speak out in behalf of those "alternative possibilities." He says, "It is true that antitrust policy cannot easily—and certainly not quickly—solve problems of deeply entrenched power. Fifty years of ineffective public policy toward mergers resulted in unnecessarily high concentration in many industries. But whether or not the market survives will be determined not by technological imperatives but by public policy toward the achievement and retention of power. It will be a matter of public will or neglect."

Thus we have two economists who

both recognize that giant corporations dominate the society and make a mockery of antitrust, potentially the government's most effective weapon for curbing their power. Both men acknowledge that the responsibility lies in a political system that is subservient. But they take substantially opposing positions on what should be done. Galbraith has lost faith in antitrust. He believes Americans should stop perpetuating the myth of competition and make an accommodation with big industry that is closer to socialism than to conventional models of free enterprise. He is unclear, however, on why he thinks the political-economic system he envisages would show a greater capacity than the one we now have to shift the balance to the public's favor. Mueller, in contrast, does not believe that the government's best prospect for curbing corporate power lies in its getting into bed with the corporations. He retains the unconventional view that existing law ought to be enforced. He still believes that the trouble with antitrust is that it's never been tried.

Nor is it likely to be tried as long as the public remains insensitive to the fact that corporate concentration

exact heavy costs. To citizens who are worried about taxes and jobs and war, the antitrust laws must seem like an abstraction even if monopoly, as the FTC claims, takes an extra 25 percent of their pocketbooks. Furthermore, antitrust has no natural constituency, no dedicated lobby. The movement has tended to pass and it is easier for stockholders, unionists, small businessmen, as large, and even the federal government who are called upon to make trust rulings to stick with the quo rather than risk the uncertainty of structural change in the economy. As Hofstadter said, antitrust is "faded passion," a forgotten cause despite its undiminished relevance. Recently, the *Antitrust Law and Economics Review* posed the rhetorical question: "Why does the American public tolerate the degree of monopoly we now have? The answer is that they don't know about it. Until they know and become concerned, it is unlikely that any administration will undertake a program to dismantle the trusts."

For antitrust enforcement to counter to the natural inertia of the American political system. However, one expects an administration—any administration—to curb the power of the giant corporations that are the chief source of political financing. Jay Gould, the legendary railroad magnate, charmingly phrased the philosophy of nonpartisan substitution a century ago: "I was a Republican in Republican districts, a Democrat in Democratic districts. Everywhere I was for Erie." The late Hart of Michigan, one of the members of the Senate committee on antitrust principles, updated Gould in a recent analysis of influence. "When a corporation wants to discuss something with its political representative," he said, "you can be sure it will be heard. When a corporation operates in thirty states, it will be heard by thirty times as many representatives." As Hart suggests, economic exploitation is the lesser evil; the society pays for corporate concentration. The greater is the deletion of the processes of government. Antitrust could be an instrument of emancipation, but it will remain a facet of American mythology as long as the political parties remain in the thrall of corporate money.

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THE GIANT IN THE TUBE

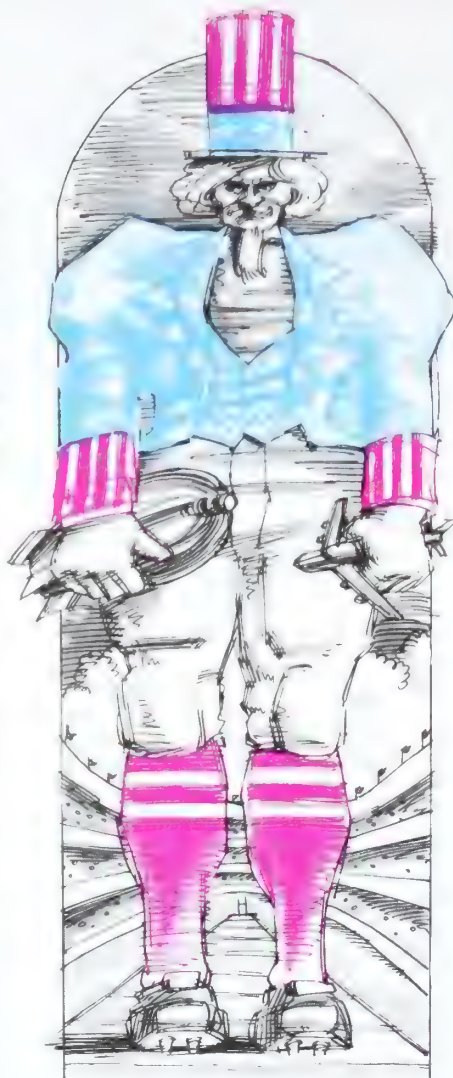
The new morality of force

IT REALLY SHOULDN'T have come as such a shock last winter when both the Gallup and Harris polls calmly informed us that football had supplanted baseball as the nation's number one sport. Even the most rabid diamond fan might have seen it coming. Baseball's commissioner Bowie Kuhn fought back, of course, challenging the pollsters' timing and motivation (the National Football League, it turned out, had paid for the Harris survey); and yet there was a defensive tone to Kuhn's rebuttal. He fell back on the Nielsen World Series rating; he cited the rather irrelevant fact that baseball is played in fifty-nine different countries. He sounded beleaguered, off balance.

We should have known. There had been so many straws in the wind: all those endless pro football games saturating the networks on Sunday afternoons, the rush of gridiron exposés, the feature articles dissecting the finer points of strategy, debating the use of pain-killers and artificial turf, or stressing the women's angle. There was that dead-of-night telephone call from President Nixon to coach Don Shula on the eve of the Super Bowl, expressing a high executive confidence that Griese could hit Warfield on the down-and-in pass pattern against Dallas.

Of course, like columnist Pete Hamill, you might well wonder just what in the name of international relations the President of the United States was doing wandering around in his study at one-thirty in the morning, dreaming up *football plays*. It was hardly what we were paying him for. But there it was, on the front page of the *New York Times*: the photo of a younger—even then disingenuous—Nixon wearing his Whittier football jersey with its number 12 (wasn't that Broadway Joe's number?). And then

Anton Myrer has dealt with the legacies of power, civilian and military, in his novels Once an Eagle and the forthcoming The Tiger Waits (Norton).



not too long after that we learned that the code name the President had chosen for himself during the first Kissinger negotiations in Paris was—**QUARTERBACK**. But for football to be actually *number one* . . .

WHEN I WAS GROWING UP, baseball was The National Pastime and no bones about it. The term *ball-player* meant a diamond performer exclusively; and Ruth, Hubbell, Foxx, Hartnett, and Dean were the faces on the candy wrappers and chewing-gum cards we swapped with the cunning of stock exchange traders. Now the folk heroes are named Butkus and Namath and Csonka. New times, new gods. Only it was going to take some getting

used to. And there was more to it than you couldn't quite put your finger on: an uneasy sense of ominous changes blowing in the wind, more than were explained simply by the dethroning of a sport . . .

Baseball has always been essentially a game of dimensions. Of space. Fielders, in and out, covered the defined zones in the ninety-degree angles of the playing area. In those vast distances of Roger Angell's time, the deep for flies, raced from first to home, Space was vast, and the ball was small, which made it appear more vast, like the American landscape of a century ago.

More significantly, there was time. Expanded time was built into the game. True to the national ethic, then believed in, you were never beaten until that twenty-seventh out had been retired. That was it—the heart and kernel of it, the boundless, the time you grew up with: *you always have a chance to win*. Two runs down, two runs down, there was always the possibility of victory. You might not win it, but it was there. A long afternoon of error, frustration, humiliation could be redeemed in one moment.

There were the glorious precursors: Cookie Lavagetto in one swing, a bat had not only ruined Bill Evers, a World Series no-hitter but had won the game, right then and there. Teams *had* scored eight runs in the last of the ninth to win. All were possible on the diamond. The repressible Cardinals of 1942 came into the ninth inning again, veteran Red Ruffing, trailing without a hit to their names, thereupon had scored five runs, thrown such panic into the invincible Yankees that those grandees lost the Series in short order. And then Bobby Thompson and the stunning Miracle of Coogan's Bluff . . .

All this you knew, standing at the plate, even if your team was nominally behind. "Take your kid," the coach would holler

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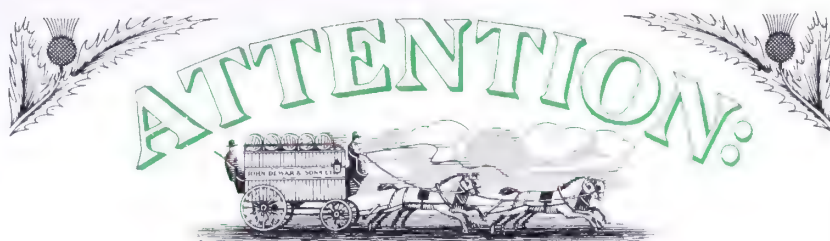


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 ad all the time in the world.
 he contest might go twelve, fif-
 twenty-two innings—it was all
 ae. And even *then*, if you were
 on you had your chance to
 back. You were never out of it
 at last batter was finally sent to
 gout.
 ball has changed all that. "I
 keep this up all day." "What's
 irry?" "We've got all day, and
 at too." Those blithe, self-con-
 phrases of my childhood. When
 atch big-time football, they
 downright subversive. In foot-
 u are conscious of nothing so
 is the inexorable rush of time,
 ie compression, with the great
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 he seconds. No Greek Fates
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 outpunished, falls two, three,
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 a, bound in a different vision,
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 aying they were playing under
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 hen was it, what ancient Ivy
 classic, when a player was hurt
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any penalty for additional time-outs incurred." My, *that* was a long throughgo.

BASEBALL WAS DEDICATED to the proposition that talent can and will usually offset brute mass. The little man with the requisite quickness and grace could make a monkey out of the big oaf. "Piano movers," Ty Cobb used to call them with amused contempt—the monster musclemen who fell down chasing fly balls and wound up the season hitting .219. This was something to hold deep in your vitals too. Our heroes, for those of us who were slight of build, were Dom DiMaggio ("Little Dimag"), the Game Little Rooster Harry Bridges, Richie Ashburn, Betsy Bobby Shantz, Pee Wee Reese—*Pee Wee!*

"Luck is the residue of design," declaimed Branch Rickey, baseball's supreme egghead. Yes. For behind design lay artistry. Within the game's stylized patterns—the steal, the hit-and-run, the double play—lay scope for those dazzling feats of individual improvisation and lightning reflex. That was still another side to the American tradition: improvisation. Who could ever forget Carl Furillo's

feigning a fumble of a base hit (a piece of deception so consummate it fooled both batter *and* baseline coach) to lure the hitter into seeking the extra base—and then throwing him out with that incomparable arm? or the magnificent arrogance of Dizzy Dean, giving the hitter the strike sign before delivering the next pitch? (What a masterstroke of psychology!)

Luck is the residue of design. But football has changed all that too. The pros want no part of the smaller man, no matter how accurate his arm or fleet his foot, no matter what reservoirs of courage or durability he may possess. One of the most outstanding of the nation's college quarterbacks was released unconditionally by the Los Angeles Rams early last season. Verdict: too small. Not inadequate—just too small. Pee Wee Reese, all proportions kept, couldn't have made it with Green Bay. In big-time football, fortune favors the biggest battalions.

And so we've fallen to worshipping the giant. He is our national hero—hulking, ponderous, intimidating. The "big man." "Are you a he-man? Are you extra tall or extra large?" the ad for He-Man Shops asks us, in a significant equation. We don't believe a

good little man can beat a good one anymore. Why should we? all those behemoths churning out there every Sunday to prove

Of course, we can't always be just who *is* churning around out. Even the announcers have to with this, we're relieved to find why not? The footballer is in. And what armor it is! Long ago seems like long ago—he wore a leather skull covering with round pads; now he dons a huge bucket laced with a face mask renders him even less human, lo familiar. Look at the linemen in the defensive huddle: helmeted and padded mud-slimed, their forearms encased in casts or sponge-rubber sleeves, call up images of some Grade-B movie, or perhaps a squad of Greek Cadmus soldiers who inexorably again and again. The infantry so desperate and dazed, regrouping.

You fight the image. What the it's a *game*, a popular American game—it's number one. They've wear pads to protect themselves rough in there. But the war won't go away. There are so many other symbols, so many banners of terminology, to reinforce it: offense, defense, spear-blocking, platoon, blitzing, shotgun formation; and tangibly, that ceaseless ebb and of whole teams on and off the that evoke nothing quite so sharp the surge of fresh fodder—also helmeted, encumbered with gear distinguishable—through the deeples of our American wars.

Interchangeable parts. Sitting staring at the tube, you want to yourself that men *are* individuals. Broadway Joe Namath, Calvin Lance Rentzel are indispensable unique; and for a few moments, by some feat of prowess, you succ But then the thought is shaken in ferocity of the hitting—who can live for long in that maelstrom gouging and clubbing?—the in the advance and retreat of autom figures; it is submerged utterly those terrible moments when crowd, swaying like a great pent mal, chants: "The bomb! Throw bomb!"—howls its savage imprec to the bugle-call cavalry charge finally, in the throes of vindictive pair, screams: "Get him! Kill the tard—!"

Generals seem unable to football lingo: they talk of sweet

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THE GIANT IN THE TUBE

the end, mousetrapping, block containing an attack with their dary. It's precisely what the wated bond salesman *knows* he to hear from the institutional cence of the Military Mind. B now is football, taking to its in som the pride, pomp, and stance of glorious war...

OF COURSE, all sport means s some extent. Baseball chant to the bugle call too, an derous admonishment from the is not unknown—even in Philad The diamond has had its aggr fans, even its celebrated feuds s the Dodgers-Cardinals vende 1940 that culminated in the b and near death of Ducky Me But they have been the excepti the rule. Most beanballs are not erate; spikings even less so. E of the twenty-four major league plays 162 games a season, not ing the exhibition circuit—a stag amount of baseball, added up to inning—and injuries as a res enemy action are insignificant whereas the *weekly* toll in pro fo reads like a battle report.

Furthermore, baseball's pe were built into the offenses: th thrown too close to the batter stitutes one-fourth of a free ticke batsman hit by that ball, ho slightly, is automatically waved first base. Not severe enough? M But consider: four hit batters acc a run scored, and every hit baf after that an additional run. No any pitcher would ever get that f course—long before then he's thumbed out of the game for such ice aforethought; more painful could well draw a substantial fine

But with football, something some has happened to the very c istry of the game—the patholo Mr. Hyde has taken over Dr. J rational daylight hours as well. b badminton to soccer the object best your opponent through sup skill: to score more points tha does within a given framework of or space. But the gridiron has wa this premise into a monstrous version of values. "Sure, I'll gr guy if he's gotten by me and clear shot at Joe Namath," Dave man, offensive guard of the Jets, said. "I don't care if it costs fi yards or fifteen miles. What's w fifteen yards or a crippled qua

There lies the sad, bad truth of ter. If a team can utilize vari-
ids of delaying tactics (in-
relatively small penalties in
ress) to eat up some of that pre-
ne; if a player will deliberately
yardage in return for maiming
rting the designs of an oppo-
; in short, putting your adver-
of commission is more impor-
in outmaneuvering or duping
at has happened to the basic
f the contest?

years ago there was a young
use the noun reluctantly) who
or one of the West Coast col-
ms, and whose pride was that
a particular delight in hurting
g players, especially quarter-
He succeeded in severely in-
several of them during the
of two or three seasons. One of
s circulation magazines carried
about him—there were the
otos, the injured men. Of
et was a pity he wasn't barred
tercollegiate sports, and his
pride in him was con-
le, but he was an aberration.
d to think: some sick soul who
yed into the game.

What is one to think now, when
night sports summaries read
ar casualty list? "There is no
ort played anywhere in the
a which the occurrence of in-
more frequent than in Ameri-
football," the *Encyclopedia of*
Sciences & Medicine somberly
us—and the National Football
had poured out more than \$2
on the treatment of injuries
f-way through last season. Big
, indeed.

Physical-contact sport: it's rough
. But clearly these wounded
all the products of the stren-
s of the game: all those
d knees, broken cheekbones,
l jaws? It is widely accepted
to send a player in for the ex-
pose of maiming a particular
t. Said the rugged Deacon
one unsavory passage-at-arms:
ay was designed to wipe me
Crow knew how to block, he
ave put me out of the game,
be out of football forever. It
asy, cheap shot."

the penalties. Watching the
n of dropped flags, the pro-
d accusations, the punitive
g of the referee, you keep ask-
self: Is it equitable? Does the
ent fit the crime? What pun-

ishment *could*? Fifteen yards or a
crippled quarterback. During the exhi-
bition season last summer—the *exhibi-*
tion season, mind you—a defensive
lineman severely injured one of the
league's finest quarterbacks with what
to the referee clearly looked like crim-
inal intent—and was penalized the tra-
ditional fifteen yards for the deed.
Nearly everyone remembers the vin-
dictive hilarity of Oakland's cele-
brated front four a few years ago when
they "got" Namath—the dancing and
hugging, the congratulatory slaps. A
strange and fearful triumph.

Of course, one can always shrug
one's shoulders and say: if you can't
stand the heat, stay out of the kitchen.
But is it confined to the kitchen? Heat
has a curious way of spreading
through the whole house. Pigskin par-
tisans found it easy to laugh off Dave
Meggyesy's account of the corruption
of human instincts in professional
football—he was a crank anyway, a
long-hair hippie sorehead, wasn't he?
Not so easy to laugh off was the cele-
brated George Sauer's dignified in-
dictment of a sport that has lost its
sense of moral priorities, whose art-
istry has been buried under an ava-
lanche of unnecessary brutality, in-

discriminate drug-taking, and victory
at any price.

Is there artistry in football? Of
course there is—we are instructed on
how to revel in the duel of intellect be-
tween quarterback and middle line-
backer, the complexity of pass pat-
terns, the options contained in the
play-action pass, the incessant shifting
of the defensive line. But how much
artistry can survive all the attrition?
Like war, football leaves very little
room for individual excellence. In the
vicious hit-trip-and-gouge of the Pit
(that slim no-man's-land between the
opposing lines: the pros themselves
call it the Pit, and they ought to
know), the unlucky man, clubbed
from behind, smashed in the face,
kneaded in the groin at the bottom of the
pile, is KIA for that Sunday, maybe
for many more to come. Listen to this
voice from the trenches: "We really
do get like animals, trying to claw one
another apart in there. . . . We get so
bruised and battered and tired, we
wind up playing in a sort of coma. By
the end of the game, you're an ani-
mal." This is no introspective poet out
of Henri Barbusse or Erich Maria Re-
marque; this is Merlin Olsen of the
Los Angeles Rams.

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the four corners
for the finest
botanicals."



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THE GIANT IN THE TUBE

Pain. The pros talk about it a lot—its magnitude, its duration: how long, say, the offense blocker can endure the pain inflicted on him by an on-rushing defensive lineman, who of course can use his hands (and fists and knees and just about everything else if he's clever enough). Sixty minutes of pain given, pain received—echoed on field after field across the nation, every weekend. All autumn long, while sexy cheerleaders on the sidelines frantically wave their paper streamers and smile their tight, vacuous smiles, and trainers frantically tape and spray and shoot pain-killer into battered, exhausted bodies in order to send them right back into the fray. The thought is distinctly un-American. I know, but wouldn't two-hand touch football require as much skill, stamina, and invention, and spare us all the abattoir? Do we *need* to see blood drawn, bones broken, ligaments torn in order to let us feel we're dealing with a regular, he-man's game?

And so, confronted with this state of affairs, the player adapts to it. He develops the lean-and-mean fatalism of the combat infantryman—that harsh, inverted pride in enduring physical anguish, in handing it out. It is an outlaw's pride in his very savagery and stoicism, and shadowed by the bitter knowledge that in that world drunk with grief and terror and frustration terrible things are often done to other men in the name of necessity. But the combat infantryman is in a *war*...

WE LOVE IT THOUGH, we Americans. It's the real thing. That ferocity, that sheer delight in lawlessness. Minnesota's Purple Gang, Oakland's Fearsome Foursome, right there in the living room. After a while it gets so easy to feel comfortable with it. There he sits, the American male, round-shouldered and fifteen pounds overweight at least—he's in the worst shape of any man in the world today, pound for pound—the Sunday papers in chaotic piles around his feet, sipping at his beer, glaring into the boobtube through the leaden wintry light; this troubled soul who, unlike his European or Asian brothers, is afraid to embrace on meeting a good friend of the same sex and ashamed of weeping at the grave of a loved one—here he sits, raving and cursing and crowing like a maniac at all this organized savagery. This violence he can't dish out himself.

And he's not alone, either. Hitler frauleins who shriek fiercely in the Sportspalast or a man matriarchs at their circle and behold, Mrs. America there beside him, guzzling beer (and eating most of the canapés) oxydizing her own particular besessions.

What does she see in this emerging, buffeting patterns? Wavid, shiny-eyed fascination? The faceless, slick-helmeted warrior with their outsize padded shoulders and pants clinging so tightly to this buttock, are saying something to even the way the shoulder pads—that brutish, menacing forward, to the head: these convulsive bodies mesmerically crashing and rolling into one another, hugging together, crushing one another. . .

Impersonal, vicarious, violent it is, in color, three games on games, five games a Sunday, from o'clock till after seven, just for viewing: a surreptitious orgy of barbarous masculinity she's known in her *own* life—she's scared to death of it if she has void being filled? Has she sucked the vitality out of her own flabby husband, badgering and demeaning, lashing on to "achievements" he really and then of course despised his failure to reach or hold them now it's coming out all right at the end, just like any vintage Hollywood movie. Her contempt for him merged—temporarily, anyway—sexually soothed as well as exultant justified as well as harassed, caught in this well-drilled mob of fat brutes who gang-serve her father. Poor innocent old baseball never anything like this for her.

And the wit baseball provides there a ghostly connection here wry or hilarious asides that define game's character, mocked its pompous side. Lefty Gomez, at a moment in a game, suddenly wh and firing the ball for no reason at his own astonished shortstop drawling: "I been reading in the papers about how you're so quick-thinking and all, I thought I'd see you'd do with that one." Or the pressible Frenchy Bordagaray making the flight of a bird for a fly, and then coming up to his manager the end of the inning with the velous sally, "Hey now, did you old Frenchy give him the dec "Wit is the salt of self-knowledge.

Collectors' Item

wing number of Ameri-
es can collection bins have
tired with honor. No more
ng, boxing, hauling,
g. But no cop-out from
mental concern, either.

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tered into a responsible
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ey buy their beverages
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y and economically, for
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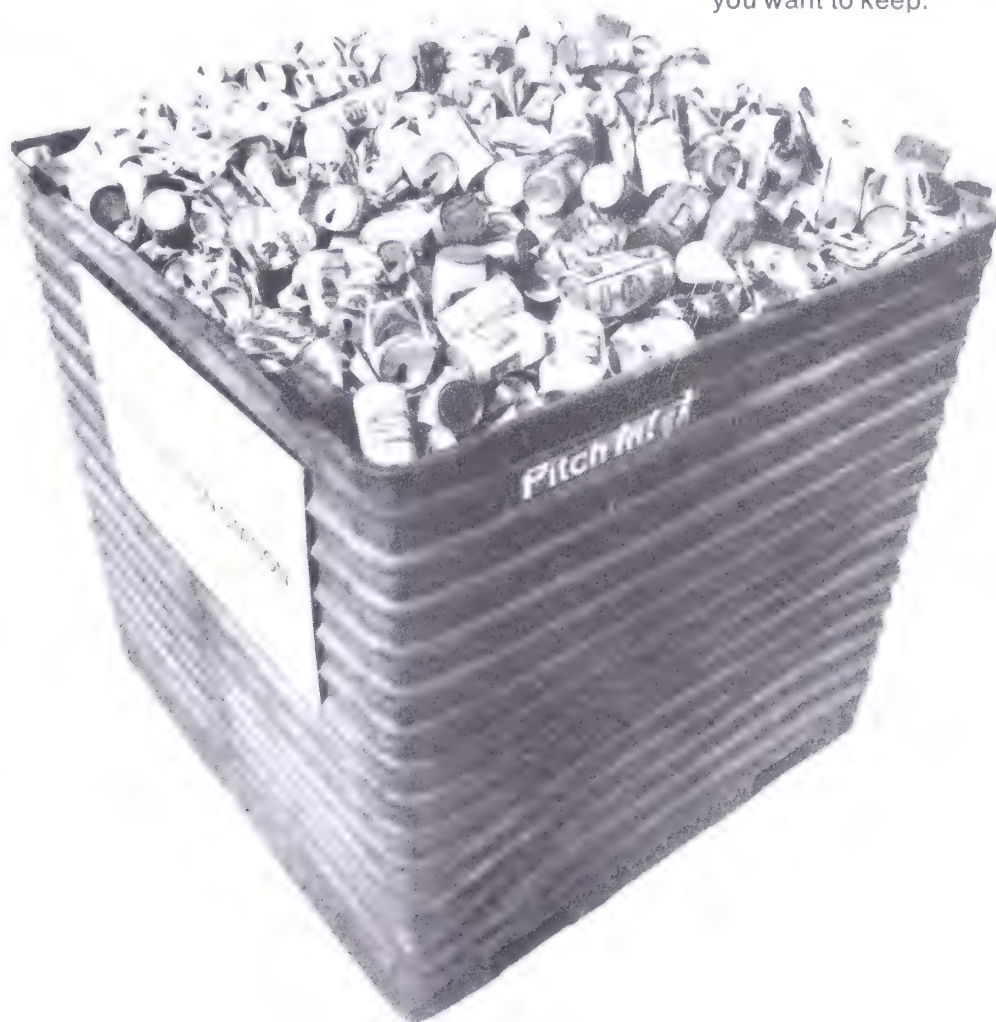
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process of magnetic separation a
practical reality that any city
can use.

And communities across the
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the can disposal problem, to turn
used steel cans into new prod-
ucts, to conserve other resources
like tin and copper, to save shrink-
ing landfill space and to bring

money into municipal coffers
from the sale of can scrap.

Seventeen cities already have
magnetic separation systems—
big cities like Chicago, Atlanta
and Houston; and smaller ones
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Ohio, and Melrose Park, Ill.
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two-and-a-half billion used steel
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can stop collecting cans, too ...
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THE GIANT IN THE TUBE

right; but how much of it can in the land of the hundred-yard.

Vicarious violence. Big-time ball is truly the creature of the it's almost as though they had signed for each other. Not long ago was fashionable to say that TV had a noble purpose in rousing the conscience; that it had for example "brought Vietnam into the room" and thus stirred the indifference of the American viewer. But if that were so—if seeing cl American boys setting fire to h with their Zippos or kicking c Vietcong had afforded so cate shock—why were we so profoundly shaken by the My Lai massacre? Obviously we did not believe w saw on the screen—not really, r cerally. It lay somewhere betw movie and a—well, a kind of f happening. There is participatio participation of a very special k in real life, faced with a mom stress, one must act—or bear th sequences of one's defection. O vision one can fear, rage, marve withdraw. The psychiatrist F Wertham, who has studied viol intimately and perceptively as in this violent age, argues that has injured us to the Idiot's D. "What we are given is a hawk view of life and death . . . We cl be concerned. But we view [battle] scenes self-indulgent for their entertainment value and them up subconsciously not a yearning for peace but to a total in the morality of force." Why sounds just like our number sport.

But of course football is *not* any more than Vietnamization meant peace in Vietnam. Football symbol, a mass entertainment, a industry, a way of life—a kind side-down morality play in might is right and viciousness own reward, where the talented vulnerable are maimed and the survive and are increased. F nosed, plenty *machismo*. It's the of life we love—at least it's the we've *come* to love, apparently have become armchair killers, s tary voyeurs getting our kicks watching arson and murder in S east Asia and police brutality in cities. How strange that no va social analyst has drawn a paralle tween those helmeted, begoggled cago cops belaboring and kicking kids outside the Palmer House

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There was psychology for the ranging from cute news items to a psychology of sex and marriage—self-help books on how to console and others.

While extraordinary, world-changing discoveries were being made in our behavior labs, analysts' odd encounter-group workshops, theories that could quite possibly end war, preventing crime, curing illiteracy and prejudice, saving lives—as well as help you stop losing weight, and win at chess, as hard for you to find out.

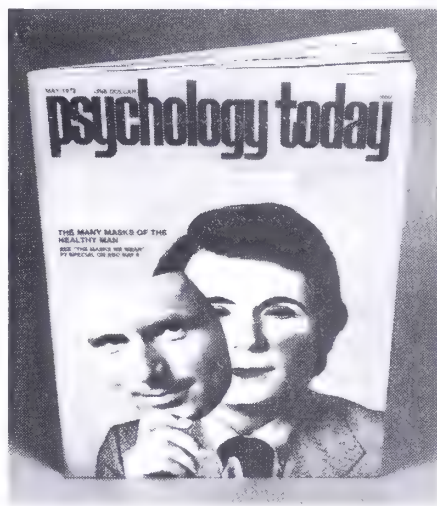
Psychology Today was introduced to fill the gap between the laboratory and the living room, the professional and the educated layman.

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A few examples:

Psychology Today have prevented "How could we have been so stupid? President Kennedy asked after the Bay of Pigs. But stupidity was not a decision. The men who had participated in the decision were brilliant.



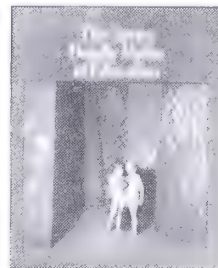
Irving L. Janis spent two years looking for the answer. He studied not only the Bay of Pigs but also Pearl Harbor, Vietnam, and other policy disasters. In each case he found that the decision-makers appeared to be the victims of certain clear laws of Groupthink that result in the distortion of sound collective judgment. And he made 9 recommendations for doing better, whether in the White House or your local P.T.A.

All the world loathes a loser. Why do we tend to hate martyrs? In a controlled experiment designed to find out, observers watched a 10-minute video tape of a person reacting with apparent pain and suffering to supposed electric shocks for incorrect responses. The observers were then asked to rate the attractiveness of the victim in terms of cooperativeness, maturity, kindness, etc. One startling finding: when the observers were powerless to alter the victim's fate and believed that they would have to watch the victim suffer again, they saw the victim as an undesirable, unattractive person.

Persuasion that persists. In just 40 minutes, using no coercion, a psychologist can alter your basic values and change your behavior. Students at one university showed changed behavior as long as 17 months after the experiment, says a social psychologist as he ponders the ethical implications of his work.

Do you have what it takes to be a successful investor? 64 students were asked to manage imaginary stock portfolios. Later, psychological tests showed that the successful investors—those who did substantially better than the Dow Jones Industrial Average—had definite personality patterns. Then 60 stockbrokers were studied, and all 9 of the traits that identified successful student investors were found to be reliable predictors of actual career success.

Spare the Rod, Use Behavior Mod. Instead of spending years searching for the cause of troublesome behavior by a child, argue the behavior modification theorists, why not just change the behavior? Douglas was an 18-year-old who hadn't been able to sleep for two years. He consulted his mother about his worries 25 or 30 times a night. He had tried tranquilizers, a psychiatrist, a psychologist. After two weeks of behavior modification therapy, his bedtime visits ceased.



And How They Mangle the Young

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THE CROWD
MAYBE NOT
SO MADDING
AFTER ALL



Brother Timothy's
Napa Valley Notebook
4th of a series



A little background on the Estate Bottled Wines of The Christian Brothers

Under the regulations that guide the labeling of wines, an "Estate Bottled" Wine is one made from grapes surrounding the home winery.

To The Christian Brothers, home is Mont La Salle, our Monastery and Winery high in the hills overlooking the verdant Napa Valley. We came here many years ago to make and age all of our premium table wines. Though it is a lovely setting for our cellars, it was really chosen for the splendid variety of wine growing soils, and climate. The fine European varietal grapes of the *Vitis vinifera* species that we use in our wines each have very demanding requirements.

For instance, our Pinot Saint George grapes are planted in soil that is volcanic ash and gravel, underlaid with shale. While the vine struggles for survival in such a soil, it produces a crop that is small, but superb in quality. Our Pinot Saint George is a full flavored, rich and smooth red, with a bit of earthiness in its taste.

The Pineau de la Loire is another varietal that flourishes here, but in a gravelly loam which helps give this white wine grape its exceptional character.

The quantity of wine we make from these two grapes is limited. But part of the joy of wine for the cellarmaster is being able to offer something rare and unusual.

Brother Timothy F.S.C.

Brother Timothy, F.S.C., Cellarmaster
The Christian Brothers Winery
Napa Valley, California

Worldwide Distributors: Fromm and Sichel, Inc.
San Francisco, California

THE GIANT IN THE TUBE

their uniformed, helmeted, masked counterparts hammering and grinding one another to jelly every Sunday afternoon.

It wasn't always this way. For all the chauvinistic ring of our grade-school history classes (and there *was* lots of that), we were nonetheless taught to admire Jefferson's bloodless acquisition of Louisiana, the sensible arbitration of the Maine-New Brunswick frontier between Webster and Ashburton; we recognized the murderous futility of the Battle of New Orleans—fought after the peace had already been concluded—and the assassination of Lincoln that robbed the vanquished South of a more humane policy of reconstruction than his successors provided. Not any longer. As Vince Lombardi, that well-nigh canonized prince of the hard-nosed pro football coaches, loved to say: "Winning isn't everything. It's the only thing." The only thing. Not striving to one's utmost, not abiding by the rules of the game, not displaying magnanimity in victory and grace in defeat—but *winning*, pure and simple...

And what a price we've paid for that philosophy. We, who have always instructed the rest of the world in sportsmanship and fair play, have become the worst soreheads in the world. After twenty-five years we are overwhelmingly defeated in a vote at the United Nations, and in a fit of pique our leaders talk of shutting off all foreign aid, and a Senatorial clique even threatens to close down the international organization lock, stock, and barrel. General Giap defeats our protégés in Saigon and so we devote ourselves to the systematic obliteration of an entire people with laser bombs.

AND WHO PERSONIFIES this melancholy metamorphosis better than Richard Milhous Nixon? Is it an accident that this most sedentary of all our chief executives, this supreme spectator whom we all saw release a bowling ball like some arthritic old man of ninety, who according to the Associated Press actually keeps a real-life football in his *desk*, whom one cannot even remotely *imagine* in T-shirt and sneakers fungoing fly balls to a bunch of kids—should it come as any surprise that he chose to watch a football game on television that gray, raw November afternoon when the Capitol shook with the pleas of half a million war-revolted young men and women? And

who, when he finally did "communicate" with a few chose to talk of the gridiron of their colleges rather than vicious inequities in America's interminable agony of Vietnam?

The choice before us, Nixon told us in those unctuous, feline lies, is between continuing as the one nation or sinking into the other, a "pitiful, helpless giant." That's his metaphor, of course, and I feel—we know exactly what he means. What image does it call up more readily than some linebacker in the end zone he loves (loves to *watch*, that is) so rabid a passion? Some malevolent goliath who is *committed* (because of some stupid, unnecessary penalty, no doubt) to maul and cripple his opponent? Now it all becomes simply astonishingly clear: Nixon *had* to go after Spiro Agnew for his running mate. He had no more choice in the matter than breathing. Agnew came as close to middle linebacker (in both play and temperament) as anyone has ever dug out of the political barrel. Wayne lacked political experience (though not ideology); Rockefeller was big, but not big enough, and a little much of an intellectual; Gerald R. Ford (who had been the real thing) didn't have the requisite *killer instinct* but Agnew.

Number one or the pitiful, helpless giant. Victor or vanquished, hero or bum, all or nothing. When our President is as mesmerized by the same fantasy life of the tube as the most callous and indifferent hard-core capitalist, what confidence can anyone place in his judgment of that world that we poor devils have to *live* in, where real things are done to real people, where consequences, like a river, flow on and on, beyond the crack of the sixty-minute gun? Dread steals over our souls when we hear him mouthing those sophomoric words that have made so many of us unhappy...

So goodbye, baseball. They tell you're no longer number one clearly, they imply, you don't *deserve* to be; indeed, your days as a major American sport may be running out. Maybe you're too artful, too intellectual—maybe you're just too *soft* to survive. When the gentleness is sucked out of a people, the love of success and grace vanishes too—and we all of us become casualties.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE/NOVEMBER

JUDGMENT FROM THE BENCH

Those who sit in judgment of a piano come from many branches of musical achievement. But they all look for the same signs of truth to emerge.

Responsiveness, for instance, is always called upon—especially when a new concerto is being tried.

Clarity must come forth—as in the case of enunciating vs blurring the inner voices of

Bach's fugues. Reliability, above all, will figure hard in the outcome of every rock concert.

To all these points, Yamaha pianos plead guilty as charged.

Judge one at your nearest Yamaha dealer. But whatever you do—don't sentence yourself to life without a piano. In fact, we'd rather you buy another piano than no piano at all.



YAMAHA

Yamaha International Corp., Box 2000, Buena Park, Calif. 92620



This Christmas, make a Perseverance Pie.
It takes a wee dram of Grant's 8 Scotch.
And Auntie Fiona's recipe. (Send for it.)

On Christmas day, 1887, after much perseverance, the first drops of Grant's Scotch ran from Major William Grant's new distillery.

It called for a celebration. And that was Auntie Fiona's job.

While all the other Grants were hard at work in the distillery, she had been working on her own masterpiece. A special Christmas pie, unlike anyone in the Highlands had ever tasted. It was a blend of fruits and spices, a surprise of beef, and a wee dram of Scotch, for good measure.

Christmas hasn't changed, much in our family. Four generations later, we watch over the

family Scotch—drop by drop—for eight full years. Our distillery is still Grant owned and Grant operated with the kind of dedication Auntie Fiona would be pleased with. And we still celebrate every year with her Christmas pie.

Get to know our family a little better this Christmas. Serve the treat we've named Perseverance Pie, because of everything it stands for. Just write us, William Grant & Sons, Inc., 630 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10020, and we'll send you the recipe.



Grant's 8 Scotch: share our family secret.



COUNTERSIGNS

residential campaign exhausts the last days of October, and it is apparent that both Nixon and Senator McGovern hope to make the same political sale. They have the roadside entrepreneurs, seedy miles ahead of the sheriff, country merchandise tricked in fancy slogans they might find in the window of an Omaha department store. They presume to give directions and radical theories (McGovern's wide ties to the led theories of social reform: the Fourth of July design for the entente), and yet each of them plays the familiar remnants of the mythological American past, trying to restore the lost faith and morality, they advertise a elixir that can transform ordinary reality into a Hollywood route to the year 1935. Still, they follow the present or nostalgia and echo the disillusionment with the metallic dreams of the 1960s. *Y*oung fashion magazines of the chic of forty years ago, on the roadway a musical comedy the reincarnation of Elvis in California the counter-revolution wears the acid-conscious rummages around for truth in the mic of primitive religion. The music softens into sentimentality and the radical poster heroes, like Che Guevara, Ellsberg, Dylan, deteriorate into subjects for the wallpaper.

The 1960s in retrospect appear to have been a low, dishonest decade. So many liberal theories collapsed under the weight of inconvenient circumstance, and too many people got killed. But too many people also got rich, and so the retaliatory instinct toward conservatism acquires an exaggerated expression. The disappointed flower children no longer believe in gardens, and the Wall Street speculators demand legitimate recognition of their spoils.

The shift in attitude reveals itself in the kind of trouble that dominates the newspaper headlines. Instead of riot and assassination, we have news of graft and political fraud. The scandals have a comforting effect, as if the buying of public officials conforms to the nostalgic mood and reflects a return to the old-fashioned simplicities. People who pour blood on draft cards remain weird and incomprehensible, their motives clouded by anarchist abstraction. How much more American the greed of ITT; how much more reassuring the equivocations within the hierarchy of the Pentagon or the motives of somebody in the Department of Agriculture who possibly tips off his friends to a profit in wheat shipments. We can feel safe with a man who steals \$300,000 of the public money, but we distrust a man with a spacious vision of humanity. Conceivably he might have something, but then again he might not, and we prefer not to take any chances.

The conservative bias likewise

demand that the government do what it must to preserve law, order, decency, property, and all those other good things that we imagine we so securely possessed before the advent of electronically amplified idealism. If the Government can accomplish that reasonable task, then what does it matter if the Attorney General must resort to a few minor precautions? Why not search people without a warrant? Why not listen to telephone conversations? What decent citizen could have anything to hide?

Having learned to expect less of politicians, we become tolerant of their imperfections. Apparently we can forgive them anything (McGovern's oppressive evangelism, Nixon's discomfort with civil liberties), if only they will lead us backward. Come home, America; come home to the outworn mythology and the old lies.

Both Nixon and McGovern recommend an orderly retreat. If sometimes they use the rhetoric of the discredited Sixties, they do so in a way that admits to a deception. It is as if they are saying: "We must say these outlandish things because that is the political fashion, but you and I both know that we won't try anything foolish." They transpose the hope of utopia into a dream of the lost golden age, and instead of further discovery they promise a safe return. No matter which one of them makes the sale, the elixir is certain to have a stale and bitter taste. □

Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.

IN A MANNER THAT MUST SHAME GOD HIMSELF

The GOP Council at Miami Beach began with a sermon on the Divine Right of Presidents and ended with a cool certainty—the meek shall not inherit the earth.

IF I WERE A VISITOR from another planet, I would say things like this about the people of the United States in 1972:

"These are ferocious creatures who imagine that they are gentle. They have experimented in very recent times with slavery and genocide." I would call the robbing and killing of American Indians *genocide*.

I would say, "The two real political parties in America are the *Winners* and the *Losers*. The people do not acknowledge this. They claim membership in two imaginary parties, the *Republicans* and the *Democrats*, instead.

"Both imaginary parties are bossed by *Winners*. When Republicans battle Democrats, this much is certain: *Winners* will win.

"The *Democrats* have been the larger party in the past—because their leaders have not been as openly contemptuous of *Losers* as the *Republicans* have been.

"*Losers* can join imaginary parties. *Losers* can vote."

LOSERS HAVE THOUSANDS of religions, often of the *bleeding heart* variety," I would go on. "The single religion of the *Winners* is a harsh interpretation of *Darwinism*, which argues that it is the will of the universe that only the fittest should survive.

"The most pitiless *Darwinists* are attracted to the Republican party, which regularly purges itself of suspected *bleeding hearts*. It is in the process now of isolating and ejecting Representative Paul N. McCloskey, for instance, who has openly raged and even wept about the killing and maiming of Vietnamese.

"The Vietnamese are impoverished farmers, far, far away. The *Winners* in America have had them bombed and shot day in and day out, for years on end. This is not madness or foolishness, as some people have suggested. It is a way for the

Winners to learn how to be pitiless. They understand that the material resources of the planet are almost exhausted, and that pity will soon be a form of suicide.

"The *Winners* are rehearsing for *Thin Red Line*."

THERE IS A WITTY WINNER, a millionaire named William F. Buckley, Jr.," I would go on, "who appears regularly in newspapers and on television. He bickers amusingly with people who think that *Winners* should help the *Losers* more than they do.

"He has a nearly permanent and always ironizing rictus when debating."

As a visitor from another planet, I would have nothing to lose socially in supposing that Buckley himself did not know the secret message of his smile. I would then guess at the message. "Yes, oh yes, my dear man—I understand what you have said so clumsily. But you must know in your heart what every *Winner* knows: that one must behave heartlessly toward *Losers*, if one hopes to survive."

That may not really be the message of the Buckley smile. But I guarantee you that it is the monolithic belief that underlay the Republican National Convention in Miami Beach, Florida, in 1972.

All the rest was hokum.

LISTEN: I went to a private luncheon for *Winners* in Miami Beach, while the convention was going around several miles away. Nelson Rockefeller was there. John Kenneth Galbraith was there. William F. Buckley, Jr., was there. Arthur O. Sulzberger was there. Jacob Javits was there. Claire Booth Luce was there. Art Buchwald was there. Barbara Walters was there. Every



Photograph by [illegible]

re. Whether one was a Republican or a Democrat was a hilarious accident, which no one required to explain.

Dr. Galbraith what he was doing at a National Convention. He replied that he had received an *indecent* amount of money to appear with Buckley in the morning on NBC.

Ra Walters invited me to appear on the show. I told her that I had nothing to say. The convention had left me speechless. It was so guarded, spiritually and physically, that I had been able to see or hear anything that was already available in an official press release. It's Disneyland under martial law," I

don't have to say much," she said. I have to say *something*," I said. I say, 'hello,'" she said.

Muchwald said he came to the convention to see his pals, mostly other news people. Our table about a column he had just written. The comical premise was that the Republican party had attracted so many campaign contributions that it found itself with two billion dollars it couldn't spend. It decided to buy something for the American people. Here was the anniversary week's bombing of Vietnam.

I told Claire Booth Luce what she thought of the young people's efforts to stimulate pity for the people of Vietnam. They had been dressing as Japanese there in Miami Beach, and carrying signs that were painted to look as though they had been disemboweled and burned alive.

Luce wished the young people would take a mobile and fill it with something resembling blood. She said she had lost two members of her family in automobile accidents. Automobiles are really the most terrible killers of our times, she said. Young people should protest about

the Nixon versus McGovern thing: I was sure that Nixon would win. McGovern gathered, though nobody said so out loud, was the butt of a rather elegant practical joke. He was a Winner who had been encouraged to identify himself with Losers, and himself up to his neck in the horseshit of the election, so to speak.

They hate to vote for Losers. They know the Losers are. Nixon would win.

IT REMAINED to be discovered at the convention was, among other things, how many Republicans as individuals felt for the Japanese, and for Americans who were abused and badly nourished and so on. The scientific conclusion is that there was a very low level of pity when the delegates were

ordinary social creatures, more or less in isolation and at rest, when majestic policies were not being promulgated in thundering meetings, when the delegates were not threatened by hostile crowds.

But there was a Pavlovian thing going on, and it has been going on for many years now: the wishes of the hostile crowds were invariably humanitarian, and the crowds weren't even hostile most of the time. But wherever they went, armies of policemen went too—to protect nice people from them.

So a Pavlovian connection has been made in the minds of people who are really awfully nice: when more than two people show up with a humanitarian idea, the police should be called.

IF THE POLICE DON'T ACT immediately, and if the humanitarians behave in a manner that is dignified or beautiful or heartbreaking, there is still something nice people can do.

They can ignore the humanitarians.

This is what the nice people did when one of the most honorable military reviews in American history took place on the afternoon of August 22, 1972, in front of the Hotel Fontainebleau. This date will not go down in history, because nice people do not want it there.

Several hundred American gunfighters, killers from the war in Vietnam, formed themselves into platoons, with the proper intervals between the platoons. Many wore the raffish, spooky rags of modern jungle warfare. They marched silently, in the slope-shouldered route step of tired, hungry veterans—which they were. Their hair was often long, which gave them the cavalier beauty of Indian killers from another time.

Some were in wheelchairs. Many had wounds. John Wayne, the gunfighter's gunfighter, was in Miami Beach somewhere. But he was nowhere to be seen when these real gunfighters came to town. Here was Billy the Kid, multiplied by a thousand—not even whispering, and formed into platoons before the Fontainebleau.

They sat down silently, which was a crime. They were blocking a public thoroughfare. Some sighed. Some scratched themselves.

Their message was this: "Let the killing stop." They went home again.

How many nice people came out of the hotel or came to hotel windows to watch them? None—almost none. It was a police affair.

AS FOR THE NONSENSICAL BUSINESS to be performed by run-of-the-mill delegates: it was mostly listening to speeches composed of glittering half-truths, of listening to eminent theologians pray, of getting autographs, of recoiling from hostile crowds. Saul Steinberg, the most intelligent artist of our time, should have covered



Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.
IN A MANNER
THAT MUST
SHAME
GOD HIMSELF

it for *The New Yorker*, along with Renata Adler and Richard Rovere.

It was all clouds and curlicues.

As for the prayers: I heard a lot of famous Republicans and eminent theologians pray at a Worship Service on the Sunday before the convention began. That is another date I would like to see go into American history books: August 20, 1972. In a moment, I will explain why it belongs there.

I listened closely to all the preaching and praying. I wanted to learn, if I could, what the Republican God was shaped like. I came away with this impression: He was about the size of Mount Washington, and very slow to anger.



There were a lot of little sermons, but the main one was delivered, at the request of Richard M. Nixon himself, by Dr. D. Elton Trueblood, a Quaker philosopher, Professor at Large of Earlham College in Richmond, Indiana. Earlham, like Whittier College where Mr. Nixon went to school, is a Quaker school.

Dr. Trueblood's sermon surprised me at one point, because I thought I heard him say that the sovereignty exercised by American politicians came directly from God. Some other reporters there got the same impression. He was speaking extemporaneously, so no copies of the sermon were made available for a detailed check.

But I interviewed him afterwards, and recorded our conversation, which went like this:

"After your sermon this morning," I said, "I heard someone say that you had traced sovereignty from the President directly to God. We are usually taught that the sovereignty of the

President resides in the people. I was wondering since you are a theologian—"

"I said nothing about the President," said Trueblood. "I said the sovereignty is God's ours, that all we do is under Judgment. The way to have a non-idolatrous patriotism."

"So the circuitry would go like this," I said, "if we were to lay it out like a wiring diagram: the President draws his sovereignty from the people, and the people draw it from God. Is that it?"

"No," he said. "I would put it another way: that God alone is sovereign. I accept Luther's doctrine of the two kingdoms of the Church and State, both under God. So that everything we do as a state is under Judgment, therefore delicate."

"So the President is simultaneously responsible to the people and to God?"

"But even more to God than to the people, of course," Dr. Trueblood replied.

I set this down so meticulously and with such elisions because I think it proves my claim. On August 20, 1972, the Republican National Convention was opened with a sermon on the *Divine Right of Presidents*.

Of water commissioners too.

I TOLD DR. TRUEBLOOD that I thought Quakers were pacifists and that I was startled by the energy with which Richard M. Nixon, who had a Quaker background, could prosecute a war.

He said I had a simplistic notion about Quakerism was, that a lot of Americans. "Why," he said, "when I go around on speaking engagements, they all expect me to look like a man on the box of Quaker Oats."

"So, at this stage of American history, Quakers are an awful lot like everybody else?" I suggested.

Dr. Trueblood agreed heartily. "And we're just as mixed up as everybody else," he assured me. "And anybody that believes in a single pattern of Quaker, he is just plain stupid."

I said to him that many peace-loving people must know that he had the ear of the President and that they must have told him, "My God, Dr. Trueblood, tell him to stop the war."

"Yes," he said, "and often in a most naive mood, very judgmental sometimes. And I say to them, 'Look here, he is trying to stop it. Don't hinder him in your self-righteousness.' I don't take any lip off them, you understand."

And this Quaker philosopher had even heard news than that for the bleeding hearts. He was about to send to the President a little-known quotation from Abraham Lincoln, with which Mr. Nixon in his wartime anguish identifies.

This was it:

We are indeed going through a great trial, a fiery trial. In the very responsible position



Kurt Vonnegut, Jr. is the author of *Cat's Cradle* and *Slaughterhouse-Five*.

which I happen to be placed, being an able instrument in the hands of our heavenly Father, as I am and as we all are, I work out His great purposes I have decided that all my works and acts may be according to His Will. And, that it might be that He have sought His aid.

But if, after endeavoring to do my best in the life which He affords me, I find my efforts fail, I must believe that, for some purpose unknown to me, He wills it otherwise.

I had my way, this war would never have been commenced. If I had been allowed my way, this war would have ended long ere this. But we find that it still continues, and we must believe that He permits it for some wise purpose of His Own, mysterious and unknown to us; and though, with our limited understanding, we are not able to comprehend it, yet we cannot but believe in Him Who made the world still governs it.

It is to think of this document's falling into the President's hands. I am persuaded that Mr. Nixon, in his splendid humorlessness, does not understand that he is implementing the harsh, long-term survival plans of the Winners as opposed to the Losers, of the fat people versus the thin. It seems entirely possible to me, now that I have learned for sure that his spiritual advisers are appallingly commonplace, that he honestly believes that he is serving God, no matter what he does.

IF I WERE A VISITOR from another planet, by any way, here is how I would explain Mr. Nixon's actual malice toward Losers: I would say that it was because his family was poor during the Great Depression and it was a humiliation to be lumped with other poor people. It is although the Nixons had all been locked up and pound by mistake. The President now demonstrates that he can't do anything about the poor people with whom he is unjustly associated so long ago.

REPUBLICANS WERE AS HIGH as kites at the convention, of course, since victory was theirs. The enemy candidate was buried up to his neck in Populism, whereas their own candidate was buried up to his neck in God. Nothing was to be done, so autographing parties were the President's wife and daughters were large on the official schedules for every

one of the pleasant, pretty women were modest. They seemed to say with body language, "You should be getting the autographs of the really famous movie stars around." I saw some of the really famous movie stars at the convention? Well, Ethel Merman was one.

SO I STEPPED OUT OF an elevator at the Fontainebleau on the third day of the convention. I myself was now giving out autographs. I had actually given one to a rioter while a riot was going on. I was also building a respectable collection of prayers and sermons. I had just picked up a mimeographed copy of what George G. Seibels, Jr., the mayor of Birmingham, Alabama, had said on the same program with Dr. Trueblood on Sunday.

Mayor Seibels himself had just handed it to me, and it was all written in capital letters. "I AM DEEPLY GRATEFUL THAT YOU ACCORD ME THIS SIGNAL HONOR IN BRINGING YOU A MESSAGE 'ONE NATION UNDER GOD,' " it began, "A SUBJECT VERY DEAR TO ME AND MILLIONS OF OTHER AMERICANS OF ALL CREEDS, COLORS, AND RACES. SO APPROPRIATE IT IS THAT ON THIS SABBATH DAY WE COMMENCE OUR CONVENTION ACTIVITIES WITH THIS WORSHIP SERVICE."

I now accosted one of the hundreds of nubile girls who had flown to Miami at their own expense. They were living proof that young people were crazy about Mr. Nixon. I had heard them cry out their admiration for Ethel Merman at a party for celebrities and youth on the afternoon before.

"I am from *Harper's Magazine*," I said, "and I would like to ask you if you think an atheist could possibly be a good President of the United States."

"I don't see how," she said.

"Why not?" I said.

"Well—" she said, "this whole country is founded on God."

"Could a Jew be a good President?" I asked.

"I don't know enough about that to say," she replied.

This was a white child. I tore my eyes away from her reluctantly, and what did I see? I saw ten American Indians sitting all by themselves on overstuffed furniture in the lobby. Nine were big male Indians.

One was an Indian boy.

Those Indians seemed to have turned to redwood. They did not talk. They did not swivel their heads around to see who was who.

They had a coffee table all to themselves. On it were mimeographed copies of a message they had come great distances to deliver. They were from many tribes.

As I would later discover, the message was addressed as follows: "Att'n: Richard M. Nixon, President U.S.A."

The message said this in part: "We come today in such a manner that must shame God himself. For a country which allows a complete body of people to exist in conditions which are at variance with the ideals of this country, conditions which daily commit injustices and inhumanity, must surely be filled with hate, greed, and unconcern."



Kurt Vonnegut, Jr. it for *The New Yorker*, along with Renata Ad'

IN A MANNER
THAT MUST
SHAME
GOD HIMSELF

La Grande

Française



After coffee enjoy
Benedictine

The spectacular way to end a dinner and begin an evening



NOT GO DIRECTLY to the Indians. I chatted with a reporter friend. He told me that Dr. Daniel Ellsberg, who had made *Papers* public, had said about Dr. Kissinger, the President's strikingly adviser on foreign affairs. This was it: "has the best deal Faust ever made with opheles."

I thought that was a ravishing remark. Ellsberg was at the convention, incidentally. Nobody noticed him, even though he stood for long. Good Republicans considered treachery and vile. This was because he looked so like just another security man.

I told my friend that I had watched Dr. Kissinger on television, while he made gifts of Dutch miles and autographs to a pair of little white organdy. I was glad that Ellsberg brought up the subject of Mephistopheles, because the scene had seemed definitely evil to me. "Girls represent life at its most playful," I said. "And anybody in Dr. Kissinger's job had a lot to do with random, point-blank in Vietnam these days—even deaths of girls in white on our side. So evil came to the job. Under the circumstances, I found that a man in such a job would give out Uncle smiles and autographs."

I GLIMPSED ABBIE HOFFMAN, the clowning revolutionary. He had been stopped for perhaps a dozen times that day by security men, looked just like Dr. Ellsberg. He was a clown by now. His press credentials were gone. He was gathering material for a book. "Who you representing?" he was asked. "I'm *Dead and Stream*," he said.

It was the feeling he wasn't going to be clowning much more. A lot of naturally funny people went to help Losers aren't going to clown. They have caught on that clowning can throw off the timing or slow down cruel machinery. In fact, it usually serves as a lubricant.

So often somebody tells me that it is a sad fact of history that clowns have often been the most effective revolutionaries. That isn't true. Cruel social machines in the past have often used clowns for lubrication so much that they often manufactured them. Consider the Spanish Inquisition.

When the Inquisition was about to burn someone alive in a public square, it shaved that person's head to foot. It tortured the person to death with babbling idiocy, fitted him out with a black hat and a lurid paper cloak. His or her face was painted or masked.

Allo! A clown!

The idea, of course, was to make the victim feel rather than pitiful. Pity is like rust to a social machine.

I DO NOT SAY THAT America's Winners are about to burn America's Losers in public squares—although, if they did, it would be nothing new. I say that the Winners are avid to neglect the Losers, which is cruelty too.

And neglecting becomes easier, if only the victims or people who seem to represent them will look like clowns. If clownish-looking people hadn't come to Miami Beach to raise hell with the convention, there still would have been plenty of clowns in the cartoons and prose in campaign literature floating around—jack-booted lesbians, mincing male homosexuals, drug-crazed hippies, prostitutes on their way to the unemployment office in Cadillacs, big fat black mamas with thirteen children and no papa around.

News item from *First Monday*, an official party publication: "Yippie leader Jerry Rubin, a backer of Sen. George McGovern, 'no longer' believes that people should kill their parents to demonstrate their dedication to change."

And so on.

And those Indians in the lobby of the Fontainebleau were moving so little, were saying too little because their people were dying of neglect, and they knew damn well that even if they sneezed, this would allow some people to dismiss them as clowning redskins.

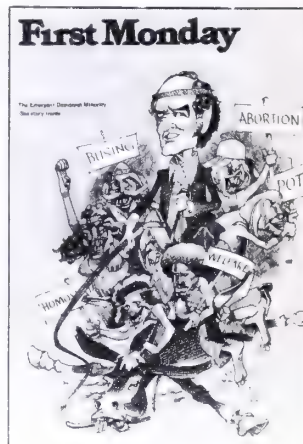
So now they were in danger of becoming comical because of their petrified dignity.

THESE INDIANS HAD BEEN harrowingly defeated by white men in greedy, unjust wars. They had been offered death or unconditional surrender—death, or life under hideous conditions. Those who had chosen life, which some people think is a holy thing, asked for mercy now. Their average life expectancy was only forty-six years. Their babies died with sickening regularity. Their water rights had been stolen. Some of their best men were woozy with tuberculosis and narcotics and booze. Their government-run schools were indifferent to Indian ideas of holiness, and so were the white man's laws of the land. One of the things the Indians had come to beg from President Nixon, who never begged anything from anybody, was that their religions be recognized as respectable religions under law.

As the law now stands, they told me, their religions are negligible superstitions deserving no respect.

I'll say this: their religions couldn't possibly be more chaotic than the Christianity reinvented every day by Dr. D. Elton Trueblood, Professor at Large.

THE INDIAN I TALKED TO MOST was Ron Petite, a Chippewa. He said that he and the others had come from all over the country to



Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.
IN A MANNER
THAT MUST
SHAME
GOD HIMSELF

Flamingo Park in Miami Beach, where Losers and friends of Losers had caused a tent city to be built. They moved right out again, disgusted and frightened by clowns.

They went to the Hollywood Indian Reservation, a few miles north of Miami, where Indian notions of sacredness and dignity were respected. They would not be represented there by some hairy white youth who was willing to set a flag on fire and piss on it as a surrogate for oppressed people everywhere.

RON PETITE TOLD a very funny Indian story without cracking a smile. He and the others came into the Fontainebleau with their message to Mr. Nixon, and nobody of any importance would take it from them. They were ignored.

But then they saw people forming into lines. The President's daughters were going to give out autographs. So the Indians got into line too, and patiently waited their turn. Indians are legendary for patience.

When they arrived at last before Patricia or Julie—they weren't sure which—they gave her a message for Dad.



AND HER DAD WOULD SAY in his acceptance speech that night, among other things, "We covet no one else's territory. We seek no domination over any other people. We seek peace not

only for ourselves but for all the peoples world." This was what he had said on F television in May.

As a visitor from another planet, I would say that this was only kind of true. I think all the Winners at that private party for W I went to, and how they like to live, and the good care they take of their financial affairs. They want to go anywhere on the planet and live however they please, buy whatever they please.

What could be more human than that?

They want to be planetary aristocrats. They've come everywhere. Again: what could be more human than that?

What seems to charm them as much as anything about the rapprochement with China is that they may soon be able to travel there. That charms *me* too.

If we really liked some part of China, we would want to put up a little house there, or a motel, or a Colonel Sanders Kentucky Fried Chicken franchise.

We don't covet anybody's territory. We just like to buy or rent some of it, if we can. Then everybody can get rich.

If I were a visitor from another planet, returning home about Earth, I wouldn't call Americans *Americans*. I would give them a name that would tell a lot about them immediately: I would call them *Realtors*.

I WOULD CALL the Republicans *Super-Realtors*. I would call the Democrats *Inferior Realtors*.

And one thing that fascinated me about the Super-Realtors' Worship Service on Sunday was that Colonel Frank Borman was on the bill. He looked as tired of space opera as Abbie Hoffman was of clowning. He did his bit, which was to read about the Creation from Genesis, and that was that.

At no point in the Super-Realtors' Convention was there any Kennedy-style boosterism about the glorious opportunities for Americans in outer space.

Since there were plenty of Republicans at the convention who were dumb enough to believe that McGovern was really an enthusiast for amnesty, and abortion, I am free to think that they were dumb enough at one point to hope that nice properties might be had for a song on the Moon.

They had sent some good Republicans there to have a look around, to cancel some stamps, to pray and hit a few golf balls, and then they knew better now. Not even Losers, with all their lazy resourcefulness, could survive on the Moon.

So it was time to think hardheaded thoughts about efficient use of the surface of the Earth again.

And why not make friends again with our old friends, the Chinese?

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You can also enjoy the things that make Amsterdam exciting to so many tourists. But without the long wait of summer tourists. Dutch beer or the surprising "genever" at

surprisingly low prices. The fascinating Dutch houses, many of them living museums. And a lot more.

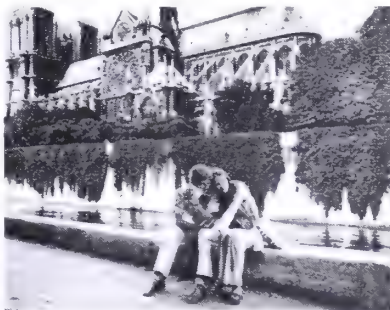
What kind of hotel will you stay at?

A good, scrupulously clean hotel—with private bath or shower. Your room will include a Dutch breakfast (several kinds of bread, Dutch cheese, jam, and superb coffee).

In Paris or London, depending on which city you pick, the hotel will be of the same quality as in Amsterdam. And you'll get breakfast there, too.

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After Amsterdam, we'll fly you to Paris for four days and four nights. There'll be a welcoming party here too—with wine and cake.



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If you pick London as the second city.

When we fly you to London from Amsterdam, you'll fly right into another welcoming party—with tea

and biscuits. (It is London, after all.)

After you're settled in a proper British hotel, you can go to the theater. You'll get two tickets (orchestra, stall or dress circle) to plays or musicals on the London stage.



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*Based on round-trip 7/8-day Group Inclusive Tour fare from N.Y., for groups of 10 or more, including minimum purchase of \$70 in land arrangements. We will form the group. Fare effective November 1-March 31, 1973. Except between December 15, 1972 and January 4, 1973. Tour prices are per person based on double occupancy.



IT WAS PERHAPS UNKIND OF ME to associate Dr. Kissinger with evil. That is no casual thing to do in a country as deeply religious as ours is.

As the mayor of Birmingham told us about our nation on Sunday, "WITH ALL OUR LABORS, SUCCESS OR FAILURE, NOW AND IN THE YEARS AHEAD IT WILL, GOD WILLING, ALWAYS BE 'ONE NATION UNDER GOD.'"

Dr. Kissinger, after all, has been a healer of terrible wounds between the mightiest nations of all. But the Administration he serves is bad news for those nations that are feeble, or what the King James version of the Bible calls "the meek."

The Super-Realtors, with Dr. Kissinger as their representative, have worked out crude agreements with the few other truly terrifying powers of the planet as to what can be done and what must not be done with the real estate of the meek.

The Nixon-Kissinger scheme, the Winners' scheme, the neo-Metternichian scheme for lasting world peace is simple. Its basic axiom is to be followed by individuals as well as great nations, by Losers and Winners alike. We have demonstrated the workability of the axiom in Vietnam, in Bangladesh, in Biafra, in Palestinian refugee camps, in our own ghettos, in our migrant labor camps, on our Indian reservations, in our institutions for the defective and the deformed and the aged.

This is it: *ignore agony*.

I MIGHT, WITH JUSTICE and no irony, call Americans *Healers* instead of *Realtors*. I spoke to Art Linkletter at the convention, and he is profoundly bent on healing, and he is as typical an American as one could find.

He had visited South Korea recently, he said, where he had worked years ago to heal children hurt by warfare. They were healthy, happy men and women now. And he had gone to Vietnam too, to help the children with fresher wounds.

(And I must digress at this point to coin an acronym that can serve me now, which is "JACFU." A similar acronym, "JANFU," was coined during the second world war, along with "SNAFU." It meant "Joint Army-Navy Fuck-Up." I would like "JACFU" to mean "Joint American-Communist Fuck-Up.")

And the children Art Linkletter and so many other Americans are mending or want to mend are surely victims of JACFU.

The walking wounded within our own boundaries, our undeserving poor, are not by any stretch of the imagination victims of JACFU. We creamed them ourselves. Money is tight. We can only afford to heal them a little bit; and even that little bit hurts Winners like bloody murder, in the years to come.

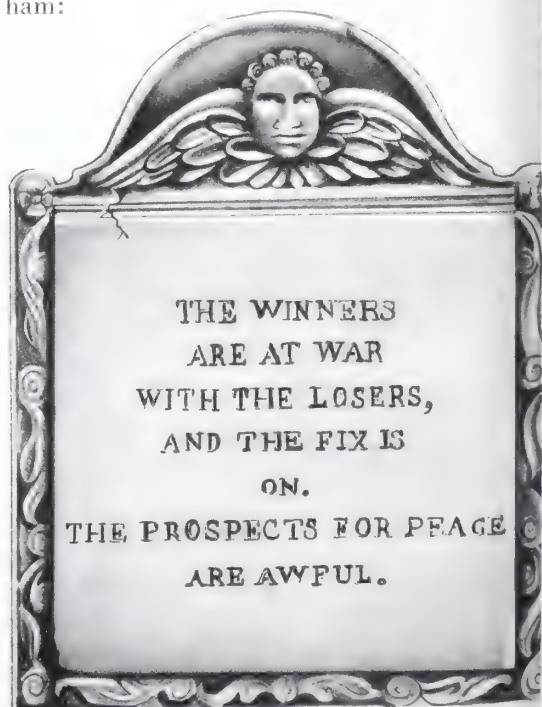
MY CLOSE FRIEND Dexter Leen, who is a shoemaker in Hyannis on Cape Cod, used to read the *New York Times* every Sunday, and then come over to my house and tell me that, on the basis of what he had read in there, things were slowly but surely getting better all the time. I remember talking to him one time too about awful automobile drivers we had known. He knew one woman, back in the days when cars had radiator ornaments, who never took her eyes off her radiator ornament, he said.

And looking at one day's news or a few days' news or a few years' news is a lot like staring at the radiator ornament of a Stutz Bearcat, which seems to me. Which is why so many of us would love to have a visitor from another planet, who might have a larger view of our day-to-day enterprises, who might be able to give us some clue as to what is really going on.

He would tell us, I think, that no real Winner fears God or believes in a punitive afterlife. I might say that Earthlings put such emphasis on truthfulness in order to be believed when they lie. President Nixon, for instance, was free to lie during his acceptance speech at the convention if he wanted to, because of his famous love for the truth. And the name of the game was "Survival." Everything else was hokum.

HE MIGHT CONGRATULATE US for learning so much about healing the planet, and warn us against wounding the planet so horribly during our real estate dealings, that it might never heal.

The visitor might say by way of farewell what Charles Darwin seemed to say to us, and we might write his words in stone, all in capital letters, like the words of the mayor of Birmingham:



Kenneth Bernard

LYCANTHROPE

Vivid fantasies of power

am sure I am not the only person in the world with
lycanthrope fantasies. I am not joking at all. I genuinely
(I had the power to turn my head into a wolf's head
a few times it has been a tiger's head). Then, for ex-
ample, I would challenge people: "So, you do not think I
frighten you? Well, then, come into the corner with
me. Then, my back to everyone else, I would turn my
head into a wolf's head so that she would scream. And, if
I would lean closer with
my feral breath, as if to
kiss her. The smell would
wash off her most primitive
fears, and then she would
scream, frantically,
run back to tell the
others that I was a wolf. But
when I turned I would have
a wolf head, only a small
one. And they would laugh
at me, but no one would ask
me to go into the corner with
me. And for the rest of the
evening she (and the others)
would watch me cau-
tiously. How happy I should
be in my silence. My plea-
sure, I assure you, would be
enormous. And of course you
wonder why. Well, I can't
say why. I know only how
good and pleasurable that
feeling is. And it is not al-
ways the same. Sometimes,
for example, I sit on the
stage with my wolf's head while those few who notice
stare hard and wonder whether indeed I am a wolf.
Sometimes I give a bloodcurdling howl that petrifies the
audience and sends them all home in confusion. My lycan-
thrope fantasies are related to my Indian rope trick fan-
tasies. In these, I have an audience, usually my colleagues.
I have previously announced my exhibition, "Indian Rope
Tricks, Levitation, and Other Feats of the Mystic East."
Of course, they snicker, but they come anyway, if only to
make me a fool of myself. I usually begin my program
with a small box about a foot square on a bare table. The
announced time comes, and nothing happens. They become
restless. They make a few jeering remarks. Then my voice
comes from the box. They are silent a moment, then laugh.

How obvious. A microphone in the box. But I call one of
them up to take off the lid, the one who has jeered the
loudest. He does so, and inside he sees my head peering
at him and speaking. He faints. Others come and drag him
away, glancing into the box. Then whispers among the
audience. Yes, yes, it's true. He's *in* the box! Then my
voice. Utter silence. "Will anyone come and help me out?"
I ask. No one responds. They are all afraid. They are hold-

ing their breaths, perhaps
expecting the box to burst.
Then, breaking the silence,
I walk to the stage from the
back of the audience, go up
to the box, put the lid on,
smash it in with my fist
(there is a horrible scream
from within), turn, and
speak: "Welcome to 'Indian
Rope Tricks, Levitation,
and Other Feats of the Mys-
tic East.'" There are no
snickers now. Everything
is in dead earnest. I go
through my tricks. I hold my
arms out and have four, five,
even six men hang from
them. They do not bend. I
have men run against me
and try to knock me over.
They fall down bruised and
dazed. I am like a rock. I
cannot be moved. And so
on. I usually end my show
by throwing a rope up in the



Robert DeCarlo

air. It remains there. I climb up, look out at them, laugh,
snap my fingers, and disappear. The rope collapses. End of
show. Consternation, confusion, fear. They get up uneasily
and walk out. Some few go on the stage and look at the
smashed box. It is covered with blood. When next they see
me, they keep a fearful but respectful distance. They all
sense I could kill them in an instant if I wish. When I speak,
all ears listen. Women become passionately interested in
me. I do not take advantage of my power. I speak little but
with quiet authority. I in no way gloat or call attention to
myself. I dress conservatively but well. I am polite. I in-
sist on my rights. I have announced for a future date an
anthropological program in the music of African and
Australian nose flutes. I am confident it will be a success.

Kenneth Bernard, author of *Night Club and Other Plays*, is the recipient of a Guggenheim fellowship in playwriting for 1972-73.
He is also a member of the faculty of Long Island University.

JUST PLAIN GEORGE

I am not what you would call a "man of mystery." —George Stanley McGovern

Can a small-town evangelist find success and happiness in the Gehenna of national politics?

THE CANDIDATE LIKES to pride himself on that. As a matter of strategy, as much as of personal style, George McGovern wants what he says and does, even what he thinks, to be just as open as a prairie sky, as plain as Dakota wheat. Instant "knowability" is one of those qualities (along with "courage" and "honesty") that McGovern believes sets him apart from the ordinary run of politician. And one does not have to be around George McGovern long to discover that, mild-mannered or no, McGovern does not consider himself ordinary at all. It is his words that give him away. "People look to George McGovern for honesty," he will say. Or, "George McGovern is not going to deceive anyone."

McGovern says it so unashamedly—as if courage, honesty, and knowability were self-evident marks of grace that only a fool or a heretic would question—that it is hard, at first at any rate, to seriously dispute him. Especially when he adds in the next breath that Richard Nixon is sorely lacking in all three of those departments. Again, it is hard to dispute him. Mystery is Nixon, the unknowable Agonistes. George McGovern? Why, everyone knows George McGovern.

Until he became the Democratic nominee, and the country suddenly began wondering just what it had wrought. There really didn't seem too much to know. The man and his life seemed rather one-dimensional; a relatively straightforward progression up the electoral ladder of success, aided, to be sure, by a formidable sense of organization and an even more phenomenal streak of luck. Add to that a twanginess of speech, a smattering of radical politics, faint suggestions of soaking the rich, an even clearer implication of "America, First," and, quicker than you could say "public image," out stepped the Prairie Populist. Plain? Honest? God, he was plain to the point of being boring. The worst his critics seemed to be able to say about him was that he was too "nice" a guy to win.

No one worries about McGovern's being too nice anymore—not since Tom Eagleton. In a single stroke, the Eagleton affair obliterated that reputation and, in the process, swept away much of the credibility of a man who, in announcing his candidacy, had damned "the old rhetoric, the unmet promise, the image-makers, the practitioners of the expedient." "I make one pledge above all others," McGovern had said, back

when he was riding at 2 per cent in the polls, "speak and seek the truth." Now, as the nominee of his party, his first move had been to backbeleaguered running mate "1,000 per cent," and then almost as quickly begin clumsily to pull rug out from under him.

The Eagleton fiasco is not the first time McGovern's rhetoric has gotten him into trouble nor is it likely to be the last. The man is blunt a fault. He seems incapable of delicate phrasing, which, while perhaps not disastrous itself, leads to the impression that he is similarly incapable of delicate judgment. McGovern, after all, is the candidate who would rather "beg the bomb." He is also, lest anyone forget (and there is slight chance of that), the candidate who promised everyone in the country a thousand dollars, adding, almost parenthetically, that wasn't at all sure how much that particular scheme would cost.

That sort of "candor" can be disarming, but as McGovern has discovered to his considerable regret, it can also be dangerous. For, under pressure, even the most "courageous" and "honest" politician can be forced to backtrack, and a number of familiar issues McGovern has backtracked at flank speed.

An unkind observer would say that McGovern has opened his own credibility gap. Even a frienemy would have to admit that a crack or two have appeared. Before his nomination, the American people at least seemed to know McGovern; with the election only weeks away, nobody seems all sure what to make of him.

How certainty gave way to uncertainty and for many, outright distrust says as much about ourselves and the way we judge our leaders as it does about McGovern. For all the talk of the end of image politics, the presence of McGovern shows that it is still very much with us. I suppose McGovern seemed so plain, because of the way he talked (like Liberace, someone said) because, even, he came from South Dakota, seemed to assume that, as a man, he was as plain and uncomplex. Which was our usual mistake. McGovern, whatever he might say about not being a man of mystery, has always been an enigma, a complex maze of principle and expediency, who has startled, dismayed, and ultimately confused his friends and followers since the day he entered public life.

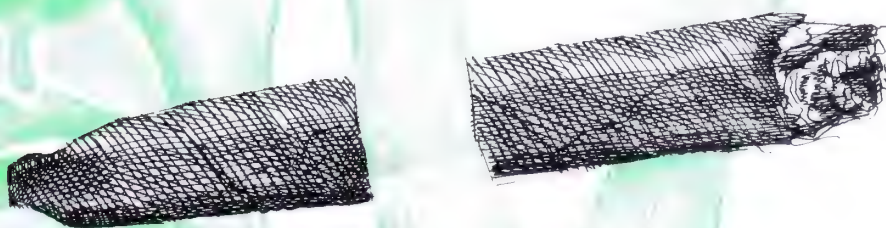
Robert Sam Anson, a free-lance writer and producer for public television, has written the authorized McGovern: A Biography (Holt, Rinehart and Winston).

THE FINAL UNRAVELING of the tangled weave of George McGovern's personality is known only to himself, and, on that score, there is little doubt: McGovern does know himself. He has resolved not only all his doubts, mundane and existential, but the seeming contradictions in his behavior. He does not seem at all troubled by appearing to be naïvely idealistic one moment and ruthlessly pragmatic the next—except, of course, for the political difficulty that his schizoid behavior causes him. It can be said that this is true of any politician, but McGovern, if only because of his oft-stated pretensions to idealism, is a special case. While he may worry, sometimes too much, about what other people think of him, he does not brood about what he thinks of himself. McGovern made up his mind on that subject—and a number of others, from the existence of God to the ideal American foreign policy—early three decades ago, while still a graduate

student at Northwestern University. Since then, he has been more or less a finished product, both personally and ideologically. There have been refinements in his thinking; he has deepened and matured. But at base level McGovern remains the same. As one of McGovern's classmates of twenty-five years ago puts it: "We all started off like George: liberal, idealistic, really confident in the possibilities of life. The funny thing is, though, that of all of us, George is really the only one who remained that way."

That statement is either a powerful indictment of someone who stopped growing even before he got out of school or an awed tribute to someone whose vision so outstripped his contemporaries that he has been merely waiting all these years for them to catch up. McGovern, naturally, prefers to think the latter, and there is compelling evidence to support him, especially in the history of the Cold War and, of course, Viet-

“McGovern, by his own admission, likes the broad brushstrokes of policy, not the fine details.”



nam. Being so "right" so often for so long has, inevitably, made McGovern so confident of his powers of prescience that he comes off at times (usually more in private conversations than in public), as one journalist phrased it, as "your typical, well-adjusted, quiet-spoken egomaniac."

Egotism, of course, is the natural condition of all politicians. But McGovern's particular self-confidence is breathtaking. What is more, he frankly acknowledges it, even can find virtue in it. When an interviewer asked him once, for instance, whether it didn't require almost a power neurosis to seek the highest office in the land, McGovern didn't hesitate a moment. "I don't think it requires a power neurosis," he replied evenly. "As a matter of fact, I would say that anyone in a position to acquire a reasonable understanding of what needs to be done, and who backs away from it, that he is a neurotic. Seeking the Presidency may be facing reality, a willingness to do what is responsible and courageous." That is more than ordinary ego, even more than ordinary ambition. Behind his words, underlying his entire personality, is an extraordinary sense of righteousness, which not only motivates him but, in his own mind, mitigates those moments when he has to stoop to the chicanery of the working politician. "George likes the money and the fame that comes from being in the public eye as much as anyone," says one of McGovern's oldest friends. "But that is not what keeps him going. He thinks he has a message to deliver, and by God, he's going to do whatever he has to so people can hear it." Another way of putting it is simpler. McGovern is a moralist.

Moral pretensions

IN SO BEING, McGovern, superficially, at least, is not unlike every President and candidate for President who has preceded him. They were all moralists. Of course, the moralism of some, like Woodrow Wilson (who, significantly, is the President that McGovern most admires), or, indeed, even Richard Nixon (who, in a remarkable exercise in doublethink, refuses to stop bombing Vietnam because it would be "immoral" to abandon our allies to a "Communist bloodbath") is more determined and overt than others'. Although their creeds may differ, from religiously defending American idealism one moment to safeguarding the temple of American business the next, the essential moral thrust of their words, if not always their deeds, remains the same. Even so determined a pragmatic realist as John Kennedy could not escape it. Read today, the words of his Inaugural ("Here on earth, God's work must truly be our own . . .") seem not so much a political program, or even a listing of goals for the nation, as a moral rallying cry ("Now the

trumpet summons us again . . .") for a particularly chosen people.

Americans have always regarded themselves as singularly blessed and destined. And, out of this conviction, they have come to expect the political leaders to be the same—not ordinary men, not even extraordinarily gifted men, but the embodiment of a fictional American ideal, somehow purer, more idealistic, braver, better, stronger—even, and perhaps especially, more moral than anything in the world. At some moments in the past 200 years, men have come forward who fit this description, or, more accurately, are *made*, in the public's mind, to fit the description. The apotheosis of John Kennedy, but the most recent example.

Most Presidents, and candidates for President, never quite meet our expectations, however hard we hope. Nor should it be surprising, since, without extraordinary myth-making, they are impossible to fulfill. The candidate with pretensions to moralism, such as McGovern, faces double difficulty. While what he promises may be literally attainable, and while he may even do everything he says he will do, he can never simply because he must live and operate in a real, hard, amoral world—act with the constant moral courage of his pretensions. The moralist, in sum, is doomed by his very moralism to fail.

The moralism of George McGovern is a special kind, one that is new to Presidential politics, yet at the same time, not too unlike the moralism that has gone before it. Where a traditional moralist like Nixon makes a great, and apparently genuine, display of his religious faith, converting the East Room of the White House into a weekly interdenominational chapel, embracing such well-known churchmen as Billy Graham and Norman Vincent Peale, and even, on one occasion, addressing a huge outdoor revival, McGovern rarely goes to church. His faith is more a free-form sort of humanism than it is a recognizable religious creed. McGovern likes a good drink and is not above laughing at a dirty joke or, indeed, telling one of his own. As the women around him can testify, he is hardly a prude.

Yet McGovern, far more than Nixon, is a moralist. Some of the signs are obvious, like the small, hand-engraved plaque in McGovern's Senate office, listing his five favorite passages from Scripture.* Or the long, often obscure Bible

*They are:

"Whoever shall save his life shall lose it, and whoever shall lose his life for my sake shall find it."
"What doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God."

"Inasmuch as you have done it unto the least of my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

"He who is without sin among you, let him cast the first stone."

"And as you would that men should do to you, do also to them likewise."

skyscrapers to save space.
Buildings for a view of the sky.
Parking spaces.
Parking lots.
T for civic law.
To do exactly what I want.
Neighborhoods.
Persons who are just like me.
Garbage collection.
Sanitation costs.
To walk my dog.
Prohibited.

Living space to raise my family.
No noisy kids for neighbors.
A city that's easy to walk around.
A city that's easy to drive around.
Better school systems for everybody.
Lower school taxes.
Immediate end to air pollution.
More power stations.
More jobs for city dwellers.
No commercial zoning near dwellings.
A place I want to come home to.
A place that's easy to get out of.

Lower rents.
A fair break for landlords.
Visually varied street planning.
Practical grid systems for streets.
Cleaner, faster subways and buses.
Lower bus and subway fares.
No parades disrupting traffic flow.
More parades promoting civic pride.
More and better sewage treatment.
No treatment plants in my neighborhood.
Solutions in ten years.
Solutions now!

al
al city will happen when people
erent—even opposing—ideas
k together to build an environment
ances human diversity.

s are threatened with chaos
gree that groups and individuals
their interdependence
e nother.

There are no simple solutions to urban problems. Because modern cities aren't simple places. They're concentrations of diversity—different people with different attitudes, backgrounds, skills. Their interaction makes a city stimulating; their interdependence on one another makes

the city workable. We must find solutions that respect human diversity and balance it in a mutually supportive environment. Not a simple problem. But the solutions are worth working for.

Because the city is the future.

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ate Collection: Richard M. Scarfe



Robert Sam Anson
**JUST PLAIN
 GEORGE**

references that choke his speech texts. Indeed, the speeches, more than anything else, give McGovern's moralism away. The sublime example is the "Come Home, America" acceptance address at the Democratic National Convention. "Come home, America, from Saigon," the litany begins, "from the evils of racism . . . from the hunger of little children, from the loneliness of the aging poor, from the despair of the homeless, the jobless, the uncared-for sick . . . Come home, prodigal America."

THERE IS, as *Life* columnist Hugh Sidey observed at the time, the smell of sulphur in those words. But, then, hellfire and brimstone have always been very much a part of George McGovern's life. His father, who McGovern claims was the most influential person in his life, was a prairie preacher of Wesleyan Methodism, a Bible-banging fundamentalist offshoot of Regular Methodism. The Wesleyan creed was a hard and disciplined one, and Reverend McGovern enforced it with a firm hand.* There were Bible readings in the morning and again at night, and on Sundays George and the other McGovern children went to church not once but four times. Sinful pursuits like dancing, smoking, drinking, going to movies, and wearing lipstick were unheard of.

McGovern himself never had much use for Wesleyanism's social strictures, and some,

namely the prohibition against movie-going, he ignored entirely. Before he was twenty McGovern abandoned Wesleyanism altogether. Never, however, did he forsake the unpromising simplicity of its principles, which, unlike most fundamentalist theologies, had much to do with the body as with the soul.

It is significant, for instance, that when McGovern returned home from World War II, he was settled by the experience, unsure of his values and not at all clear what to do with himself. He fell under the influence of a pacifistic Methodist minister and philosophy professor named Donald McAninch and, with his coaxing, plunged deeply into Hegel. The German philosopher seemed to present the best of both worlds: the ethical values of the East, where society overshadowed the individual, and the more familiar rugged individualism of the West. "George was quite taken with Hegel," McAninch once said. "He had the wholeness McGovern was looking for." Interestingly, liking Hegel and being infatuated with the Hegelian concept of history never led McGovern, as it did so many Hegelians, to likewise love Marx. The reason is instructive: "George could never buy something like Communism," said McAninch. "He thought it was too materialistic."

Instead, McGovern went off to study, briefly, as it turned out, for the Methodist minister. McGovern's intention was to preach the social gospel of Walter Rauschenbusch, and in the middle and late Forties McGovern felt there was plenty to preach about. Though never a pacifist, he had been sickened by his wartime experience as a bomber pilot and, on his return, deeply disturbed to discover that American foreign policy was at least as he perceived it ("We seem to have taken it upon ourselves to run the world," he wrote in a letter in 1951), seemed to be offering more war, not less. McGovern's political moralism was evident in a prizewinning speech he delivered in 1946 for the South Dakota peacemakers' contest. Called "From Cave to Cave," it sounds remarkably like some of McGovern's stump speeches today, both in tone and rhetoric. And, like them too, it sometimes resembles a sermon more than a speech. McGovern scolded America for valuing "military pride" more than "human life," for placing "maximum financial return" above "human welfare." "We place such high values on our daintily pampered appetites and pleasures we sometimes lose sight of people dying of starvation the world over," said a th

*In his last letter to his son, written barely a month before his death in 1945, the elder McGovern advised: "My dear boy, these are awful times in which we are living and you will need to let Christ have first place in your life and trust Him to help you to fit into all the blessed will for your life. Jesus said John 15:5, 'Without me you can do nothing.' Read that 15 ch. of John and think on those words. Read the 23rd Psalm often and meditate on it."



ty-four-year-old George McGovern. In place of "practical men, who scoff at idealism, at utility," and seem interested merely in "the on of expediency and of material gain," McGovern proposed a program of "applied Christian idealism."

McGovern never found the idealism he was looking for, either then or later. Within a year, he gave up his studies for the ministry, discouraged, in part, by the worldliness of fellow students jockeying for assignments to wealthy congregations. McGovern next turned to Northwestern University and graduate studies in history. As a teacher, he told one of his professors, "I thought he might be able to reach a larger audience with a liberal message than he might as a minister."

For several years, McGovern found apparent enlightenment, studying under liberal professors working in even more liberal political campaigns, including Henry Wallace's Progressive Party bid for the Presidency in 1948.

THE THING that most definitely did not change for McGovern was his peculiar political idealism. One evening, not long after McGovern moved to Northwestern, one of his professors, a man in the campus political wars with him, asked bluntly: "George, what makes you tick?" McGovern thought for a moment before replying, "I finally answered, by quoting a passage from Mark, 'Whosoever shall save his life shall lose it, and whosoever shall lose his life for My sake shall find it.'"

He credo stayed with McGovern in politics, first as a Congressman, then through the Sixties as director of Food for Peace and later as Senator from South Dakota. In a memo dictated to him before his successful 1962 quest for the White House, McGovern wrote: "Make a pact with me on 1962 campaign—the highest and most [national], inspiring, friendly, and [Christian] I can make it with complete [Christian] [ation], in a happy warrior spirit as to the outcome. No tears or joy, win or lose [sic] and no concern over possible outcome—except high-mindedness and inspire as many S. Dakotans as possible." Such sentiments could be jarring to more practical men who had to work with the world and who found that his high-mindedness substituted for good sense. "There was in me an element of childish trust in events or people," said a former aide from Food for Peace. "I was of the school that the wish is the father of the thought, and sometimes we were left hostile to fortune in the belief that goodness would out."

Even in the Senate, McGovern was asked in 1967 to write a blurb for Charles Reich's *The Greening of America*. McGovern gladly composed an effusive endorsement for a

book that was being lambasted by serious critics from coast to coast. In a private memo to his staff, McGovern betrayed a somewhat different feeling about Reich's apologia for the youth culture, one, however, completely in keeping with his personality. "What it boils down to are the simple old values that my father and my Sunday school teachers taught me 40 years ago," wrote McGovern. "It's the best of the Judeo-Christian ethic, out of which come the American Declaration of Independence and the Bill of Rights, and I haven't found a new idea in the book. It's an exciting book, one of the most exciting I've read. It's exciting to me because it is what I have believed all my life. . . . It's all there. The affirmation of life, the importance of affirming the self, but also loving others as much as you do yourself. No more than that—the Bible never taught me anything more than that."

To hear McGovern talk, one gets the distinct impression that the Bible taught him just about everything, and what it did not say directly, it certainly implied. McGovern, for instance, is most comfortable with issues in which he can discern an almost Old Testament "rightness" and "wrongness," like the war in Vietnam. Vietnam, of course, is McGovern's big issue, the one on which he has staked his major claim to credibility and political prescience, and it is not surprising that it should be. For Vietnam is instantly reducible to stark, moral terms, and that is precisely how McGovern likes to understand it: with the armies of right drawn up on one side and the armies of ignorance summoned up on the other.

When McGovern is able to frame an issue in those terms, he will act with extraordinary energy. Aides and former aides recall that Vietnam was the one subject on which they never had any difficulty inducing McGovern to do his homework. Invariably, he had done it, and better than any of them. Vietnam was also one of the few topics on which McGovern wrote all his own speeches. He was detailed and, what is more unusual for him, accurate in his facts and statistics.

The problem is that when the moral dimension is missing, as it is on most issues, it is difficult to arouse McGovern's interest, much less his sensibilities. Until recently, he had a terrible time coming to grips with the complexities of economics for precisely this reason. His major accomplishment in the field was the perennial authorship, since 1963, of "economic conversion" legislation designed to shift war industries to peacetime use. As issues go, it is hard to name many, with the exception of ending the war itself, that are more important than that. But, even here, McGovern's interest always seemed to be more about the war than about the industries. A frequent counselor who tried to advise McGovern on conversion says he was never sure just how deeply McGovern believed in the principle or whether he had fastened on to it simply because

"To hear McGovern talk, one gets the distinct impression that the Bible taught him just about everything, and what it did not say directly, it certainly implied."

it seemed worthwhile politically. In any case, the adviser said, "the legislation McGovern proposed was never adequate."

Lately, McGovern has come, if only out of necessity, to recognize the importance of economics. Still, the going has been labored, as evinced by the confusion over his original tax proposals. The fiasco over the thousand dollars a year for everybody (which, in concept, was a better idea than McGovern explained it) was wholly avoidable. The figures were available, and McGovern had been fully briefed on their complexity. But that was the sticking point. They were too complex. McGovern, by his own admission, likes the broad brushstrokes of policy, not the fine details.

The situation became so bad near the end of the primary campaigns that McGovern's economic advisers were specifically instructed to withhold working figures from the candidate, lest he foul them up again. The block is certainly not one of intelligence. In briefings, McGovern asks good, often pointed questions, though mainly on the political impact of a given option. What seems to be lacking is personal interest. In plainest terms, the subject bores McGovern.

Paper doesn't bleed

THE QUESTION ONE HAS TO ASK is whether such a man makes a good President. McGovern may well be, as Arthur Schlesinger puts it, "the best listener in American politics." But, as President, McGovern will have neither the time nor the opportunity to "humanize" every question of policy. Paper, to quote Hemingway's memorable phrase, "doesn't bleed," and it is paper, very important paper, with which McGovern will almost always have to deal. Then there is the further question of how McGovern will resolve questions to which there is no immediately recognizable "good" and "bad" side. A leading liberal theoretician, who has known and worked closely with McGovern for nearly a decade, is plainly worried. "The things McGovern has made his reputation on—Vietnam, defense spending, hunger, even tax reform—are easy things," he notes. "The choices, to a humanist like McGovern, are not difficult. But most things, certainly most things with which a President must deal, often are not a question of choosing between a good and a bad, but two goods or two bads. Frankly, I am not sure how McGovern will do in that situation."

A good argument might be made that, as President, McGovern could leave the technical expertise, what he considers the dull, unimportant work, to his subordinates. But again a potential problem arises. For one of the marks of a great Presidency is the ability to choose subordinates wisely and, once they are chosen, to

delegate authority to them judiciously, so it left for the President to administer the results of their work. On this score, McGovern's performance has been woefully uneven. On the one hand, he assembled one of the most dazzling, proficient campaign organizations of recent political experience. On the other, McGovern's conduct during the Eagleton episode and the subsequent search for a suitable replacement can only be described as tragicomic farce.

If the Eagleton matter were merely an isolated instance, a freakish deviation from the steady norm, then McGovern might be excused. But there is every indication that the Eagleton affair far from being an exception, is part of a continuing pattern. Since he was a freshman Congressman, McGovern has always had difficulty picking good subordinates, even worse problems getting rid of bad ones. For years, his staff was riddled with intellectually weak sisters whom McGovern consistently refused to fire. His own explanation was that their loyalty—so and would "lie down in front of a truck for me," would say—far outweighed their incompetence. The reasons were more complex than that, and as always, McGovern's moralism—his decency as it is more popularly called—was at the base of them. Then, as well as now, McGovern hated to hurt people; he will, in fact, do almost anything to avoid it. Good Christian that he is, McGovern is also a believer in redemption, not only divine but temporal. These two factors combined with an academic's distaste for official drudgery, have, to be kind about it, made McGovern something less than the model of a compleat administrator. "I used to think McGovern simply didn't like administering," says one of his key staffers in the aftermath of the Eagleton fiasco. "Now I think he has a positive bias against any administration at all."

Poor administration explains part of McGovern's confusing behavior during the Eagleton crisis, but far from all of it. At the root of the disaster lay a fatal miscalculation, an assumption born of arrogance and contradicted by even available fact, that when the moment came before McGovern, could convince Ted Kennedy to do what Kennedy had been saying for more than two years he would not do. When Kennedy called McGovern the night of his nomination and confirmed that for "very personal reasons" he could not serve as his running mate, McGovern was left if not speechless then totally hapless. So sure that Kennedy could not possibly refuse him, McGovern had literally not considered another possibility until the call came in from Hyannisport. His reaction was completely characteristic. "Oh, hell," he muttered, "I guess I'll ask Governor Nelson, Senator from Wisconsin and McGovern's closest friend in the Senate] if he wanted it." It was when Nelson refused (because he had promised his wife never to seek higher office

WHAT TO DO WITH WINE BESIDES DRINK IT.

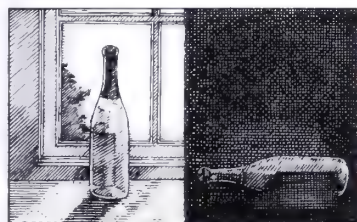
Unfortunately, wine doesn't come with instructions. And lots of people have never known much about its proper care.

We at Inglenook Vineyards would like to take this time to give you a few pointers on the subject.

We spend a lot of time and money in the making of our wine. And once it passes out of our hands, we'd like to feel that it's being given the best possible treatment.

DON'T MAKE THIS COMMON MISTAKE.

Wine should always be stored lying down on its side, never standing up. That's so the cork will always be moist.



If the cork dries out, air will get to the wine and spoil it.

Keep wine in a cool, dark place. About 55-60 degrees is just right. But the

most important thing is that the temperature be constant. It should vary no more than a few degrees year 'round.

DECANTING WINE.

If you have wines five years old and older, they may have a little sediment in them. In order to serve the wine without the sediment getting mixed up in the wine, you should decant it.

To do this, just pour the wine very slowly into another bottle or carafe. Place a candle behind the neck of the bottle and the second you see a little sediment coming across, stop.

THE ROOM TEMPERATURE MYTH.

White wines and sparkling wines such as Champagne and rosé should be served cold. How cold is cold? 45 degrees is just right. If you don't have a thermometer, put the wine in the refrigerator for 2½ hours before serving. Or in a bucket with ice cubes and water for 15 minutes.

Red wines should be served at room temperature. But this doesn't mean 72 degrees. The "room temperature" standard was established in Europe long before the invention of central heating. At that time, rooms in Europe were about 65 to 68 degrees, which is the perfect temperature for serving red wines. You can bring a wine's temperature down to that level by placing it in the

refrigerator five minutes before serving. But never heat a bottle of red wine in order to get it up to the proper temperature. There's no quicker way to destroy a bottle of wine than to heat it up.

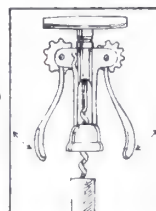
AVOIDING THAT METALLIC TASTE.



Remove the metal capsule from the top of the wine bottle below the lip. With a napkin, clean off the top between the cork and the glass. This is done because it's impossible to pour wine from a bottle without spilling a little on the lip. And since the metal cap is sometimes corroded, the wine

could pick up a metallic taste if it were to spill over the edge.

Now remove the cork, gently, so as not to disturb the wine. We recommend the wing-type corkscrew because you don't have to jerk it to get the cork out



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Now that you know the basics of how to treat wine, you should also know there aren't many wines around that deserve this kind of treatment.

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JUST PLAIN
GEORGE

than the Senate) that the real scrambling began.

Despite the brave face he tried to put on the affair, McGovern never for a moment doubted that the Eagleton revelations had been politically disastrous, perhaps irreparable, and that the overwhelming odds were that Eagleton would have to go. What kept McGovern back from dispatching Eagleton then and there was not so much the hope that somehow they could "bull it through," as has generally been reported, but a very real concern for the effect the disclosure was having on Eagleton personally. Astonishing as it may seem, there, in the midst of the worst troubles of his political career, McGovern's first worry was for someone else.

An inability to deceive

THE MESSY DETAILS of the denouement hardly bear repeating at this point. What is worth examining, however, is why McGovern acted the way he did, with incredible clumsiness and indelicacy. The answer evidently is that the split halves of McGovern's dual personality—the Good George and the Bad George—were at war with themselves right up till his final confrontation with Eagleton in a Senate anteroom. The spectacle was traumatic for McGovern's true believers, who seemed to assume that their man, unlike every other man, including, no doubt, themselves, had not a shred of expediency in him. The fact is the expediency McGovern so eloquently denounces has always been an integral part of his character, coexisting uncomfortably with the "applied idealism of Christianity." If it weren't, he would probably be tending to some rural parish in South Dakota instead of dicing for the Presidency of the United States. Because it is, McGovern sometimes finds himself doing what appear to others as contradictory things. The operative word here is "others." A long time ago, apparently, McGovern resolved this dualism ("compromising on details, but not basic principles," is the way he puts it, though not totally convincingly) as the price of being, as the Bible has it, "in the world and not of it."

For instance, back in 1962, when McGovern was writing high-minded memos to himself about running for the Senate with "complete Xtian resign," he was writing other memos to himself indicating he wasn't resigned to anything, especially losing. In one jotting to himself, he wrote: "Campaign in modest station wagon with loudspeaker—nothing fancy . . . organize 'letters to editor' of the most genuine sort . . . study larry brien campaign guide."

But the best example of the Good George and the Bad George is Vietnam. True it is that McGovern was the first Senator to speak out against the war, denouncing it in September 1963 as "a moral debacle and political defeat."

True it also is that two years later (after he had voted for the Gulf of Tonkin resolution), McGovern was lauding President Johnson for "restraint" and "moderation," and lashing demonstrators for "serving no useful purpose." McGovern continued that way for the next two years, alternately criticizing the war and voting for the funds to keep it going.

As McGovern's biographer, I had always been puzzled by his behavior and in my own mind had written it off to the supposition that McGovern, while dubious about the war, had, like many other doves, given Johnson a period of grace in which to wrap it up. Despite talking McGovern on the subject at some length, I never fully understood McGovern's ambivalence, of Vietnam and a lot of other things, until the moment, riding on his plane to the Miami convention, when the Senator came down the aisle, leaned over to my seat and delivered a quiet lecture on the Vietnam chapter of the book, which Hubert Humphrey had lately been quoting as proof that St. George was not quite the shining knight he appeared. "You know," McGovern said, "I was always dead set against that war. There was never a moment when I didn't think it was terrible and immoral. But I had to work for Johnson, and you can't do that unless you are credible. You treat Vietnam as if it's a principle. You have to remember, I am a politician."

Exactly. And therein is the root of McGovern's—and all moralists'—problem. They cannot have it both ways. Vietnam either is a principle or it isn't. One cannot, as McGovern insists he can, talk about Vietnam, or for that matter any other issue, in terms of moral Armageddon, while dealing with it in a classically expedient—or, as McGovern would have it, "credible"—political style. Not if one expects to be long believed. McGovern's mistake is not in being a moralist, but in rationalizing obviously amoral behavior in moral terms. For when of necessity McGovern is compelled to say and do the things politicians have to say and do, the contradiction with the accepted public image of idealistic decency is shattering. What makes it more shattering is that McGovern, for all his demonstrated skill as a politician, has never acquired that most prized political gift: the ability to deceive. He seems, in fact, wholly incapable of it. As he says of himself, in utter candor, he is no mystery. And because he isn't, when his pragmatic self gets the better of him, the transformation of George McGovern, moralist, to George McGovern, politician, is completely transparent.

One might almost say that what has happened to George McGovern is what happened to the emperor when the little boy said he wore no clothes. Only with the Senator from South Dakota it was the people who cheered him and watched him who created the myth. George McGovern never pretended that he did.

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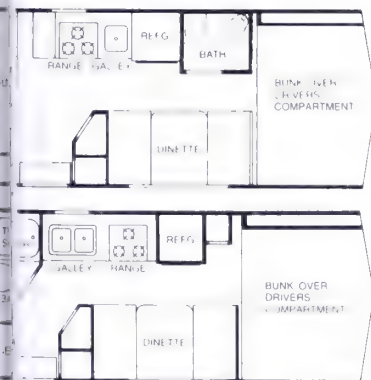
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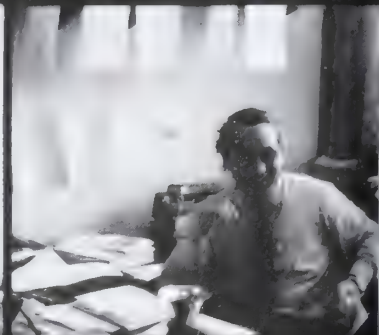
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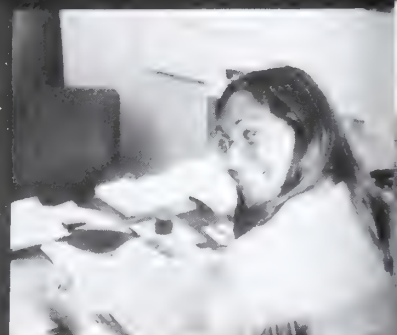
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Jack Harrison Pollack

SIX WAYS YOUR VOTE CAN BE STOLEN

Registration frauds

Considerable vote stealing still results from spurious registration. "Ghost" voters who have died or moved, "residents" from vacant lots and abandoned buildings, and a variety of nonexistent persons still find their way onto registration rolls and vote, courtesy of party workers.

But today's election manipulators are more likely to try to "vote the books"—that is, vote in the name of properly registered persons. For example, if you haven't showed up to cast your ballot near closing time, a party hack may cheerfully vote in your name. Should you appear at the last minute, you may be greeted with, "Sorry, you've already voted," and be turned away.

Some years ago, a "voter" gave his name at the polling place as William Crosswell Doane, an eminent clergyman. "You're not Bishop Doane," said the puzzled election clerk. "The hell I ain't, you bastard," answered the impersonator.

Mr. Pollack is a former U.S. Senate Committee investigator and the author of the recently published biography of Sam Shepard, Dr. Sam.

The machinery of democracy has always been susceptible to tampering, and despite the advent of more sophisticated voting procedures the problem has worsened. "Three to four million votes will be stolen in the November Presidential election through outright fraud and election irregularities," says George J. Abrams, for thirty-nine years chief

investigator for the Honest Ballot Association. "Election frauds are increasing not only in national elections but in those involving unions, local school boards, judges, and highway

Pitifully little illumination has been shed on the dark side of the electoral process. Here, then, are some of the methods that election thieves rely on.

Paper ballot frauds

Paper ballots, still used in approximately 40 per cent of the nation's 175,000 voting precincts, are invitingly easy to tamper with. As a New Jersey Republican precinct worker observed, "It ain't how the ballots go in that counts—it's how they come out."

In most states the slightest change, mismarking, strikeover, defacement, tear, or smudge on a paper ballot invalidates it. Hence, "spoiling" paper ballots cast for the opposition is a favorite trick for stealing votes. A crooked ballot counter can conceal a piece of pencil lead—with wax to make it stick—under his fingernail, on a bandage or large ring, or in the palm of his hand. As he smooths out the ballots before counting them, he can make additional marks on unfriendly ballots, thereby voiding them.

The "slow count" of paper ballots can ensure that their manipulation is effective, especially in close contests. The counting—and altering—of ballots is delayed until early election returns are in, suggesting how many opposition ballots need to be thrown out to insure a winning margin. The importance of such chicanery is evident; in 1960, for example, the number of invalid paper ballots far exceeded President Kennedy's small national plurality.

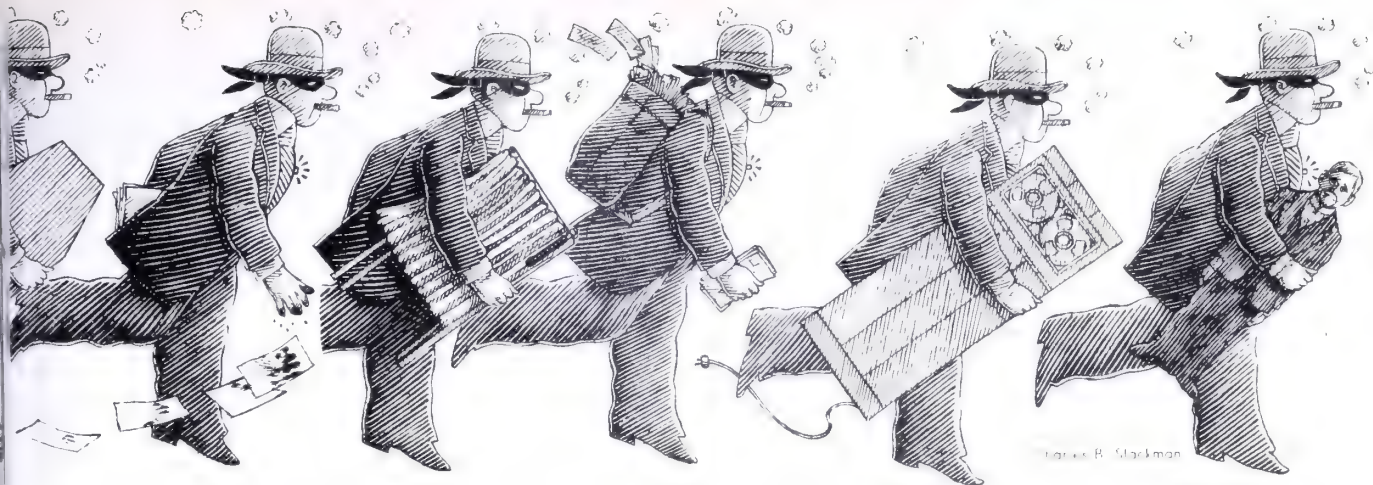
Voting machine frauds

Though voting machines have helped to reduce election fraud, they are mandatory for general elections in only eleven states (and for the crucial primaries in only four). Manufacturers claim that the machines are foolproof, rigproof, jamproof, and that it is impossible, without being detected, to overvote or spoil ballots so they won't be counted. But there are some ingenious tricks that can defeat the machine safeguards.

Since a voting machine lever must be pushed completely down to record a vote, it is possible to wedge a matchstick (or a hairpin or a razor blade or a paper clip) under the opponent's lever so that votes for him fail to register. Or, since the machine won't record the vote unless the curtain is tightly closed, someone outside the booth can manipulate the curtain release cord so that the vote is invalidated. Or, before the polls even open, finaglers can switch the cardboard labels bearing the candidates' names, so you actually vote against your choices.

Less subtle techniques include seeing that the voting machines never reach the polling place, that the keys to unlock the machines are missing, or that the machines jam or break down.

A voting machine is as accurate as a cash register or an adding machine. But when people take over to record the totals, the figures can be deliberately transposed on fast counts, especially if there is collusion between poll watchers. Thus, 683 votes for candidate A can be called out for candidate B, and the total vote will check precisely with that on the machine.



Absentee ballot frauds

ntee ballots provide a happy
ing ground for vote stealers,
ite often decide close elec-
Sometimes they are purchased
much as \$50 apiece. More fre-
y, absentee ballots are issued—
sed—in the names of persons
re deceased, who are not
residents, who are not U.S.
s, or who simply never applied
absentee ballot in the first

ause they are often handled and
e separately, absentee ballots
e many opportunities for
ulation. An Ohio Republican
aptain once visited an old folks
o pick up a batch of absentee
s. "Don't bother sealing them,
il them in for you," he told the
oters.

s November, record peace-
umbers of absentee ballots are
ed to be cast. The Voting
Act of 1970 eliminates all state
ements for reasons of
e in the Presidential election
ot in state and local elections).
a curious twist, the well-
ag federal law may give local
n officials broad powers in
ulating the vote or restricting
nchise, especially in the case of
students and overseas voters.
tes have fifty different defini-
f what constitutes a "resident."
se National Municipal League.

Computer frauds

The ubiquitous computer is used
in elections in at least fourteen
states. There are six major punch-
card voting systems in which you vote
by using a penlike stylus to punch a
hole in a card. The punchcard is then
dropped in the ballot box. After the
polls close, the punchcards are trans-
ported to a center where high-speed
card sorters and computers take over.

But computer systems retain many
of the drawbacks of the paper ballot:
cards can be "spoiled" or tampered
with while they are being transported.
For the sophisticated, there are
reprogramming possibilities that will
change the vote counts. "All it takes
is one man to slip in a few punched
cards and set up a loop operation that
switches the vote count around,"
observes *Computing Newsline*.
"Skilled technicians can trigger a
computer to switch a candidate tally
on every tenth or twentieth ballot,"
noted an article in the *Los Angeles
Times*.

Then there are always the mys-
terious quirks that machines are heir
to. A defeated candidate for the
Montana House of Representatives
has complained that the computer
results had him finish eighth in a
seven-man race.

Assistance frauds

Most states have nineteenth-
century laws providing for
"assistance" to illiterate or physically
handicapped voters. Using them as
pretext, some election officials offer
to "help" any voter—including
young and aged ones. "Would you
like me to show you how to operate
this voting machine?" they may
obligingly ask. Sometimes they will
even illegally go behind the curtain
with you to vote for you. Should you
balk against such helping hands they
will innocently say, oh, they mis-
understood your instructions.

Foreign-born voters have been
traditional pigeons for this assist-
ance. Once when a spirited Irish
immigrant, a first-time voter, rebelled
against such assistance in New York
City, his Tammany would-be bene-
factor, who was a candidate for re-
election, irritably snapped, "I'm from
Ireland and my opponent is a dago
from Italy. Are you in favor of
Ireland or Italy?"

Still, the persistence of U.S. voting
irregularities ought to be kept in
perspective. George Abrams of the
Honest Ballot Association is fond of
a story he introduces with the dead-
pan assertion that the Soviet Union
has a more secret ballot than we do. It
seems that a Russian voter, standing
in line, was holding a sealed envelope
containing his ballot. Curious, he
opened it, and was chided for doing
so. "But, comrade, I just wanted to
see how I was voting." He was in-
formed brusquely, "You're not
allowed to. This is a secret ballot
election."

Peter Tompkins and Christopher Bird

LOVE AMONG THE CABBAGES

Sense and sensibility in the realm of plants

THE MOST FAR-REACHING revolution of the twentieth century may come from the least expected quarter, the bottom of your garden. Scientists everywhere in the world, amazed by the results of careful laboratory experiments, find themselves coming to the conclusion that plants have emotions similar to those of human beings, that they respond to affection, and that they can be adapted to the service of mankind.

The startling idea that plants could be sentient and capable of communication with *homo sapiens* received its most recent circulation, especially in the United States, as the result of a series of chance discoveries in the winter of 1966 by a New York lie-detector expert who decided to measure electronically the time it took water poured on the roots of a potted houseplant to reach the tips of its leaves. Because Cleve Backster had been employed by the Central Intelligence Agency, and because his approach to the subject was suitably skeptical, his discoveries achieved a degree of serious recognition.

"Gee whiz!" was Backster's approach to the academicians. "Look what happens when I hook electrodes to a plant. Can you help me with this problem?"

Backster was also credited by scientists with not having run into the streets after his first experiment shouting: "Look! Plants can think!"

Not that a great deal of skepticism did not prevail in the major media. The *New York Times*, at first intrigued by the story, consulted a professional botanist who decided, when Backster claimed to have been able to communicate with his plants at a distance, that it must all be a flight of fancy. It took the *Wall Street Journal* to publish a report of Backster's findings under the headline: "Be Kind To Your Plants—You Could Cause a Violet to Shrink."

The *Journal* noted that the experiments seemed to indicate that besides a sort of telepathic communication system, plants possess something akin to feelings or emotions, that they appreciate being noticed, worry when a dog comes near them, and faint when violence threatens their own well-being; also, that plants

give signs of sympathy when harm befalls humans, animals, or insects in their environment.

What weighed in favor of a serious story. Backster and his thesis was his having waited three full years after his first discovery before presenting conclusions in a sober paper for the *International Journal of Parapsychology* titled "Evidence of Primary Perception of Plant Life."

Backster's laboratory evidence, obtained under conditions prescribed by scientific methodology, suggested that plants and animals and human beings appear to be interconnected by some mysterious medium that enables them to communicate instantly and at a distance.

The evidence supports earlier discoveries about the nature of plants made decades ago—such distinguished scientists as Charles Darwin, Gustav Theodor Fechner, and Sir Jagadis Chandra Bose, discoveries that were greeted with incredulity if not ridicule by their contemporaries and that are still frowned upon by conservative botanists and plant physiologists today.

Threats vs. pseudo threats

FOR A QUARTER OF A CENTURY Backster has been one of the foremost authorities in the United States on the art of interrogation by means of the polygraph and the galvanometer. Attached to a human being by two electrodes through which a small electric current is passed, a galvanometer operates a needle on a dial or pen-recorder on a moving roll of paper. Mental images and emotional charge affect the electrical properties of the human body, directly and almost instantly causing a reaction on the meter.

Backster's flirtation with plants began on a chilly morning in February of 1966 when he was about to water one of the *Dracena massangeana* that adorn his mid-Manhattan office just off Times Square.

Backster wondered if the gradual saturation of the plant, as it thirstily sucked up the water

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register on a galvanometer. Placing two electrodes, one on each side of a leaf of the Mimosa pudica, Backster poured water onto the roots of the plant and was amazed to see that the galvanometer, instead of measuring greater conductivity—as would be expected by the relative increase in the plant's electrical resistance due to the increase in moisture—was moving in the opposite direction. After some thirty seconds, the galvanometer exhibited a contour similar to that of a human being experiencing an emotional stimulus of short duration.

Could the plant be displaying emotion? Backster decided to administer to the plant the mild threat-to-well-being test devised to observe a human being an upward swing of the galvanometer: he would threaten to burn the leaf that was held between the electrodes.

At that moment Backster formed the image of a flame in his mind, and before he could reach for a match, the recording pen bounded off the top of the chart. Backster says he neither moved nor touched the plant. Later, when he actually touched the leaf with the flame, there was a similar but lesser reaction of the pen-recorder.

Most amazing to Backster was that the tracings showed no reaction whatsoever when he merely pretended he would burn the leaf. Apparently the plant registered apprehension only in response to a real threat to its well-being.

To explore how his plants might be affected by contact with other living tissue, Backster dumped marine shrimp into a vessel of boiling water. When the polygraph needle leapt frantically, Backster wondered, what might it be, Backster wondered, that when a plant dies, it broadcasts some sort of signal to other plants, a rudimentary survival warning, like the alarm geese on the Capitoline Hill?

Backster next experimented by killing other organisms of life, down to the smallest cells. Each time he observed the plants reacting in the same way to the death of cells, whether they were plants, fruit, vegetable, mold culture, yeast, bacteria, amoebas, or even sperm. When he asked why his plants did not react to the contact with dying cells in the great world outside the laboratory, Backster replied that plants, like animals, do not stake out a physical space that they consider their territory and react only to stimuli occurring within that space. He pointed out that the repeated killing of shrimp in the immediate neighborhood of the plants eventually brought less and less reaction, indicating a form of adaptive logic or even memory in plants that seemed to "come to the conclusion" that the repeated killing of shrimp did not actually constitute a real threat to their own well-being.

Having gained what he calls a healthy respect for whatever is going on inside plants, Backster no longer willingly performs experiments that



Norman Green

Walter Tompkins
& Christopher Bird
LOVE AMONG
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might be harmful to his wards. In conditioning experiments, similar to those made by Pavlov in his work with animals, Backster switched from "shocking" his plants to "rewarding" them with extra light.

Quite by chance, Backster found that when plants are threatened with overwhelming danger or damage, they react self-defensively in the same way as an opossum, or indeed a human being, reacts—they "pass out," or go into a deep faint.

This he discovered when a woman physiologist, visiting from Canada, asked to be shown the reactions of Backster's plants on the galvanometer. From the first plant he got no reaction whatsoever. The pen-recorder lapsed into a near straight-line tracing on the paper. Subsequent plants also failed to react.

Dumbfounded, Backster had a thought. "Does any part of your research involve harming plants?" he asked his visitor.

"Yes," she replied. "I terminate all the plants I work with. I put them in an oven and roast them to obtain their dry weight for my analysis."

Forty-five minutes after the visitor was safely on her way to the airport, Backster's plants once more responded normally.

In still another series of experiments, Backster established the fact that a special communion, or bond of affinity, exists between a plant and its keeper, no matter the distance separating them.

With the use of automated equipment and carefully synchronized stopwatches, Backster was able to note that his plants continued to react to his thoughts and attention from the next room, from down the hall, and even from several buildings away.

Back from a fifteen-mile trip to New Jersey, Backster established that his plants had perked up and shown definite and positive signs of response at the very moment he had decided to return to New York.

To see if he could get a reaction from plants from a distance of over a thousand miles, Backster checked a friend tuned to her own plants on a 3,000-mile plane ride across the United States. From synchronized clocks they found the plants reacted strongly to her emotional stress at each takeoff and landing.

Backster has no idea what kind of energy wave may carry a man's thoughts or internal feelings to a plant. He has tried to screen a plant by placing it in a Faraday cage, as well as in a lead container. Neither shield appeared in any way to block or jam the communication channel linking the plant to a human being. The carrier wave, he concluded, whatever it is, must somehow operate beyond the electromagnetic spectrum. "We're in another dimension," says Backster, "a scientific twilight in which something can go from point to point without going between, and without consuming time to get there."

Soviet experime

EXPLANATIONS FOR "Backster's effect" suitably varied. Physicists postulate a quantum of energy generated by emotion setting in motion an enzymatic reaction in the plant. Followers of Rudolph Steiner speak of the interaction between the etheric bodies of plants and humans. Dr. Harold Puthoff, a laser physicist at the Stanford Research Institute, surmises that the subatomic particle known as a tachyon might hold the answer. Tachyons, from the Greek meaning "swift," are supposed to travel faster than light. Postulated in 1967 by Columbia University physicist Gerald Feinberg, they have so far not been experientially detected.

Generally, the reaction of academic scientists to Backster's discoveries has been surprisingly positive. To date, more than seven thousand scientists have asked for reprints of Backster's original research. Between twenty and thirty universities are said to be replicating his principal experiments, and various foundations have expressed interest in funding further work.

An engineer from the Xerox Company, launched with funds from a psychic research enthusiast—has been studying Backster's phenomena in order to stimulate a plant into tripping a light switch by mere thought control.

More sensational are the experiments accomplished by Paul Sauvin, an electronics technician and inventor. Modifying the schematics in an article by L. George Lawrence (the reported pseudonym of a secret government worker) in *Popular Electronics* of June 1971, Sauvin was able to build sophisticated equipment to remotely trigger a device through a plant at considerable distance. Setting a philodendron on a laboratory bench two and a half miles from his New Jersey home, Sauvin sent a strong emotional message to the plant. When the philodendron received the telepathic message, it triggered a radio signal that turned on the ignition of an automobile in the laboratory parking lot, starting the motor.

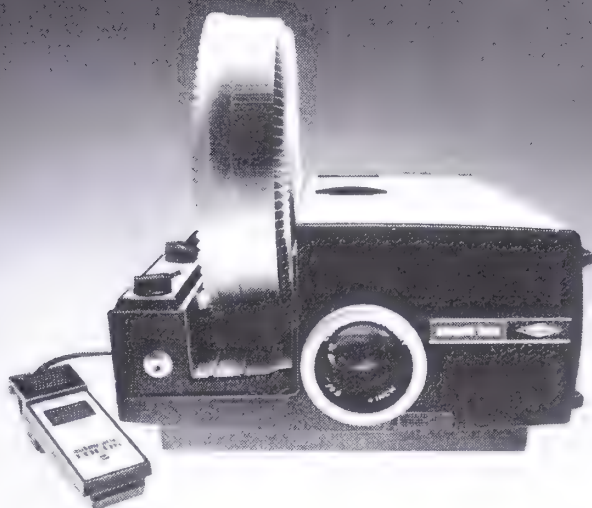
The instants of Sauvin's thought transmission and of its reception by the plant were timed to be synchronous by a shortwave radio station in Boulder, Colorado, two thousand miles away. Under less precise conditions Sauvin measured apparent synchronism in a plant's ability to trip a switch when the plant was as far away from him as seventy miles. Sauvin believes that with the expert advice of certain design specialists he will be able to perform the same feat cross-country and determine for the first time whether the energy of ESP travels either at, or faster than, the speed of light.

In the Soviet Union serious interest in telepathic interaction and communication between man and plants surfaced in October 1970 with the publication in no less a hard-boiled newspaper

That events should still occur of whose causation we are ignorant seems to me to be all to the good. The mystery of the universe adds to its majesty. It also induces modesty in its observer. Mystery in the observed and modesty in the observer are valuable qualities in the modern world.

—"Adventures in Physical Research" by C. E. M. Jones, *Harper's Magazine* July 1938

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than *Pravda* of a reportage entitled "Things Foliage Tell Us."

"Plants talk . . . yes, they scream . . ." declared *Pravda*. "It only *seems* that they calmly and silently bear pain." V. Chertkov, *Pravda's* reporter, visited the Laboratory for Artificial Climate at the prestigious Timiryazev Academy, where he interviewed Professor Ivan Isidorovich Gunar, head of the Academy's Department of Plant Physiology, who, together with his staff, has performed hundreds of experiments, all of which confirm the presence in plants of electric impulses similar to the well-known nerve impulses in man.

Gunar, said Chertkov, talks about plants as he would about people. He distinguishes their individual habits, characteristics, and proclivities and even appears to converse with them. "It seems to me," said Chertkov, "that his plants pay attention to this good, graying man. Only persons invested with certain power are like this."

Strange talk from dialectical materialists!

The studies of the Gunar team may open up new vistas in plant breeding. By testing plants with their instruments, the laboratory workers have found that within minutes they can "select" individual plants that are more resistant to heat, cold, and additional climatological factors than others—thus quickly pinpointing traits that up to now geneticists have needed years to establish.

Phenomena of an even more parapsychological nature have also been noted by the Russians. During experiments at the Soviet Institute of Plant Research a corn stalk planted in a glass container was denied water for several weeks. Yet it did not die; it remained as healthy as other corn stalks planted in normal conditions nearby. In some way, say the Soviet botanists, water was transferred from the healthy plants to the "prisoner" in the jar, yet they have no idea how.

The death of 500 peas

ACTUALLY, BACKSTER is by no means the first investigator to conclude that plants have feelings similar to those of human beings or to record the reactions of plants on laboratory instruments.

Early in this century, the eminent Indian physiologist Sir Jagadis Chunder Bose, founder of the Bose Institute in Calcutta, demonstrated that plants have a perfectly good nervous system and a mechanism like a heart for pumping sap.*

Probing plants with a fine needle attached to a galvanometer, Bose charted a sophisticated nervous system in plants by which they transform sensations into motor impulses. In a dozen fascinating books on plant physiology he de-

tailed the mechanisms whereby leaves and twigs respond to electrical, chemical, and thermal stimuli, showing that the conduction of excitation in plants is fundamentally the same as that in animals. One apparatus he devised enabled an audience to see how a turnip, pricked on one side, shuddered on the other, indicating not only sensation but its transmission.

Pursuing Charles Darwin's observations on the waking and sleeping habits of plants,⁸ Bose noted that plants suffer from fatigue just as humans and animals do. He discovered that plants are so somnolent at times that they are practically insensitive, whereas at other times, usually from midday on—they are easily excitable for a period of several hours.

(Some plants are so accurately scheduled that Carl Linnaeus, the eighteenth-century Swedish botanist, whose *Genera Plantarum* is considered the starting point of modern systematic botany, could tell the time of day by the different openings and closings of such common flowers—daisies, dandelions, primroses, and wild roses.)

Wondering how stimulants, depressants, and poisons affected plants, Bose injected several varieties with caffeine, alcohol, musk, chloroform, and strychnine. The effects he obtained were similar to those in human beings. Caffeine proved to be a stimulant. Spirits produced excitability followed by depression. Plants injected with alcohol swayed like drunkards. Chloroform tranquilized trees to the point that Bose was successfully able to transplant a large tree without the normal trauma of its being uprooted.

With a galvanometer, Bose discovered that plants go through a death spasm similar to the death throes of animals. At the moment of death intense excitation is produced in a plant together with a powerful discharge of electricity. The spasm itself is caused by contractions of dying cells.

Placing electrodes in the center and on the periphery of an ordinary green pea at the moment of its death, Bose registered a discharge

*Darwin, in his book *The Power of Movement in Plants*, noted that the habit of moving at certain periods was the common inheritance of both plants and animals. The most striking part of this similarity was "the localization of their sensitiveness, and the transmission of an influence from the excited part to another which consequently moves."

Although this seemed to imply that plants, like animals, had a nervous system, Darwin stopped short of making this assertion because he could find no such system. Nevertheless, Darwin could not get it out of his mind that plants must have the ability to think. In the very last sentence of his massive volume, referring to the properties of a plant's radicle—that part of the embryo that develops into the primary root—stated boldly: "It is hardly an exaggeration to say that the tip of the radicle . . . acts like the brain of one of the lower animals; the brain being seated within the anterior end of the body, receiving impressions from the sense-organs, and directing the several movements."

*Bose was knighted in 1917 for his invention of the crescograph, an instrument that could magnify objects as much as ten million times.

volt. If 500 pairs of half peas were wired es, said Bose, the electric discharge at the it of their killing would amount to 500 more than enough to explode a human be- uckily, Bose added, cooks need not be ensive, for peas in the pot are seldom con- in series, and the current has minimal age.

Cabbages and canaries

T PLANTS WILL ADAPT themselves to nan wishes was indicated—though gen- ignored—by the experiments of Luther k, the New England geneticist and experi- with plants who gave his name to Bur- California, where he moved at the begin- the century to develop the pitless orange ch horticultural anomalies as an apple n one side and sour on the other.

ank said he was able to build plants to a ocked up in his mind, that plants red to his mental images, indicating some intelligence and transmission of thought. emulating the desert one day, Burbank ed himself that every plant growing there er bitter, poisonous, or spiny, and that f these properties must have been de- over the course of millennia for purposes defense against threatening predators. If cactus were given a human cultivator's d protection, Burbank reasoned, it might n as unnecessary the urge to grow spines. e conducting his experiments to make ess" cacti, Burbank talked to his plants e a vibration of love. "You have nothing a" Burbank would tell his cacti. "You don't ur defensive thorns. I will protect you." ually the plants of the desert evolved orless variety. In Santa Rosa, Burbank ami Yogananda: "The secret of improved

plant breeding, apart from scientific knowledge, is love."

Burbank also proved that the natural evolu- tion of a plant could be telescopically speeded up. Experimenting with a walnut tree that nor- mally would have taken more than thirty years to reach a state of abundant nut production, he was able to make it bear abundantly in half that time. "I now see humanity as one vast plant," said Burbank, "needing for its highest fulfill- ment only love, the natural blessings of the great outdoors, and intelligent crossing and selection."

Then there is the case of Marcel Vogel, an IBM research chemist in Los Gatos, California. Vogel, who has patented several inventions of crucial significance for the storage of informa- tion in IBM computers, came across Backster's original article while searching for material for a course on creativity to be given to IBM en- gineers. A confirmed skeptic, Vogel was none- theless impelled to reread the article. Soon he had his students deeply involved in repeating Backster's experiments. To his amazement, Vogel found that when his students discussed engineering, his plants showed little or no reac- tion, but that when the subject turned to sex, the plants showed signs of sudden excitation. All of which led Vogel to speculate that ancient fer- tility rites, in which humans had sexual inter- course in freshly seeded fields, may have been authentic stimulants to plant growth. Vogel also found that his plants reacted to ghost stories. He remains puzzled as to whether the plants were picking up the emotions of the listeners or actu- ally reacting to human interest in the spirit world.

As the Pythagoreans were aware, music ap- pears to have an effect on plants. With a record- ing of De Falla's *Nights in the Gardens of Spain*, Vogel was able to obtain rhythmic oscillations from the plants. This corroborates the evidence of Mrs. Dorothy Rettalack, who grows plants to music at Temple Buell College in Denver, Col-

"Backster found that when plants are threatened with overwhelm- ing danger or damage, they re- act self-defen- sively in the same way as an opos- sum, or a human being, reacts."



Peter Tompkins
& Christopher Bird

LOVE AMONG THE CABBAGES

orado. Mrs. Rettalack reports that plants respond favorably to Bach and Ravi Shankar's classical Indian sitar music, but that when her plants hear "acid rock, they cringe, lean sharply away from the sound, and die in a few weeks." Even the roots, says Mrs. Rettalack, grow aslant, rejecting the music.

Plants, says Vogel, appear to have feelings quite as sensitive as those of human beings: if a person thinks derogatory thoughts about one of his plants or talks to a plant in a derogatory way, while praising some other plant, the first plant can be made to wither to the point of death.

Vogel, who teamed up for further research with a medical doctor, John Meyers, the author of several papers on psychiatry in industry, says that plants react favorably to being talked to, to being admired, to being touched. He claims that anyone can get a plant to flourish, simply by giving it attention and wishing it well; the plant will flourish and grow in direct proportion to the amount of affection and admiration it receives from its caretaker.

Vogel performed an experiment with two leaves freshly picked from a single plant from his garden. One he put by his bed, paying attention to it every day and willing it to live; the other he left unattended in another room. After a month the leaf to which he paid no attention was flaccid, turning brown at the edges and beginning to decay. The leaf on which he had focused his attention was radiantly vital, green, just as if freshly picked. It had sealed the wound where it had been torn from the plant and appeared to be thriving on no more sustenance than the attention from a human being.

"Love," says Vogel, "is expressed to a plant as a wish for it to be happy and grow. It is like feeding it energy in the form of psychic food."

Dr. Paul Blondel, professor of natural science at Blake College in San Diego, California, supervised a two-year research program in the 1960s into the emotional life of plants. Blondel contends that it is possible to assess and calibrate the "disposition" of various types of plants. Cabbages, tomatoes, and potatoes, he believes, are most susceptible to kindness and flattery. At the other end of the scale, exotic flowers such as orchids and gladioli are the most nervous and temperamental.

The sensitivities of plants to the world around them may now be used to combat the mounting problems of air pollution. According to James Long, a biologist working for the Missouri Air Conservation Commission, sweet corn, tomatoes, romaine lettuce, tobacco, and gladioli of the Snow Princess variety, as well as other vegetables and flowers, can, should, and probably will be used to check pollution levels in the atmosphere. His idea is that these plants can serve as a warning device as effectively as canaries have been used to detect poisonous gases in coal mines.

Findhorn ga

BUT THE MOST AMAZING recent experiment with plants is perhaps the one being tried out on a windblown patch of land rounded on three sides by the North Sea on the east coast of Scotland, on Findhorn Bay, Moray. There, on a half acre of soil that is sand and gravel, a nature-loving group is raising forty-pound cabbages and stunningly beautiful flowers by "communicating with the forces that animate their plants." Peter and Caddy, the originators of the experiment, maintain they have entered into spiritual communion with the primordial architects of the world, the ancient Devas who control the universal laws of plant growth.

In their first season, the Caddys grew five different kinds of vegetables, twenty-two fruits, and forty-two herbs in ground that cultural experts considered worthless for anything but gorse. R. Lindsay Robb, professor of agriculture and former chief of the Food and Agriculture mission, after inspecting the garden, found that "the vigor, health, and bloom of the plants in midwinter on land of almost barren sand cannot be explained by the application of any known cultural method of organic husbandry."

The devotees of the Findhorn garden say that what makes a desert bloom, more than any fertilizer, is communion with the living forces of the universe. One of Man's most important contributions, they say, are the radiations such as love he puts into the soil while cultivating it. According to the Caddys, each plant species has a different life force or spirit that persists despite the growth, flowering, and demise of the individual plants. The Caddys, say the Caddys, take pleasure in the exquisite flavor of a raspberry or brilliant color of a dahlia is appreciated by a human being, and their best when their efforts are most humbly acknowledged. Happiness and joy in what they are doing, say the Caddys, are the prime requirements for success in any venture.

Because of the modern emphasis on materiality, the possibilities of a spirit life in the world were neglected until the advent of experiments such as those of the Caddys, Cleve Backster, and Marcel Vogel; but in ancient times a whole world of nature spirits was commonly acknowledged. To clairvoyants among the Celts, such as the druids, elves and fauns and the great god Pan, the matter of direct vision and experience.

Now, say the Findhorn gardeners, time is changing, a new "Aquarian" age is upon us in which this plundered planet may yet return to an approximation of the Biblical Garden of Eden, where, they suggest, an original sin had never been to eat an apple without acknowledging and appreciating its full cycle of creati-



The Barn

OF ROCHESTER, VERMONT.
 ia will not save the great
 19th-century barns of North
 a. They are close to extinction
 and neither their neon recon-
 in roadside eateries nor their
 ed beams in the weekend
 of city dwellers will bring
 back.
 barn and the church. The
 is deeper than the symbol of
 ger. For millennia, the barn

and the church have shared the same basic plan, the basilican, in which the central aisle (threshing floor or nave) is flanked by two parallel aisles broken by bays that in the church become chapels: in the barn, stalls. No architects perpetuated this design, only anonymous men responding to tradition, the exigencies of nature, and the character of their work.

Feeding, storage, shelter—the simplicity of function was matched by strict economy of means to produce the most beautiful vernacular architecture in what was once the New World. Herewith, then, an album of photographs of the barn, to be seen as an album of pressed flowers.





R.R.5, CARLISLE, PENNSYLV.

The strong horizontal lines of the clapboard walls in this barn are elegantly punctuated by the circular ventilators and the solid rectangular windows.

◁ EAST WINFIELD, NEW YORK.

The classic red barn. Remark the size of the boards, the height of the eaves and the intricacy of the masonry.



◁ NEAR GREENCASTLE, PENNSYLVANIA

Bricklayers sometimes turned the functional into the decorative, or even as in this case, the playful. The vain owner of the barn at the left, is said to have wanted a representation of himself astride his horse worked into the ventilating holes in the gable. His manner in dealing with the bricklayers was so offensive, however, that what he got was a dunce on a donkey.



◁ NEAR SELLERSVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA

The medieval European look of this Pennsylvania barn was honestly copied by the settlers of that state (Pennsylvania Dutch) modeled their structures on what they had known in the Old World, in Bavaria and in Jura.

Copyright © 1972 by M. F. Feheley Art Ltd. From the forthcoming book *The Barn: A Vanishing Landmark in North America*, written by Eric Arthur and photographed by Dudley Whitney, to be published by New Graphic Society Ltd. in America and McClelland & Stewart Ltd. in Canada.

As a service to our readers, Harper's has available editions of *The Barn* (135 plates, 278 black and white photographs, drawings \$25.00 per copy). Make checks payable to Harper's Magazine and send to "The Barn," Harper's Magazine, 2 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016





△ NEAR WEST BROME, QUEBEC.

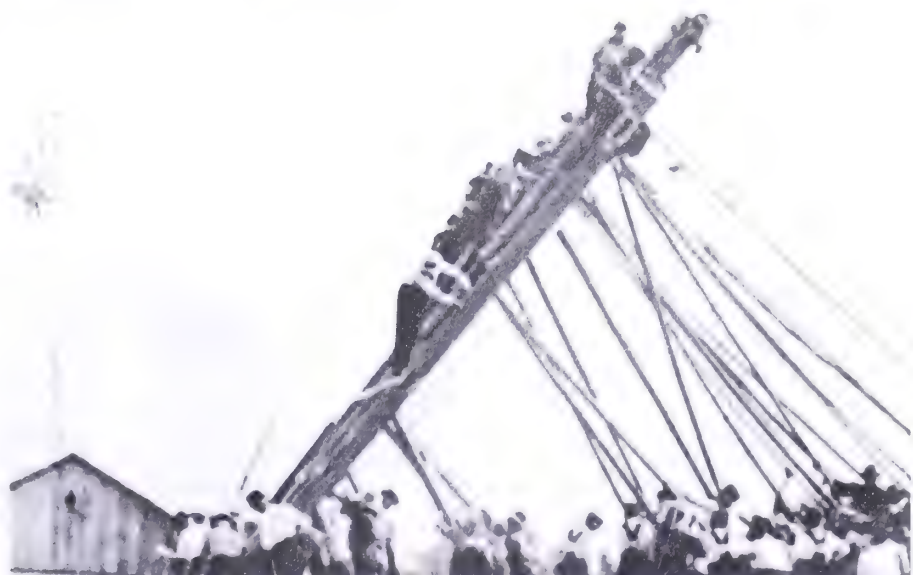
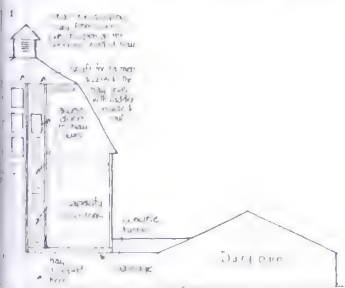
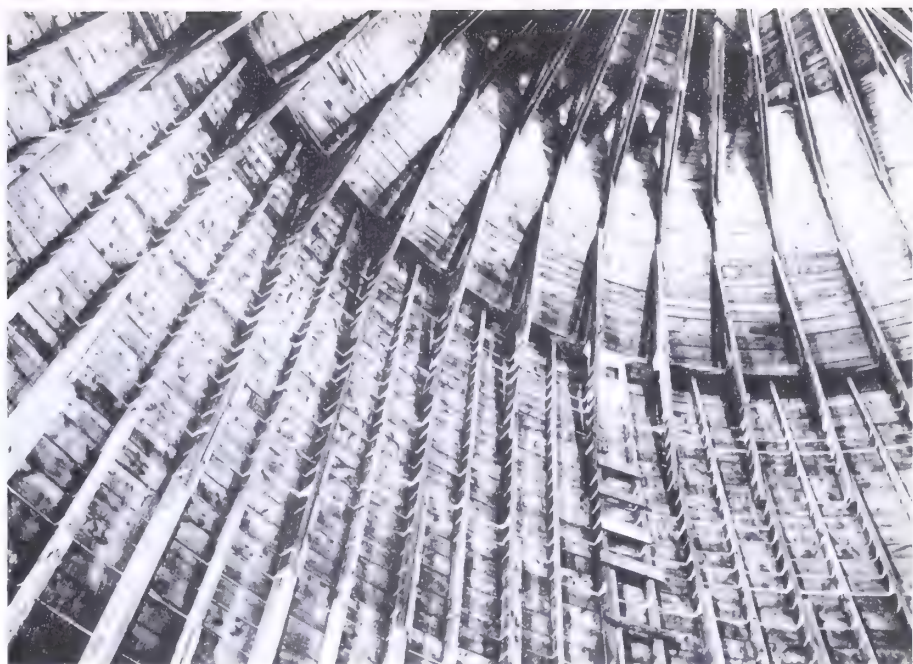
Round or polygonal barns all date from the latter half of the nineteenth century. Inside, one is again reminded of ecclesiastical architecture, of Romanesque baptistries. The quality and ingenuity of the carpentry are astonishing, and clearly required more expensive skills than were needed for the rectangular barn, the walls of which were often prefabricated on the ground and then lifted into place at barn-raising bees such as that pictured at the lower right.



◁ NEAR LOWELL, VERMONT.

Girdled with moss-covered shingles, sparsely fenestrated, this great barn on a hill-top, a natural extrusion of the grass and rock beneath it.

ST.-BENOÎT-DU-LAC, QUEBEC.
 striking barn has to be studied
 with the sketch. At peak load the
 r would climb the steps in the
 and drop hay down a shaft to the
 ent, from which it was taken by
 to the cattle in the byre. As the
 le decreased with use, the farmer
 operate through doors in the
 according to the level of the hay.
 ingenious plan was born of the
 o do everything possible indoors
 ters of deep snow.



A TAX ASSESSOR HAS MANY FRIENDS

The story of Tom Fadell, his rise to power in Gary, Indiana, and why he will probably stay there



SPECIAL AGENT ORAL COLE of the Internal Revenue Service's Criminal Intelligence Division read the letter I had given him. It was addressed to me.

Dear George:

... As you know, Nader is very interested in Gary from several points of view. First is the property tax situation there. Second is the fact that you mentioned about possible irregularities in the IRS regional office. I have talked to Ralph about both subjects and he is extremely interested in receiving information on both. ... Anything you could get us right away will be appreciated.

Samuel Simon, Associate

"Good, that's fine," Cole said in a slow country drawl. "I'm sorry to have insisted on the letter but I just don't trust the *Post-Tribune*." Reporters rarely get secret interviews with IRS agents, but in a manner very closely related to the "property tax situation" in Gary, Cole's life had just caved in on him, and when I explained I was in touch with Nader, he agreed to see me.

Special Agent Cole had once been at the top of his profession. A last-minute report from him to Attorney General Robert Kennedy in 1961 had put the first dent in Gary, Indiana's corrupt political machine. George Chacharis, the then mayor of Gary and an assiduous deliverer of Kennedy votes in the 1960 campaign, had been chosen to be President Kennedy's ambassador to Greece. The announcement of his nomination was never

made. Cole's report showed that the Gary machine was involved in a complex tangle of illegal activities and had failed to report on his federal income tax returns at least \$260,000 worth of income from kickbacks on city contracts. Instead of Greece, Chacharis was sent to jail.

Cole, meanwhile, was promoted to a job in Washington where he established himself as one of IRS's best agents. In 1966 he was called back to Gary to complete an investigation of another machine politician; this time, however, there were no promotions at the conclusion of his work, only personal disaster.

The object of Cole's 1966 probe was Chacharis' protégé, the present tax assessor of Calumet Township, Thomas R. Fadell. "I'm the boss in Calumet Township," Fadell once told a *Chicago* businessman who was threatening to take legal action against him. The businessman had refused to bribe Fadell and the assessor had responded by tripling his company's tax assessment. "There's nothing you can do about it," he had explained matter-of-factly. And indeed there wasn't much the man could do; Fadell had become the boss of Chacharis' political machine and the machine's influence extended to the prosecutor's office and the courts in Lake County.

*The machine lost control of the Gary City Hall in 1967 when Richard G. Hatcher was elected mayor. It retained control of the township and county offices in Lake County and thus control of the machine's criminal justice.

George Crile worked in Gary, Indiana, as a reporter for one and a half years, then spent another half year in Washington as Pentagon correspondent for the *Ridder* newspapers.

re Cole was assigned to the case, Fadell
ight out the two IRS agents investigating
d threatened to raise the assessments on
uses if they didn't stop. When they con-
he followed through with his threat. He
rote to the IRS regional director demand-
at the investigation be halted. "The
" he charged, "are guilty of spying, vi-
ss, arbitrary capriciousness and sham
abricating stories in an attempt to give
odious, illegal actions an aroma of
." This was typical language from the
io signed his letters, "From your friend-
sor."

ll is the son of a Croatian steelworker. A
captain in the Korean war, he still carries
as if he were in uniform. He was a strug-
wyer in 1958 when Chacharis took him
is wing and got him elected assessor. From
antageous base, Fadell managed, within
ort years and on a \$12,500-a-year salary,
oble a small business empire.

e federal grand jury began to hear evi-
n the case, Special Agent Cole was confi-
the outcome. Yet after hearing evidence
better part of a year, the jury's term ex-
thout its being asked to vote on returning
tment. Shortly afterward, Cole's local
ors pressured him to close out the case.
ed to sign the final report and was tempo-
ransferred to New York. Several months
was recalled to Gary and charged with
g a gift (a \$35 pool table) in violation
ules.

and frightened, Cole fought back by
ing support from Washington. He indi-
at the IRS's Indiana regional office
o be investigated and asked for a public
ff his own case. Then Herbert J. Miller,
stant Attorney General under Robert
et who knew Cole's work and respected
negrity, offered to defend the accused
he combination was too hot for Cole's
ors. They erased the charges on his offi-
ards and dropped their case.

w an empty victory for Cole. He was al-
ffering from acute arthritis and glau-
i his only eye; the emotional strain had
ed both of these conditions. More im-
perhaps, he felt humiliated and betrayed
rganization he had believed in and de-
s life to. Soon after I met with him in
1971, he resigned.

ou're on to Mr. Fadell," Cole said slowly
reading the letter from Nader's associate.
better be careful. He can be pretty
But the agent's mood seemed to change
oked over the letter once again. "I'll help
ver I can," he said finally. "Come back
week and we'll talk some more."

woked with Cole for the next few months,
g over the ground he had already covered in

his investigation of the Calumet Township tax
assessor, and then I went considerably further.
What emerged was the story of the corruption of
an entire city. In a sense, however, Oral Cole's
contest with Tom Fadell only prefigured my
own. The nine-part series I wrote for the Gary
Post-Tribune was never published. Possibly it is
locked away somewhere in the paper's offices;
or perhaps it is decaying in the same Gary dump
where Fadell had all the township's tax-assess-
ment records buried in 1967.

Taxing steel

THE PAPER THAT I came to work for in the
spring of 1970, the *Post-Tribune*, is one of
fourteen dailies in the Midwest and California
owned by the Ridder family. Through three gen-
erations this family has observed a set rule in
expanding its empire: only buy papers in cities
where there is no competition, and station a
Ridder at every paper to watch over the in-
vestment.

Walter Ridder, publisher of the *Post-Tribune*,
is of a different mold from the rest of his family:
he is considered a liberal, and he is the only fam-
ily member primarily interested in the news; for
years, in fact, he wrote a political column from
Washington. In 1966, however, he quit the col-
umn to become publisher of the *Post-Tribune*.
It was a curious decision. At fifty, Ridder was
almost deaf and in poor health, and he insisted
on commuting to Gary from his home in Wash-
ington. Moreover, he is a man with a profound
distaste for tension and controversy, and life in
the company town that U.S. Steel built in 1906
had little else to offer him.

In 1966, the city was still controlled by Cha-
charis' political machine. The following year
the city's population shifted to a black majority
and elected Richard Hatcher, a thirty-six-year-
old lawyer, the first black man to become mayor
of a major American city. With Hatcher in office,
Ridder appeared to be seized by the belief that
a race riot was about to erupt. He arranged with
Hatcher to have a "hot line" hooked up from
the mayor's office to Ridder's apartment in the
Hotel Gary. The publisher also ordered a mora-
torium on any news that was highly critical of
the new black mayor, fearing it might increase
racial tension in the city. But his editors ignored
or underplayed the positive and often nationally
interesting stories about the new mayor's ad-
ministration, and the tone of the paper's report-
ing soon came to reflect the attitude of its senior
political reporter, Guy Slaughter. "You can't
help but be prejudiced," Slaughter said the first
day I arrived on the job. "The only whites
Hatcher will talk to are subversives." Hatcher
responded by not granting interviews to *Post-
Tribune* reporters.

"By the time I
arrived in Gary,
Hatcher's admin-
istration had
brought a social
revolution to the
city. In fact it had
become a kind of
urban laboratory
for virtually every
major inner-city
program available
in the country."

George Crile
A TAX
ASSESSOR
HAS MANY
FRIENDS

I had known Ridder in Washington, and when I finished college and the Marines I went to see him about a job with his Gary paper. He agreed, and in conversations with my wife Anne and me, he treated us like allies signing up to go into enemy territory with him. In Gary, he made sure I was given interesting assignments, and he backed me up on the controversial stories I wrote. One such story was on U.S. Steel's gigantic Gary Works, which comprises half the taxable property in the city. The *Post-Tribune* article had suggested that the corporation might be trying to conceal the value of its plant, and there were reasons to suspect this was the case. During the 1960s alone, for example, more than a billion dollars in improvements were added to the Gary plant, yet its assessment increased by only \$25 million, and by 1971 the mill's tax assessment was only \$173 million.*

The story infuriated the superintendent of the Gary Works, J. David Karr, and he responded in a later interview with an apparent threat: "How far can you push me? I'm not asking for a fight with the paper, but a newspaper is a business. It doesn't exist in a vacuum. It's got to have a relationship with U.S. Steel. What would happen to it if it were to lose money? You ever heard of that?"

By the time I arrived in Gary, Hatcher's administration had brought a social revolution to the city. In fact it had become a kind of urban laboratory for virtually every major inner-city program available in the country; more than \$100 million had poured in from the federal government alone, and Hatcher had initiated an across-the-board reform of the city government. Still, Hatcher's administration had failed to meet two major challenges: to neutralize the machine's power and to force a fair revaluation of U.S. Steel's taxable property. The consequences of these failings became apparent in late 1970 when Gary's school superintendent called for an end to physical education and music classes and warned that there might not be enough money to keep the schools open throughout the year. It was the first of a succession of financial crises to hit the city's bankrupt schools and government, both of which rely on property taxes for funding.

The impasse seemed about to break in November 1970, when Ralph Nader became interested in Gary. Nader was answering a call for help from a community organization set up by the late Saul Alinsky. Composed of white workingpeople in Lake County, the Calumet Community Congress (CCC) attracted Nader's attention because of its interest in challenging U.S. Steel's tax assessment and pollution.

At the CCC's first meeting, 1,500 people—

from truck drivers and housewives to steelworkers and students—listened to Nader's associate John Esposito, as he pledged to investigate U.S. Steel. They then voted to commit their new organization to fight political corruption and industrial abuses in the county. Unconsciously, the organization of hardhats had declared war on the organization of hardhats . . . and just on the eve of Hatcher's reelection campaign.

It ain't bearin'

WHEN THE CITY DUMP started to burn out of control in January 1971, everyone knew that the campaign had begun in earnest. The dump was located in the center of a residential district, and arsonists set fire to it with consistent regularity and considerable embarrassment to Hatcher throughout the spring. There were other signs of the beginning of the campaign. A crime wave hit the city about the same time and ended, like the fires at the dump, on Election Day.

Also in January, the township trustee, a machine loyalist who administered emergency welfare grants, started to force poor relief applicants to sign cards pledging their support for the machine mayoralty candidate, Dr. Alexander Williams, a light-skinned Negro who was also the county coroner. Hatcher had told the *Post-Tribune's* City Hall reporter about the trustee's actions and offered him a pile of signed statements from welfare applicants as proof. The reporter refused to take them. I did take them, and my story forced the trustee to put an end to the pledge cards, but both he and Dr. Williams made charges on radio talk shows that I'd been biased because my wife worked at City Hall. Anne was indeed working there, but Ridder had given his approval to her taking the job, and he said it wouldn't affect my assignments. He had a change of heart, however, when the controversy arose. The next day, the *Post-Tribune's* editor, in telling me that I could no longer write stories that dealt with the campaign, explained: "The paper, like Caesar's wife, must be beyond reproach."

I was disturbed because I knew there would be other controversial stories emerging as the campaign heated up, and there was no assurance that there would be anyone to write them. I had my hands full covering the CCC, and by then I had started to look into U.S. Steel's tax assessment.

Nader's property tax specialist, Sam Singer, had contacted me about investigating the mill at the time the CCC was being organized. He hoped I would do the research and feed it to Nader for a possible law suit. In a fit of enthusiasm for the cause, I was agreeable to this, but I was puzzling over how to go about it when H



Tom Fadell

*Tax assessments in Indiana are set by state law at one third of true cash value. The full value of the plant, according to this formula, is then \$519 million.

The American forest still belongs to the American people.

and private forestland not suitable for commercial tree
aside for parks and wilderness areas



19% state and federal forestland

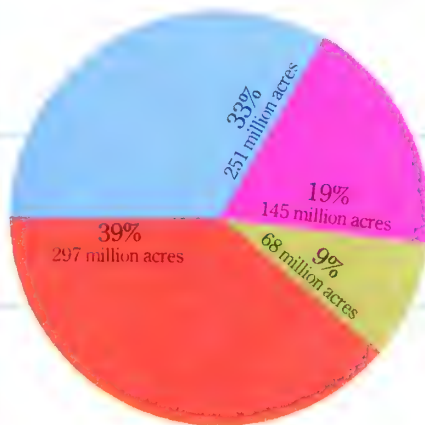


And to a *lot* of people.
To begin with, four million
ual Americans own 39% of the
orest—a forest that's still three-
as large as it was when
us landed.

Then, too, *everybody* shares
hip in that 19% of the forest
by federal and state govern-
which supplies so much of the
terial for building our houses
ies and making our paper
s.

and when you add the 16 mil-
es of forestland that's been set
r parks and wilderness areas,
land not suitable for growing
rcial trees, the American
-individually or collectively—
% of America's 761 million
forest.

o if the forest industries seem



to own more than their 9%, it's prob-
ably because with responsible, scien-
tific management they've been able
to make this 9% produce *one-third* of
all the raw material we need for
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American Forest Institute



George Crile

A TAX ASSESSOR HAS MANY FRIENDS

Coleman, Hatcher's campaign manager, called with a suggestion.

Coleman has managed campaigns for black candidates in Gary since the 1930s; first for and later against the machine. He is a short man in his late fifties with a soft, almost apologetic manner who carried a former Mafia muscleman about with him as a bodyguard. Coleman knew I was trying to get a handle on the U.S. Steel story through Fadell, and he was eager to help me expose Hatcher's chief political foe. "There's a fellow here who just got fired by Fadell and he's pretty mad," Coleman told me on the phone. "Why don't you come over and have a talk with him."

The man in Coleman's office, Wilbur Salib, had been an IRS auditor for nineteen years when he wrote an unfavorable evaluation of his supervisor and was promptly charged with violating IRS rules by preparing income tax returns for a fee. Fadell, who was then being investigated by the IRS, hired the jobless accountant, hoping he could learn IRS procedures from him. Although Salib then served the assessor loyally for several years, Fadell had now fired him without notice. Salib said he could tell me a great deal about the inner workings of the assessor's office and perhaps something about U.S. Steel too, but that he needed a job if he were going to talk. Coleman immediately hired him as a street inspector, and the new city worker spent all his off hours for the next few months helping me investigate Fadell.

Compared with what we discovered later, the practices Salib told me about the first time we talked were trivial: employees receiving extra pay at the public's expense so they could purchase tickets for fund-raising dinners, a "Flower Fund" into which the assessor's employees kicked 2 per cent of their salaries for Fadell's personal use, bloated mileage claims with percentage kickbacks to Fadell, and similar illegali-

ties. Salib was sure there was far more to the story than this, however, and suggested we go to the County Court House and look through the duplicate assessment records kept on file in the auditor's office.

When I read through the assessor's payroll records for the past few years, I found that Fadell's average sixty-man payroll was adequate with political appointees and personal retainers. The most prominent of these was Oral Coates, an adversary and Fadell's former protector, now a Chacharis. In addition, twenty-four principal committeemen or wives of committeemen, the minister, several of Fadell's relations, and "other" Fadell's law partners were receiving pay from the assessor. A further review of the payroll from the preceding few years revealed remarkable payroll increases during the weeks prior to elections when Fadell was running for office. When he ran for mayor in 1963, for instance, he hired more than 1,000 temporary employees. In 1966, when he was running for assessor, he hired more than 750. Later I established that all the people hired to campaign for Fadell were paid with government funds. In 1966 alone, the cost of subsidizing the assessor's campaign work was \$37,500.

From the payroll records, Salib and I went into the vault where the assessment records were kept. To our mutual surprise, we immediately spotted another unmistakable pattern. The assessments of numerous corporations had mysteriously reduced in the years after Fadell became assessor in 1958. For example, the valuations of seven properties of the privately owned water company in Gary were reduced from \$257,765 to \$37,690 in one year. This meant a reduction of about \$31,000 in the company's annual tax bill. Over a ten-year period this amounted to more than a \$300,000 tax reduction. Hundreds of other corporations "th-

Walter Ridder



ere also receiving massive tax reductions. er leaving the County Court House the first interviewed a number of the assessor's on Day employees and got them to sign ents saying they had received checks from sessor's office for political work. This evi-, along with the other payroll abuses and s testimony, was probably enough to send to jail if it could be presented in court e Lake County.

then, learning of my investigation from ployee, Fadell counterattacked. He gave ement to the city's two radio stations: results of an investigation I have conl prove conclusively that the *Post-Tribune* its employment a payola reporter, George who is actively working in the Hatcher ign. Crile has been running around dur-orking hours with City Hall employees at-ting to concoct false rumors about me, the or. because I am for Dr. Williams in the 's race. Crile's wife works at City Hall and -iving merchant checks from the control-ffice. *What other checks are the Criles reg-,"* asked Fadell, *"and what kind of mer-are the Criles anyway . . ."*

AS SHORTLY AFTER THIS that I met Oral e through Salib, who had known him in S. Following the agent's leads, I started t the enemies Fadell had made during his e, as well as a number of his current em-s, and businessmen throughout the city. at emerged was the apparent fact that was primarily a businessman, even his varied and extensive ventures were by secret trusts and other legal ruses. His ential secretary had at one time been an in more than eight different corporations, f which I believed served as conduits to el money. Other employees and relatives rticipated in the assessor's complex deals. re recent years, he had branched out into ety of conventional businesses, which I long with his known holdings in the series cles that I intended for publication in the *ribune*. Among Fadell's assets, I wrote, three trucking companies, including one \$618,000 contract with the city of Chi-a trailer park—a mobile homes sales ny—a law practice with some of the town-large property owners as clients—exten-al estate holdings in Lake and Porter s, including two lakefront homes—and a n Miami, Florida."

king with Salib at the County Court I learned to interpret different patterns in essment records. For instance, when a ation's assessment experienced a major explained drop, it was safe to conclude me form of business arrangement had

been worked out with the assessor. If, on the other hand, there was a major unexplained in-crease, followed by appeals to the state tax board, it probably meant that the corporation in question was being run by a man of principle. Following this rule of thumb, I went to the latter corporations to inquire about their dealings with the assessor. This is one of the stories I was told:

In 1960 Robert Roy, then general manager of Gary Screw and Bolt Co., was approached by Calumet Township Assessor Tom Fadell with the advice that it would be "wise" for Roy's company to start selling some of its scrap metal below market price to a junk dealer friend of Fadell's.

In a recent interview, Roy recalled that Fadell "indicated the company's assessment need not be increased if such an arrangement could be worked out." When Roy refused to accept the offer, Fadell raised Screw and Bolt's personal property assessment over 400 per cent—from \$330,539 to \$1,419,365.

At this point the corporation assigned several lawyers to the case and began the expensive process of appealing Fadell's assessment. Although the corporation succeeded in removing over \$700,000 from Fadell's assessment, it still ended up with a \$330,000 increase . . .

"He's a rotten type politician; it's amazing he's still out of jail," Roy commented.

Tennis and other hazards

FORMER BOSS GEORGE CHACHARIS is, like me, a tennis enthusiast. I had approached him about a game shortly after arriving in Gary, and we used to play regularly. By the time the campaign was under way, however, other matters had become uppermost in my mind, and I had established a routine in which I would play with him at his private club in South Chicago and then drive over to visit with Oral Cole. The contrast between the old political boss and the man who had sent him to jail was interesting, to say the least.

Chacharis' stock-in-trade was gifts and favors. I tried to avoid them, but he was insistent. First, there was the tennis racket I had left in his car overnight, which was returned restrung in pure gut. Then there was the \$250 dinner party at Maxime's in Chicago, and always the stories about Gary. We were friends in a strange way, but there was always a reserve between us, for he knew I was investigating his protégé, now employer, Tom Fadell.

It unnerved me one afternoon, after Fadell had issued his "payola reporter" release, when the old boss started to call me "partner" throughout a doubles match. He had never done it before,

"The assessments of numerous corporations had been mysteriously reduced in the years after Fadell became assessor in 1958."

George Crile
A TAX
ASSESSOR
HAS MANY
FRIENDS

and his smile was too broad and his manner too generous to make me comfortable: "Good shot, partner . . . too bad, partner . . . we'll get 'em next time, partner." I was thinking about Chacharis' strange behavior as I was driving to Cole's house when a 1957 Chevrolet started to force my car off the Tri-State Highway. The cars behind were traveling at high speeds so there seemed to be no way to stop without having an accident. When the car, driven by a goateed young man wearing a T-shirt, started across my Volkswagen's front fender, I turned onto the shoulder, slammed on the brakes, and watched as the Chevrolet fishtailed off the shoulder onto a grassy hill beside the highway. By the time the car caught up with me, I had managed to wedge my VW closely between two fast-moving cars, and after one more pass the driver dropped back and turned off at the next exit.

I didn't know what to think of the incident until I talked to Cole that night at his house. "You better start changing your routes," he advised. "That's the way they do it, you know."

Later there was an anonymous note left during the night on my typewriter in the paper's newsroom. It warned me to get out of the city.

George Chacharis



Then came the strange conversations with Fadell's deputy assessor, John Svaco. Whenever we met he spoke to me in peculiar riddles. "Hi Crile," he would say. "You better keep your tool cool, I'm just watching out for your safety, you know." Throughout the investigation, Harry Coleman expressed concern for my safety and frequently offered me one of his bodyguards. I half wanted to accept but never did.

Deadlines and elections

I HAD IMPOSED A DEADLINE for finishing the Fadell series in time for publication before the May 4 primary of 1971. The articles were potentially important to the outcome of the election, for Fadell had become the central figure in a machine effort to steal the election from Hatcher. The assessor had announced that he had conducted an investigation and found that city Hall officials had illegally registered 3,000 voters. The machine-controlled election board responded to these charges by instituting a challenge procedure that would have required at least thirty minutes for each of these voters to be challenged. The resulting bottlenecks in the black precincts, where the 3,500 challenged voters were registered and where Hatcher's voting strength was centered, would have effectively halted most voting by Hatcher's supporters.

The election board justified its challenge procedure solely on the basis of Fadell's charges. The articles cast serious doubt on his credibility. They established that the assessor had used his office to solicit bribes, divert public monies for his political as well as personal uses, destroy hundreds of volumes of public records, and profited millions of dollars in tax reductions to certain corporations. In addition, they demonstrated that Fadell had manipulated the city's budget process to bring about a financial crisis in the city administration just before the primary elections.

When I turned the series over to Ridder 10 weeks before the election, there was no question in my mind that it would be published. Throughout the investigation Fadell had refused to answer questions or let me see his assessment records, but there were duplicate records in the county auditor's office and the paper could check them. Further, all of my interviews had been taped. I had even received a loose agreement to have Nader write an introduction to the series. "Let's not have this be a Nader story," Ridder said protectively. "Let's have it be a *Portland Tribune* story." I took this as a favorable sign and waited anxiously for a reaction.

A week later Ridder said that the series would have to wait. He said he didn't want it to become an issue in the campaign. He had also decided not to endorse Hatcher, saying that no one

to his satisfaction that Dr. Williams was machine's candidate. Elections in Gary are pitched battles, employing guns and money, between those trying to win the election and those trying to save it. This fight had been enlivened more than usual by heated bomb threats at City Hall, two fires on Hatcher's car, and shots at his house. Nevertheless, despite the machine's all-out effort and Hatcher's personal, rifle-waving intervention at the polling place, Hatcher won the election by a landslide.

When the election over, I set out to complete investigation of U.S. Steel's tax assessment. I left this out of the original series in order that the articles published before the election would not be prejudicial. However, I felt the series would be printed and would go on to U.S. Steel. The investigation presented two major challenges: to find out by just how much the plant was underassessed and to establish conclusively who was responsible for the tax break. The first breakthrough came with the discovery of a study made by an economist at a neighboring university. The study was aimed at the mill's assessment, but it provided a breakdown, to the dollar, of the cost of improvements added to the Gary Works in the last ten years. With this figure, \$1,289,320, it was possible to determine that the steel plant was underassessed by more than \$100 million, with a resulting annual tax break of about \$10 million. This estimate was later confirmed by comparing it with the corporation's own statement of the value of its assets in a previously received foreign corporation's report to the Indiana Secretary of State. In that report, U.S. Steel listed its Gary Works were worth, after depreciation, \$793,991,464. This, if correct, means it was receiving a \$15 million-a-year tax break, which means that tax bills for the average Gary plant owner have been a full 25 per cent higher than they should have been. Even more damaging to U.S. Steel's claim that its assessment was only excessive and illegal were the assessments of the businesses in Gary that were not receiving tax breaks. "Compared to U.S. Steel, the really hit hard," Gunner Fog, superintendent of Union Carbide's Gary plant, pointed out. He explained that his company's \$36 million annual tax bill close to \$1 million. "It seems to me that if we pay \$1 million, U.S. Steel ought to pay \$100 million. They have billions of dollars invested there."

The second part of the investigation—determining who was responsible for the tax break—was not so easy. For, in truth, Fadell had occasionally attempted to raise U.S. Steel's tax assessment. His modest increases were not backed up by adequate documentation, however, and the state tax board had always overturned them. He thus claimed that he didn't have the power to raise the corporation's tax assessment, even

though he said he believed it should be increased. It was a persuasive argument because the tax board traditionally tries to minimize the taxes of major industries in order to encourage investment in the state. I had just about accepted Fadell's argument when I learned that William Sherry, the tax assessor of neighboring Portage Township, had successfully raised Midwest Steel's tax assessment by 50 per cent. This showed that Fadell did indeed have the power to add millions of dollars in revenues to Gary's nearly bankrupt schools and local government. All he had to do was follow Sherry's example. My investigation was finished.

The value of a newspaper

ONE OF THE REPORTERS on the paper had warned me not to set my hopes too high on getting any story about Fadell published in the *Post-Tribune*. I explained to him that the paper and Walter Ridder were two different things and that Ridder would print any legitimate story he knew about. "Before going any further," my colleague suggested, "have a look at the paper's assessment."

There are two kinds of assessments for corporations: real estate, which includes valuations for buildings and land, and business personal property, which includes the value of machinery and inventories. The paper's real estate assessment was \$42,000 for the land. The value placed by the assessor on the building—a several-million-dollar, ten-year-old structure with more than seven miles of pipes and 779 tons of steel sections covering 103,370 square feet—was \$3,700. Even the far smaller and obsolete Hammond *Times* building in the neighboring township had a \$150,000 real estate assessment. With a little digging I found that the history of my paper's assessment presented a disturbing implication.

Under the previous owners and into the first years of the Ridders' ownership, the building's assessment was set at \$500 and the land's at \$3,000. This was from 1962 to 1969. In the late Sixties Fadell had visited the *Post-Tribune* to complain about a story about him; when he started to shout threats, the paper's assistant publisher had thrown the assessor out. Infuriated, Fadell went back to his office and nearly doubled the paper's personal property assessment. The paper had no grounds for objection because its assessment had been so low to begin with. In its report to the Indiana Secretary of State, the *Post-Tribune* set the value of its plant at \$3,716,986. Based on this figure, Fadell was still underassessing the paper by about \$750,000.

When I had put the paper's assessment history together, I wrote a memo to Ridder, thinking he would be equally surprised by my findings. I

"When a corporation's assessment experienced a major and unexplained drop, it was safe to conclude that some form of business arrangement had been worked out with the assessor."

George C. File
A TAX
ASSESSOR
HAS MANY
FRIENDS

suggested that the assessment series should lead with the *Post-Tribune's* admission of its own tax break, stemming as it did from the previous owners, followed by a demand that all properties in the city be reassessed. I concluded with a request: "I would like to keep this with you or in a place where no one can find it. Preferably not in your office."

Perhaps I should recall here that my relationship with Ridder was different from that of the paper's other reporters. We had spent many evenings together discussing what could be done to improve the *Post-Tribune*, and he had taken an active interest in my career. In fact, in the late spring, he offered me a prized job as a Washington correspondent for the fourteen Ridder newspapers. I had accepted with the understanding that I would stay in Gary until the assessment series was printed. Perhaps this explains why I felt the paper's strange assessment history offered an opportunity to get the story across more effectively.

As I had told Sam Simon I would, in April I sent a copy of the series to Ralph Nader, but only after receiving assurances that the material would be kept in confidence. Larry Silverman, one of Nader's young lawyers, flew to Gary to check on the facts and to arrange a law suit against Fadell. Silverman wanted to have the CCC be the plaintiff in the assessment case, and in an un-Naderlike move he gave the CCC's staff director a copy of the series without my knowledge. Before leaving Gary, Silverman successfully enlisted the aid of a public-interest firm in Chicago. Businessmen for the Public Interest, to prepare a law suit to challenge Fadell and to seek a reassessment of all properties in Gary. The initiation of the suit was to be announced after my articles were printed.

At the same time, Senator Edmund Muskie's subcommittee on Inter-Governmental Relations was preparing to hold public hearings throughout the country to explore abuses in the administration of local property taxes and the need for

reform. I sent them a copy of my series and arranged to have Hatcher send an open letter to Muskie with an appeal to hold hearings in Gary. Hatcher had been reluctant to get involved in the assessment controversy during the campaign. U.S. Steel was starting to cut back its work force and continually threatened to pack up its several billion-dollar plant and move elsewhere if taxes continued to rise. Unrealistic as the time may have been, Gary's steelworkers took it seriously, and the last time Hatcher had tried to challenge the mill's assessment the paper had called it a "reckless" move. He was willing to send the letter but only after the series appeared in print.

The coordinated attack on Fadell was ready. All that remained was for Ridder to give the go-ahead for the series to begin. But the publisher was spending less and less time in Gary, and on his infrequent trips he would say only that he was looking the series over. Finally, word came from Ridder that he wanted the series rewritten. The paper's managing editor told me: "We don't want to keep the story exclusively on the topic of assessments," meaning no reference to any of the illegal activities Fadell was involved in. As I was told that the sections on the paper's own assessment would have to go. I wrote Ridder complaining about his instructions, thinking they might have been misunderstood by the editor. His response to my protest was to ignore the problem. The series gathered dust over the summer.

By August, the city was filled with rumors about the stories. In the course of the investigation I had interviewed as many as 100 people, and they were starting to ask if the paper was suppressing my articles. When the CCC staff director who had been given the series by the Nader lawyer began to tell people what was in it, I wrote my first blowup with Ridder: in a "Dear George" letter he angrily accused me of disloyalty, having spread rumors that the *Post-Tribune* was making deals with Fadell, which, he said, was not true.

The letter took me by surprise, because I did not like Ridder to take such a strong stand on anything and because his accusations were not true. It was true that my investigation and Nader leak of the series to the Alinsky people had stirred up the controversy. But it was almost four months since I had turned in the articles and the controversy never would have started if the paper had printed any of them. I wrote an equally strong letter to Ridder and waited for a response.

He wanted to have dinner. We went to a Greek restaurant in Gary. He said it had all been a misunderstanding. There had been a breakdown in communications between the editor and myself. He wanted to get the articles published even more than I did, and it would be de-

Tom Fadell



ay. In turn, I said I was sorry for the assessment that the leakage of my stories had cost Ridder as well as the *Post-Tribune*. Later I left Gary for my new job as Washington correspondent for the Ridder papers. The long wait began—September, October—November—with assurances from Ridder in return that the articles would be printed. He called me into his office and showed me a “rewritten version” of the articles and I would be willing to have my by-line there are built-in inequities in Indiana’s system, and there will be abuses until there is a comprehensive reform.” That was the message. There were the references to tax reductions, and buried public records. It was a white lie, and I said my name couldn’t be used. The CCC had by then started a weekly newspaper, *The Catalyst*, and I called the editor, Bogdanich, a former editor of the *Union-Wisconsin* daily, and told him that I would let him use my research once his paper was started but only if I became certain the *Post-Tribune* would not print the assessment story. I went to the Washington bureau chief and told him I was considering giving the articles to *The Catalyst*. Soon after this, Ridder asked me to write the story again. It was January of 1972. I read the new version and said that he was going to go to Gary to confer with his editor. I learned more about the series. It was always difficult to work with Ridder, but he was then recovering from a pulmonary embolism and the stories were keeping him down. I believed him when he said a decision would be made within a few days. It had been a long haul—almost nine months of waiting and turned in the series—but I now had a chance. It would at last be printed. That night, I called Ridder, the editor of *The Post-Tribune*, and he called to say that his paper had been rejected and asked if he could use the series. I said no, but that he should call back the next day. After Ridder had returned from Gary, I made my decision. I arrived in Gary at the same time *The Post-Tribune* hit the street with its 500 copies carrying the headline story on the *Post-Tribune*’s suppression of the assessment articles, complete with excerpts from my series, copies of which had been turned over to the CCC by Nader’s lawyer, Bogdanich, thinking the *Post-Tribune* would publish the articles, wanted to make sure that if *The Catalyst* had forced Ridder to print them, it would work in Washington when the call came from Ridder. “Well,” he said, “there’s a new paper out now called *The Catalyst*.” “I don’t know.” A friend had called the night before to warn me that Bogdanich had printed

something about the series. I still didn’t know what.

“This is really bad,” Ridder said gravely. “There are things in here which could only have come from you. This is a serious breach of confidence . . . I’m sorry but I think it would be best if you left the Washington bureau. I just no longer feel I can trust you.”

I WAS FIRED. Then everything else started to crumble. A major scandal developed in the Chicago assessor’s office and the Businessmen for the Public Interest decided to drop the Gary case in favor of dealing with the problem in their own backyard. Muskie’s subcommittee hadn’t started its hearings and might not, and the Nader lawyers had moved on to uncover new injustices elsewhere.

Then, too, the combined effects of the tax breaks and Fadell’s manipulation of the city’s tax rates had left the schools with only \$23 million in revenue to cover a \$43 million budget. School Superintendent McAndrew moved to stave off the inevitable announcement of bankruptcy by ordering the dismissal of more than 200 teachers and janitors and cuts in pay for everyone else. The confused and angry teachers voted to strike the next day.

The cause of this fiscal crisis was simple, Fadell stated in a press release on the school crisis. It was brought about by the excessive spending and inept management of the school superintendent. The paper printed Fadell’s charges without comment. Later Ridder had the paper print the “rewritten” assessment story. I had refused to have my name associated with, and then he resigned as publisher of the paper and left Gary for good.

Former IRS agent Cole was not surprised when I told him what had happened. He acted as if he’d expected it all along. “Well, you remember I told you I didn’t trust the *Post-Tribune*.” Switching subjects, he then told me what had happened to a woman he had been working with who had infiltrated a Mafia boss’s house in Gary. She had been keeping Cole informed of what she observed.

“You remember Sally?” he asked.

“Yes, I remember her. Why?”

“She was just killed. It was a car accident. She was run off the road.”

I said goodbye to Oral, but there was still one thing left that I had to do to satisfy my curiosity.

I had to go back to Gary to the auditor’s office to look over the new assessments that had been made in the spring after I was fired. There were few surprises. There was the same token assessment for the *Post-Tribune*’s real estate—but then I looked at the paper’s business property assessment. It had been \$460,000 in 1970, and now, in 1972, it was \$310,000. □

“Elections in Gary are pitched battles, employing guns and money, between those trying to steal the election and those trying to save it.”

COMMENTARY

Harper's continues to invite commentary from any of its readers who find themselves inspired to passionate statement. The editors welcome brief contributions on any subject. Please send entries, including stamped, self-addressed envelope, to Suzanne Mantell.

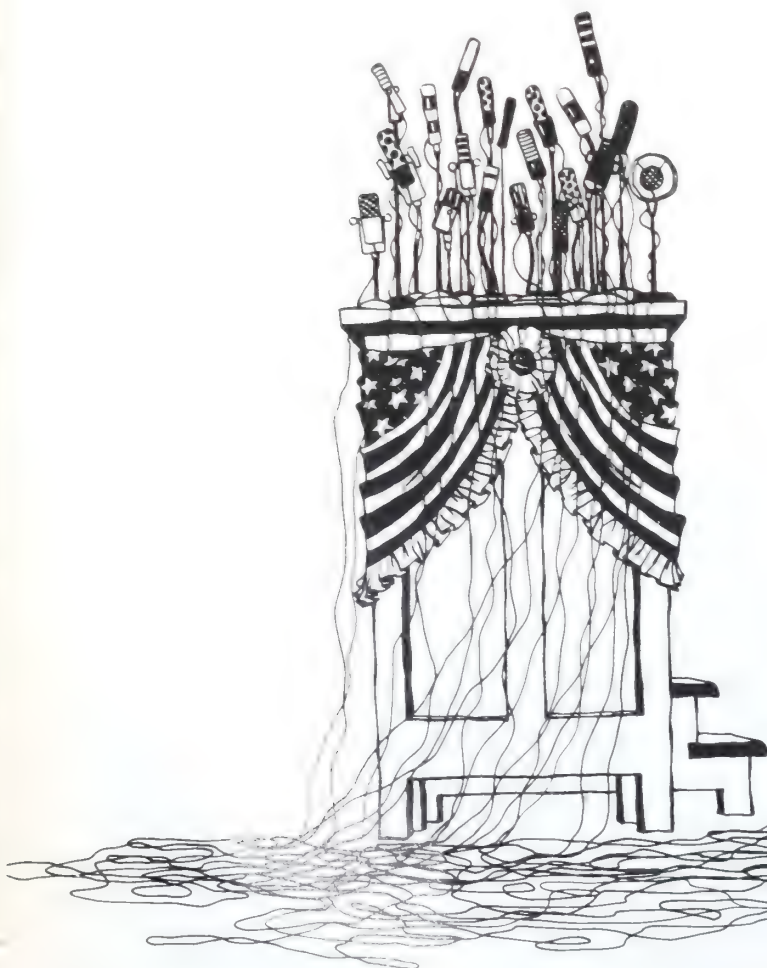
The contributors this month: Margaret Bennett is the pen name of Barbara Toohey and June Biermann, librarians at Los Angeles Valley College in Van Nuys, California. Carter Wiseman, recently of the U.S. Army, is a free-lance writer. Edward Marks is a lawyer; James Harger is a semi-retired businessman. Both have been knocking on editors' doors for years. Robert Reiss is a retired official of the Department of Commerce. August Franza, a teacher for fifteen years, observes and celebrates the vitality and madness of the school system in verse, play, short story, and novel.

STAR-SPANGLED IDEAS

Anthony E. Neville's article on the American bicentennial in the July *Harper's* indicates to me that the magazine has not yet awakened to the extraordinary significance of the opportunity of the bicentennial. The *Washington Post*, picking up some of Neville's intelligently analyzed material, has published a three-part series of largely urgent articles "exposing," in old-time journalistic criticism style, the Bicentennial Commission. While Neville's article is enormously superior, neither that article nor the *Post*'s "exposé" gets down to the real problem: why do journals such as *Harper's* and the *Post* waste their space denouncing government ineptitude while blithely ignoring their own responsibilities? Does it matter in the least what Washington does about the bicentennial? Suppose it does waste taxpayers' money on a lot of star-spangled hoopla? The government always does that and governments do, and maybe we private citizens are not served if that's all the damage they do, since they could so easily do so much worse.

Neville, in the conclusion to his article, says: "In the end, the American Revolution Bicentennial Commission may be doing the only appropriate thing: sitting back and letting the Chamber of Commerce hustlers of New York, Philadelphia, and Denver—and the Boy Scouts of America—define what the bicentennial will be all about. But why does anybody expect the Commission—or any other part of the government—to define anything? That's my responsibility, and yours, and *Harper's*, etc. It used to be the government's responsibility to carry out what the citizens prescribed, not the other way round. If *Harper's* doesn't have any ideas of its own for the bicentennial—okay. But why doesn't it ask its readers for suggestions that would have some meaning for the contemporary world?"* You may feel my own suggestion for a Declaration of Interdependence may not be a good one—even though Franklin D. Roosevelt, in his first Inaugural Address, March 4, 1933, stressed (at Eleanor's insistence) the theme of interdependence above independence, while President John F. Kennedy, in an address at Independence Hall, July 4, 1962, foresaw the day when what he even at that time called a "Declaration of Interdependence," would be necessary. If they aren't enough authorities—and they may very well not be to *Harper's* readers, I am sure, can supply others.

Robert F.
Arlington



*Emphasis added by the editors, who extend this invitation to the readers of *Harper's*. Send suggestions to "Commentary."

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THREE INTERPRETATIONS OF SCHOOLTEACHING

My picture of the universe is 3 men with 2 apples.
I guess that's why I'm such a tough
Disciplinarian with the kids.
The two men with apples have a right to protect
Their property from the third
Who was too lazy to win or earn his. —Bill Sayer

Bill Sayer's idea of the universe
Is 3 men with 2 apples.
He often reminds us of his view to justify,
I suppose, his excessive sternness with the kids.
But one day a response came to me.
I said, "If the universe is indeed
3 men with 2 apples.
Why not make applesauce?" —Stewart Levine

All I could take of teaching history was one year.
It was the longest year of my life
And I thought I would die from it.
Do you have any idea of what it means
To have body contact with 150 adolescents
Every day for 180 days a year?
150 hard-breathing, aggressive little bastards
Eager to expose you and make an ass out of you?
Every one of them a shyster lawyer
Scrapping for every point they can get?
Don't talk to me about our sensitive, searching youth.
They are as ruthless as any adult
And take pleasure in your downfall.
If you think teachers have an easy job.
Then so does an Arab in the Israeli Army. —Richie Stein

—August Franza
E. Setauket, N.Y.

VERSE ADVERSE

I know how square I am because I've been around—
To me your hoots prove nothing; your noise won't make
you sound.
Your thumbing your noses at your parents' flaws
Cannot, you truculent teens, enhance your cause.
The words they dared not write though oft they'd yell them
Don't mark you free because you now can spell them.
Nothing your own thing you contrive to smother
Ineffectiveness in howls at one another.
You blast your ears, drown out what nature tells,
In roaring, raging, rioting decibels.
Go, mat your hair and droop your beard
And mind your mirror as you woo the weird.
Unkept, unreal, ungracious and uncivil,
You make no sense and your eloquence is drivel.
A rebel through the years I yet condemn your condemning,
As to your sire I was, to you I am, an out-of-step lemming.

—Edward Marks
Menands, N.Y.

FROMMER'S TURNPIKE TEMPEST

Stanley Elkin overlooked one disturbing paradox in his article on Arthur Frommer: the author of *Europe on \$5 a Day* can do his work too well.

Like Frommer, I spent a tour with the Army in Germany, and at the beginning I suffered from the same ignorance and tight budget that prompted him to write his first *G.I.'s Guide to Traveling in Europe*. No doubt his book would have speeded my acquaintance with Munich, where I was stationed, but I preferred to do it on my own, and therefore never bought a copy of the chunky paperback that was always in demand at the PX bookstore.

It didn't take long to find a place in the artists' quarter of town that suited my Army pay and student German, where I felt free of the transient crush of tourists who could transform the unique Bavarian calm of the crustiest Gasthaus into the turnpike tempest of the Howard Johnson's I had happily left at home. One spot in particular became a regular stop on my trips to Schwabing. The waitresses there were huge and gruff, but tolerant of back talk and of a big appetite for dumpings. In the far corner was a worn table reserved for the regulars, every one of whom was at his place every one of the nights I was there for a year. On the wall were the fading photographs of confident young men in uniform (they had not been taken down to accommodate foreign nervousness at the sight of swastika breast badges: hometown boys are heroes regardless of the war). The only music was the sound of old men's cards slamming down on the table, the clink of beer glasses as a memory was toasted, and the hum of low voices, as easy to join for a tale as it was to ignore if one preferred to read. After basic nightlife training in New York's East Side dating bars



and assorted fraternity, must
this was a haven.

After about a year in Munich, by which time this German city had become as much a part of my daily life as morning coffee and shining my razor, I was sitting at my register table when a young man sat down next to me wearing the unmistakably American nylon rain breaker so practical for a quick trip to Europe. He was having difficulty reading the menu, so I offered to translate. I was from California and had come over for the summer on a transatlantic flight. Warming to the role of old-timer, I asked him how he had found this out-of-the-way place. He looked around cautiously and pulled out of his pocket the pages on Munich cut from *Europe on \$5 a Day*.

I was home on leave for a week of the summer, and when I got back to Munich I immediately made the familiar trek through the narrow street for a personal homecoming. The window had been boarded up. A week later workmen were gutting the interior, and within a month a neon sign marked the opening of another Zum-Zum, a German man hybrid of their satirical stand and our Orange Julius.

It took me a while to find a replacement for that Gasthaus for its fate was becoming familiar in that part of town. The place I found was similar, it suffered from the overflow of refugees from modernization. Back in the States, I read Stanley Elkin's article, and a week later I stopped in at a bookstore to check Frommer's 1972 edition, knowing well enough what I would find. And I found it.

—Carter Wise
New York, N.Y.

THROUGH THE TUBE DARKLY... CONTRACEPTION

ny most sentient beings agree overpopulation is the greatest threat to the continuation of life as we know it. But even though the problem is recognized, it has thus far been impossible to solve. Everyone seems to have his most intimate desires restricted. Politicians are unwilling to get involved with the sensitive area of population control for fear of losing votes. The tragic result is usually the more intelligent people practice birth control and the size of their families, while the average and subaverage citizens seem to breed wantonly.

What we need, therefore, is a self-selection process to insure the survival of the fittest and the elimination of the unfit. But in this modern age when we are so far removed from the regulating forces of nature, where can we find such a process? Simple. Right in front of our noses, I refer to television set.

In years there have been interlocking warnings about radiation from TV sets. We have all been cautioned not to sit too close. And we have been particularly warned not to let children watch television lying on their backs on the floor in front of the television, exposing their sex glands to the worst sterility result.

Let me repeat that. *Lest sterility*

Recently we have been told that manufacturers have managed to reduce the radiation to a harmless level. This is unconscionable. Instead of cutting down radiation, they are doing exactly the opposite. They are increasing it to the point that watching television in excess of a few hours a day would, in the course of a year, become permanently irrevocably sterile. We would have telecontraception—the perfect birth-control device—inexpensive and effective for either sex, requiring no forethought or manual or mental dexterity on the part of the user, with no diminishment of sexual pleasure, and unobjectionable on religious grounds.

Think of the wonders of telecontraception. In only one generation the population would fall dramatically in quantity and rise dramatically in quality. The readers, the thinkers, the doers of the world's work would reproduce. The glazed-eyed, slack-jawed perpetual viewers of roller derbies and Westerns and Gomer Pyle reruns would not. The robust outdoor-playing children whose indoor hours are devoted to reading and doing homework would arrive at puberty with healthy, functioning sex glands. The pasty-faced, hollow-chested ones who spent their childhood glued to the TV would not.

There would, of course, have to be some provision for viewers of educational channels. This would be a simple matter to arrange. UHF programs could be transmitted in such a way as to cut off radiation. Children could watch *Misterogers* and *Sesame Street* without damage, and adults could learn to speak Italian or play the guitar or understand foreign policy with impunity.

Telecontraception very quickly could solve our horrendous welfare problem. After only a year of sitting in front of the TV with a can of beer, a chronically out-of-work man would cease to father more dependent children. This would immediately allow irate taxpayers to drop another of their major complaints: "Look at that, Marge! They're living in that shack and they're on welfare, but they can still afford a television—and on our money." As a matter of fact, each person who goes on welfare could, as standard policy, be given a TV set with his first check.

Not only would telecontraception eliminate overpopulation, it would also strengthen the faltering family unit. No longer would parents use the TV as a baby-sitter and a method of ignoring their children—not if they wanted to be grandparents. Consequently, the homes of America would no longer echo with the phrase, "Shut up and go watch TV."

The constant battles between hus-



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COMMENTARY

bands and wives over televised sporting events would also end. Wives could immediately command their husbands' attention with, "Go ahead and watch the Super Bowl, if you want to be sterile." Then again, perhaps the wives wouldn't say a word, and the men could forever watch their games in peace.

As with any scheme for human betterment, there will be detractors. Many will scream that this is nothing but blatant "boobicide" and that we would be wiping out the backbone of the nation, those individuals who, with their indiscriminating consumption, have made America what it is today. Used-car dealers and manufacturers of breakfast cereals, headache pills, deodorants, and mouthwash all will claim that their

source of livelihood will die out, that the economic repercussions will undermine the country. And it is to be expected that every politician in the nation will do all in his power to stop telecontraception, since no one could get into office without the votes of brainwashed TV addicts.

But all men of conscience will have to agree that the long-range benefits of telecontraception would outweigh any short-range problems. Let us therefore band together to demand increased radiation standards in TV sets. Let us work concertedly toward that utopian day when the pill as given way to the box, and television will at last have become, in every sense of the word, the sterile medium.

—Margaret Bennett
Sherman Oaks, California

CONSUMERS UNDER FIRE

In the depression year of 1935, I began my working career with the objective of serving in an "honest" business. I was first employed by a major airline, in passenger reservations, for the munificent sum of \$91 a month. Even though we were paid for a forty-eight-hour week, I gladly worked as many as sixty hours a week because airlines were then a glamour business that performed a genuine public service. When all that changed, I switched to various forms of marketing—airframes, consulting, home furnishings, chemicals, and finally automobile retailing. At the age of fifty-nine, I have now learned to temper my earlier idealism about honesty in business as well as something equally important—honesty on the part of consumers.

Consumers are not, by and large, as honest as pro-consumerists would have us believe. Also, some consumer advertising results in consumer expectations of value and satisfaction often in excess of reality. This arises

from the objective of advertiser to sell—there is no inherent objective to deceive. Advertising messages are quite often perceived differently from the perceived meaning of those who create the messages.

What consumerism needs is consumer education. But who can be blamed for the lack of it? The Consumers Union, which publishes *Consumer Reports*, has become, in the past twenty-five years, a movement whose leadership displays a Brother complex, demonstrated by its habit of writing down to the reader with a never varying antibusiness bias. *The Journal of Marketing* has been critical of CU for its unscientific procedures, which CU claims to be scientific and sells as such. It has pointed out that CU spends a large percentage of its total income promoting the sale of its publications. Yet CU criticizes business for spending so much money in advertising products. CU's leadership reflects do-gooder, messianic public-relations

so much so that its credibility is questionable.

never publishes articles concerning the need for proper care and consumer products. Nor is it to scold its customers about their own shortcomings. As a pro-channel, CU has not met the needs of consumers in the field of consumer education. Meantime, business rarely discusses the problem. Who can or should meet this

In the case of automobiles, the problem of neglect and abuse by car owners is difficult for anyone to believe who has not worked in the retail end of the business. Domestic car makers make token efforts at persuading new car buyers to practice preventive maintenance and good car care ever since domestic car makers followed policies of planned obsolescence, they have counted on owners beginning their period of neglect no later than two years after purchase. As a result, too many cars reach the point of no return far sooner than is necessary. Therefore, this creates new car problems. But foreign car makers who have almost without exception not used planned style obsolescence as a policy and have not promoted owner maintenance of the cars they sell. This is the consumer.

With the growth of the use of the automobile, the automobile has succeeded in destroying mass transit, the automobile has become the major means of job commuting. Even with the recognized need for keeping one's car operating properly, owners still neglect their cars. They are, as a general rule, indifferent about wear-and-tear problems and mechanical failures caused by negligence. No one, but no one budgets ahead for anticipated maintenance and repair costs. The breakdown is always traumatic. Service employees of car dealers who deal with the public in need of repair need the patience of Job as they collapse on the job. The automobile is number one in

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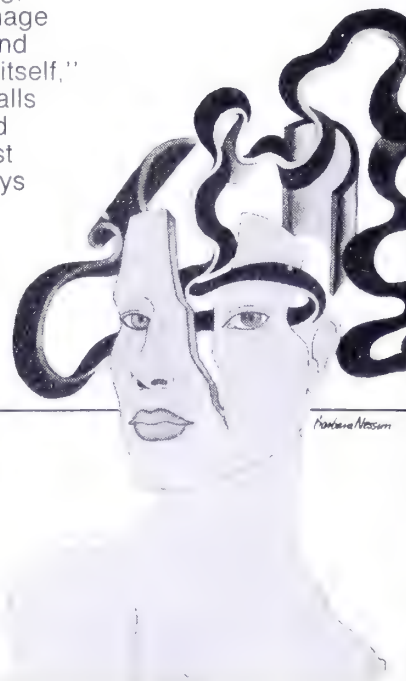
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COMMENTARY

the consumerism gripe area because of its high dollar take from household income and its day-to-day urgent need by car owners. Some new car dealers, some used car dealers, some gas stations, and some independent repair garages, operating in the gray area of ethics, may take advantage of the car owners' lack of technical knowledge. But car buyers and owners are not innocents when they buy or demand free repairs. The claims they make concerning the good condition of their trade-in cars, and their convictions as to the dollar value of the wrecks they want to unload, are so ludicrous as to require, again, the patience of a saint in order to work out a deal.

The automobile could be lowered in its consumer gripe position by providing, at about triple its present cost, fail-safe and long-life components. Planned style obsolescence could be eliminated by law, a radical departure from present U.S. public policy, political and economic. No one knows or could guess if the overall result would lower total ownership and operating costs. State car inspection laws could be changed to require more frequent and more complete inspections in the areas of safety, pollution, and performance efficiency. Would this be politically acceptable?

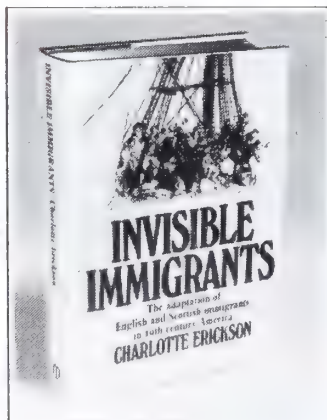
Similar discussions to this one could take place regarding all home appliances and furnishings.

Consumerism is a broad subject with many ramifications. How should consumers be taught to distinguish between value and price? What is a fair price? What services should accompany the purchase and use of a consumer product, and why? Should consumers be forced to take examinations on their knowledge of how to use and care for a product before they are allowed to purchase? Should producers of products and services be required to reveal their costs and pricing policies to enable consumers to determine relative value? Should consumers be penalized if they cheat when they purchase? Should consumer education include explanations of the methodology and objectives of advertising?

The need is for instruction in the directions: explanations of how business sells, and explanations of how to be a good consumer, in one's own interest, in terms of product selection, maintenance and care, and of detecting cheating as a buyer. Business transactions are two-way streets. In them, both parties are supposed to benefit.

What should be the source of a program of consumer education? A program that instructs from the points of view, business and the consumer? I hope our politicians will not go too far too fast as they use consumerism for their objectives of election and reelection to office.

—James H. Hargrett
Annandale, N.C.



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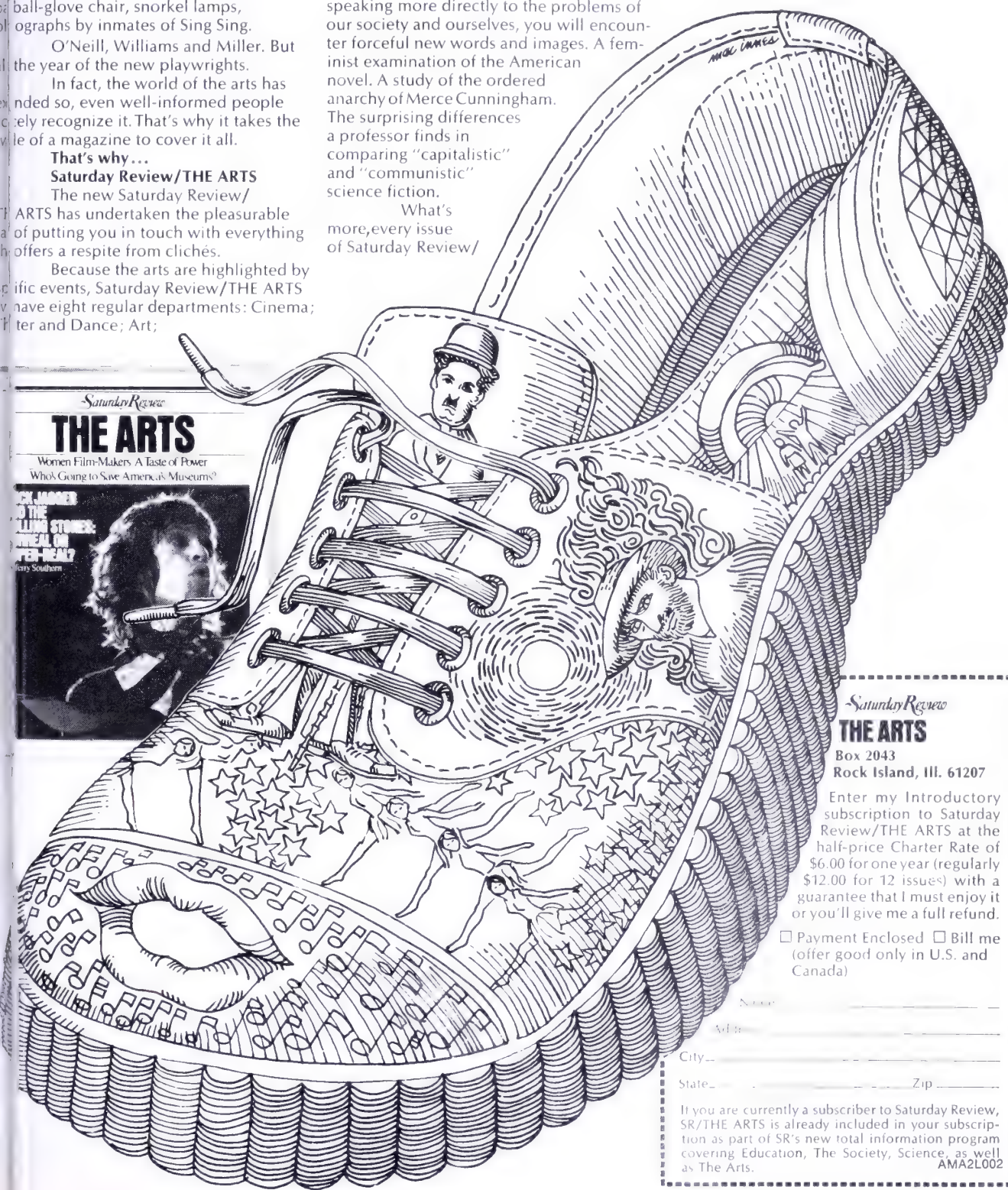
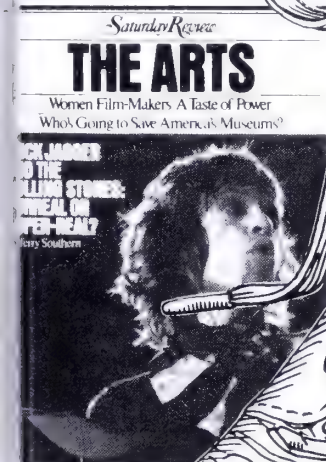
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BOOKS

... the snow never falls forever
by William Kittredge



Photograph by James Welch

Seven Arrows, by Hwemeyohists Storm. Harper & Row, \$9.95.

Lame Deer, Seeker of Visions, by John Fire and Richard Erdoes. Simon & Schuster, \$7.95.

Finding the Center, by Dennis Tedlock. Dial Press, hardcover, \$8.50; paper, \$2.95.

Touch the Earth, compiled by T. C. McLuhan. Outerbridge & Lazard, \$6.95; paper, \$2.95 (Pocket Books).

IN THE BEGINNING the question is what do we want from the Indians this time. The simple answer is dignity. A more complex one has to do with sanity and survival. The list of our current sorrows seems to be endless, headline after headline, and we suspect, as William Gass says, that we have lived the wrong life. We know it must change.

These four books—each unique, brilliantly alive—we see another kind of life: Indians as they were, and sometimes still are, engrossed in a vital communal existence, and perhaps because of that engrossment, the warmth of humaneness absorbed from it, capable not only of magnificent courage, but also of a dignifying rever-

ence for the natural world. *Seven Arrows*; *Lame Deer, Seeker of Visions*; *Finding the Center*—each of these books experiences from within one of the various forms of that life, Cheyenne, Sioux, Zuni in these particular cases. Each is like a gift, a partial key to that lost communal sanity we find ourselves trying to recover with increasing anxiety. In *Touch the Earth*, another kind of book (now out in paperback), a lovely collection of proud and despairing historic statements and sadly elegant old photographs, we read of Sitting Bull that he "... used to say healthy feet can hear the very heart of the Holy Earth. ... Up always before dawn, he liked to bathe his feet, walking in the morning dew." And now, though *The Whole Earth Catalog*, guide to the paraphernalia of retreat, wins the National Book Award, we suspect our children may never walk barefoot on anything cooler than wet concrete.

Yet we know being Indian these days is no sort of salvation. A few years ago I talked with an old man on the Klamath Reservation in Oregon, just east of the Cascades, and he asked me what the hippies in Eugene were all about. I told him they were trying to be Indians, and he smiled and shook his head and looked away. This morning I think again of a line by

James Welch, perhaps best of young Indian poets: "Morning and snow might fall forever."

Which is metaphoric news that Indians have known a long time, that we're just beginning to face in America. The promised garden of a new world, last best hope of mankind has been botched. It's easy to imagine Thomas Jefferson weeping in Indiana. The other day I talked with a friend raised in the Pipe Religion at the Pine Ridge Reservation in South Dakota, close to the site of Wounded Knee, and asked if he thought young people could ever go back to the old ways. He told me no, that nobody could ever be Indian again in that sense. Too many things have been lost. Myths of innocence always backward, toward simplicities impossible to regain. Yet we need and them, particularly in times cold and difficult as these.

A FACT THAT perhaps accounts for the affective power of *Touch the Earth*. The book is a telescope at the past, focused on the faces of a people who respected themselves and on the landscape they sacred; the pictures taken by Edward S. Curtis in the early years of this century are as moving as any I've seen.

William Kittredge teaches creative writing program at the University of Montana.

giac look at what's been ruined
 Chief Joseph of the Nez Percé
 I buried him in that beautiful
 of winding waters. I love that
 more than all the rest of the
 A man who would not love his
 grave is worse than a wild ani-
 The book sits in the hand like
 act from those times, so deeply
 g because in it we see that our
 grave is the earth, and that we
 it loved it well enough and thus
 love ourselves. Yet it's a book
 courages dreams of change.
 e's this sad fact. On some res-
 is the suicide rate is ten times
 tional average. Often children.
 der why they do it, and cannot
 it understand. Only so many
 an be sustained, least of all loss
 dignity that is purpose. I've
 n two reservation towns long
 to bless the fact I was white
 d the means to leave. Both re-
 around a center of taverns and
 od and nothing to do. And
 n America it seems everywhere
 vation. As a nation we've lost a
 nse of our own worth . . .
 one million bomb craters in
 n, people tell me, and I wonder
 y can count so fast.

HERE'S AN ENORMOUS difference
 between our situation and that of
 Our dignity has been thrown
 acts that seem in retrospect
 rdness, while the dignity of the
 survives underground, in lives
 like John Fire, who is Chief
 Deer. In the book he's done
 ichard Erdoes, *Lame Deer*,
 ef *Visions*, we feel the presence
 an who has survived the past
 d more years of everything
 ong and retained his capacity
 age and love:

*... anthropologists say we
 over from Asia over this
 bridge to Alaska, but maybe
 ave been here all the time.
 g from the beginning, and
 we moved the other way, from
 i continent to over there.
 we all those Vietnamese are
 rmer Indians and we are all
 c and Rhee scouts riding
 i for a new Custer. I have
 pictures of Songmy, Mylai,
 I have seen pictures of
 aided Knee—dead mothers
 their babies. And I remember
 randfather, Good Fox, tell-
 ne about the dead mother
 a baby nursing at her cold*

*breast, drinking that cold milk.
 Mylai was hot, and Wounded
 Knee was icy cold, and that's the
 only difference.*

It is a vividly readable book about
 what it's like to be Indian now, live in
 towns where Indians barely outrank
 dogs in the minds of many whites; at
 the same time a lucid detailing of what
 the old life was like, what remains of
 it, how rituals of the ancient beliefs
 are still enacted sometimes, sadly
 enough, in rodeo corrals. Chapters on
 the Sun Dance and the despairing
 Ghost Dance lead to a reverent ex-
 plication of myths and the ceremonies
 practiced in that extraordinary system
 of mystic worship that is the Pipe Re-
 ligion of the Sioux. At the very end he
 says this:

*We Indians hold the pipe of
 peace, but the white man's reli-
 gious book speaks of war, and we
 have stood by while the white
 man supposedly improved the
 world. Now we Indians must show
 how to live with our brothers, not
 use them, kill them, or maim
 them. With the pipe, which is a
 living part of us, we shall be
 praying for peace, peace in Viet-
 nam and in our own country. We
 Indians say "our country" be-
 cause it is still ours even if all the
 other races are now in physical
 possession of it, for land does not
 belong to any single man but to
 all people and to the future gener-
 ations.*

THOSE WORDS OF A MAN speaking
 with dignity from pride in his race
 and his religion begin to show us the
 answer to that hanging question about
 the value of these books, not only to
 Indians but to ourselves. For Indians
 they are a source of reaffirmed belief
 in the worthiness of their traditions,
 and for us they are like a map with di-
 rections toward another kind of life in
 which isolation is not the central fact
 of human existence. We know loneli-
 ness, inability to communicate, con-
 sequent hatreds have much to do with
 our troubles, that a lonelier nation
 than ours would be hard to imagine.
 There's this passage from *Seven Ar-
 rows*, certainly the most lavish of these
 books, rich with photographs that
 awaken within us nostalgia for what
 seems our own mythic past—a mar-
 velous example of fine bookmaking
 and a phenomenon that makes us won-
 der what ever happened to the profit
 motive, a sign of hope in itself. This is

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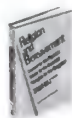
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BOOKS

the first in a series by American Indian authors to be published by Harper & Row, all profits to be "set aside and used to support special projects designed to aid the Native American People." It's both a novel about the last damned days of the Plains Indians and a metaphoric unfolding of the Cheyenne religion of Medicine Wheel.

According to the Teachers, there is only one thing that all people possess equally. This is their loneliness. No two people on the face of the earth are alike in any way except for their loneliness. This is the cause of our Growing, but it is also the cause of our wars. Love, hate, greed, and generosity are all rooted within our loneliness, within our desire to be needed and loved.

We know it's true. And we know why there's so much gratuitous violence. It's that we have no way of dealing with our isolation, no vital communal rituals or center of accepted belief except a doomed faith in the efficacy of power and control—doomed because we at last begin to see that power and control have done nothing to ease our sorrows, have only led to more power and control. We cannot talk to one another.

There's this possibility: perhaps our problems are a result of the way we see, our tendency to demarcate and demand ownership, look upon even men and women as usable objects. The impulses that lead us to believe in defoliation, to speed toward the moon, Mars, reside perhaps in our language, structured ways of speaking that form habits of knowing and thinking about tools and problems to solve rather than the worth of individual human life on the wholeness of the earth. Lame Deer says, "The white man's symbol is the square." He defines the Indian's symbol as the circle, the hoop, nature in the round, without corners. A language like Salish—spoken by disparate tribes throughout the Pacific Northwest—bears each thing as part of everything while ours defines each thing as separate, out of essential contact, objects buffered apart by space. As a natural result we come to believe in vectors, collision, crisis. In our literature we almost always see progress, directionless or not, and change. So we invent our lives on the same model. For the Indians it was different. Their songs celebrated and explained the circle of earth and cycle of enduring ways. Which leads to

problems in reading a book like *Seven Arrows*. To our sensibility trained to expect revealing crisis, traditional stories are often dull and dull. To enjoy them we have to relearn the process of reading, give ourselves over to the voice of the book and its intentions, respect the fact that these are Teaching Stories, legends that explain belief, as Hyemeyoh Storm says, "... almost entirely legorical in form ... meant to be told, not written." For instance, there's this fragment from the story of the Mouse named Jumping Mouse who became an Eagle:

Why must he Give-Away his eye to heal the Buffalo?

Because this kind of person this Mouse, must give up one of his Mouse ways of seeing in order that he may grow. People are forced to do these things. The Buffalo did not even know Jumping Mouse was a Mouse. He could have stayed hidden like the other Mouse.

What would have happened if he let the Buffalo die?

He would have had to live with the stink of rotting flesh. . . .

We live with that metaphorical stench, and the concept of Give-Away is so Christian we wonder how our culture we can have forgotten it so completely. It's implied by another concept we need desperately to relearn, perhaps just learn: the concept of all people as a whole, with the earth. *Seven Arrows* says:

. . . The Medicine Wheel can best be understood if you think of it as a mirror in which everything is reflected. . . . Any idea, person or object can be a Medicine Wheel, a mirror for man. The tiniest flower can be such a mirror, as can a wolf, a story, a touch, a religion or a mountain top. . . . All things are contained within the Medicine Wheel, and all things are equal within it. The Medicine Wheel is the total universe. . . . All creatures within this Universal Wheel have spirit and life, including the rivers, rocks, earth, sky, plants and animals. But it is only man of all the beings on the Wheel who is a determiner. Our determining spirit can only be made whole through the learning of harmony with all our brothers and sisters, and with all the other spirits of the Universe. To do this we must seek and perceive. We must do this to find our place.

in the Medicine Wheel. To
 nine this place we must
 to Give-Away.

is in *Seven Arrows* the vision
 metaphorical unfolding of the
 or spiritual wholeness that is at
 of this ancient Cheyenne reli-
 gion beginning to end a Teach-
 and quite beautiful.

OT PERHAPS so finely rendered
 the lovely amoral stories in
the Center by Dennis Ted-
 lock's transcription of Zuñi tales from
 ormanance into poetic form, and
 it way the most remarkable of
 books because it represents a
 artistic breakthrough. The
 as always with these tradi-
 tories, is one of translation,
 in English a form that trans-
 is the vision of a people who
 ot only in another language
 nother kind of language. To
 physical metaphor, imagine
 ening a green living bough
 Kinnikinnik, a shrub whose
 ere smoked as a mild hallu-
 by the tribes of the Northern
 into a cup of laundry deter-
 (y popular brand . . . or any-
 e you'd care to think of as em-
 of our unnatural stance on
 arscape). The idea doesn't even
 uch sense unless you believe
 ny. But it's a problem old as
 How do radically estranged
 talk to one another?

and song most vitally com-
 e primal vision and emotion.
 of fault I find with *Seven Ar-*
 hat the traditional stories are
 in prose, and as Tedlock says
 introduction to *Finding the*
 " . . . prose has no real ex-
 outside the written page." Sto-
 oral rendering should exist
 a communal event, if we are
 pence them as real, happenings
 n emotional center. Tedlock,
 voices taken over from Con-
 try to represent tonal quali-
 tie narration, paying attention
 elences and breathing spaces,
 of the audience and repeti-
 managed to recapture for us
 of the communal spirit of the
 it also, because the stories are
 a poetry, at least some feeling
 at's like to be Zuñi, something
 ological monographs can't
 tell us. While no partial quota-
 capture the lyric movement of

these renderings, consider the follow-
 ing bit from "The Boy and the Deer."

*It seems the sun made her preg-
 nant.*

*When he made her pregnant
 though she sat there without
 knowing any man,*

*her belly grew large.
 She worked o n for a long
 time
 weaving basket-plaques, and
 her belly grew large, very very
 large.*

*When her time was near
 she had a pain in her belly.
 Gathering all her clothes
 she went out and
 went down to Water's End.*

*On she went until
 she came to the bank
 went on down to the river, and
 washed her clothes*

Then

*having washed a few things she
 had a pain in her belly.*

*She came out of the river. Having
 come out she sat down by a juni-
 per tree and strained her muscles:
 the little baby came out.*

The vocal momentum of the lines,
 pauses, the whispering, and more nor-

mal tones expressed in the typography
 all help draw us into a sense of oral
 performance, people around a fire, a
 storyteller, the ancient beginnings of
 art, stories sometimes simple as those
 we loved to hear repeated as children
 and yet nothing primitive or simplistic
 about them. I know of no other retell-
 ings of traditional tales that move me
 to delight as these do. It's not a small
 thing. If we are to live with other cul-
 tures on what has irrevocably become
 the smallness of the earth, we must
 understand what brings those peoples
 to joy and sadness, our common
 humanity, as we can begin to under-
 stand the Zuñi after reading this book.
 And perhaps we can understand that
 these books most importantly repre-
 sent a resurgence of Indian pride, a
 phenomenon that's going on to some
 degree everywhere among the young
 people, many of whom believe they
 are the last generation of the down-
 trodden. We hope that it may be so
 and begin to see how James Welch
 came to his conclusion of the poem ti-
 tled "Going to Remake This World,"
 a line that transposes the one quoted
 earlier from the same poem: "Some-
 times, you know, the snow never falls
 forever." □

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BOOKS

The common ground of mysticism and science

The Yogi and the Physicist: The Biological Basis of Religion and Genius, by Gopi Krishna, with an introduction by C. F. von Weizsäcker. Harper & Row, \$5.95.

MYSTICISM AND SCIENCE, like sunrise and sunset, are universal events of a single color that have all sorts of invisible connections underneath the horizons of sky and mind. When we are busy in the flat light of a day's institutional activity, continents of human civilization seem to stretch out the space between those horizons so that we cannot see how the two could have anything to do with one another. But later, in the mood of reflection that comes after intense and tightly focused activity, we again set the part against the horizon of the whole and remember that for men there is one sun and one sun only.

This important new book provides one of those occasions when we reflect upon the single source of illumination within mysticism and science. Since the introduction by Professor Weizsäcker is almost as long as the text itself, it is fair to look upon this book as a jointly authored work; certainly, for most Westerners, it is the introduction that will arouse the greater interest. Yogis we have always had with us; physicists interested in yoga we have not had. And Professor Weizsäcker is not just your ordinary physicist. The director of the Max Planck Institute in Sternberg is better known as one of the three men who kept the atom bomb out of Hitler's hands.

German sciences would seem to abound in paradoxes, not the least of which is their marriage of mysticism and science. While our scientists like B. F. Skinner are claiming to have cast a new, cold and scientific light on man that resolves the ambiguous color tones of flesh into one ghastly pallor,

Mr. Thompson is author of At the Edge of History and professor of humanities at York University in Toronto.

the German physicists are pointing out that even the light of science still oscillates with a darkness we do not understand. Last year Heisenberg's *Physics and Beyond* appeared in English, and although Heisenberg is no mystic, his views on God and the cosmos would not positively reinforce a behaviorist. Now Heisenberg's distinguished colleague has written a lengthy introduction to Pandit Gopi Krishna's essay on Kundalini Yoga. In terms of German culture, Professor Weizsäcker's work is a development of a tradition begun by Schopenhauer, continued by Max Müller and Heinrich Zimmer, and startlingly raised to new levels by Erwin Schrödinger's Vedantic revelations in his too-little-known *My View of the World*.

The work of Schrödinger and Weizsäcker should demonstrate that if there are "two cultures" they are not, as Lord Snow pointed out, science and the humanities, but Archimedean and Pythagorean forms of knowledge. On the Archimedean side we have all the technologists (military, political, and industrial); on the Pythagorean side we have all the cosmological thinkers for whom art, religion, and science are merely different idioms in a single language of contemplation. Within this tradition would appear Kepler, Descartes, Pascal, and Newton as founding fathers, and Whitehead, Einstein, Schrödinger, Heisenberg, and Weizsäcker as contemporary descendants. There are two cultures, but the dividing line cuts at right angles across the boundary between science and the humanities; for if contemplative mysticism can appear in science, superstition and priestcraft can as well. Certainly the science of B. F. Skinner bears the same relation to the scientific tradition as the Inquisition does to Christianity. And so this slender book comes at a timely moment in the argument between science and the humanities; not to still the debate, but

to alter the very geography upon which the opponents stand.

Weizsäcker's interest in this thought, like Schrödinger's for him, grew out of his own meditation on the psychological implications of the quantum theory. If subject and object are not distinct at the subatomic level, and if these almost nonmaterial particles alter our very notions of space-time, then these mathematical forms of our consciousness become, in some mysterious way, *performances* of the very nature we seek to describe. If this is the case, then the mind generating information through time (with its thermodynamic irreversibility of events) is an energy-state in which the increase of information is generated in an increase in entropy in the system is observing; which means that, for practical purposes the psychic activity that generates the increase in entropy has to be looked upon as a reality in the physical system. Our evolution and our very consciousness of it are thus, as Weizsäcker would say, real events in the history of nature. The Indian word for the energy that at once physical and psychic is *prana* and as Weizsäcker observes:

The concept of Prana is not necessarily incompatible with our physics. Prana is spatially extended and vitalizing. Hence above all it is moving potency. The quantum theory designates something entirely remote from this with the term "probability amplitude." The relationship may become clearer, when we consider the possibility as a strictly futuristic concept, that is, as the quantified expression of that towards which "the flow of time" is pressing to evolve. The view I have outlined eliminates the Cartesian split concept where it presupposes subject each with its own inherent objective consciousness.

"The flow of time" in evolution thus holds the key to the relationship between mind and nature in the

theory and the relationship between physical entropy and increasing nation and "complexification" in development of organisms. It is this flow of time in evolution that is central to Gopi Krishna's attempt to find a biological basis for the psychological claims of yoga.

Although he does not seem to have read the work of Teilhard de Chardin or Sri Aurobindo, Gopi Krishna's work runs in a course parallel to theirs.

He is, however, more specific about the role of sexuality in evolution. He says that sexuality serves two different functions. The first is the reproduction of the race as it now is; the second is the evolutionary transformation of the race in the future. In the first kind of sexuality, man's *prana* is led outward in orgasm and conception; in the second kind of sexuality, the *prana* of what the Jungians call "the second half of life," is drawn inward and upward through the brain through the spinal column. In this transformation, Gopi Krishna insists that the sexual secret of man and woman are changed at these changed substances are fully carried up into the brain in the spinal column in a way that can be verified in the medical laboratory.

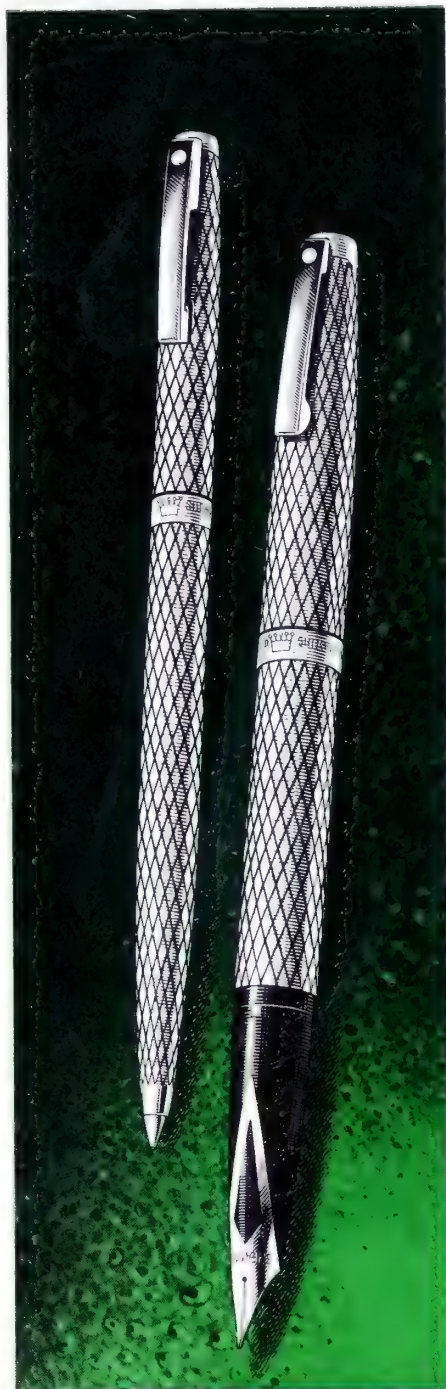
Kundalini is the name given to this energy that lies coiled like a snake at the base of the spine, Kundalini yoga the name given to the practice by which this *prana* is drawn into the brain to bring about illumination and heightened psychic powers. Now, to the counterculture, Kundalini yoga is reasonably well known on the campuses of the country; even a course offered in it at the University of California Extension by Yogi Bhan. But Gopi Krishna tends to be suspicious of all other yogis at work in the world. He will have nothing to do with modern, pop-culture yoga evangelism, and he will have nothing to do with the taking on of the role of a guru. Gopi Krishna's work has the laserlike quality to it. He does not want to penetrate Western science so he is aiming at the laboratory and not at the rock festival. In his aim in mind, Professor Gopi Krishna has joined with Gopi Krishna and gathered together a small group of German scientists to work at the Research Foundation for Eastern Wisdom and Western Science in Garmisch-Partenkirchen.

IF THE PHYSICIST and the yogi do create a new field of knowledge at the interface between Western science and Eastern wisdom, the cultural implications will be enormous. And it is precisely these cultural implications that Gopi Krishna has in mind. Out of this new form of knowledge will come new forms of education, and, as always, out of new forms of education will come new elites. With the appearance of these new elites, the evolution of the human race will have reached its takeoff speed. From Gopi Krishna's point of view our speed has already reached the point where we must either take off or crash.

In my humble view there is nothing that can counteract the overhanging threat of nuclear holocaust like the knowledge of Kundalini. Once the possibility of a spiritual rebirth with the arousal of this mighty power is accepted by mankind, Kundalini Yoga will provide the most sublime enterprise for the pure-minded and intelligent adventurous spirits of the age. To the share of this lofty class of men, adorned with the knowledge of the inner and outer worlds, will fall the herculean task of educating humanity in the essentials of this almighty spiritual Law to guide the race to the glorious estate ordained for it.

Although the political implications of all of this have not been thought out by the Eastern pandit, they are obvious to any Western pundit. We seem to have come to the end of the road for liberal humanism. The behaviorists want to eliminate freedom and dignity; the Club of Rome wants "a fundamental revision of human behavior . . . and the entire fabric of present-day society"; and the mystics want "a lofty class of men," of scientists with elevated Kundalinis who will keep watch over the race. I fear a new Papacy and a new College of Cardinals in that vision, and as a Christian anarchist I would not want to go through all that again. Although I was against him as much as anyone else, now that he's gone I miss old Herr Settembrini, but it's too late. Humanism has broken apart into the opposites of mechanism and mysticism, and whether we choose the Archimedean State or the Pythagorean Brotherhood, our choices seem to be limited by the fact that we no longer have the time to avoid the choice. □

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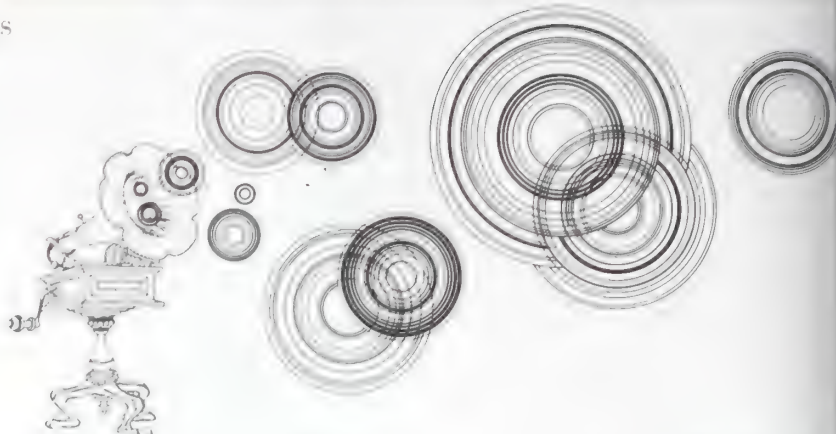
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MUSIC IN THE ROUND

Scriabin and other piano recordings



WE HAVE a Scriabin revival on our hands. It is strange how fashions change. For years the music of Alexander Scriabin (1872-1915) was despised because of its self-indulgence, its flaming postromanticism, its out-of-date mysticism. But the past ten years have brought a change, and other things are now seen in the music. What attracts many avant-gardists (Gunther Schuller, for one) about Scriabin is the fact that he himself was an avant-gardist. Scriabin's early music, true, was Chopin-derived. But the later music—that later music with its fierce dissonance, its avoidance of key signature, its chordal structures built on fourths instead of thirds, its complexity—that was another matter. Suddenly pianists began to play late Scriabin. Now listen to this, as the man on television says. In the May 1957 Schwann record catalogue there was not a single listing under Scriabin. Not one. In 1971 there were sixty-three.

It is the later Scriabin music that continues to attract recording artists these days, though occasionally some of the early music is issued. A disc that has early and late Scriabin is a coupling of the **Piano Concerto** and the **Fifth Symphony (Prometheus—Poem of Fire)**. Vladimir Ashkenazy is the pianist, and the London Philharmonic is conducted by Lorin Maazel (London 6732).

The Piano Concerto in F sharp minor, the early work, is an introspective piece of writing, sweet, tinged with Russian nationalism. Ashkenazy plays it simply and sensitively. There have been previous versions, but this is the best by far.

Prometheus is in a different universe. This wild, psychedelic work is scored for a tremendous orchestra, including piano (played here by Ashkenazy) and color organ. Scriabin, like Rimsky-Korsakoff and other Russian composers, was interested in the relationship between color and sound. To him each key was associated with a specific color, and in *Prometheus* he worked out a system in which a specially designed instrument would correlate the sounds of the music with colors flashed on a screen. In recent years there have been several attempts to use a color organ with performances of this work. None really has worked out. Anyway, color aside, *Prometheus* is a sensuous, brilliant, eccentric work sui generis, by a man who if not certifiably mad was certainly not normal. Maazel conducts it with enormous thrust; the disc is strongly recommended.

The **Sonatas Nos. 4-10** are played by the Brazilian pianist Roberto Szidon (Deutsche Grammophon 2707 053, 2 discs) in a very interesting manner. Szidon, unlike many pianists of his generation, does not bang his way through the music. He has an ear for delicate color relationships and he pedals with imagination, bringing out the sexy quality of the music. How different this is from the playing of the Russian pianist Victor Merzhanov in the **Twelve Etudes, Op. 8** (Angel 40176). Merzhanov pounds away at these exquisite pieces. Plenty of technical authority is present, but with this kind of percussive tone and relentless attack, the shape and quality of the music are lost.

Ruth Laredo has recorded all ten

of the Scriabin **Piano Sonatas** (Connoisseur Society 2032, 2033, and 2035). Her playing is somewhat in the Merzhanov manner—technically competent, full of drive, but rather percussive in tone. Scriabin himself, who was a great pianist, is reported to have played his music with considerable freedom, in a highly nuanced way. He was an exponent of the romantic tradition, and that tradition alien to most young pianists today, who tend to be literalists, whose ideal is to play the notes in a textually faithful manner, avoiding the rhythmic flexibility and expressive devices that the romanticists took as a matter of course.

RECENT MONTHS have brought forth a number of unusually interesting piano recordings. This is, for instance, the **Complete Piano Music of Leoš Janáček**, played by Rudolf Firkusny (Deutsche Grammophon 2707 055, 2 discs). It contains the two works for piano and orchestra—the *Capriccio for Piano and Wind Instruments*, and the *Certino for Piano and Small Orchestra*—as well as the solo pieces. It is a most unusual body of music. The writing is not flashy and not even particularly “pianistic.” Janáček likes to use mottoes rather than themes, and his constructions are altogether orthodox.

But through the music comes an intense, original mind. These pieces are hard to get into, and will take several hearings. With familiarity comes admiration. The music is full of strong ideas and haunting nation-



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One day, the Count decided to take a holiday, and he journeyed to Morocco. There he met a beautiful Moorish princess with dark mysterious eyes and black silken hair.

And skin the color of dark topaz.

She was, he thought, the most beautiful woman he had ever seen, and he fell hopelessly in love with her. And she with him. And so they were married.

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marriage to a dark-skinned woman reached the people, they were dismayed. And when he brought her home, they turned their backs on her. Why couldn't he have married one of his own kind?

Despite this, the pair lived happily together until the Count died. Then, his loving wife did something that shocked everyone.

She came to the funeral dressed in white...the color of mourning of her native land.

No one in France had ever worn anything but black for mourning. Oh, she had strange ways, this dark foreign woman.

The bereaved Countess wore nothing but white for the rest of her life, for she had loved her husband very much. So much so that, in his tradition, she continued caring for the vineyard. Which, in turn, continued to produce the superb wine.

She was really a very kind woman, and, like her husband, treated the people well. Slowly, they began to accept her. And they learned to love her as much as they had the Count.

Later, when she died, they all came to her funeral to honor her.

And they came dressed in white.

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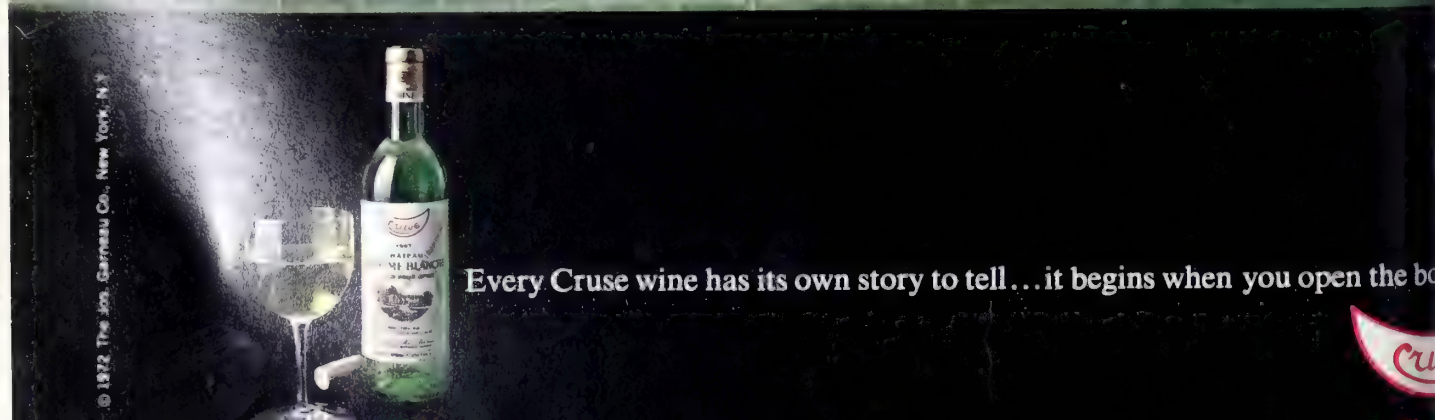
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more persuasive exponent.

The fabled Italian pianist Arturo
Benedetti Michelangeli, who does not
record very frequently, has two discs
of recent vintage: both books of De-
bussy's **Images** and the **Children's**
Corner (Deutsche Grammophon
2530 196) and Beethoven's **Sonata**
No. 4 in E flat, Op. 7 (Deutsche
Grammophon 2530 197). Profession-
als regard Michelangeli as one of the
most extraordinary of pianists—a
man with flawless fingers, with the
ultimate in control. And so it is on
these two discs. Michelangeli, tech-
nically, can do anything, with a
maîtrise that is instantly apparent.
There are those who call his playing
mannered, *maîtrise* and all, but his
Debussy and Beethoven, as played
here, are unexceptionable. Both have
intelligent layouts, a great deal of
color in relation to the composers
(the pedaling in the Debussy is, of
course, completely different from the
color effects in the Beethoven), and
the impress of a powerful mind.

One of the more admired of this
decade's pianists, Alicia de Larrocha,
has made her first concerto recording,
playing Chopin's **Piano Concerto**
No. 2 and De Falla's **Nights in the**
Gardens of Spain, with the Orches-
tre de la Suisse Romande conducted
by Sergiu Comissiona (London
6733). The De Falla is lovely, as ex-
pected. De Larrocha is the world's
greatest exponent of Spanish piano
music. But the Chopin is something
of a letdown. The playing itself is
well regulated and accurate, but the
ideas lack tension or sparkle. Every-
thing sounds placid, overcareful,
overcalculated.

As an antidote you might try the
Martha Argerich recording of the
Liszt **B minor Sonata** and Schu-
mann **G minor Sonata** (Deutsche
Grammophon 2530 193). Argerich
may not be the most profound of
musicians, but she is a whizbang tech-
nician and responds to the virtuoso
glitter of the Liszt. The result is like
the explosion of a package of fire-
crackers in an oil drum. All this is
food for the emotions rather than for
the soul. But there is something to be
said for transcendent virtuosity when
it is carried off this exultantly. □



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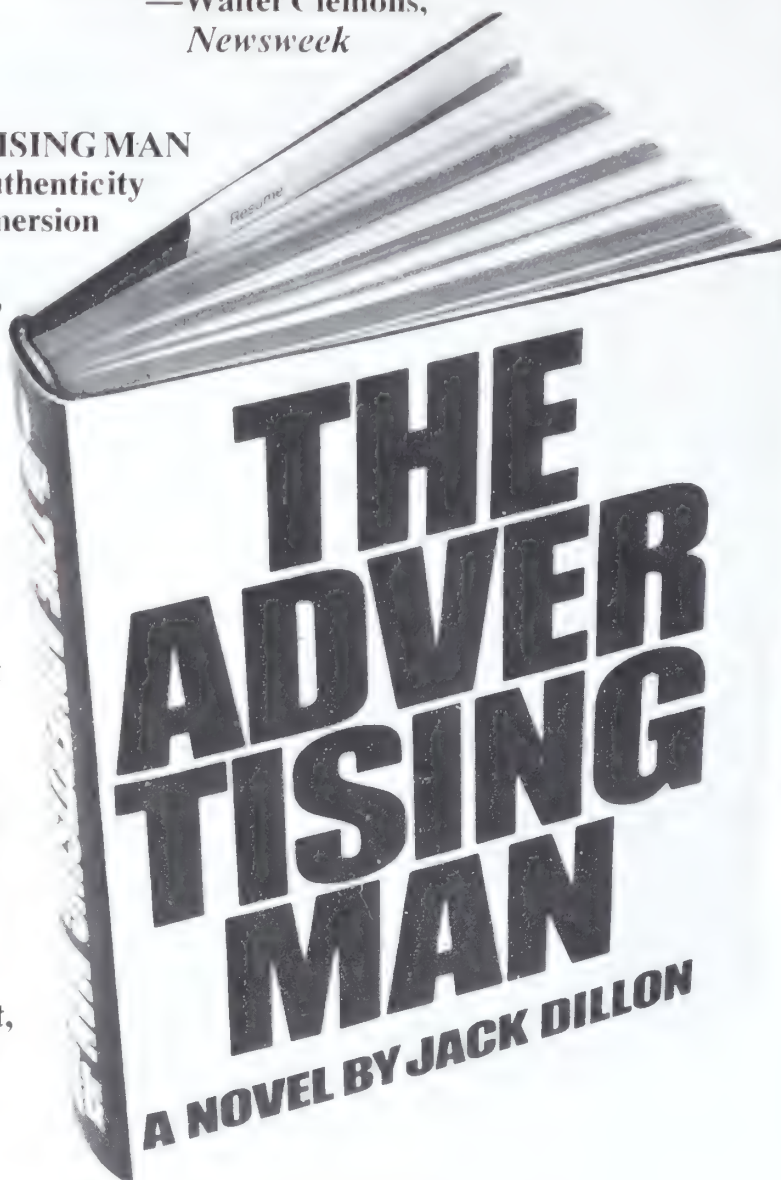
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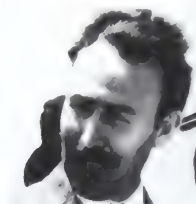
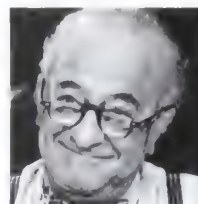
POLYCHROME by Robert Meyer, New York, N.Y.

As a change of pace from open-ended games, which require idiosyncratic answers, *Harper's* this month offers a structured game that challenges you to find a series of right answers leading to the one correct solution. To complete the first part successfully, you need a sharp awareness of public faces—people in politics, the arts, and the media whose faces have lately appeared in newspapers and magazines. With diabolical cleverness, this month's game-maker, Robert Meyer, then defies you to unscramble the anagram that results. The solution consists of a famous author's name, the title of his best-known work, and a quotation from it. The first twenty winners (judged according

to the earliest postmarks) will each receive a copy of Kenneth Clark's *Civilisation* (Harper & Row).

Steps to Victory:

1. Identify the faces (and faceless items) below and fill in the numbered blanks.
2. Each numbered blank corresponds to a word grouping in the final solution; each word grouping is an anagram that must be unscrambled to build the correct answer. Send your entries to Polychrome, Harper's Magazine, 2 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. The correct solution and winners' names will appear in the January issue. Contest closes November 7. Decision of the editors is final.



1 3 10 30 25 29 2 28 7

8 17 26 1 35

3 22 26 30 6 16

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11 18 1 14

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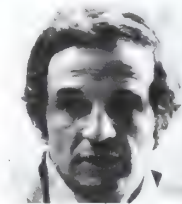
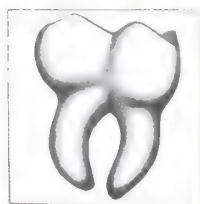
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s of "Culture Vultures," the
er game that asked readers to
ve little-noticed but truly seminal
events of the twentieth century,

ize, an SCM Coronet Automatic
ble Electric Typewriter:

ty of Chicago Athletic Depart-

ash courts will be closed for a
ths by request of Dr. Fermi."

—Bob Hutchins

nt, Dayton, Ohio:

leave bikes to be repaired at the
e. We have gone to N. Carolina
weekend."

—Wil & Orv

nam Palace:

20 will be prepared for Captain
V. Simpson. They will remain for
ays."

—Edward

he stand at the home of Charles
ughes:

lease call Hiram Johnson regard-
plans for the trip to California."

—Helen

rajevo College for Men:

chduke Francis Ferdinand plans
our city tomorrow. In honor, all
re dismissed."

—Dean of the College

—John T. Hopkins
Hemlock, N.Y.

Prize, the London Times Atlas:

rs. Roosevelt, at a picnic on the
ouse lawn, said to Queen Mary,
ajesty, here is your hot dog."

opic of Cancer came out in paper-

ncent Price signed on as chief art
ult to Sears.

n. Roman Hruska (R.-Neb.) de-
uring debate over the nomination
arold Carswell that mediocre
ould be represented on the Su-
ourt.

rvicemen took to covering their
r with short wigs during duty

—Henry Levinson
New York, N.Y.

Third Prize, The Random House Dic-
tionary of the English Language:

When the first beatnik stopped trimming
his beard and became the first hippie.

When Walter Huston made Humphrey
Bogart restore their mining site before
leaving in *Treasure of the Sierra Madre*
and discovered ecology.

When Thor Heyerdahl landed the Kon-
Tiki and became the first and only twen-
tieth-century explorer not to make a re-
mark for posterity.

When Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., ceased to be
a science fiction writer and became an
author.

When Robert Mitchum had the foresight
to get busted for smoking grass before it
became fashionable.

—David Wright
Port Washington, N.Y.

Runners-up, winners of a one-year sub-
scription to *Harper's Magazine*:

When Ralph Nader refused to fall for the
seductive female private eye hired by Gen-
eral Motors to divert his crusading.

—Jack Levin
Baltimore, Md.

When the bears in Lincoln Park Zoo began
to show symptoms of emphysema from
breathing the polluted air of Chicago.

—George Morey
Baltimore, Md.

When supermarkets started selling bottled
water.

When the most shocking scene of the
movie *The Godfather* shows a dead horse's
head, while human murders in the film
are cheered.

—Elaine Stallworth
Willow Grove, Pa.

When marijuana was found to be a pos-
sible cure for glaucoma.

—Jerrilynn McLean
Boise, Idaho

When *Reader's Digest* continued to carry
a column about Humor in the Service.

When a pop became known as the Uncola,
and sales zoomed upward.

—Gregory M. Thibadoux
Jackson, Tenn.

When Mayor La Guardia read the comics
to the children of New York.

—S. Anderson and W. Cantarow
Boston, Mass.

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with case histories of his
patients' experiences.

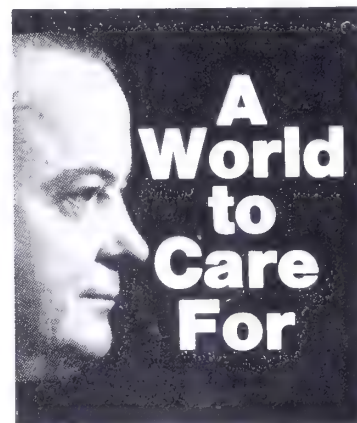


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True. The trouble is that it has been a war without allies. *Time*, and virtually the rest of the mass media supported another war, the unholyest of this century, in Vietnam. Armed with vast resources, hundreds of reporters, and access to people in power with information, the establishment press failed us and betrayed an obligation, sacred to the press, of doubting and questioning. If this is the free press in action, who needs a government censor? But lest we be accused of taking *Time* out of context, here is the rest of what they said about us in their April issue:

...though they are often inaccurate."

Time Magazine, April 3, 1972

Accuracy. Our record on the major issues of the day is clear. When *Time* and most of the other magazines in the country were uncritically—but "accurately"—printing government propaganda about Indochina, we were diagramming the steps by which America became bogged down in this disaster. In 1965 we showed how the CIA and Michigan State University got the U.S. involved in Vietnam. In 1967, we demonstrated how the CIA had cynically subverted the National Student Association and a broad range of other domestic institutions. In 1968, we described the CIA's manhunt resulting in the execution of Che Guevara and were the first to publish the Guevara Diaries. In May, 1971 we were the first to tell the story of how the CIA's involvement in the opium trade in Indochina led to an heroin epidemic here at home.

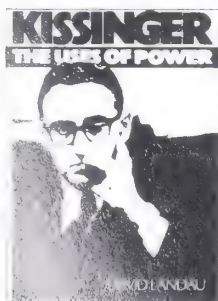
In our ten years as a national magazine, *Ramparts* has gambled. And it has paid off—for us and for the whole country. It would be accurate to say that we brought muck-raking journalism back to an America that was sadly in need of it, and by so doing advanced the political consciousness of the country. It is a tradition we're proud of; it is a continuing tradition.

Take the last few months for example. In our August issue, we published the startling memoirs of a man who had worked for years as an analyst for the National Security Agency. This story made front page news in papers all across the country and opened a window onto the global mission of the most powerful (and until then, most anonymous) agency in the U.S. espionage network. Our October issue featured a report by David Landau on the Nixon Administration's diplomacy of terror—the secret diplomatic messages to Henry Kissinger which show that the dikes are being systematically destroyed in North Vietnam. Our current issue, November, contains "The Rand Papers." With the help of Anthony Russo and David Landau, we tell the story of "the secret study" of the NLF conducted by the Rand Corporation, on which the U.S. air war has been based.

We will continue to search out the important stories that take place behind the scenes. And we want you to join us. Try this experiment: read *Time* for awhile for an accurate account of what the government says is happening; then read *Ramparts* to find out the truth.

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of a thing."





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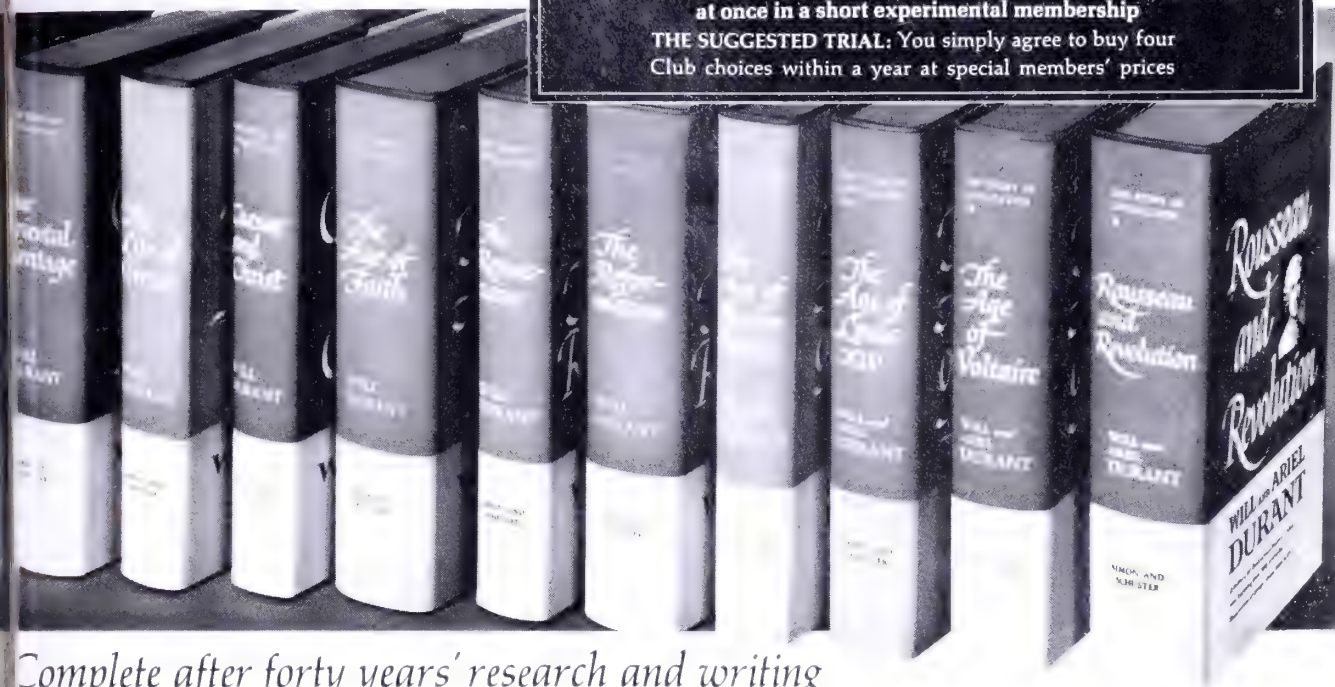
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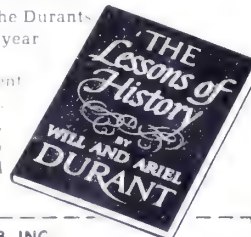
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Harper's Magazine

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Compiled by William Cole

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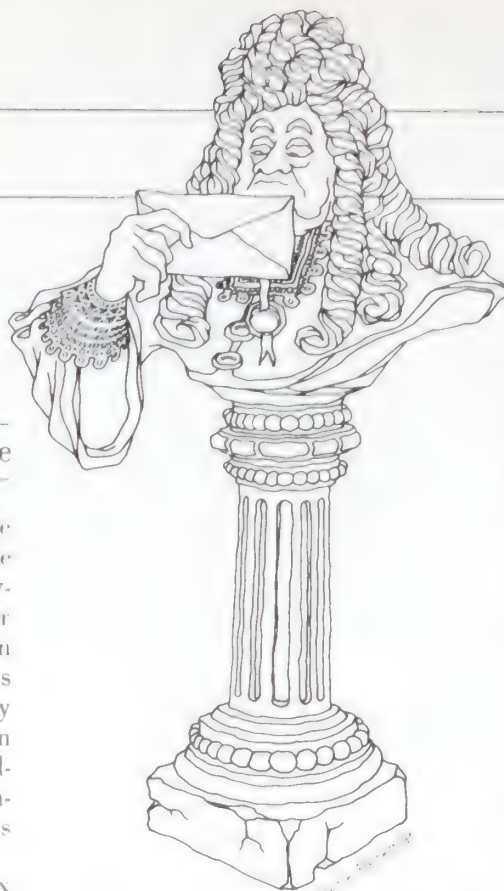
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LETTERS



The big tease

A resounding cheer for Germaine Greer's perceptive observations of the Great Democratic Rip-off ["McGovern, The Big Tease," October]. Her article points out the futility of women seeking freedom in ideas and systems so obscenely male and obviously bankrupt. True freedom for women will not come until we stop demanding those things that amount to nothing but acceptance of male standards and values.

B. ELAINE THOMPSON
Philadelphia, Pa.

Germaine Greer's personal impressions of the Democratic Convention were irrelevant and often petty. Did you feel that Ms. Greer's name and message to Women's Lib constituted redeeming social importance?

RUTH SALLADA
Cambridge, Mass.

I have just read Germaine Greer's article. Please renew my subscription for one year.

NANCY HENDRIKS
New York, N.Y.

The cover of the October *Harper's*, which just reached me, is obscene and revolting!

How the mighty have fallen.

THEODORE N. LEWIS
Brooklyn, N.Y.

I would like to express my appreciation for your cover. Terry Stevenson has made one of the finest nude images I have seen in some time. Your balanced presentation enhances the figure in every way. *Harper's* is fortunate to have talent of this level associated with the magazine.

JERRY GIBBONS
Los Angeles, Calif.

Apropos the article by Germaine Greer, one hardly knows where to begin criticizing the most disjointed piece of writing since Mailer last appeared in print. Really, dear, the one thing you chauvinists have in common is your rather unbelievable naïveté. The classic argument of the unsophisticated is that one must throw out the baby with the bath water. While you may trip back to the merry old jet set we must live with the results of such cryptic thinking as yours.

It is sad to realize that you are a prime example of the victimization of male sexism you so vociferously claim to abhor. Must your nit-picking with George and Eleanor McGovern take place solely on the physical level? And why, dear sister, did the overtures of "the Star" annoy you so? You admit he was trying to influence your mind albeit using your body, but is that more disgusting in your view than attempting to influence your body through your hormones?

It is quite true that compromises were made, but cannot there be some consideration of the larger issues without accusing the candidate of being a "tease"? (What sexual connotations that epithet conjures up.) You perennial innocents will never realize that

there is no heaven on earth; we must settle for the best our human imperfections can muster.

I do think you would do well to reexamine your thinking. I'm sure all you do is give ammunition to the Freudians among us.

ANNE T. BOGGS
Garrett Park, Md.

Germaine Greer's coverage of the Democratic Convention is a masterpiece of reportage, superior to those of her sparring partner Norman Mailer—in acuity, true sophistication, and style. She manages to be both sensitive and nonsticky, resulting in a work of rare succulence.

JOHN B. BROWN
North Hollywood, Calif.

Am I alone in feeling that the Democrats included a pro-abortion plank in their platform Ms. Greer might not have been so depressed by her experience in Miami? Would she thus have found it possible to call it "the ballyhoo"?

As one who has worked for the eighteen months in the McGovern campaign, I would like to confess the abortion issue had little or nothing to do with my motivation. I have been, and am, concerned with ending a senseless and immoral war, ending Big Business of its control of the White House, reallocating surplus defense funds to critical, people-oriented programs, and ensuring every American has enough to eat.

I'm sorry, but these issues form the basis of my involvement and abortion, pro or con, pales in significance in their midst. If the success and effectiveness of the Women's Political Caucus is going to be gauged in terms of a single issue, abortion then I'm afraid the refreshing possibilities of [the Caucus's] impact on the American political scene are

...e greatly diminished. I don't
is is the case, and I think Ms.
condescending arrogance is
t to a lot of women whose con-
while they may include the
of abortion, go much further
condition of American society.

TOM M. LISTON, Chairman
as City Citizens for McGovern
Kansas City, Mo.

"The Big Tease" ghostwritten
nan Mailer? Why does Mailer
te himself in this fashion?

BRUCE CAMPBELL
Ann Arbor, Mich.

heart, Germaine Greer, not
s McGovern delegates served
es up as love offerings to the
Man at the Democratic Na-
Convention. Some of us un-
cl what was happening and
d bloody murder. We were
ot screwed.

that I'd been privy to advance
ge of McGovern's conven-
ulduggery. I had worked for
months secure in the belief
candidate was a man of un-
virtue. Not only that, his vic-
uld consolidate the power of

Reform Democrats in New York
State. So I thought. Still, I realized
that McGovern had the left wing of
the party all sewed up. We had no-
where else to go. He could move to the
Right with impunity. Certainly he
would have to reach out to rank-and-
file Democrats.

On the eve of the convention I
hoped that we could prevent McGov-
ern from crossing that fine line be-
tween reaching out and selling out.
Already I was furious at the smart-
aleck letters sent to delegates, warn-
ing us to be good little boys and
girls and to follow McGovern's in-
structions at the convention. Did he
really believe that he could command
and expect obedience from that so-
phisticated delegate army? He could
and he did . . . almost.

The first intimations of the slaugh-
ter that awaited us liberal lambs were
evident when the New York delega-
tion chose its chairman, who turned
out to be four co-chairpeople. Bronx
Borough President Robert Abrams
had let it be known that he would
challenge Democratic State Commit-
tee Chairman Joe Crangle for the post.
The McGovern national staff was
urging a compromise Abrams-Cran-

gle co-chairmanship, which Crangle
was rejecting. The National Women's
Political Caucus was pushing the
candidacy of Mary Ann Krupsak, an
Assemblywoman who had offered her-
self as a compromise candidate. At a
caucus of Reform Democrats I urged
the selection of one—and only one—
chairman whom we could trust to
serve as an authentic leader, helping
us through the maze of parliamentary
maneuvering that surely lay ahead.
You are not used to wielding power,
I scolded. Would Crangle yield power
to us if he controlled a majority in
the delegation? Of course not. So?

So the rest is history. In an emo-
tional scene the next day, the New
York delegation begged—yes, begged
—Joe Crangle to participate in a co-
chairmanship including three other
people. The Black Caucus had entered
the scene with Lillian Roberts, a dy-
namic black labor leader. In front of
the TV cameras, amid cheers and
smiles, we chose Happiness for Every-
one instead of One Leader. That de-
cision came back to haunt us.

It came back to haunt us when our
delegation's meetings were too late
and too confused to get us together
for the big fight against the McGovern

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LETTERS

staff's Orders of the Day. It came back to haunt us when Joe Crangle used his position to insert a clause into the new rules that effectively prevented our delegation from choosing a majority of the Democratic National Committee members from New York State; the majority would now be selected by the Crangle-controlled Democratic State Committee.

At that point, we walked out of the convention in protest. Angry, exhausted, and expiring from starvation, we heard Jean Westwood appeal to us to return to the floor, so that McGovern could deliver his acceptance speech on prime time. Were we supposed to be actors in a television drama? "Screw McGovern!" we screamed. Yes, Ms. Greer, some of us *did* yell "Screw McGovern!" Didn't you hear us?

Ms. Greer was right when she bemoaned the lack of political know-how exhibited by the National Women's Political Caucus. Instead of promoting women to co-chairpersonships and the like, the feminists should have helped to stem the tide of conservatism that was washing out the McGovern delegates' positions on a whole range of issues, including abortion reform. It is amusing that Mary Ann Krupsak, a co-chairperson thanks to the feminists, urged me to vote against the feminists' abortion plank. We ought to follow McGovern's wishes and adopt his platform, she said.

There were McGovern wheeler-dealers with the unlikeliest images. Some of us voted for Frances Farenthold for Vice-President. We had read all about her in the *New York Times*, and we didn't know beans about Tom Who. Enter Jimmy Breslin, a self-styled free spirit if ever I saw one. Yet he circulated a note berating us for committing alleged acts of infidelity to George. "You are nothing but a tool," he said to me. "You were put here to do McGovern's bidding."

All of this did not prevent me from singing and dancing with the rest when McGovern appeared in his moment of glory. Was that really me, twisting my ankle in the folding chair while applauding madly for my fallen idol? I can readily attest to the power of mob psychology.

Am I sorry for betting on the McGovern horse? Not really. If elected, he will stop the bombing of human beings in Southeast Asia and secure our civil liberties. Besides, we must



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PATRICIA WILD
 Chairman, Mount Vernon
 Independent Democrats
 Mount Vernon, N.Y.

The network news

certainly pleased with Dan
 r's article ["Art and Artifice
 ork News"] in your October
 is one of the first cogent and
 pieces I have seen dealing with
 n as a form that transcends
 munication and art (arti-
 cule continuing (and by com-
 these disparate functions.
 k forward to more intelligent
 of this sort.

JANE BARLOW
 New York, N.Y.

Cricket

Robert H. Pilpel's article
 s "Some People Play," Octo-
 had only a vague understand-
 the alleged manufacture of
 from cricket, an insecurity
 ing the "sticky wicket" cliché,
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the action brought by Arlo
 to enjoin the infamous and ad-
 military surveillance of civil-
 Supreme Court reversed the
 iate Appeals Court that had
 t plaintiffs had standing to

sue. The Supreme Court said that
 anyone who had enough gumption to
 be a plaintiff was obviously not chilled
 and deterred by the activity com-
 plained of and therefore had no stand-
 ing to sue, and that those who were
 not before the Court because they
 might be chilled and deterred could
 not be represented by people in the
 first category. If one has enough sense
 to complain of the surveillance then
 the surveillance becomes irrelevant,
 and if one is too frightened to com-

plain of surveillance, then the Court
 will not have anyone to call it to its
 attention.

Catch-22 has been elevated to the
 supreme law of the land.

JEREMIAH S. GUTMAN
 New York, N.Y.

Vietnam photographers

In his account of still photogra-
 phy's vain and costly bid to export

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the misery of the Vietnam war to America ["This We Remember," September], John G. Morris wrote a sharply melancholic piece. There is, however, an important omission in the list of *Life* photographers assigned at one time or another to Indochina. In the context of Morris's piece it is unfortunate that the missing name is that of Richard Swanson, one of the most profoundly antiwar photographers.

Swanson was assigned to the war for five years, executed a number of important stories for *Life*, and was in fact the author of the unattributed epitaph to Larry Burrows—"The tragedy is not that Larry died. The tragedy is that Larry died talking to the deaf."

Congratulations to Mr. Morris and thanks to you for allowing the correcting of an unwitting injustice.

JOHN SAAR, Far East Editor
Life magazine
Hong Kong

Alaskan pipeline controversy

With regard to the Robert Zelnick article on the trans-Alaska pipeline appearing in the November issue of *Harper's*, it will perhaps be more useful to your readers for me to explain the major reasons I have decided to grant the pipeline permit rather than to attempt a point-by-point critique of the article.

The reasons I believe the trans-Alaska pipeline should be allowed to be built are as follows:

1) Environmental problems are inherent in the construction of a pipeline of this magnitude, whether it is constructed across Canada or to southern Alaska. It is difficult to predict with certainty which route would involve the greater overall environmental damage. Because the Alaskan route is shorter and crosses much less permafrost area, it will involve less immediate, unavoidable environmental damage. However, the potential damage on the two routes is more difficult to assess. While a Canadian route does not involve as much seismically active terrain or a marine leg, it does involve many crossings of large rivers, which, experience proves, are the greatest source of pipeline damage and, thus, environmental damage. But the most important point about environmental damage, which has been overlooked in Mr.

Zelnick's article, is that the trans-Alaska pipeline will be carefully engineered and constructed to assure that actual damage and the risk of damage are kept to an absolute minimum. The technical and environmental stipulations that will govern the construction and operation of this pipeline assure that it will be built more carefully than any in history. We are working with other agencies to assure the tightest possible controls over the marine leg of the delivery system as well.

As a people we have not refrained from necessary development in areas that have involved risks. Instead, we have engineered our buildings and facilities—including pipelines—in such earthquake zones as San Francisco and Los Angeles to minimize those risks. I am firmly convinced that we have recognized and dealt with the risks involved in this project in a sensible and adequate way.

2) The United States needs the oil. Every projection shows that our demand for crude petroleum will greatly exceed our domestic supply for at least the next decade, and the gap is widening swiftly. Other energy sources cannot be expected to take the place of oil in the U.S. energy mix to any substantial degree before 1985 at the earliest.

3) Increased dependence upon imports adds to the foreign-relations and national-security difficulties inherent in increased reliance on foreign-source petroleum, and increases our balance-of-payments problems. Much of our imported oil comes from politically unstable regions, and its price is headed sharply upward. Our reliance on Middle East sources is increasing rapidly. More imports of Canadian oil, even if available, would give us no "quick fix" for our problems.

4) It is in our interest to increase domestic supply as promptly as practicable. Such action would provide us with important leverage in dealing with foreign suppliers. Every year that we import a million barrels of foreign oil per day that we could supply from lower-cost domestic sources (including North Slope Alaska), we incur unnecessary economic costs. A trans-Alaska pipeline can be operational approximately three years after construction begins. As yet, we have no assurance that a trans-Canada pipeline can even be built. The Canadian Government has given no commitment that it would or could issue a

permit; it will be faced with the claims, environmental and economic issues that we have largely overlooked. I have estimated, conservatively, that denying the trans-Alaska pipeline application would involve at least a five-year delay in the delivery of North Slope oil to the United States market.

5) The West Coast of the United States can consume all of the oil imported by the trans-Alaska pipeline without displacing other domestically produced oil. Indeed, our projections indicate that, even with the pipeline at full capacity, the West Coast will probably be required to import some foreign oil, and, contrary to the implication in Mr. Zelnick's article, the projections leading to this conclusion were not based on assumptions different from those normally employed in making such projections. In making my decision I did not assume that the West Coast will have a greater demand for imported oil than the Midwest or East Coast regions.

6) I believe any trans-Canada pipeline would be required to carry a significant percentage of Canadian-owned oil. While we are interested in purchasing oil from Canada, because she is a proven, reliable source, it is not in our interest to purchase Canadian oil at the expense of Alaskan oil that is available. Every dollar spent for Canadian oil adds to our balance-of-payments problem, whereas none is spent on Alaskan oil does not. However, there would be significant losses to the U.S. resulting from the purchase of Canadian rather than Alaskan oil.

I hope these points are helpful to your readers.

ROGERS C. B. MOORE
Secretary of the Interior
Washington, D.C.

Comments on Comments

The article by Mildred Kavanaugh that appeared in "Commentary" your September issue is absurd. The death of a woman who has not been involved in public life or distinguished herself outside her home in some way is of no interest to the general public. If Mrs. Martar valued a lengthy obituary (and public acclaim), she chose the wrong way of life. People like Kavanaugh are a disgrace to Women's Lib.

SANDRA B. BROWN
Chapel Hill, N.C.

The pleasure tree.



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Have a Dickens
 of a Christmas
 with Marley's ghost,
 Bob Cratchit, and Scrooge
 —all delightfully depicted
 on the very attractive
 J&B gift carton—
 yours at no extra cost.



THE EASY CHAIR

Christmas list: a few hints for Hark

THE HERALD ANGEL is hereby invited to carol a personalized anthem for the following citizens who, as you can see, well deserve it.

1. Robert I. Berdon, treasurer of the state of Connecticut, for extraordinary initiative and good sense in handling the taxpayers' money.

When he took office last year, Mr. Berdon was appalled by the condition of the state's portfolio. It contained some \$700 million worth of securities, being held for twelve retirement funds, and evidently his predecessors hadn't taken a serious look at them for decades. Much of the money had been invested as long as twenty years ago in bonds of railroads now defunct and industries that had slid into permanent decline. The securities he found in the vault were valued at \$140 million less than they had originally cost.

The new treasurer decided to manage the state's money the same way a good investment trust handles its customers' funds. He sought advice from professional money managers in Connecticut, Boston, and Wall Street; sold off the dogs and losers in the portfolio; and invested much of the proceeds in common stocks with growth prospects. Result: a happy increase both in capital value and in income from dividends.

At this writing he is trying to buy a seat for Connecticut on the Philadelphia-Baltimore-Washington stock exchange, so that he will be able to trade securities directly—thus saving more than \$2 million a year in brokerage fees. He is being opposed by the Securities and Exchange Commission, which evidently is more interested in protecting stockbrokers than the public. But if he succeeds, Connecticut will become the first state to go into the brokerage business—a curious, but delightful, venture into socialism by a Republican administration.

10 2. While he is singing in Connecticut, the Angel might spare a few

notes for Sue Ruge, Mark Kelley, and the other young people of the Madison churches who organized Slave Labor Day.

They each offered to do a day's work without pay—washing windows, raking yards, housecleaning, and similar chores—for any elderly or ill residents of the town who asked for such help.

3. Bobby Fischer (no kith or kin of mine, thank God) for his unintended contribution to amity between nations.

He is the first American who ever managed to goad millions of his fellow citizens into cheering for a Russian competitor.

4. Howard Rock of Fairbanks, Alaska, for his unlikely success in publishing the country's only newspaper for Indians and Eskimos.

Against the most daunting odds, he has for the past ten years put out the *Tundra Times* every two weeks as the voice and champion of the Eskimos, Aleuts, Tlingits, and Athabascans of the state. To him belongs much of the credit for stopping Project Chariot, a scheme of the Atomic Energy Commission for blasting out a harbor on the northwest coast of Alaska, regardless of the dangers of radioactive fallout to natives and wildlife. He also helped lead the fight for the recent land claims settlement that gave the native peoples firm title to forty million acres of land, plus \$962 million for the additional land they gave up to oil and other development.

An Eskimo himself, Rock worked his way through the University of Washington, studied art, and settled down to a comfortable career as painter and jewelry designer in Seattle. In 1961 he went back to his home community at Point Hope for a vacation and family reunion. There he found the Eskimos deeply concerned about the proposed atomic blasting but unable to get the AEC to pay them any serious

attention. They persuaded him that they needed a newspaper to argue their case—and that he ought to run it.

He had neither the training nor money for such a venture. In the first, he enlisted the help of Tom Snapp, a University of Missouri journalism student then working temporarily for another Alaska paper, the *News Miner*. For the second, he got a contribution of \$35,000 from the late Dr. Hay Forbes of Milton, Massachusetts, who had long been active in the work of the Association on American Indian Affairs.

(When Rock's appeal arrived, both Dr. Forbes and I happened to be vacationing on Naushon Island; he brought the letter to me, as the city journalist within hailing distance might give counsel. I had to tell him that the proposition sounded worthwhile but wildly risky and probably shabby. Never have I been so glad to see a prediction go wrong.)

That gift saw the paper through its first year, but since then Rock has seldom known from month to month where he would get money for the next issue. Because his readers are mostly poor and not fluent in English, they often manage to do with a single subscription a village. And since they rarely buy anything except cartridges and fish hooks, they didn't attract a flood of advertising. Consequently Rock had to lean heavily on volunteer editorial workers—an East Coast housewife, a New York magazine editor who worked one summer for Rock, a former interior decorator with a flair for writing. He now has an Eskimo apprentice and the versatile Frank Murphy, who serves as advertising manager, reporter, photographer, and darkroom technician. (His desk and darkroom are in a coat closet.) But Rock, at the age of sixty-one, still does most of the

John Fischer's Christmas honors have been awarded annually since 1956, the year he started writing "The Easy Chair."

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With the price of our new Beetle still at \$2,000,* the Volkswagen Beetle is a bigger buy than ever before.

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We pay attention to specific details on every car (and that's quite a lot). More than 1,000 inspectors meticulously scrutinize more than 5,000 parts.

Some two or three times. For us, it's not enough to get it right, we want it perfect.

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out the results in plain English. That's service.

Maybe all of this explains why VW owners have gotten more resale dollars after three or four years than the owners of any other comparable car.†

Obviously, it's not only the price of the '73 Beetle that reminds you of the good old days. It's also the quality.

Few things in life work as well as a Volkswagen.

*1973 Volkswagen Sedan III suggested retail price, P.O.E. Local taxes and other dealer charges, if any, additional. ©Volkswagen of America, Inc. †Owner maintains and services his vehicle in accordance with the Volkswagen maintenance schedule any factory part found to be defective in material or workmanship within 24 months or 24,000 miles, whichever comes first (except normal wear and tear and service items) will be repaired or replaced by any U.S. or Canadian Volkswagen Dealer. And this will be done free of charge. See your dealer for details. ‡1969 manufacturers' suggested retail prices and 1972 average used car lot retail prices as quoted in NADA Official Used Car Guide, Eastern Ed., June, 1972.

From Calcutta... Report on Elizabeth Dass...



CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S FUND, INC.
CALCUTTA, INDIA - CASEWORKER REPORT

TO NAZARETH HOME, CALCUTTA

DATE: MARCH 17, 1969

NAME: ELIZABETH DASS

DATE OF BIRTH: APRIL 12, 1964

NATIVE PLACE: CALCUTTA

ORDER OF BIRTH: THIRD DAUGHTER

HEALTH: FRAIL, THIN, WALKS ~~W~~ WITH DIFFICULTY, PROTEIN DEPRIVED

CHARACTERISTICS: GENTLE, QUIET, COOPERATIVE. SPEAKS CLEARLY AND IS OF GOOD MIND. WILL BE ABLE TO LEARN ONCE HEALTH AND STRENGTH ~~IS~~ ARE RESTORED.

PARENT ~~XXX~~ CONDITION: FATHER: DECEASED.
MOTHER: MALNOURISHED, RECENT VICTIM OF ~~XXX~~ SMALLPOX, WORKS IN A MATCH FACTORY.

INVESTIGATION REPORT:

ELIZABETH'S FATHER USED TO BE A STREET CLEARNER, DIED FROM TYPHUS. HER MOTHER IS VERY WEAK FROM HER RECENT ILLNESS—INDEED IT IS REMARKABLE SHE IS ALIVE AT ALL. ONLY WORK AVAILABLE TO THIS WOMAN IS IN A MATCH FACTORY WHERE SHE EARNs TWO RUPEES A DAY (26¢) WHEN SHE IS STRONG ENOUGH TO GET THERE AND WORK.

HOME CONDITIONS: HOUSE: ONE ROOM BUSTEE (HOVEL) OCCUPIED BY SEVERAL OTHER PERSONS BESIDES ELIZABETH AND HER MOTHER. HOUSE IS SO SMALL COOKING IS DONE ON THE FOOTPATH. BATHING IS DONE AT A PUBLIC TAP DOWN THE ROAD. PERSONS LIVING WITH THEM IN THIS HOUSE ARE NOT OF GOOD REPUTE, AND THE MOTHER FEARS FOR ELIZABETH.

SISTERS: MARIA DASS, DECEASED OF SMALLPOX
LORRAINE DASS, ALSO DECEASED OF SMALLPOX
(ELIZABETH FORTUNATELY ENTIRELY ESCAPED CONTAGION)

REMARKS: ELIZABETH WILL CERTAINLY BECOME ILL, PERHAPS WILL TAKE UP THIEVING, MAYBE EVEN MORE TERRIBLE WAYS OF LIVING, IF SHE IS NOT REMOVED FROM ~~XM~~ PRESENT HOME CONDITIONS. HER MOTHER IS WILLING FOR HER TO GO TO NAZARETH HOME AND WEEPS WITH JOY AT THE HOPE OF HER LITTLE ~~XX~~ DAUGHTER BECOMING SAFE FROM THE WRETCHED LIFE THEY NOW HAVE.

STRONGEST RECOMMENDATION THAT ELIZABETH DASS BE ADMITTED AT ONCE.

Elizabeth Dass was admitted to the Nazareth Home a few days after we received this report and she is doing better now. Her legs are stronger . . . she can walk and sometimes even run with the other children. She is beginning to read and can already write her name.

Every day desperate reports like the one above reach our overseas field offices. Then we must make the heartbreaking decision—which child can we help? Could you turn away a child like Elizabeth and still sleep at night?

For only \$12 a month you can sponsor a needy little boy or girl from the country of your choice, or you can let us select a child for you from our emergency list.

Then in about two weeks, you will receive a photograph of your child, along with a personal history, and information about the project where your child receives help. Your child will write to you, and you will receive the original plus an English translation—direct from an overseas office.

Please, won't you help? Today?

Sponsors urgently needed this month for children in: India, Brazil, Taiwan (Formosa), Mexico and Philippines.

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THE EASY CHAIR
editorial work, including paste-up, and the setting of lines.

For anyone interested in and Eskimo life, a subscription to the *Tundra Times* would make a welcome Christmas present (this year—address: Fairbanks, Alaska). My own thanks, and holiday greetings, to Mrs. Lael Morgan, and the Patterson Fund award winner, who leave from the *Tundra Times* to whom I am indebted for so much of the foregoing information.

5. The Reverend Gordon Attee of Athens, Georgia, for the kind of protest demonstration.

With the help of other local gymen and a Salvation Army, he closed down—at least temporarily—the town's red light district by conducting nightly prayer and hymn-singing services outside the bawdy house doors. He called them "the gates of hell," and his ministrations shut them tighter as the police had been able to do in the past forty years.

6. John Paton Davies, Jr., for advice—if heeded by the U.S. House and State Department twenty-five years ago—might have kept out of both the Korean and Vietnam wars.

One of a handful of Foreign Service officers especially trained in Chinese language and history, he was assigned during World War II as political adviser to General Joseph Stilwell in China, Burma, and India. In 1944 he got well acquainted with Mao Tse-tung, Zhou En-lai, and the other Chinese Communist leaders at their guerrilla headquarters in the caves of Yunnan. Earlier Davies had arranged to establish a small American observation group there, including two brilliant Chinese specialists, John Service and Raymond P. Ludde.

What he learned there is recounted in his *Dragon by the Tail* (No. \$10), probably the most important—and most saddening—volume of history published this year. The point of it is that the peaceful relations President Nixon worked so hard to negotiate in 1972 could have been easily realized in 1944—thus averting a generation of confrontation between America and Asiatic Communism. When Davies reported Mao was sure to take over the

The Curious Legend of La Dame Blanche

ig, long ago, in the Bordeaux region of France, there lived a handsome young Count.

estate on which he lived had a truly remarkable vineyard, from which came some of the finest wines in all of France. His wine was treasured throughout the land and was a source of great pride to the young aristocrat.

people all loved him, for he was very good to them, and the fine wine he produced brought prosperity to them.

ever, they were concerned about something.

had not yet found a wife.

day, the Count decided to take a journey, and he journeyed to Morocco.

re he met a beautiful Moorish princess with dark mysterious eyes and long silken hair.

skin the color of dark topaz.

was, he thought, the most beautiful woman he had ever seen, and he fell hopelessly in love with her. And she loved him. And so they were married.

When the news of the beloved Count's

marriage to a dark-skinned woman reached the people, they were dismayed. And when he brought her home, they turned their backs on her. Why couldn't he have married one of his own kind?

Despite this, the pair lived happily together until the Count died. Then, his loving wife did something that shocked everyone.

She came to the funeral dressed in white...the color of mourning of her native land.

No one in France had ever worn anything but black for mourning. Oh, she had strange ways, this dark foreign woman.

The bereaved Countess wore nothing but white for the rest of her life, for she had loved her husband very much. So much so that, in his tradition, she continued caring for the vineyard. Which, in turn, continued to produce the superb wine.

She was really a very kind woman, and, like her husband, treated the people well. Slowly, they began to accept her. And they learned to love her as much as they had the Count.

Later, when she died, they all came to her funeral to honor her.

And they came dressed in white.

Now, here is the curious part of the story.

Ever since the death of the Countess, on certain mornings at dawn, a strange white mist drifts across the meadow and surrounds the Chateau.

And the people seeing this phenomenon, say, "La Dame Blanche has returned". So when the white mist appears, the people are happy to be reminded that La Dame Blanche remembers them.

Today, the famous Cruse family occupies the Chateau. And their wine, now called Chateau La Dame Blanche, is still among the finest in all of France. As is every wine that bears the Cruse crest. Each with its own special story to tell.

Happily, the spirit of La Dame Blanche still prevails.

At the Chateau near Bordeaux.

And on some of the finest tables in the world.



Every Cruse wine has its own story to tell...it begins when you open the bottle.





Michelangelo
started with superb
marble.
We start with superb
grapes.

mainland, and that he was for close and cooperative relations with the United States. The news was neither better nor welcomed in Washington. Many people—including politicians of both parties, generals, and mandarins of the State Department—had a vested interest in Kai-shek and the simplistic communist dogma of the post-war years. In the end, Davies was driven out of the government, along with Ladd and Ludden, because he had been right too soon.

His book is much more than the story of a lost opportunity. It is also a history of British, Japanese, Russian, and American encounters with China during this century, and the big disappointments of all of them. Its final paragraph is a distillation of bitter wisdom: "The heart of the matter is that China has never since the fall of the Empire and its seductive practical joke. Western businessmen, missionaries, and educators who had tried to civilize and Christianize it failed. Japanese militarists who tried to conquer it failed. The American government which tried to democratize it failed. The Soviet Union which tried to insinuate control failed. Chiang failed. Mao failed."

W. Newcomb, Jr., and Wilbur Adams, who run the least famous museum I know of—the Texas Memorial Museum in Austin, Texas—have the most unconventional museum publication—*The Mustang*.

One of their current ventures is selling a collection of bumper stickers: a highly perishable art form that may someday be valuable to historians, sociologists, and students of the American psyche. My favorite sticker was contributed to the museum by Miss Amber Mist. She is, moreover, a dancer, who also produced photographs of herself in her national costume—two dangly earrings and a pair of high-heeled shoes. Miss Mist is the founder of the "Miss Women's Lib" movement. The sticker reads: "Snuggle Don't Hug."

Another one, left over from Mrs. Wrenthold's unsuccessful campaign for governor of Texas: "Male Chauvinist Pigs for Sissy." Additional choice items in the collection include "Have Water—Bathe With a

Friend," "Stamp Out Old Age—Smoke Cigarettes," and the peace symbol on a yellow background with the inscription: "Footprint of the American Chicken." The oldest is a "Landon and Knox" sticker from the 1936 Presidential campaign. So far the museum has not been able to get its hands on an "I Like Ike" or "I Say Adlai" from the 1952 and 1956 campaigns, but it has a good range of examples on both sides of most current issues, from gun control to organizing farm workers.

Anyone interested in keeping up with the museum's other enterprises—investigations into the sex life of the wily tree lizard, for example, and the history of Texas Indians—can get bimonthly reports by asking for a free subscription to *The Mustang*, 24th and Trinity Streets, Austin, Texas 78705.

8. Leon Altemose of Centre Square, Pennsylvania, for his courage in defying the tyranny of the building trades unions.

When he got a contract to build a Sheraton hotel and shopping plaza in King of Prussia, Pennsylvania, the unions insisted that he and

his subcontractors hire only union labor. He offered to settle for 60 per cent union men, but when this compromise was refused he decided to go ahead anyway.

Soon after construction started, some 500 building trades workers attacked the site in what a judge later described as "virtually a military assault." They firebombed trucks and bulldozers, destroyed construction sheds, and tore down fences, causing \$300,000 worth of damage. Since then union members have picketed Altemose building sites in defiance of a court injunction, vandalized a Sheraton hotel in Philadelphia, and picketed the Philadelphia National Bank, which was financing the Altemose project. When Mr. Altemose tried to photograph the pickets outside the bank, they slugged and kicked him.

For years the building trades have been getting away with such outrages, and worse, because they know they can intimidate most employers, and because their political clout makes public officials slow to intervene. Three men were arrested for the beating of Mr. Altemose, but no one was arrested at the time of

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- ☐ USSR/Eastern Europe ☐ The Balkans
- ☐ Samarkand/Oriental Russia ☐ South America
- ☐ South Pacific ☐ Japan ☐ Africa ☐ Egypt/Luxury



He stuck on his construction site. After two months' delay, nine men—out of the hundreds involved—were charged with arson, riot, conspiracy, and malicious mischief, but at this writing they have not been brought to trial. These are the same unions, of course, that have fought most adamantly to keep blacks out of the construction trades, and whose featherbedding, excessive wage demands, and (in some localities) alliances with racketeers have been pushing building costs up at the rate of about 1 per cent a month.

The best hope of breaking their stranglehold on all of us lies with Mr. Altomose and his fellow contractors who in recent months have been turning increasingly to non-union labor.

9. *Oliver Jensen of American Heritage Publishing Company and his fellow railroad nuts who are re-creating a chapter in American history, to the delight of thousands of New Englanders.*

They have formed the Valley Railroad Company to restore and operate part of an abandoned line that once ran from Old Saybrook to Hartford along the west bank of the Connecticut River. Working in their spare time, they have acquired and refurbished three antique steam locomotives, passenger coaches from four different lines, two dining cars, three cabooses, and an assortment of ancient freight cars. They also have put back into operation eight miles of track, running from Essex to Deep River through one of the prettiest stretches of countryside in the valley. Over it they ran four trains a day last summer, most of them carrying a full complement of passengers—including many children who had never before seen a steam engine.

One of the trains made connection at the other end of the line with *The Yankee Clipper*, a 400-passenger boat that cruises into Long Island Sound—thus providing the only train-and-boat service in this country since the demise of the old Fall River Line nearly half a century ago.

10. *The Soviet oil industry, for the insidious blow it is striking at the wealthy, luxury-loving bourgeois throughout the world.*

The Caspian Sea has long been

the source of nearly all the caviar produced commercially. Exports fell sharply this year, because offshore drilling operations and tanker spills have polluted the Caspian so badly that its once plentiful sturgeon are now threatened with extinction. Already ruinously expensive, caviar may soon become unobtainable at any price.

Incidentally, this Russian disaster might open up an opportunity for some enterprising Americans. Sturgeon once were common in many of our lakes and rivers, before they were virtually wiped out by overfishing and pollution. Now that at least some of our inland waters are being cleaned up, it might be possible to reintroduce the sturgeon under controlled conditions, thus creating a new caviar industry—comparable to the catfish farming that has become so profitable during the past decade.

11. *Barbara Liggett, graduate student at the University of Pennsylvania, for her discovery of the richest treasure trove yet of early American glass and pottery—some of which may have been used by Benjamin Franklin.*

She found it while excavating an eighteenth-century trash pit on property that once belonged to the Widow Deborah Read, Franklin's neighbor and later common-law wife. Mrs. Read's first husband had been a potter. The pit contained quantities of rejects and broken pieces from his kiln, together with broken (and some unbroken) dishes, bowls, wine glasses, bottles, and other household debris apparently discarded by Mrs. Read.

The pit, located at 314 Market Street in Philadelphia, on land that now belongs to the National Park Service, is exciting both to archaeologists and to historians. It is the earliest undisturbed midden discovered so far in the area of Old Philadelphia; it provides the first clear picture of the kitchen and tableware used by the Colonists in the period from 1730 to 1760; and it indicates that American potters of the time were far more skillful and sophisticated than anyone had suspected.

12. *The Providence Journal and some five to ten thousand of its Rhode Island readers (nobody*

knows the exact number) for the cleanup of the Blackstone River

The newspaper organized publicized a one-day campaign, volunteer workers to rescue a mile stretch of the most polluted river in the state. The public response astonished even the promoters. On September 9, a Saturday, the volunteers began to swarm the river banks at 8:00 A.M.; by nightfall they had hauled a more than 10,000 tons of debris that had accumulated in and along the river during decades of neglect—abandoned autos, old tires, shopping carts, driftwood, sodden mattresses, a pair of false teeth, mountains of garbage.

The volunteers included Boy Scouts, hippies, housewives, National Guardsmen and Seabees, students, canoeists and motorboat faculty members from Brown University, and hundreds of unidentified individuals. Business firms donated 125 trucks, plus bulldozers, cranes, winches, chain saws, and other heavy equipment. A National Guard helicopter hoisted debris from the center of the Blackstone, and scuba divers worked the bottom. Local restaurants provided free meals. Doctors and nurses took care of about two dozen accident casualties, none of them serious. Landscape architects supervised gardeners, who brought their own tools, in constructing two miniparks.

The *Journal*—which was admirably reticent about its own part in the enterprise—was responsible for most of the organizing. Through a radio communications network, the right number of people and pieces of equipment were directed to each of nine project areas; dump trucks were routed where needed; militia police directed traffic. Basically, however, the undertaking was a spontaneous community effort; as dirty as the job was, nearly everybody who participated seemed to feel good about it.

The Blackstone is still far from immaculate. But a lot of Rhode Islanders believe they have made a good start on an environmental cleanup that will be continued and expanded, in one way or another. And the example they have provided may be the best Christmas present they could give to other communities throughout the country.

EVERY YEAR YOU GIVE GIFTS
AS A TRADITION.
THIS YEAR GIVE A TRADITION
AS A GIFT.



Thanks to Richard Nixon, the Supreme Court has quietly begun to extol the state at the expense of the individual

Paul Bender



THE TECHNIQUES OF SUBTLE EROSION

RICHARD NIXON ADVANCED to the White House charging that Earl Warren's Supreme Court was too "liberal" and "activist" for the good of the country. After becoming President he specifically indicted the Court for "weakening the peace forces as against the criminal forces in our society." Having openly accused the Court of inflating the nation's crime rate—and having implicitly accused it of simply paying too much attention to individual rights and liberties—the new President vowed to straighten out the Court by filling it with judicial "conservatives" and "strict constructionists." So far, luck has enabled him to make four appointments, more than any first-term President since Warren G. Harding.

On the brief record to date, it might seem that the Court Mr. Nixon has created has proved far more "liberal" than the one he envisioned. Last term, over the dissent of his four appointees, the Court struck down almost every death penalty statute in the nation as violating the constitutional ban on cruel and unusual punishments. By the same 5-to-4 vote, the Court held for the first time that

a witness need not testify before a federal grand jury if the government's investigation is based on illegal wiretapping. And in three other cases, the Court *unanimously* established that due process is required in parole revocation proceedings, it significantly expanded the right of indigents to free counsel, and it overruled the Attorney General's claim that he needed no warrants to conduct wiretapping in cases of suspected domestic "subversion."

Meanwhile, the Warren Court's great decisions—the desegregation and reapportionment cases, the expansion of federal civil-rights jurisdiction, the application of many parts of the Bill of Rights to the states, the exclusion of trial evidence obtained by unconstitutional police searches, and the requirement that police warn defendants of their rights before obtaining confessions—have, so far at least, escaped any frontal assaults by the Nixon forces.

Is there a Nixon Court or isn't there? In fact, the law and the country's thinking have come too far in the past twenty years to permit a new group of Justices openly and suddenly to discard the major constitutional developments of that period, even if they have the votes to do so. No matter how politically committed a Justice may be, the ambience and majesty of the nation's highest tribu-

nal often compel him to show respect for legal precedents that repel him. Yet there is a new Court far more is going on than meets the eye.

To grasp the dimension of the Nixon judicial revolution, one must understand how enormous shifts in constitutional law and attitudes can occur without any dramatic rejection or overruling of precedents; there are more subtle devices for changing their first months as a team, the Nixon Justices, consciously or not, have used several of these quiet devices to erode Warren Court precedents, and they have also displayed a basic attitude toward constitutional adjudication that makes continuing erosion likely. This attitude will certainly slow, and perhaps ultimately stop, the Court's elaboration of individual rights.

THE TECHNIQUES of subtle erosion begin with the common device of limiting or "distinguishing" cases. Often this is quite necessary. To the logic of a decision from running away with itself, subsequent limitations may have to be imposed. But such limits ought to respond to the reasons for the original ruling. The new Court shows signs of neglecting this principle, with grave consequences for established rights.

Paul Bender is professor of law at the University of Pennsylvania Law School. His specialties are criminal and constitutional law. In 1959 he was Supreme Court law clerk for Justice Felix Frankfurter.

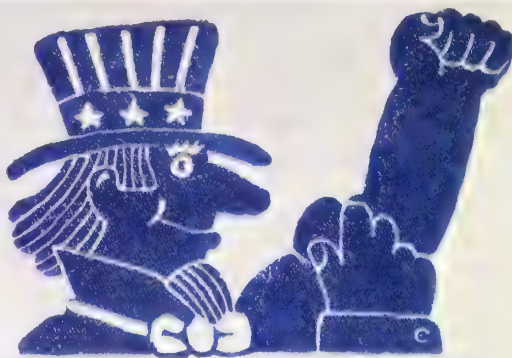
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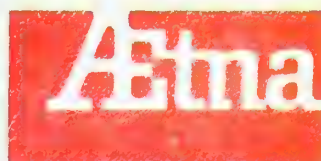


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Several years ago, over some dissent, the Court established the right of a criminal suspect to have a lawyer witness a police lineup in which the suspect is forced to participate. The Court majority held that the presence of counsel was essential in preventing an unfair or overly suggestive lineup, which might result in the identification and conviction of the wrong person. By happenstance, the cases at issue involved lineups that were held after the defendants' formal indictment by a grand jury (most lineups are held *prior* to indictment), but the Court did not seem to rely heavily upon that fact in holding counsel necessary. The accused, it said, "need not stand alone against the State at any stage of the prosecution, formal or informal, in court or out, where counsel's absence might derogate from a fair trial."

Yet last term the four Nixon Justices, joined by one of the dissenters from the earlier cases, seized upon the fact that those cases involved lineups occurring *after* indictments—and thereby held that counsel is not required at the vast majority of lineups that occur *before* indictment. The Court explained that it did not wish

to "extend" the earlier ruling. What it seems to have done, in practical effect, is to obliterate that ruling.

The same technique can work in the opposite direction. Limits that should be imposed can be omitted. As the Warren Court began to enforce the Fourth Amendment's protection against unreasonable searches and seizures, it became uneasy with the rule that a policeman needed a high degree of "probable cause" before he could forcibly detain a person on a public street. In some situations, probable cause did not exist, yet a seasoned policeman could sense that a violently dangerous act was about to take place. To the Court this called for some minimal power allowing a policeman to detain suspects briefly and frisk them for weapons in order to protect himself from injury during his investigation. In *Terry v. Ohio* (1968), the Court approved such a narrow "stop and frisk" power where a policeman's personal observations over a period of time had led him to suspect that an armed robbery was about to take place in Cleveland.

Last term, in an opinion written by Nixon appointee William Rehnquist, the power suddenly and silently grew

to alarming proportions. In a ruling on a police stop-and-frisk of a person suspected of possessing narcotics on the basis of an informant's tip, the Court purported simply to be following the *Terry* case. It failed, however, to require either that the policeman rely on his own observations or that he have a suspicion that anyone dangerous to the public was about to take place. Instead, the Court said *Terry* had established that a policeman may forcibly detain and search any "suspicious individual." What started as an arguably necessary power to prevent impending violent crime may have thus become a roving commission to police to interfere with the liberty of anyone deemed "suspicious." History teaches that to many policemen and the informants a "suspicious individual" may be anyone with long hair or funny clothes—or a black person in a white neighborhood at the "wrong" time.

S SMALL VERBAL CHANGES in constitutional tests can also have enormous potential impact. For years a majority of the Supreme Court refused to permit any book or film to be considered "obscene" for a while unless it met three criteria—the work must as a whole appeal to "prurient interest," it must be "patently offensive" in the light of community standards, and it must have no "redemptive social value." These tests, whatever their grave deficiencies, seemed to insulate a work of substance from the obscenity laws. This effect flowed primarily from the criteria of offensiveness and lack of value—found in most any work with a sexual theme capable of striking a large portion of the population as "prurient."

Last term, in reversing a Wisconsin obscenity conviction, the Court suddenly and without explanation dropped the offensiveness and social value parts of the test for obscenity and said instead that the test was solely whether the dominant theme of the work "appeals to prurient interest." The Court suggested that the dominant theme of a work could be judged, in part, by whether it was an attempt at serious art," but it said that such an attempt is "not inevitably a guarantee against a finding of obscenity." We won't know the impact of this change until the Court affirms an obscenity conviction in



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THE TECHNIQUES OF SUBTLE EROSION
future. Meanwhile, some local
and prosecutors will undoubtedly
voke the new test, with the consequent
danger that we may be in for a
round of zealous obscenity enfor-
cement.

Then there is the doctrine of
"harmless error," under which a
criminal conviction may be held to
be valid on appeal, even though the
Constitution has been violated by the
police, the prosecutor, or the trial
court. Since overuse of this doctrine
can nullify many rules of criminal
procedure, the Court in recent years
has refused to ignore constitutional
error unless it was clear, beyond a
"reasonable doubt," that the error did
not contribute to the conviction now
under review. Last term the Court re-
employed the harmless error rule on
some occasions where the reasonable
doubt test would have seemed to argue
for reversal. The facts of one of these
cases, *Moore v. Illinois*, are enlighten-
ing.

Moore had been convicted of first-
degree murder. The principal issue at his trial
was whether he, or someone else, had
killed a bartender in Lansing, Illinois. The eyewitness identifica-
tions at the scene of the crime were con-
flicting, and Moore introduced employ-
ment records showing that he was
actually working somewhere else at
the time of the murder. Even so, the
jury was impressed by a prosecu-
tor's witness named Sanders, who testified
that two days after the murder he had
been at another bar, where a man
called "Slick" had bragged that he
was "open season on bartenders"
and that he, "Slick," recently had
shot one in Lansing. Sanders had
positively identified the defendant as
Moore to the jury as the "Slick" who
had bragged about the murder.

After Moore was convicted, the
defense obtained information that
seemed to destroy Sanders' testimony
and throw great doubt on the honesty
of the prosecution. Moore, it turned
out, had been in Leavenworth Peni-
tentiary until about two months be-
fore the crime. The defense, however,
learned that, shortly after the crime,
Sanders had positively told the police
he had met "Slick" for the first time
about six months before the crime,
when Moore was still in jail. The
prosecution thus knew, when it put
Sanders on the stand, that his identifica-
tion of Moore as "Slick" was prob-
ably doubly erroneous, but it did not
reveal this fact to Sanders, the con-

defense. Perhaps even more so, the defense also discovered when Sanders first saw Moore in the courtroom, he appeared greatly surprised, and remarked to the prosecutor and some police officers that he did not look much like the man he knew as "Slick." That person was about thirty to forty pounds lighter than Moore and did not wear glasses. One of the policemen remarked, "Well, you know how the police beans are." Sanders was sitting on the stand to testify that he definitely was "Slick."

Armed with this evidence of misapprehension by the prosecution in securing a murder conviction, Justice Blackmun nevertheless wrote an opinion upholding Moore's conviction. The Justice recognized that the state must have been mistaken in its identification of Moore. ("Slick," he said, "was someone else, by the name of [redacted], whom the police have never [redacted].") Blackmun also seemed to suggest that—given the prosecution's knowledge about the misidentification—it would have been unconstitutional to put Sanders on the stand without sharing that knowledge with the defense, if Sanders' testimony could have affected the jury's verdict.

Justice Blackmun, however, came to a quite incredible conclusion that Sanders' misidentification of Moore as Slick was not material to Moore's guilt because it merely showed that Moore wasn't "Slick." The Justice said that Moore wasn't the murderer! Sanders' testimony was not "material" because in the world did the prosecutor make such pains to get his identification before the jury? The President was concerned that we do not deny the police and prosecutors "the legal tools they need to protect the innocent from criminal elements," but he also boldly supposes that such tools include the deliberate suppression of information showing that someone other than the defendant is very likely the criminal.

Finally, there are numerous procedural or jurisdictional hurdles that can diminish or destroy individual rights by preventing litigation of claims of serious constitutional violations. These devices have their place in protecting the Court from feigned or highly hypothetical cases, but the Justices seem prone to use

them much more frequently than may be justifiable. In one important case last term, for example, a group of citizens brought suit under the First Amendment seeking to stop the Army's alleged intensive "surveillance" of antiwar and other "dissident," but lawful, civilian political activity. This is the same Army surveillance that has been reported so extensively in the press in recent months. The plaintiffs claimed that the Army's activities have had a "chilling effect" on political expression, protest, and dissent. Specifically, they alleged that their fear of finding themselves on the Army's computers and "blacklists" deterred them from openly expressing their views, joining organizations, etc.

The trial court dismissed the case without hearing evidence, but the federal appeals court reversed and ordered the trial court to find out whether the plaintiffs' charges of improper surveillance and "chilling" were true. The Government appealed this ruling, and the Supreme Court, in an opinion by Chief Justice Burger, reinstated the dismissal of the case. Burger said that the plaintiffs had no right to prove their charges

because, even if those charges were true, the plaintiffs were not being harmed in a "justiciable" way. "Allegations of a subjective 'chill,'" said Justice Burger, "are not an adequate substitute for a claim of specific present objective harm or a threat of specific future harm; 'the federal courts . . . do not render advisory opinions.'" But if the Army is, in fact, acting illegally and if the plaintiffs are, as a result, intimidated from engaging in open political activity and expression, that would seem to deprive them of rights guaranteed to all of us by the First Amendment. What more "specific" or "objective" harm does one need to get judicial relief?

UNDERLYING MANY of the Nixon Justices' opinions so far seems to be an attitude toward constitutional adjudication that is quite opposed to the philosophy that emerged during the Warren Court years. Blatant constitutional violations, such as statutes that draw discriminatory racial lines, have become increasingly rare in this country. Unconstitutionality these days most often lies in the way things are administered, or in

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the motives and effect of legislation, rather than in its abstract text. If good faith can be assumed in those who enact and enforce the law, then it may make sense for judges to exercise great restraint in hearing constitutional allegations. Many of the Warren Court decisions, however, seemed grounded on a deep and growing skepticism about whether officials can really be expected, if left to their own devices, to be sensitive to individual constitutional rights in exercising their enormous powers over men's lives, liberty, and property. Because of this skepticism, the Warren Court often set up protective rules or presumptions, and authorized federal judicial scrutiny where none had existed before, to try to insure adherence to constitutional values. Unlike its predecessors, the Warren Court was unwilling to leave the enforcement of rights to the presumed "good faith" of the government on all levels.

The Nixon Justices, on the other hand, seem to assume that those in high places with power over their fellow men will almost inevitably act correctly and responsibly. This leads to the placing of enormous burdens on litigants and defendants to show that their rights have been violated, to the limitation of protective rules and presumptions, and to close restriction upon federal judicial inquiry into constitutional allegations. The new Justices tend to see the Warren Court's safeguards as unwarranted intrusions into the activities of other branches of government.

There is a question of fact here. Can the police, the prosecutors, the state courts, some legislatures, etc., be expected to be sufficiently sensitive to constitutional rights, without the threat of direct federal judicial interference? I suspect that in many cases they cannot. It should not take more than the frantic efforts of some Southern legislatures to avoid school integration, or the frequent and notorious perjury of police to justify arrests and searches they have been permitted to make without a prior warrant, to convince us that this is so.

There is ample additional evidence. As the Warren Court expanded federal habeas corpus jurisdiction over state criminal convictions, large numbers of constitutional violations were discovered that would previously have gone uncorrected. When the Warren Court authorized federal courts to examine state criminal laws

that were alleged to "chill" constitutional rights, many statutes were struck down that had stood on the books and been enforced by state officials for decades. When welfare administration was examined by the federal courts, a good deal of longstanding fundamental unfairness was unearthed and prevented.

Court decisions should respond to these realities, and not to the often baseless hope that power will be exercised responsibly in the absence of meaningful judicial controls. Where there is a substantial danger that the Constitution will be violated unless the federal courts take a searching look, why isn't it better to take that look? What you risk, on the one hand, is offending officialdom by scrutinizing its activities in detail. What you risk, on the other hand, is the evaporation of a good part of the Constitution.

LET ME CONCLUDE with a brief and somewhat personal appreciation of the Warren Court, a response to some of the intellectual arguments for the "judicial restraint" that the Nixon Court appears prone to exercise, and a summary of my fears for the future.

The law has always had enormous aesthetic attractions for me. There is great beauty in the clear logic and flow of an opinion by a master common-law judge like Learned Hand. In law school in my day (about fifteen years ago), we were taught to revere the impeccable logic of the law and to adopt a supremely critical stance toward new ideas and solutions. We spent endless hours tearing things down.

The logic of the law is one of its substantial safeguards against arbitrary and harmful decisions by judges who respond indirectly, if at all, to the electorate. I found many of the decisions of the Warren Court infuriating because they lacked a firm, logical base, and because it often seemed as though some of the Justices weren't even trying to reason tightly. As I look back now, however, I think that my professors and I may have been asking too much of the Court. The first English court opinion, hundreds of years ago, holding that A may recover damages from B for "assault" when B threatens but does not strike A, was no more tightly reasoned than the first opinion hold-

ing that racial segregation is constitutional. It has taken hundreds of years for the law of assault to come to a point where the logic is clear, as we lawyers say, and we all know that the first opinion was "right." But so was the first segregation opinion. Does anyone doubt that (did anyone really doubt in 1954?) that legally enforced racial segregation in Southern schools hurt blacks more than whites? The Constitution says they deserve equal treatment. If the Court had waited to strike down segregation until an airtight opinion could be written (I still couldn't write one that would have sadly failed the Court and the Constitution.

Bad as the logic may often have been, the important thing about the Warren Court's major efforts is that they were right. Right not because you or I or five Justices liked the results but because they enforced the Constitution. It is often overlooked that the Warren Court made very little change in underlying constitutional doctrine. Its main contribution, as in the segregation cases, was to find ways to apply unquestioned constitutional principles to unquestionable violations of these principles. Until then, courts had stumbled over the difficulties of technically proving what everyone knew. They were stymied by doctrines like "judicial restraint," by fears of entering the "political thicket," by automatic "deference" to the good intentions of legislatures, state courts, and law enforcement officers. The Warren Court placed the constitutional rights of people above these abstract doctrines and the Constitution is meaningful for the first time to many less-advantaged citizens as a result.

But it is said that "judicial restraint" is called for in constitutional litigation because it is dangerous to have the Court supplant important legislative judgments. Such action "reflects a basic lack of faith in the confidence in the democratic process . . . [I]mpatience with the slowness and even the unresponsiveness of legislatures is no justification for judicial intrusion upon their historic powers." (The words are Justice Lewis Powell's, from his dissent in the death-penalty cases.) We are asked to consider the damage wrought by the Supreme Court of the Twenties and Thirties in striking down child-labor and minimum-wa-



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Justice Rehnquist has his own method
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in controlling the "criminal elements." That is nonsense.* The Warren Court created very few new constitutional rules governing police conduct (indeed, it watered down some rules, as in its original creation of a narrow power to stop and frisk without probable cause). What it did was to try seriously, for the first time, to force the police to obey the rules by, for example, prohibiting states from using unconstitutionally obtained evidence and recognizing the existence of a practical right to sue police who violate the law. If the police don't like losing cases because of "technicalities," they have only to obey the constitutional rules. If they don't like being

* And dangerous nonsense as well. There is a serious crime problem in this country. Its main causes are the enormous inequalities, frustrations, and moral confusion of American life, as well as our failure thus far to develop any effective means of "correcting" those in trouble by helping them to cope with their difficult environments. To blame the courts for crime obscures the real problems and makes their solution that much less likely.

asked to obey the rules they have been ignoring for years, they should blame the Constitution, not the Court. I, myself, think the Constitution is compatible with good law enforcement.

MY FEARS for the future of the Court are these: for twenty years the Supreme Court not only decided important cases correctly but it also contributed enormously to an increasing sensitivity among many people in this country toward oppressive inequalities and injustices. No one today openly defends racial discrimination or malapportioned legislatures and we all believe, in principle at least, that the poor should have access to free legal services. I'm not sure we would have come this far this quickly in our thinking without the Court to prod us and lead us.

The Court also set a spirit of justice loose among the lower federal courts (and some state courts as well) by making it plain to those courts that they were expected to use their jurisdictions to remedy wrongs and illegal

deprivations rather than to hide behind technical doctrines that left people remediless. (As a direct result of this spirit, for example, lower courts have now widely recognized that prisoners have rights against unjust and inhumane treatment, whereas previously those who complained almost inevitably told that courts must "abstain" from interfering with prison administration, no matter how callous or cruel.) The nation probably tolerate a few years during which the Supreme Court does not create many new remedies for constitutional violations, although I think of several that badly need to be created. It would be nothing short of tragic, however, if the result of the new Supreme Court were a spread of cynicism within the country to persons who allege unfairness and injustice, and if we were to see a massive and abrupt closing of court doors in the faces of litigants who have just begun to be aware that a law can, indeed, sometimes right the wrongs of the disliked and disadvantaged. I hope that doesn't happen.

A NIXON COURT SCORECARD

The groupings

At the opening of its 1972-3 term, the Supreme Court consisted of the four Nixon appointees (Chief Justice Burger and Justices Blackmun, Powell, and Rehnquist), one appointee of President Johnson (Thurgood Marshall), one of President Kennedy (Byron White), two of President Eisenhower (William Brennan, Jr., and Potter Stewart), and one of President Roosevelt (William Douglas, the senior Justice in point of service). During the latter half of the previous term, after all the Nixon appointees had taken the bench, these groupings emerged:

- The four Nixon appointees almost invariably voted alike. Among some ninety decisions, Burger and Powell voted differently on the result in only seven cases, Burger and Rehnquist split in eight, and Powell and Rehnquist in nine. The least solid member of the Nixon bloc was Blackmun, who differed with each of the other Nixon appointees in about a dozen of the cases.

- The highest rate of disagreement as to result was between Burger and Douglas. They voted differently some fifty-five times. Since about thirty of the ninety decisions were unanimous, Burger and Douglas managed to disagree in just about every case where there was any split at all among the Justices.

- Douglas, Brennan, and Marshall, who most represent the "liberal" philosophy that President Nixon is trying to replace, did not vote alike as often as the Nixon appointees. Douglas and Brennan, for example, disagreed eighteen times. There was no regular fourth member of this "liberal" group. White tended to lean toward the Nixon bloc, while Stewart, the most "average" disagreeer among the Justices, disagreed with the Nixon appointees about as often as he disagreed with Douglas, Brennan, and Marshall.

- The Nixon Justices win twice as often as they lose. While each of them dissented in roughly fifteen of the ninety cases, Brennan and Marshall dissented about thirty times and Douglas almost forty. Where the

Court divides itself into "conservative" and "liberal" blocs, Douglas, Brennan, and Marshall need the votes of both Stewart and White to prevail. The Nixon appointees, on the other hand, need only one of these two votes to win. White dissented least often (eight times), because his vote often decided which way a case would go.

- While Powell usually agreed with the other Nixon appointees, appears the most likely of the Nixon Justices to take independent stands on constitutional issues. In the cases last term he joined the majority over the dissents of Burger, Blackmun, and Rehnquist. These cases variously involved the equal-protection clause, the First Amendment, a criminal procedure. Powell also voted with, but did not join the opinion of, Burger, White, Blackmun, and Rehnquist in holding that nonunanimous juries may constitutionally convict defendants in state criminal cases. (Note, however, that Powell has not yet disagreed with his Nixon colleagues where his vote would have changed the result of any case.)

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The results

THE NIXON JUSTICES LOSE. *Wherever the Nixon appointees lost as a bloc last term, the winning opinions indicate the kinds of Supreme Court results that may not be with us much longer. Dissents provide a clue to the dogmas that may soon dominate the Court:*

- The Nixon appointees dissented in the death-penalty cases (see article) essentially on ground of "judicial restraint." Whatever the doubts about the wisdom and effect of the death penalty, they said, these matters should be judged exclusively by state and federal legislatures, and not by the Supreme Court. The dissent in the grand jury-wiretap case (see article), written by Justice Rehnquist, was based largely upon the supposed value of not interfering unduly with the "historical *modus operandi* of the grand jury."

- In one closely divided case, the five-man majority upheld a lower federal court in preventing a Virginia town from forming its own school district. The four Nixon dissenters, speaking through Chief Justice Burger, said they did not accept the lower court's fears that the creation of town and rural districts might have the effect of impeding the racial integration of a school system previously segregated by law.

- In another divided case, the Court majority held that when a defendant takes the witness stand in his own defense the prosecution cannot "impeach" the truthfulness of his testimony by telling the jury about prior cases where the defendant had been convicted but was without a lawyer because he couldn't afford one. The Nixon Justices dissented from this decision for various reasons. Burger and Powell were most impressed by the fact that the defendant's trials had all occurred before the Supreme Court. Just decided that indigents are entitled to free counsel. They felt that the trial judge could therefore not be blamed for permitting evidence about the uncounseled convictions and that, in consequence, the verdict over which he presided should not be disturbed. Blackmun believed that the Court's decision lacked "realism" because of his "more than a mild suspicion" that the defendant would have been convicted by the jury even without reference to his prior con-

victions. Rehnquist declined to believe the defendant's "self-serving assertions" that he had been unrepresented because of his poverty.

THE NIXON JUSTICES WIN. *In more than twenty criminal and constitutional cases, the Court was divided, but the Nixon Justices prevailed by gaining the vote of at least one other Justice (most often White, less often Stewart). These cases provide the most accurate sense of where the Supreme Court is at the present time. Here is a short summary of significant holdings (including some discussed above) and who dissented, arranged by subject matter:*

Criminal law and procedure. The Court held that states may constitutionally permit nonunanimous juries to return verdicts of guilt in criminal cases. Douglas, Brennan, Stewart, and Marshall dissented. It upheld the constitutionality of compelling a witness to incriminate himself by giving him an "immunity" against the use of his compelled testimony, but not against a prosecution relating to the subject matter of the testimony. Douglas and Marshall dissented. It limited the right of defendants to the presence of counsel at police lineups; now the right applies only to lineups held *after* a defendant is indicted. Douglas, Brennan, White, and Marshall dissented. It extended the narrow power the Warren Court had given police to "stop and frisk" where imminent violence is suspected; now the police may stop a person merely because he is deemed to be a "suspicious individual." Douglas, Brennan, and Marshall dissented.

In two instances the Court recognized that unconstitutional trial errors had occurred, but it refused to overturn the convictions because it found that the errors had been "harmless" or "immaterial." Douglas, Brennan, and Marshall dissented in both of these cases; Stewart dissented in one.

Free speech and press. The Court held that the public areas of a large community shopping center were "private property," so that the owners of the center could constitutionally prohibit the distribution of handbills. Two earlier cases that seemed to say the opposite were held inapplicable. Douglas, Brennan, Stewart, and Marshall dissented. It upheld the denial of a visa to a foreign Marxist jour-

nalist who had been invited to the U.S. to take part in academic conferences. Douglas, Brennan, and Marshall dissented on the ground that whatever the journalist's right as an alien, those who had invited him had a constitutional right to deny him. The Court held that a Senator's constitutional immunity from governmental inquiry into his legislative activities did not prevent a federal grand jury from inquiring into whether the Senator (Alaska's Mike Gravel) obtained copies of the Pentagon papers, which he had read aloud to a subcommittee he chaired. Douglas, Brennan, and Marshall dissented. It refused to recognize that a representative has a limited constitutional privilege not to tell a grand jury about his confidential sources of news about crime. Douglas, Brennan, Stewart, and Marshall dissented.

Equal protection. The Court held that the Fourteenth Amendment did not prohibit a private club from discriminating against blacks, although the club holds a state liquor license. Douglas, Brennan, and Marshall dissented. It also rejected various claims against the administration of welfare in Texas, among them the claim that the state gave substantially less support to black welfare recipients than to others. Douglas, Brennan, Stewart, and Marshall dissented on statutory grounds without reaching the constitutional question.

Procedural due process. The Court held that a state employee who has tenure has no right to be given either reasons or a hearing before a decision is made not to rehire him. Douglas, Brennan, and Marshall dissented.

"Justiciability." The Court refused to consider the constitutionality of an Ohio statute requiring that "northern" political parties sign a loyalty oath to obtain a place on the ballot. The Court said that the case was "hypothetical" because the plaintiff, in the case, the Socialist Labor Party, had signed the oath in the past rather than forfeit its ballot position. Douglas, Brennan, and Marshall dissented. The Court also held nonjusticiable for lack of "specific" object of "harm," a complaint against alleged extensive illegal Army surveillance and blacklisting of citizens who joined in antiwar and other "dissident" activity. Douglas, Brennan, Stewart, and Marshall dissented.



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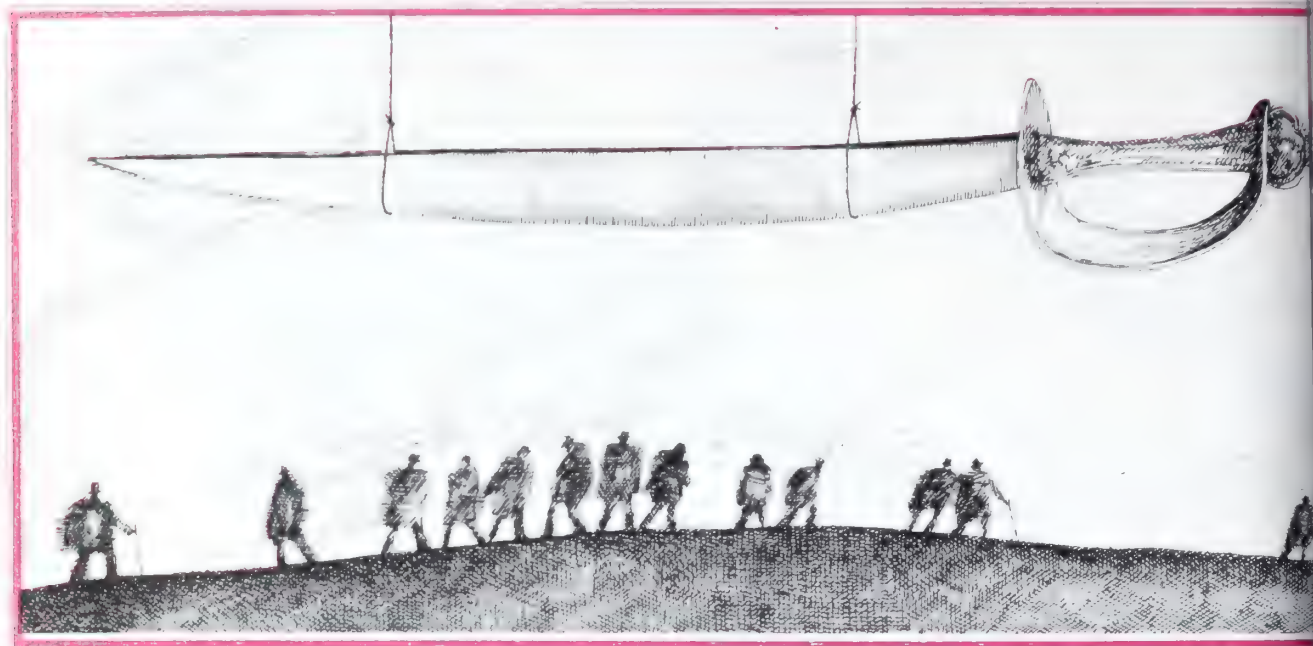
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On the new unpopularity of scientists



OPINION POLLS rarely interest me, but some months ago, while reading a newspaper, I came upon one whose results provoked a wide variety of reactions on my part. Released by Louis Harris & Associates, the survey showed that our scientists now command little more than half as much public confidence as they did five years ago. These findings weren't exactly a surprise; friends of mine, among them scientists, had often remarked on this loss of public confidence. Nevertheless, seeing their comments confirmed in cold print as the view of numerous strangers did have a jolting effect, for when I first came to know scientists, as a reporter, they were riding high with their fellow Americans. That was long ago, in the relatively halcyon days of 1945, directly after a single weapon had wiped out Hiroshima, and our troops, happy and triumphant, were returning home to a warmly welcoming citizenry. In that heady season, science was synonymous with victory, and its practitioners, notably physicists, were regarded as celebrities. Autograph

Daniel Lang is the author of From Hiroshima to the Moon. An Inquiry into Enoughness, and Casualties of War.

hounds pestered them; press and radio retailed their hobbies; parents urged their young to follow in the footsteps of Dr. J. Robert Oppenheimer and his fellow veterans of the Manhattan District. In the time of which I speak, they were not only looked up to as the inventors of a successful secret weapon but they themselves seemed secret weapons—a hitherto undiscovered national resource, a fraternity of geniuses who could bail the country out of any crisis. It didn't matter that they spoke in an unintelligible tongue or that some had the appearance of oddballs, like Einstein. They had met a payroll, so to speak, and that, it was emphasized, was the important thing to bear in mind. If they could bring off so formidable a feat as ending a war, then what problem could possibly stump them in the era of peace that was now at hand? In the years ahead, it seemed to many Americans, scientists would serve us all as oracles, as answer men, and the world would be a better place for it. This, then, was the kind of adulation our scientists enjoyed. It was a caricature of reality, we now realize, but in the summer of '45 only the most churlish of apostates

would have dared suggest that lionized researchers were destined to suffer a decline in public esteem.

IT WAS AFTER reading the return of the Harris survey that I felt speculating about the causes of the decline. One of my thoughts had to do with the nature of the public ecstasy over our scientists at the time of the historic flight over Hiroshima. This fervor, I think, differed in kind from the type of enthusiasm that might be engendered by a ticker-tape parade for a World Series winner. Armed with hindsight, it is now possible to see that the popular acclamation visited on our scientists a quarter century ago represented the birth of an attitude toward the new so-called nuclear age that has proved adhesive to its elements broad and shaping. Chief among these elements, I think, is the fact that it was war that conditioned the laity's response to the nuclear age. Had it not been for its successful military use, science would have seemed as it previously had, a pale, remote adjunct to everyday life. No recognition was implanted in us of the long dedicated tradition of investigati-



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sudden fame, did little to keep the public's distorted impression of themselves from taking root. In the late Forties, though, those of them who were socially concerned—a very few—embarked on a more far-reaching objective. Quite literally, they gave their energies to saving the world. Freed at last from the strictures of secrecy under which they had lived while developing the bomb in guarded, isolated enclaves, these scientists devoted themselves to disseminating word that no nation must ever again employ their creation and that our government must press forthwith for the international control of atomic energy. I saw a good deal of them in this period, and it is difficult to imagine a band of more impassioned crusaders. Wherever there was an audience to be found, they sounded their authoritative alarm. To their astonishment, it caused no widespread stir, very likely because it had nothing to do with changing our views. As long as we thought of scientists as ingenious warriors, the crusaders' warning, intended as a simple, direct call to self-preservation, came through as a confusing message. It seemed odd that they should be spreading it when they themselves had made it necessary. As far as the public was concerned, scientists were trying to unsell their wares, a most peculiar enterprise, it may have appeared, that called for tolerance rather than for serious attention. It was nice that our scientists had moral afterthoughts, but they had already done their thing. They had won a war and, as an extra dividend, thrown in an apparent monopoly of an unanswerable weapon. The more they trumpeted their note of belated idealism, the more it reminded the public of their wartime exploits. The failure of the scientists' campaign to catch fire was an important event. It lent an ordinary quality to the new nuclear

Evidently, most people didn't see it in a momentous light. Unenlarged by its advent, our disposition was to settle down to our postwar lives. Scientists did the same. Some stayed on in their weapons-producing enclaves; others buried themselves in pure research, abjuring military assignments. As for the great majority of scientists, they went about their business, self-serving like the rest of us and seemingly unaware of their prominent connection with events that had yet to occur.

GLORIFIED OUT of all proportion, it was inevitable that our scientists would fail to live up to popular expectations. Modern weaponry saw to that, its "unconventional" potentialities constantly overhanging the numerous wars and revolutions that have broken out since 1945. From the rich choice of untoward events that have occurred in this interval, there are two or three, I think, that have had a fairly direct bearing on the public's disenchantment with scientists. One of these events took place in 1949 when the Soviet Union exploded its first nuclear weapon. By definition, it meant the end of our nuclear monopoly, and with that development, I believe, Americans weren't long in having second thoughts about their scientists. We now knew for a fact that cities of our own could be converted into Hiroshimas, and this was more than we had bargained for. In the minds of many it took hold that we owed this new predicament to our scientists; it was their cleverness that had wished it on us and, henceforth, it was up to them to get us out of it. In the years since the Russians exploded their bomb, these feelings have become intensified as additional powers

England, France, and China, to date—have "gone nuclear." With the growth of the so-called Nuclear Club, the conviction is widespread, I think, that scientists, foreign as well as American, have made the suspense of an arms race a chronic condition of our existence.

To be sure, scientists are not the only ones who are blamed for this state of affairs, but, nevertheless, they are strongly identified with it—even more so, it appears to me, than are political leaders, since, unlike them, scientists aren't beholden to an electorate but diligently report to their labs, year in and year out. Were it not for their special type of brain, so the general feeling goes, were it not for their willingness to "improve" weapons, we would not be forced to live, as many of us do, with the uneasy knowledge that one false move, ours or some other government's, could lead to an apocalyptic finish.

Eight years after the Soviet Union's nuclear test, on October 4, 1957, the Russians launched the world's first space satellite, the famous Sputnik, and this, too, had its influence. In essence, this event not only reawakened but heightened the anxiety many Americans had experienced on

hearing of Russia's opening test, for Sputnik drove home that the United States need not necessarily be number one. It was slow to contemplate that "the enemy" should be "ahead" of us in something as spectacular as the space race. A sterner sternation reigned throughout the country. We accused ourselves of having gone slack; otherwise, it was reasoned, the Russians could never have preceded us in entering space. All sorts of crash programs were planned. Immediately after Sputnik's launch, President Eisenhower appointed a "science czar," and four years later President Kennedy, seeking to reassure Americans, vowed that we would have a man on the moon by 1969. Thanks to the furor over the Sputnik coup, our scientists once again were exposed as reckless troublemakers who indulged themselves at the expense of their country's security. The reaction was even more pronounced than it had been at the time of Russia's nuclear test. That event had informed us that we could not count on scientific monopolies and that we faced a future of uncertain contests with other powers. Sputnik's orbiting told us something else: it spelled off refutably that America could act to lose such contests.

One of Sputnik's side effects might be mentioned, was to reaffirm our pragmatic conception of scientists, for in our moment of agitation the general view that emerged was that if we had to have scientists, we wanted winners. Moreover, we had a definite picture of winners. They weren't pure-researcher types but engineers with a military accent, the kind who would deliver and kill us "second to none." As it had at the Hiroshima bombing, the court again showed itself unaware of difference as well as the connection between science and technology. It was Dr. Wernher von Braun, an engineer, who now embodied the public's idea of a scientist. If anyone was felt, could put us back in the race with the Russians, it was Hitler's former space chief, and when, in 1958, he succeeded in doing just that—with his launching of our first satellite, Explorer I—the public promptly heroized him. He was so venerated, in fact, that his opinions were sought on matters that had nothing to do with his specialty. In this regard, a Congressional committee invited his appraisal of Dr. Oppenheimer as a security risk



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Dr. Oppenheimer, a basic researcher, was then in the toils of his celebrated, and losing, investigation as a suspected subversive. Dr. Von Braun didn't dodge the committee's question. An ex-Nazi, Von Braun unwaveringly vouched for Dr. Oppenheimer's patriotism.

It is difficult to overlook the investigation of Dr. Oppenheimer as another of the events that, each in its own way, has contributed to the present lowered regard for scientists. Without going into its merits, the government's inquisition of our most famous scientist seemed almost bound to raise doubts about all scientists, since, if years after victory, their wartime leader could be treated as a security risk, then what were we to think of his disbanded army of subordinates? By initiating the proceedings, the government appeared to reverse its attitude toward scientists. It had once hailed and decorated Dr. Oppenheimer and his colleagues, and now, suddenly, it had made a defendant of him, an action that quite possibly made it respectable to be suspicious of scientists in general. With the government's cashiering of Dr. Oppenheimer, scientists' talents

and dedication seemed devalued, and they themselves took on a highly expendable quality. One was as good as the other, it appeared. The government could juggle them at will, replacing an Oppenheimer, say, with a Teller, and the impact of this on the public, I think, was to make scientists seem a dime a dozen.

THUS FAR, our scientists have done little to turn around the public's disillusionment with them. Most of them, in fact, don't have time for the matter; their work is too absorbing. Others—a growing minority—make it a point to be socially concerned, often joining forces with nonscientists in speaking out on such disparate issues as the war in Vietnam, ecology, arms control, and the Middle East crisis. On occasion, scientists even organize international conferences of their own in order to ponder the political differences that divide their governments. But all this social-mindedness, I think, does little to restore public confidence in scientists. Their activism seems nothing more than token virtue to many Americans who have long harbored the feeling that the international tensions about

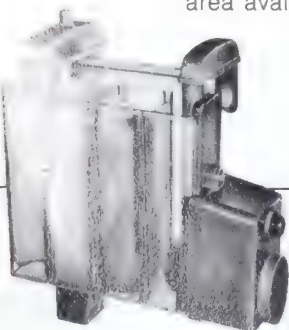
which scientists act so concerned are largely the product of their experimentation. It is a view that treats all scientists as secret weapons, and while this is palpably false, it is likely to change as long as nuclear stockpiles continue to rise. That makes it difficult for us to remember the innumerable benefits that painstaking research has brought forth. Now we must amend our picture of scientists when they remind us, as they frequently do, that since time immemorial the applications of pure science have proved to be either a menace or a blessing. That one pleads the moral neutrality of science, which few of us care to indulge in these days—not with intercontinental missiles poised for release.

Now and then, I have noticed that scientists seek to engage the public's good will by describing the details of their work with a hilarating curiosity the physicist's verbose arouses in them, but, given the threat of poisoned missiles, it sounds like a curious rhapsodizing. Certainly there isn't much point in describing their work in precise, technical language. Its unintelligibility would merely add to the well-entrenched suspicion that scientists are an occult order, remote from the multitudes they may benefit or harm. I doubt that professional scientists and the public will ever share a common language, and the public will ever share scientific terms and concepts as a second language. The public is asked to trust scientists almost blindly, but that is not without its price. Specifically, the scientists and the public must strike up contact, which has yet to happen, it may well have to be on the laity's terms. Otherwise, it seems to me, scientists stand to lose even more of the public's trust than is already the case. They would face no greater task in meeting the laity's terms than these are likely to impress scientists as being too sweeping and subjective. Nevertheless, I think, it is in just this vein that they themselves may have to speak if they are to reach laymen. In short, scientists may have to display a greater degree of emotion about their work than they have shown up to now. Why does someone go into molecular biology or metallurgy? Does he take into account its impact on other people? Does he think in terms of good and evil, of life and death? Most of us, I think, want the assurance that the immense self-consciousness regarding such questions prevails throughout the entire scientific profession, and the more this is manifested, even

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conflicting ways, the more persuaded will the rest of us be that scientists share our qualms about their work. If we could sense the intent that scientists had in mind, they might not seem fragments of a faceless conglomerate, each undifferentiated, their sum more myth than man. It eludes many Americans, for example, that pure researchers feel they can persevere in their work while disclaiming responsibility for the uses to which it may eventually be put. Aren't ominous signs ever perceptible in the early stages of scientific discovery? Do individual investigators ever break off their research when they see that it is headed for a dangerous future? Are the liabilities of technology the province of engineers alone? Was it beyond the powers, or interest, of pure researchers to foresee the ravages of chemical fertilizers and the other agents of our ecological difficulties? Or is it indisputable that such researchers—the aristocrats of science—must be left to their own devices, like artists in a studio, if the cause of scientific curiosity is to be served? Scientists may recoil at the prospect of baring their feelings about matters of this kind, but if they did reveal themselves, it might permit us to see them as individuals who are as subject to doubts and convictions as we ourselves.

AT PRESENT, however, the individuality of most scientists remains an unknown quantity, their professional attitudes as closely guarded as military secrets. There is no telling, of course, whether more openness on the part of scientists would improve their popularity ratings in future opinion polls, but it is difficult to see how it would hurt. Certainly events aren't helping; they continue to exert their pressure, each international crisis reminding us of our dependence on scientists. The more pressing an emergency, the more conscious we are of our nuclear arsenal, for which we offer uneasy thanks to our scientists. They are still remembered as the heroes of Hiroshima but much of their luster is gone. They were expected to turn the ensuing period of peace into yet another victory, a different kind, but that hasn't happened. Instead, their talents appear to have accentuated the risky practices that rivalrous governments pursued in pre-nuclear times. Pending a favorable

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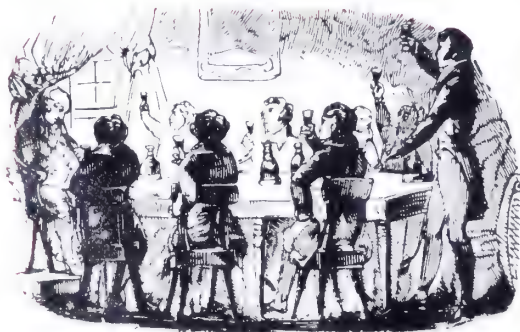
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f events, our instinct is to mis-
scientific ventures. What will
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ts going? And the moon, our
t satellite—isn't it merely a
of time before its virgin soil is
some angry use?

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ears ago, the renowned mathe-
n Norbert Wiener wrote. "In
real sense we are shipwrecked
gers on a doomed planet. Yet
a shipwreck, human decencies
man values do not necessarily
and we must make the most of
Ve shall go down, but let it be
anner to which we may look
l as worthy of our dignity." □

RPER'S MAGAZINE/DECEMBER 1972



A Holiday Message for Ancestor Scotch Drinkers

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FRIENDSHIP WITH FOREIGN DEVILS

Hospitality—Chinese-style



Starting at foreign devils



Photographs by the

ALTHOUGH THE TERM "foreign devils" is no longer used in contemporary China—is in fact so obsolete that Chinese whom we met professed not to recognize or understand the phrase—the concept is alive and still governs, it seems to me, the Chinese attitude. China's present program, deriving from fear of Russia, is a determined campaign to cultivate the "friendship" of foreign peoples, but the treatment of foreigners is such a hothouse affair as to suggest that the Chinese are not at all at ease in the contact. Underneath, one suspects, the old view of foreigners as strange, unnatural, essentially unwanted creatures, part barbarian, part devil, has not changed fundamentally. The relationship is now conducted according to Marxist dogma but its underlying attitude is as much traditionally Chinese as Communist.

Two hundred years ago, China's Imperial rulers, secluded within their walls of conscious superiority, sensed a threat to a past-oriented society in the dynamism of the West, and tried with guile, persistence, and feeble

force to limit contact and frustrate foreign entry. Today, despite continuous incantation of the word "friendship," which we must have heard a hundred times a day throughout a forty-day visit, one cannot escape the impression that if only it were not for world pressures, Maoist China, like that of the Ming and the Manchus, would be happier to withdraw into the broad isolation of the Middle Kingdom.

Peking's present rulers, however, are perforce more realistic than the emperors. They have already taken the great step of embracing a Western ideology in the form of Marxism-Leninism; there is no retreat now from the world. Their initial isolation resulting from angry rejection of the West and failure to galvanize a revolutionary following in Asia, suddenly became dangerous after their break with Russia in the early 1960s. When the break developed into open hostility, the need of friends, or at least of new options and new alignments, became crucial, however awkward ideologically. Hence ping-pong diplomacy, rapprochement first with the U.S., then Japan, and fervent patronage of the small Third World nations.

Toward Westerners the approach is a curious mixture of exaggerated

privilege and strict control. The privileges tend to become embarrassments, especially in an otherwise egalitarian society. While the Chinese do not have private cars, the visitor always has a car at his disposal not only for the planned program but for whatever purpose at whatever hour: at 6 A.M. if one wants to go out early to watch the waking city, at 10 P.M. to come home from the ball. The driver waits like an old-fashioned private chauffeur.

Foreigners feel themselves surrounded by the trappings of an elite. They stay in separate hotels, dine in separate dining rooms—or screen themselves off from the Chinese if there is only one dining room—travel in separate compartments on trains, wait in separate waiting rooms at the station, are cared for on a separate floor of the hospital. During intermission at the theater we are not left to mingle with the crowd but are firmly guided to sit among other foreigners in a private reception room. On the lake at the Summer Palace we cannot engage a rowboat to row ourselves like the Chinese but are grandly deposited in a large covered boat provided with tea and tablecloth and poled by two boatmen. In museums our guides push aside Chinese visitors from the exhibit cases to give us unnecessary

Barbara Tuchman, the historian, has won two Pulitzer Prizes: in 1972 for Stilwell and the American Experience in China, 1911-45; and in 1963 for The Guns of August.

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phenomenon, they reply that the former treatment was exacted from them but the present privileges are bestowed by them voluntarily from a desire to make their foreign friends feel comfortable and enjoy their sojourn under agreeable conditions.

This has validity up to a point, and one is glad enough to take advantage of it and not to have to travel in the heat of summer in a crowded second-class compartment or eat in the public room of a restaurant surrounded by tables of staring men in their undershirts. The Chinese have an acute awareness of this problem, and since their object is to make the foreigner feel well-disposed, they set about it by attention to his physical comfort, not by democratic leveling. They are probably justified by results although I think the cossetting is overdone.

MY PARTICULAR EXPERIENCE makes it ungracious to carp. I discovered on arrival that as a guest of the Association for Friendship with Foreign Countries and as a "friend of the Chinese people," I was a guest in every sense including financial, and no amount of protests, pleas, and

arguments about the awkward position it put me in as a journalist had the slightest modifying effect. A bureaucratic decision once taken is not easily changed in China. I wrote the book that presumably earned this status neither as friend nor unfriend but as a historian, which presupposes—if it does not sound pretentious to say so—a certain purity of intent. To the Chinese as Communists, a historian is a propagandist like every other servant of the state, so it would have been useless to try to explain my reservations.

A "friend of the Chinese people" is decidedly pampered. We had front-row seats—sometimes upholstered armchairs—reserved for us at evening dance performances arranged in the hotels; audiences rose and clapped on our arrival and departure; a special one-car train was put on to take us from Loyang to Chengchow out of schedule. In Suchow, admittedly a town of rather special flavor, we were ensconced in a separate annex of the hotel with two suites, a private dining room, an attendant butler (there is no other word for him), and besides the usual tea thermos, cigarettes and fruit in the bedroom, a fresh plate of

candies every day and a fresh arrangement of jasmine buds in form of a brooch. With every provided, I, like Queen Vic never held a railroad ticket or a coin.

Yet the effect of all this gratuitous attention was to make one feel or not so much an object of friendship as of manipulation. I looked up *Stilwell* and read aloud to my daughter my own account of *Willkie's* visit to Chungking in 1941. "In the manipulation of foreign every Chinese from amah and h boy to the Generalissimo and dame considered himself expert in this matter Chinese confidence themselves was supreme and skills unsurpassed. They were a unrelenting, smooth and more than not successful . . . Willkie's supremely illustrated the Chinese process of influencing American public opinion. He's to be smooth *Stilwell* wrote. There was to be unbroken schedule of banquets, receptions, reviews, dinners, visits to schools, factories, girl scouts, and nals. He was to be installed in a Chinese guest house as the guest of the Chinese Government . . ." and so

Friendship of a kind that can easily be reversed tomorrow have its roots in common interests and shared beliefs and, even between nations, in some personal feeling. Social intercourse with the Chinese is anything but personal. They rarely talk about their personal lives; they never bring wives to a banquet to meet foreigners, which makes a banquet clearly not a social occasion but a job, and no amount of routine toasts to "friendship" can make otherwise, especially as the Chinese Communists are neither so glibly so practiced in the job as were the cohorts of Chiang Kai-shek. In artificial friendship, however, a step forward from hostility.

For domestic consumption the stress on "friendship" is essential. The theory is that capitalist governments are bad, but people—the "masses"—are good; therefore all peoples are friends of China vice versa. This takes care of any compatibility that a member of the Chinese public might feel between official denunciation of American imperialism on the one hand and personal welcome to individual Americans on the other, or between welcoming the former Japanese inva-

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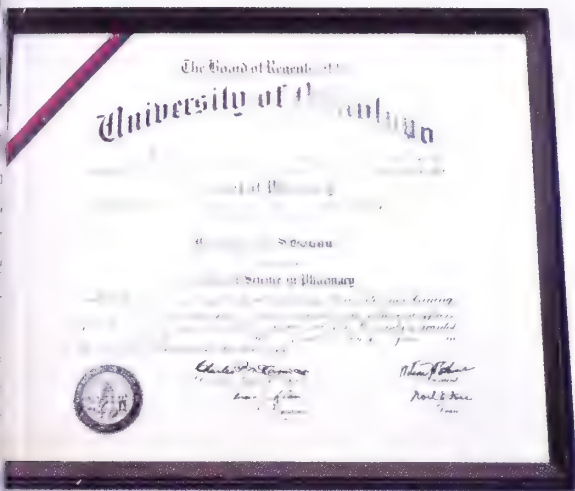
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FRIENDSHIP WITH FOREIGN DEVILS

depicted nightly on stage as vicious villains while the Shanghai let troupe tours Japan with fanfare of mutual friendship.

THE DOCTRINE is apparently found so convincing by the public. It certainly finds a fund of genuine friendliness in the provincial cities and countryside expressed in smiles and spontaneous clapping. This practice, derived perhaps from the Russians, has spread down to the children in rural villages who see a foreigner and clap of their own accord, which must say something of the attitude of their parents. But during institutional visits the effect on the foreigner of being met coming and going by large groups rising to their feet and clapping is absolutely unnerving.

The other reaction to foreigners is staring. One cannot walk down a street or in a park, museum, store, or any public place without attracting crowds who fill the sidewalk or form a circle or just stop short and stare openly, brazenly, greedily. Sometimes it is with frank curiosity, sometimes with utter astonishment as if they were indeed foreign "devils." Occasionally the stares express antagonism and remind one uneasily of the recent antiforeign rampages of the Cultural Revolution and earlier outbursts of xenophobia over the past 100 years. Although our guides once or twice seemed unnecessarily nervous, I never encountered outright hostility. The overwhelming impression was of one of a naturally friendly people.

But motives for the official friendship campaign are certainly not sentimental, as I learned from the most illuminating remark made to me in China. It came in conversation at Peking University with the president (in current terms, Vice-Chairman of the University's Revolutionary Committee), Chou P'ei-yuan, and Professor of History Chou I-liang. In the course of discussing the startling shifts in the foreign policy of both countries as reflected in the recent rapprochement, I asked whether the decision to open relations with an imperialist-aggressor superpower caused much disruption or dissent in the Central Committee. Not at all, it was blandly told; negotiating with an antagonist was consistent with Chinese Communist practice; they had negotiated, even collaborated, in the

with Chiang Kai-shek; why not Nixon? This I understood, I rebutted as it part of negotiating an antagonist to welcome warmly nationals as "friends"? This time coming more than the ritual came through. "Friendship," Professor Chou I-liang with a bow in our direction, "is a form of struggle too."

STRUGGLE is the key word in Communist China. Nothing is casual, including contact with foreigners—left to find its own level. The emperors and the Kuomintang Communists consider the visitor something to be managed for a purpose. They are very concerned about making a good impression and that by controlling what the visitor sees and what he does not see is an control, or at any rate controlling his reaction. All conversations, meetings, and briefings must be conducted through an interpreter or not there is knowledge of what is on the other side (which is not acknowledged), with several listeners and note-takers in attendance. Every visit, even to a museum or the zoo, has to be arranged in advance: there is no such thing as a spontaneous anywhere unannounced. The visitor is polite, never peremptory, and his permanent escorts are like people who try genuinely to meet the visitor's desires if they can. When one is after judicial testing, just the balance between acquiescence and demand, they can even be flexible. When we asked for a day on our trip to Yen-an, which is small enough to get one's way around in without getting lost, they made no objection. When we made a significant finding, we wandered into the courtyard of a local high school where we had rehearsals of a dance-drama, and strolled on the playground, and were invited by smiles and gesture to the reading room. It was the only place unalerted to our coming that we managed to visit. In the fact, nothing was notably different from the visits to preselected schools and the significance. What the revolution and the Communist regime accomplished for the revival and enlightenment of China and for the material welfare, dignity, and political participation of the people speaks for itself. Visitors do not need to be

carefully steered and shepherded to see that.

Chinese officialdom, however, will doubtless continue to insist on control not only because it is in the nature of the Marxist system but because it is in their blood. In China's past the chief obstacle to normal relations with the outside world was the refusal to receive foreigners as equals and the insubstantial belief that China could control access under a set of absurd regulations and impossible restrictions. What the Westerners wanted at first was not dominion but trade. If China had opened her ports to begin with, there might have been no Opium Wars. Thereafter her contact with foreigners became one of forced penetration, concessions, unequal treaties, patronage by missionaries, and the humiliation of being treated by the whites as "natives." In the twentieth century, China became the victim of Japan, a suppliant for Western aid, an unequal ally in World War II, and finally the betrayed partner of the chief Marxist power. Given this history, one would hardly expect an easy relationship with foreigners.

Nor should we expect to find a greater understanding of Western mental habits than we have traditionally shown for theirs. Never having been a democracy, China has only the most nominal understanding of the principles of democratic government. Recently disliking some articles in the British press, Peking lodged a protest in London. When the Foreign Office endeavored to explain the limits of its influence on a free press, the Chinese Ambassador brushed aside the disclaimer, saying, "You must take effective measures."

The fanciful explanations and evasions that are meant to be understood as "No" or "No comment" or "Don't pursue this further" are another source of difficulty. The Chinese consider failure to accept these circumlocutions as bad manners while the Westerner considers their transparent nonsense an insult to his intelligence. When after vain requests to see the Yellow River at various points he is told that the drive cannot be arranged from Sian because the great bend of the river is 350 kilometers away, and he unforgivably gets out his map and demonstrates the distance to be under 150 kilometers, the procedure on neither side is the best path to friendship.

When the Westerner, to make con-

THE CREME DE MENTHE



say "pip-per-mint jet"



versation at a banquet with the Vice-Chairman of the Provincial Revolutionary Committee of Shensi, brings up the name of the famous "Christian General," Feng Yu-hsiang, governor and warlord of Shensi for a quarter century preceding the Communists, and the Vice-Chairman replies flatly, "Feng Yu-hsiang was never governor or warlord of Shensi," one is left bewildered. It is as if Mayor Lindsay, looking one straight in the eye, were to say, "Fiorello La Guardia? No, he was never mayor of New York." What motivated the Vice-Chairman of Shensi to make his assertion I have no idea. I could only feel myself facing a cultural gap without a bridge.

THE FUTURE of relations is clearly not without pitfalls but the opportunity now to establish a workable relationship is probably as good as it is likely to be—if for no other reason than China's extreme bitterness toward Russia. The rise of acute hostility between the two Communist giants is one of those turns in human affairs that happily makes fools of the dogmatists and makes history eternally fascinating. It has redirected the course of the last quarter of our century.

Since the break, the Russians have moved what appears to be a permanent force of a million men up against the frontier with the result that both nations live in the paranoid shadow of war—the Russians tempted by the idea of a preemptive strike, the Chinese preparing for it. Not without reason it has been said that for China Nixon's visit was equivalent in worrying the Russians to a million men on China's side of the frontier. Meanwhile the Chinese feel forced to turn their energies into building underground cities which, it is claimed, could save a quarter of the population in the event of nuclear attack.

With the other superpower allied to Chiang Kai-shek and represented by a belligerent American presence off Formosa and on the Asiatic mainland, China understandably felt encircled prior to 1971. It is this situation that explains the heavy internal propaganda on armed force and the glory of the gun and the heroic virtues of the People's Liberation Army. Reaching down to primary-school children who conduct military games and exercises with mock rifles, it is designed to instill military self-con-

fidence and dignify the formerly despised status of the soldier. The purpose is more defensive than aggressive. As a Socialist state, the Chinese seem genuinely convinced of their own nonaggressiveness. The Socialist system, they maintain, does not allow invasion of other countries. "How could we explain to the world if we engaged in aggression against another state?" Since the party line establishes the equal status of all nations, China according to this dogma can never become a superpower because it will never dominate others. Similar assertions about noninterference in the affairs of others are less than convincing.

The one people who seem excluded from the unity of the masses and whom the Chinese regard as somehow undetachable from their government are the Israelis, the world's eternal exception. No doubt this can be explained as a matter of wooing the Arabs away from the Russians, yet the Chinese show a particular animus in this case that is surprising, especially as Israel is the enemy of their enemy and is similar to them in many ways that might be expected to evoke empathy. They are the two oldest peoples with a continuous history and a continuous language and the only two now maintaining sovereignty over the same territory as they did 3,000 years ago. Both went through a long struggle and a final armed fight to achieve that sovereignty, both came to power at about the same time, 1948-9, both pursued a dominant idea, in one case revival, in the other revolution. Socialism if not Marxism was the early Zionist goal, and the communal system of the kibbutzim antedates the present communes of China. Both nations stress self-sufficiency for similar reasons, and both live in fear of invasion.

To test the reaction, I attempted once or twice to bring out this likeness and suggest that China could exercise a unique influence in the Middle East that might make a major contribution to world peace. The reaction was not a bland pretense that I was talking about the weather—which is the usual Chinese way of avoiding an uncomfortable subject—but an angry rejection of any likeness to "imperialist" Israel. In the case of a reasonably sophisticated diplomat like Huang Hua, chief of the Chinese delegation to the U.N., it elicited a fiery denunciation of Israel as "the tool of Ameri-

can oil interests," a twist that would make even Aramco laugh. One knows, when the Chinese take this, whether it is ignorance, fuddled Marxist orthodoxy or some kind of reverse Oriental version of reality.

FROM THE POINT of view of a unofficial, necessarily superfluous traveler, these are some of the factors that will enter into the process of forging a Sino-American relationship. The relationship is of large importance to both countries, not to mention the world, but I do not think it should be approached sentimentally or with too great expectations. The Chinese are not likely, I expect, soon to expand very appreciably the admission of foreigners, although the pressure on their doors is going to be hard to resist, as it was before, and may compel some relaxation of their tight system of selection. The given excuse for limited facilities is not determined in an authoritarian state facilities are expandable but "friendships" must be supervised, and China intends to ensure that these develop according to its design.

On our side there are probably too many too. Vis-à-vis Communist China, our heterodox political opinions run the risk of some of us too starry-eyed and others too hard-nosed. Anti-Communism conditioned our foreign and military policy for too long not to have carved a deep channel. McCarthyism is now dead in this country, a fact too little appreciated by the Chinese. They themselves suffering under a sentimental illusion about the masses being always right, they fail to realize that a large proportion of Americans firmly regard "Commie-bastard" as a bad word, and Communism as the source of all evil from long hair to criticism and are not so much bemused by a reactionary government as ahead of it.

What one would like to hope for from our side is goodwill and a certain realism; a recognition that Communist China has different needs, different goals, and a different outlook on the world from ours and has committed itself to a political system that may be antithetical but need not be inimical. On that understanding one could move toward a reasonably sound relationship, not forgetting that "friendship is a form of struggle too."



He knows if you've been bad or good or exceedingly successful.

Johnnie Walker
Black Label Scotch
YEARS 12 OLD

RCA XL-100 takes out
a major cause of tv repairs.

And adds the strongest
color tv guarantee in RCA history.



The XL-100s. 100% Solid State.

XL-100 model GR-802, "Royaltan" (25" diagonal). Simulated tv rec

Chassis tubes are a major cause of TV repairs. So RCA presents more than 50 models without a single chassis tube.



Tubes get hot and weaken with age. RCA XL-100s don't have chassis tube problems because they don't have chassis tubes. XL-100s are 100% solid state.

Most set functions are controlled by RCA's 12 plug-in AccuCircuits. They're solid state—designed to keep cool, last longer, and be easy to service. Solid state color is the most advanced you can get. And RCA builds more, sells more, offers more models than anyone in America. All backed with...

A stronger guarantee because...

1. You get a full year on parts (picture tube—2 years) and labor. Most other color TV models are not 100% solid state—and give you only 90 days on labor.
2. You choose any serviceman you want. Most

other warranties limit you to an authorized list. 3. RCA encourages your serviceman to do his best work by paying him at his going rate. Most others set a maximum payment.

100% brighter picture.

XL-100s are 100% brighter than our comparable sets of 3 years ago. Every console and table model has RCA's black matrix picture tube. You get the kind of sharp, vivid color you'd expect from the people who pioneered color TV.

Simple automatic tuning.

RCA XL-100s have a fiddle-free tuning system—with a flexibility feature most other sets don't have. RCA's AccuMatic color monitor makes it simple to custom tune color to your individual preference... and keep it that way.

Your XL-100 guarantee.

Here are the basic provisions: If anything goes wrong with your new XL-100 within a year from



the day you buy it—and it's our fault—we'll have it fixed. This includes regular labor plus parts (new or, at our option, rebuilt). Any service shop in which you have confidence—no need to pick from an authorized list—set has a 19" diagonal screen, you take it home. For larger sets, a serviceman will come to your home. Present the warranty register your dealer provided when you bought your set, and RCA will pay the repair bill. If the tube becomes defective during the first two years, we will exchange it for a rebuilt tube. You pay for installation during the first year—you pay for it in the second year. RCA's "Pure Satisfaction" warranty covers every set defect it doesn't cover installation, foreign use, or systems or adjustment of customer controls.

Color you can count on

RCA XL-100
100% SOLID STATE

COUNTERSIGNS

The blue bird of happiness

al articles in this issue of
s once again advertise what
e called "bad news." On the
g page, the lead article
is the techniques employed
BI in its cynical use of in-
Elsewhere in the issue, other
alk about hospitals operated
uncharitable design for profit,
e present tendency of the
Court to abridge civil
about the faithlessness of
ns, and about the kind of
most noticeably journalists
rals, who take a boyish
in the Vietnam war.
ubt some critics will write the
ers of reproach.
ways their complaints can be
to variations on the same
al questions: Why must you
is of the worst? Why the
us chronicle of loss, despair,
on, betrayal, and defeat?
the good news? Where is the
l of happiness?
estions depend on an as-
n that the bad news, whatever
cter or origin, is invariably a
mistake, an aberration, a
y failure to follow directions
ne instructions on the label.
ho ask such questions ap-
cling, like children with their
of balloons, to images of
innocence. They are willing
le occasional error, but even
offer the excuses of poverty,
ived neighborhood, of in-
ffered in early youth.
f them will admit to what
ier clergy would identify as
in or what the psychoan-

alysts might describe as the primitive
or infantile mind of man. They prefer
to believe that Americans live in a
condition of almost perfect grace and
that somehow, possibly during the
long exodus from Europe, we man-
aged to lay aside the historical burden
of calamity.

They insist upon this belief despite
the considerable evidence to the con-
trary. No matter that their marriages
recede into silence or that their chil-
dren fall into the hands of the
Mexican police: no matter that the
elected servants of the Republic lead
them into war, riot, and recession.
The daily lessons pass unseen. We
hold fast to the spirit of frontier
optimism and to the notion that we
can be redeemed by technological in-
vention and a sporting second chance.

But if we refuse to recognize the
legitimacy of what used to be called
evil, we must live in a state of almost
constant dread. We can be frightened
by demagogues and persuaded to
listen to the prophecies of idiot seers.
The sense of tragedy remains beyond
our reach because, although haunted
by ominous portents, we find our-
selves only in the reflection of ado-
lescent melodrama.

The worst of our myopia is its
humorlessness. We find it difficult to
laugh without permission, and we
cannot forgive ourselves for our
customary failures. If we could learn
to read the newspapers as satirical
comedy, we might avoid the boredom
of plodding through the rain with this
year's picket sign. But we do not learn
to read the newspapers that way, and
so even the slightest border incident
can be inflated into an issue of inter-

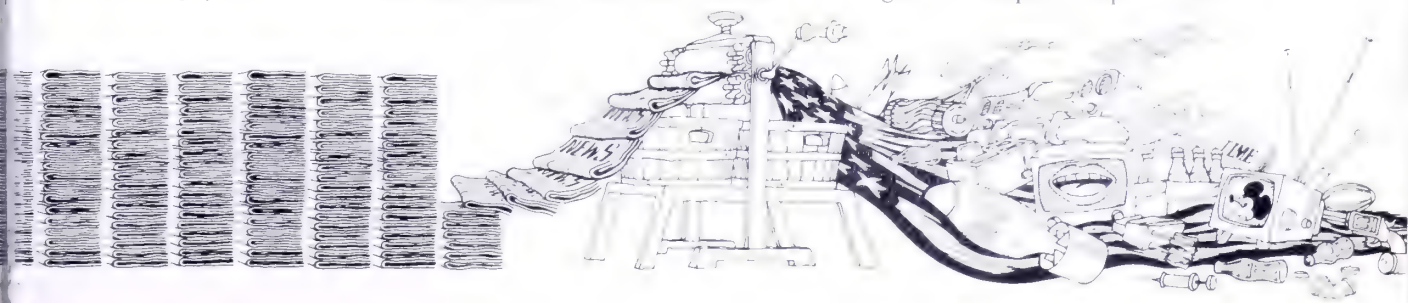
national solemnity. Our preoccupa-
tion with the same sad romance of
lost childhood (*vide* the bulk of
contemporary writing) prevents us
from rejoicing at the vast spectacle of
human folly. If every question de-
mands an answer of true or false, then
we lose the spaciousness of mind that
might allow us to enjoy the modern
refinements on the old themes of vanity
and greed.

Our myopia also impels us to
ignore the immutable antagonisms
implicit within the structure of any
society. Believing ourselves to be
children lost in a dark forest, we seek
to comfort ourselves with bland re-
assurances. We hold well-meaning
conferences and distribute com-
muniq  es announcing harmonious
agreement between black and white,
rich and poor, old and young. But the
communiq  es, like the nineteenth-
century treaties with the Indians,
mean nothing. The contending parties
continue to hate one another and to
wish devoutly for the destruction of
their enemies.

Which is the normal rather than
the abnormal state of affairs. And yet
we choose to pretend otherwise, and
by so doing we cheat ourselves of the
opportunity to learn anything more
useful than a few nursery rhymes. If
we disclaim our origins in the muck
of human failure (avoiding it with a
fastidious disdain for stinking and
fetid things), then we deny the possi-
bility of human greatness.

The "bad news," so called, is the
common soil in which men
raise the works of civilization.

The blue bird of happiness
sings on a compost heap.



Frank Donner

THE CONFESSION OF AN FBI INFORMER

The case of William Lemmer, a tormented young Vietnam veteran who tried to oppose the war but instead betrayed everyone—his fellow dissenters, his FBI manipulators, his wife, and, most of all, himself



William Lemmer

ON THE LAST WEEKEND OF MAY this year, a long-deferred meeting of the Vietnam Veterans Against the War was held at the home of Scott Camil in Gainesville, Florida. Confined for the most part to veterans from the Southern sector of the antiwar group, the gathering was very informal: the twenty-odd people present included not only the group's Southern leaders but many local members and even a few nonmembers.

The discussion, in part, focused on how the group was to organize protest activities at the upcoming political conventions in Miami Beach. As talk swirled and eddied among the small, fragmented cliques clustered here and there about the house, one of the more prominent participants was repeatedly heard talking about shooting and bombing. According to many who were present, violent

proposals gushed from him almost uncontrollably as one observer recalls, "The only response I had was people telling him that shooting and bombing were not good things to do. I also remember someone saying, 'I don't think I could kill someone,' and similar statements."

The young veteran with the explosive rhetoric and violent schemes was William W. Lemmer, a twenty-four-year-old from Texarkana, Arkansas, who was then a student at the state university at Fayetteville, Arkansas, on the campus. His speech was matched by his appearance: flamboyant, deliberately, even excessively, unconventional, he was the very model of the gung-ho activist.

On May 29 when the last session was over, Bill Lemmer took aside the two VVAW leaders, and confessed to them that for the past nine months he had been an informant for the FBI. A week later, in Fayetteville, he expanded his confession in an eight-hour tape-recorded interview that he gave to two other VVAW associates. On June 1, the tape turned up in the mail of the American Civil Liberties Union Project on Political Surveillance (which I joined at Yale Law School).

Shortly after I had the tape transcribed, a Federal grand jury began hearing testimony about a conspiracy allegedly conceived by the VVAW in Arkansas. It developed at the Gainesville meeting in May. Over a dozen indictments were returned against six VVAW members as conspirators and naming three others as unindicted co-conspirators. The grand jury charged the young men with plotting to disrupt the Republican National Convention. It said that they had conspired "to organize numerous 'fire teams' to attack with automatic weapons, fire and incendiary devices police stations, police headquarters, stores in Miami Beach"; that they intended to "use weights, 'fried' marbles, ball bearings, 'cherry' smoke bombs by means of wrist rockets, sling shot, cross bows," and that they planned to "disrupt communications systems in Miami Beach."

In the course of the grand jury hearings, Special Agent Guy Goodwin, the Justice Department's security specialist who has conducted most of the government's grand jury probes of young radicals, produced the tape from Donald Donner (no relation to Martin Jordan, the two VVAW members who had conducted the interview with Lemmer in Fayetteville). It testified before the grand jury, and there were no indications that he would be the principal witness in the Government's case against the VVAW leaders. The tape thus illuminated the complex and fascinating stances of Lemmer's life as an intelligence agent, as a provocateur, and his reliability as a witness or word the fate of the defendants in an important case might well depend.

Lemmer's marathon confession was obscure in even after several readings of the 159-page transcript. For clarification and corroboration, my associates arranged further interviews from Donner and Jordan, as from Lemmer's estranged wife Mary, from his pastor, and personal friends in Fayetteville, and from

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y associates. This, then, is the story of Lemmer's
er as a spy.

Under the gun

ONE KNOWS FOR SURE when William Lemmer first began to suspect that he was under surveillance by Army intelligence unit. Possibly it was in the early fall of 1970 when he was initially caught up in the antiwar movement. He was in Japan at the time recuperating from an attack of acute bronchial asthma that put an end to his second (and voluntary) combat tour in Vietnam. By the end of 1971, however, his suspicions had congealed into a fearful certainty. He was at Fort Benning, Georgia, an out-front activist now, cartooning for an underground paper on the base, signing peace petitions, testifying in Congress against the war, and "full of rage about destroying the Army and the Government."

It is the recollection of Regie Mullen, a slight young woman with red-gold hair and granny glasses who, as the wife of an antiwar activist on the base, knew Lemmer fairly well in those days. "Everything that happened to him," Mullen went on to say, "was in his eyes part of a pattern of persecution, especially by Military Intelligence. There was a hole in his trailer. There was a hole in his trailer and he insisted it was made by a bullet shot by MI."

Lemmer's wife also recalls that MI seemed to obsess him. A portly, chubby young woman who would look like a little girl if it weren't for her quietly intense expression, Mary had been married to Lemmer for only a short time. She remembers that for long periods he would leave her alone in their trailer, and when she complained he would say he had to do it, that someone had to check on the spies.

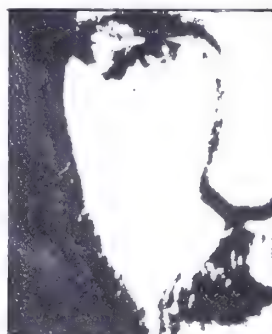
On one day—no one knows when exactly, because, of course, he told no one—William Lemmer went to the FBI and took the first step of what was to be a nine-month tour as an informer. It was, he explained later, "a self-protection type thing. I had security problems that I was worried about and for self-protection I used my position as an informer to cover a lot of people, myself included."

To see generosity in an act of betrayal requires unpowers of rationalization, or an unusual susceptibility to delusion. William Lemmer was well endowed with both, but then he was an unusual sort of informer. Most undercover agents are motivated by the prospect of reward—as was the case of the Berrigan/McAlister spy, Boyd (Las) or by political hostility (Tommy the Traveler) or by some combination of the two. But Lemmer was not to the FBI by fear. He became and remained an informer not for money (though he was soon to find himself dependent on the Bureau's financial support) or defense of political values (he seems genuinely to have shared the fate of his victims) but rather in a terrified quest for a reprieve from his pursuing demons, a quest that the Bureau had led to undercover surveillance.

But the unusual facets of Lemmer's story should not obscure its institutional and historical continuities. People are recruited by intelligence agencies as plants are usually made of unpromising human materials; one has to think of Judas, Titus Oates, Azeff, Mathew Cvetic, and Crouch—to cite five quite different examples. Spies

are very hard to come by—"A right-thinking man refuses such a job," as Judge George W. Anderson once put it—and the spy-master must make do.

For almost a quarter of a century, the FBI has "run" many thousands of political spies not as a casual or



optional matter but as chosen instruments for the collection of political intelligence, unrelated to law enforcement. The systematic subornation of betrayal is part of the Bureau's "mission," as the intelligence people call it. And the army of recruits for this mission is made up largely of damaged souls.

Lemmer's induction as a spy didn't happen right away, of course, not at that first meeting with the agents in Georgia. Lemmer was hooked, to use a term of the art, in September 1971. He was out of the Army by then, and he and Mary had returned to Fayetteville, where Lemmer was attending the state university. Then, late in September, Lemmer and some friends were arrested on a marijuana charge in Leavenworth County, Kansas, where they'd gone in Lemmer's car. Lemmer doesn't tell us his feelings as he sat in jail awaiting trial. After six days, however, he alone was released, and he was left in no doubt about who had intervened. "They brought me out," Lemmer recalled, "and said, 'Well, your bond has been posted . . . you know by whom.' And I was given instructions to contact the Bureau when I got back to Fayetteville. And everybody was really apologetic."

This is a common way of snaring an informer. He is rescued by the Bureau from a pending criminal charge, and for this he is presumably grateful. In Lemmer's case, for example, his confederates in the pot bust were sentenced to prison. If the recruit proves ungrateful and fails to "cooperate," by turning informer, the Bureau always has the option of reactivating the case. Lemmer's subsequent account of the interview that formally established his relationship with the Bureau is most revealing of FBI procedure in securing what it calls "informants." It also suggests the casually exploitive way in which it enlisted Lemmer's services:

They made contact with me and we sat down and ran through this shit. If I did work for them, what were my motives? This, that, and the other. By this time I had a pretty good picture of what they were up to . . . I didn't feel uneasy talking to them because of prior contact. Other people did. I told them payment on this thing is ridiculous because at that time I didn't see myself as being a representative of them but rather the representative, sort of the liaison, between ourselves and them—nothing sensitive would pass through.

From there they ran a check on me, and as part of that check there came out an MI dossier regarding an alleged conspiracy to steal weapons from the Central Arms Room in Fort Benning, Georgia. . . . They confronted me with this and said, "What's the meaning of this?" I put it down to an amateurish stunt by MI to get at me . . . I wrote that all off as being the work of amateurs. They seemed to like that word, amateurs, because they see themselves as being professionals . . . From there I cleared myself with MI and, using the Bureau again, I had something to fight back with.

After this, Lemmer became more deeply involved in the activities of the small Fayetteville chapter of Vietnam Veterans Against the War. He participated in meetings and demonstrations, first as rank and file, then as a leader. We have two descriptions of him at this stage in his career. The first is from Martin Jordan, a student and former VVAW state coordinator, and one of the two men to whom Lemmer would subsequently give his tape-recorded confession. Jordan is a striking-looking young man in his early twenties. Half Choctaw, he has deep-set eyes, a full beard, and long hair bound in a headband that also serves to disguise a receding hairline. An Oklahoman, he speaks softly in the accents of that part of the country.

Bill is about 5'9"-5'10", dark hair, weight about 175-180. No distinguishing marks on him, but when he gets in a bind or uptight he tenses up, and when he tenses up he turns almost white, his eyes get glazed . . . He's on some kind of downers for his asthma and as a counter-reaction of the downers, he takes speed. He's a very nervous person.

He considers himself to be an intellectual on any subject you bring up, and his ego is twofold to anyone I ever met . . . Other than that, he was more radical sometimes than most people I've met who have come out of combat and who were ready to settle down and help get peace back. His attitude was if they didn't go along with it, fuck it, we can kill them.

Lemmer's energy, compulsive grandstanding, and boastful buccaneering style startled or repelled most of the local vets; but he soon earned a following among a few radicals, nonstudent hippies, and street people. One of the latter is Mike Damron, who had been in and out of Vietnam for five years when he first met Lemmer. Damron is something of a character in Fayetteville. A Thoreauvian village anarchist, he is respected for the purity of his commitment, even though his different drummer sometimes marches him to disorderly-conduct arrests. Damron paints a more sympathetic picture of Lemmer than Jordan does, but it is in no way inconsistent.

One thing that impressed me about Bill [was his] enthusiasm, his willingness to do something, to be into where things were going on. Like it was Bill's idea to organize outside of Fayetteville, and it was the first time that this had been attempted in Arkansas.

I knew he was egotistical and all this, but I wrote a lot of it off to the fact that he hadn't been back from Vietnam too long, and a lot of people tend to be that way . . . Bill was willing to get in there and do things; that's why I liked him.

The ties that bind

WITHIN A SHORT TIME after his induction interview at the local FBI office, Lemmer developed a close relationship with his controller, Dick O'Connell. Lemmer was flattered by the way Agent O'Connell seemed to take him into his confidence, talking candidly about people whom the Bureau suspected of organizing local disturbances, asking Lemmer's help in locating radicals, commenting paternally, tolerantly, on the failings of some of the younger man's associates. Such treatment did more

than lubricate Lemmer's cooperativeness with the Bureau; it enabled him to reshape reality to conform to his needs. His former persecutors, Military Intelligence, seemed for the moment at least to have been neutralized, but the role they had played in his psychic drama was being filled by the local police, the "pigs," as Lemmer called them, who seemed always to be there at the demonstrations and marches organized by the VVAW. And the logic that had led him, back in Georgia, to seek protection from MI in the more "professional" FBI worked equally well when the enemy became the police. As mentor and protector, Dick O'Connell was indispensable.

He also became financially useful. Both in his tape-recorded confession and by outside report, Lemmer was extremely sensitive about the matter of compensation; accepting money from the FBI violated his benign conception of his role as guarantor of VVAW safety (and his own). In his confession he makes a point of the fact that he attended VVAW National Steering Committee meeting in Kansas City "out of my own money." But after that, he recalled

First of all I tried refusing money. [but] you can't do that . . . I told them, "No. First of all I'm not working for the Bureau. I'm VVAW and this is what I'm doing." And I didn't give [the FBI] anything there that I thought would be a compromise. And that's when they said, "It would hurt for us to reimburse you for the expenses." And I was so tired of going back and forth and back and forth I needed the money too. And so I finally just said, "FBI Reimburse me."

From then on, the Bureau would pay his expenses on out-of-town jaunts, the enormous phone bills on his credit card (the number of which he freely gave to other VVAW people), and the installment payments on his car. O'Connell also took care of Mary's emergency household bills.

In return, during his frequent sessions with O'Connell in Fayetteville, Lemmer would identify people in photographs, describe the roles and behavior of VVAW activists, and hash over the group's internal politics. On the many occasions when he left town to attend VVAW meetings and rallies in other areas, he would eventually be debriefed back in Fayetteville. But Lemmer also always brought with him on these trips the name and phone number of a local Bureau agent. For him, this information represented security from the local police. For the Bureau, of course, it meant detailed intelligence on their surveillance targets.

Throughout the winter of 1971-2, Lemmer found himself more and more caught up in antiwar activities. As his participation escalated, inevitably and unconsciously he crossed the almost invisible line that separates the informant from the agent provocateur. Lemmer had been trained in Special Forces, and the experience left him with a taste for dramatic tactics, guerrilla warfare, exotic weaponry, and violence. He knew, of course, that instigating violent acts was against the FBI's rules, as well as against the law. Nevertheless, he was always looking for ways to indulge his proclivities without the Bureau's knowing about it. The VVAW interviewers who listened to his confession specifically asked him how he justified some of the wild exhortations to violence that burst out of him at planning sessions. Lemmer replied:

I was Special Forces. I had schooling in weapons. My God, I know weapons. I had three years and four months

apons, and this is what I know. Of course, if there's a mission, I'm going to enter into it. I was talking about snipers. I was talking about frags.

There were at least two occasions, even in Fayetteville. Lemmer went beyond merely discussing these matters. One of these was a threat to bomb a building if Dean were permitted to speak on the University of Arkansas campus. The local newspaper received a letter, common in good kidnap fashion with words snipped from newspaper publications, to the effect that a left-wing group on campus (not the VVAW) would carry out the bombing. According to Mike Damron, however, it was Lemmer who conceived the whole scheme in order to discredit the rival Mike Damron was later arrested and indicted for his part in the bomb threat. William Lemmer has admitted being tipped off the FBI.

Another incident was the attempted bombing of Old Main, a landmark on the Arkansas campus. Lemmer, in his confession, admits to having told a seventeen-year-old student, Mark C. Vanceil, how to make the bomb ("ether would be better than gasoline"). He also admits that the next day he picked up the materials and helped place the bomb in the building. The student was caught by waiting FBI agents, arrested, and convicted.

Apart from Lemmer's unsuccessful struggles with his provocative inclinations there was a certain flair or *brio* about his spying. He was fertile with suggestions for the Bureau in its efforts to influence military policy for its own purposes. At one point it sent him to New York to revive a rejected plan for a visit to the city by a VVAW delegation. The Bureau was eager to contribute financially, if money was the problem, and he was Lemmer's selection as a delegate. When that seemed unlikely, Lemmer proposed to the FBI that only those who were "airborne qualified" (as he was) be chosen. Despite the Bureau's best efforts, the plan ultimately failed.

Fear and dependence

AS WITH LIKE LEMMER'S, every form of engagement in the world ultimately becomes a cage of fears. In this kaleidoscopic sequence, commitment becomes fear and hate dissolves into fear. This process explains a common pattern of acting out fantasies of violence (striking them) before "they" could get at him), followed by a retreat to a protective haven that in turn becomes a source of anxiety. And so, as Lemmer intensified his commitment, he began to pay a terrible price in retaliation. His confession is filled with allusions to growing dependence on the Bureau for protection. At Fort Hood, Texas, for example, he was planning a demonstration when he spotted two of his apparent indefatigable pursuers, MI agents who were in on what was going on. "That night," he recalls, "I ran away and made a phone call and I told them

[the Bureau] specifically there will be no firearms and no explosives, nothing. We were coming in with leaflets." The FBI, evidently, was to call off the military agents on the ground that Lemmer's intentions (this time) were entirely nonviolent.

Later, he was in New Orleans for another "action," and he heard that bombs had been placed (possibly by the Minutemen) in the VVAW cars.

And so I got on the phone then and told Dick, "Hey man, they're bombing the coordinators' cars." And he got really bent out of shape. His reaction was, "Oh fuck." [He] wanted to know immediately if I had an alternate place to park mine. And I told him no. So he got on the phone and called New Orleans and found out that they weren't bombed. They were trashed, that's all. He put me at ease [about] the possibilities of further bombing and said no bombs were involved. So they had knowledge of the fact that the cars were trashed.

At the Fayetteville office O'Connell did nothing to allay his informer's fears. According to Lemmer, the agent would call his home several times a week to inquire about his safety. At the same time, O'Connell carefully nurtured the young veteran's reliance on the Bureau, reassuring him that so long as he continued to cooperate nothing would happen to him. For several months these talks with his controller gilded nicely with Lemmer's own grandiose sense of himself to produce feelings of invulnerability, an invulnerability that, moreover, he could bestow on his associates like a blessing. Lemmer had it all worked out in his mind: as a Bureau spy he was immune to arrest. But if, in a group of demonstrators, he alone was spared, his cover would be blown. Thus, no arrests for anyone. Even after he surfaced to tell his victims that he had betrayed them we find him clinging to this curious view of himself as a protector:

As a result of my presence the police more or less gritted their teeth and walked on by and didn't start harassing us with bullshit arrests. First of all, whenever I'd go into some place, the police there were made aware of the fact that someone in that group of people was working with them [the Bureau], and they really don't get into the idea of plucking one of those people out on some loitering charge or jaywalking charge and putting them in jail.

If there were no arrests, Lemmer took it as proof of the protective power of his role. If there were arrests or something went wrong, he blamed it on the fact that the Bureau was not aware of his presence or had failed to communicate with local authorities.

The spy spied upon

SOMETHING SOON PLACED a formidable strain on this soothing dialectic that converted betrayal into protection, and ultimately it transformed his security into a nightmare. This was Lemmer's deepening commitment to the goals and style of the group he was betraying and his growing identification with fellow members. Simultaneously, he felt the full impact of a fact he had surely known all along but had somehow been able to ignore: he, William Lemmer, was not the only informer in the VVAW. According to his confession, his own balance of terror began to tip against the FBI and in favor of the VVAW at

a meeting in Denver in early 1972 when he became an Acting Regional Coordinator:

By the time of Denver . . . I had to provide something [for the FBI] as far as [the VVAW] scenario was concerned [and] at the same time to provide some amount of security for the people there. I started running into conflicts when I would leave out a point in the scenario, or switch it around, and they'd turn it right back to me.

And Denver got me thinking in terms of other people [informers] that were there. It began to make my head pound . . . And I wondered exactly who the other people were, and I was becoming more and more security conscious at Denver.

At his debriefing after the Denver meeting, he told O'Connell that he suspected another VVAW member of being an informer:

I was more convinced that he was working for someone and it didn't seem right . . . If he was working for an accredited national agency, then who the hell was he working for? . . . I wanted to know who he was and the Bureau wouldn't give an answer.

As Lemmer lurched back and forth between the Bureau and the VVAW in alternate spasms of fear and guilt, he began to look for a way out. Gradually, as he traveled around to VVAW meetings and "actions," he formed a number of apparently platonic relationships with women in which he would confess to being an informer and then usually seek assurance of their protection if trouble came. These women became a healing refuge, a compromise between an unendurable deception and a full confession to the targets themselves. As he explained on the tapes:

I wanted someone to tell. All I could do was, from time to time, let someone completely neutral know, to take the pressure off my head. Like living a deceit is a hell of a thing, particularly when your head is into trying to organize and at the same time knowing that you're restricted because there are people like yourself around you. If it weren't for these [women] that I choose one at a time, then the pressure of what I was trying to do, it would become unbearable.

He had to make sure, however, that his confidantes were truly neutral and would not denounce him either to the Bureau or to the VVAW. And what better way to establish their qualifications than by asking the Bureau? Early in his relationship with O'Connell he had worked out an arrangement that ostensibly permitted him to "check out" the Bureau's files on particular individuals. It is unlikely that he was really accorded this extraordinary privilege, but his illusion was part of the Bureau's "protective" strategy in dealing with Lemmer—to encourage him to feel that the full resources of the Bureau were at his disposal to insure his safety.

But if it was easy to get information on his female friends, quite the opposite was true when he tried to find out what other infiltrators were reporting on his own conduct and proposals:

I asked them [the Bureau] who the hell R _____ was, and they didn't come back with anything . . . And I kept pressing for something on R _____ and I pressed and pressed and pressed and finally dropped it because they wouldn't come back with anything. They couldn't even get a service record back on him.

After a while Lemmer concluded that whenever his agent reported to him that the Bureau had no record on a

man, he was almost certainly another FBI informer was probably right in this, but the knowledge gave him a little peace of mind and made the Bureau seem even more reliable as a source of protection. It also quickened his emerging resolve to confess all to his colleagues in the VVAW.

No place to

LEMMER'S FEELING OF SAFETY from arrest or imprisonment may or may not have been well-founded when he was operating in Arkansas. Elsewhere, he recalls:

I had to deal with local and state police on my own. If I got busted, then the only thing that I could do is make a phone call and then call one of the agents. They had a number for one and, if not, I'd just tell them, "I don't you locate the FBI for me. I'll talk to them before you get to you."

Things could easily go wrong in this game, however, and they did in April 1972. Lemmer was arrested at a demonstration at Tinker Air Force Base in Oklahoma City and, together with others, jailed. He told the authorities to call Fayetteville and tell them he was in custody. After spending the next five days in jail, he was offered release on his own recognizance by a United States marshal. Despite the risk of exposure, Lemmer accepted. "I don't see that much advantage to staying in jail," he said later.

He was wrong. The suspicions stirred up by his release were soon verified by more substantial evidence. One of the officials who had seen to Lemmer's release described the veteran to his son and told him in respectful tones that the veteran was "undercover FBI." Local VVAW members, and through them an ACLU lawyer, learned of this when the son, who apparently didn't share his father's admiration for the Bureau, promptly contacted the VVAW people.

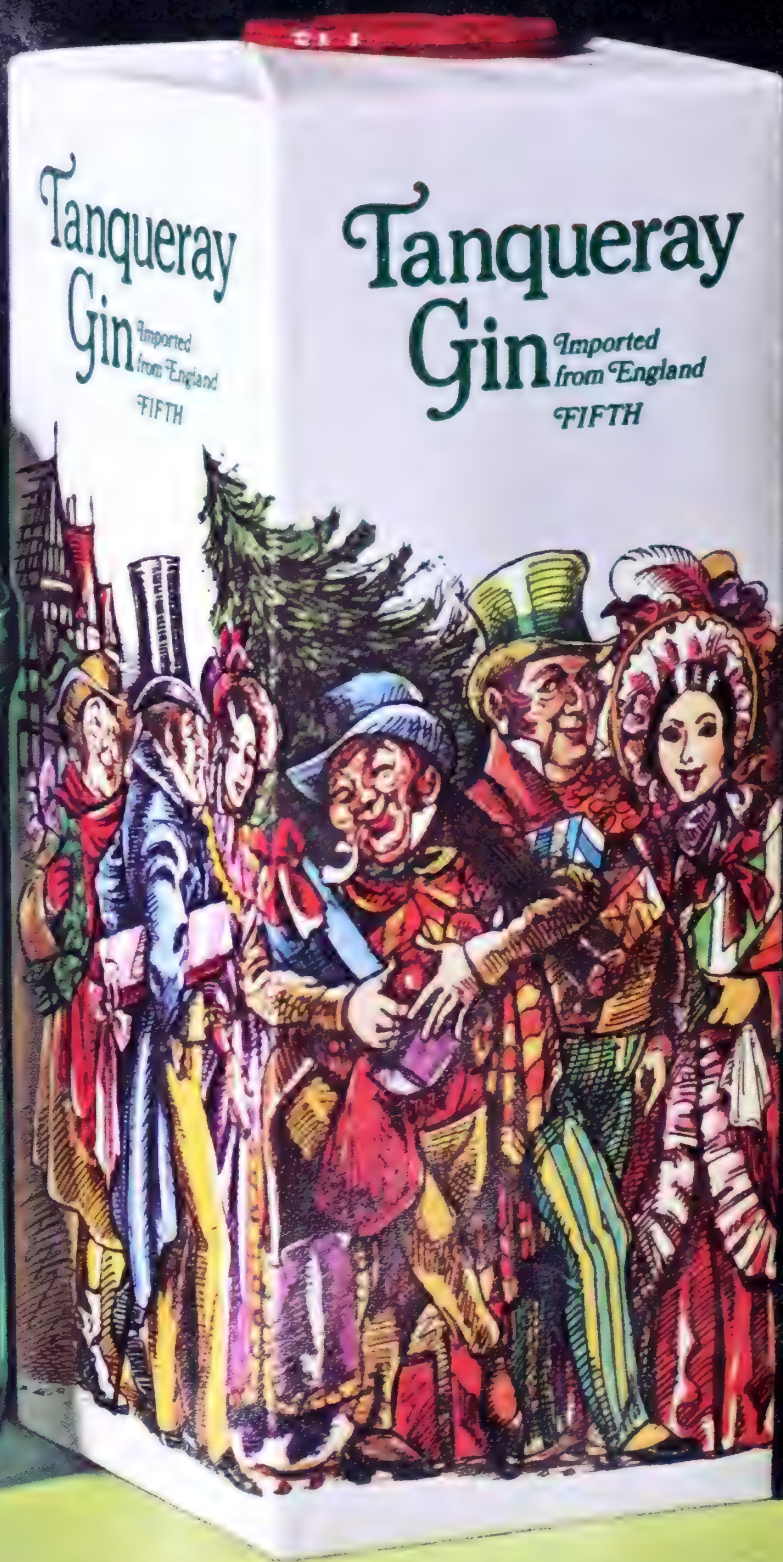
The Tinker demonstrators, who were tried and convicted last August (eight men received jail sentences; 10 women were placed on probation), insist that it was



Lemmer who originally proposed that they penetrate the base—the heart of the criminal case—against them. This claim is supported by the testimony of a government witness, the arresting officer, that Lemmer was "a potential troublemaker." He was apparently unaware that Lemmer was a spy; indeed, the Government itself claimed at the time that Lemmer was not acting

as an informer "in the instant case," an implausible conclusion in view of the fact that, although charged with the same offense as the others, he was never brought to trial and was quickly whisked off by the Bureau on informal business elsewhere.

While the news of Lemmer's exposure was percolating down from Oklahoma City to Fayetteville, Lemmer, after a brief touching home base, whirled off on a VVAW circuit that took him to Washington, D.C., New York City, back



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JUDGMENT FROM THE BENCH

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hington, and then, finally, to the rendezvous in Leesville.

Lemmer's Washington experiences again illustrate the way he was squeezed between the Bureau and the VVAW. On his first visit he was rounded up in a mass arrest. On his second he was "trashed" in a Pentagon demonstration. "I was one of the people that they knocked down the stairs. I was one of the people that they threw tear gas on, and it ended on." How could they do this to him? After all, he was the one who was out there to tell them "which way the wind was blowing." And it was, as he later put it, "my presence at demonstrations like this that offered protection as far as the police go. The police weren't going to let anything happen to a group of people in which there might be someone that was working for the federal government."

Naturally, after this he checked back with his local agent and found out what had gone wrong. Everybody in the Bureau was sorry and unhappy, he recalled: it was simply that they hadn't been notified of his presence. The same foul-up had been responsible for the Tinker Air Force Base fiasco. Nevertheless, the Washington trashing disturbed Lemmer only. It further convinced him that he had more to fear from the FBI than from the VVAW. But more than that, it renewed his resolve to surface and tell all to his brothers. The Gainesville trip was the first Lemmer undertook as a matter of choice but as an order. On his way he picked up Barbara Stocking, a Quaker and a graduate student in philosophy at Boston University, whom he had met on one of his visits to Washington: she had tended a dog—a large Dalmatian named Pasha—while he had stayed. Miss Stocking was glad for the lift because she was planning to visit relatives in Orlando.

On the road, Lemmer once again felt an overpowering need to unburden himself. The fragile universe of dominions and powers that had precariously sustained him for the past few months was beginning to come apart. Everywhere he looked enemies were converging on him, dark shadows from an all-embracing reign of terror, and his mind was working frantically to comprehend its name. According to Miss Stocking, he talked almost incessantly during the better part of the two days they spent together en route to Gainesville. He spoke of the trouble he had in the Army, and of the "hassling" he was now getting from not only the FBI but the CIA and the ACLU as

Lemmer told her not to go to the Miami conventions because there was going to be fighting, shooting, and rioting and the whole VVAW leadership would be picked up and taken out of circulation.

His last prediction was a variation of a theme much discussed in VVAW and other activist circles earlier that spring. To many of these young men, it seemed that the escalation of the bombing in North Vietnam and the mining of Haiphong harbor would be the prelude to a nationwide mass crackdown on antiwar groups. In Lemmer's imagination this sinister prospect had become a certainty, and for a while prior to the Gainesville trip it seemed to him that the enemy's visor had lifted at last. It was not the FBI or the VVAW who was seeking his destruction, but a shadowy all-powerful megastructure, a phantom government," as he put it. The accelerated vio-

lence in Vietnam would trigger a crackdown by the "invisible power" in Washington, and this would be followed by a revolutionary confrontation. He alerted his friends to pack their bags and be ready to move. He told his wife Mary that the revolution that was supposed to occur in '76 was going to break out now, any day.

This scenario was not entirely displeasing to Lemmer. He came to believe that he and his friends would be driven underground where they would break up into cells. The cells appealed to him because, on the one hand, being constantly observed by his cellmates, he would have a perfect excuse for not calling the Bureau, while on the other hand, VVAW members in other cells would be protected from informers because the informers' movements also would be easy to monitor. He may have thought too that communications among the cells would be so difficult that rumors of his being an informer would die down.

The fact that no domestic upheaval followed the escalation of the war did nothing to reduce Lemmer's fears. The date of the roundup simply shifted to some time after the Miami conventions. Then too, of course, he was still hooked by O'Connell, and the agent milked the young veteran's nightmarish fantasies:

I was told [by O'Connell] to prepare a list of movement people around Fayetteville who I could count on should I have to go underground. He confirmed that possibility. Openly at one of our meetings, in fact, the last of our meetings. To the point that we discussed alternate identification for myself so that I would have the ability to move around the country.

Lemmer named everyone, not only VVAW activists but other movement people as well. But, as he would later be at pains to tell his confessors, he put his own name at the head of the list. All this was unbearably weighing on his mind as he drove down toward Gainesville.

The first confession

THAT A SPY IS SUSPECTED by his targets rarely makes him confess. Lemmer was aware that he had blown his cover in Oklahoma, and he had waited, terrified but nonetheless expectant, for his fellows to denounce him. They never did. But the strain forced him at last, after so many rehearsals with well-disposed neutral confidantes, to denounce himself.

The list of activists that O'Connell had told him to draw up undoubtedly helped drive him to confession. Thinking of himself as a soldier, he couldn't help thinking of his comrades as buddies. They were all in combat now, and in combat it is simply unthinkable to betray one's buddies. To Lemmer, however, on his way to Gainesville, it may have seemed that he had time to retrieve the situation and redeem himself in the eyes of the VVAW leaders he expected to meet there. There was one problem, and it tormented him. This was the prospect of FBI reprisal, the crushing fear that another Bureau informer would report his confession. The tapes record his memory of the agony:

I didn't know who the hell I could trust. Things I would say as passing comment would shoot back [to the Bureau] quick as shit, so I really didn't know who was safe. [But] I knew who the Government was worried

...and this is what I had to count on. These were the people I had to talk to . . .

Most Stocking is among those who remember that when they arrived at the house of VVAW leader Scott Camil in Gainesville, Lemmer continued to talk wildly of shooting and bombing. To her mind, he seemed to be acting as an agent provocateur. But the weird and reckless nature of Lemmer's proposals at Gainesville—topping even his customary theatrics—is more fully explained by his bitter rage at the Bureau for its failure to protect him from being “trashed” at the Pentagon, and by his eagerness to demonstrate a kind of exemplary militance for the benefit of the leaders to whom he was planning to confess in private at the end of the session.

He told them everything, beginning with Fort Benning when he had enlisted the FBI, as he saw it, as a shield against the sinister surveillance of Military Intelligence. He told them how terribly hard it had been for him to serve both the FBI and the VVAW, but how necessary as well. And finally he told them about the list of people he had given O'Connell. He ended by proposing that he become a double agent, using his FBI connections to finance VVAW activities. This was Lemmer's first confession, and all we know of it is contained in the tape-recorded account he gave later in Fayetteville. Thus we don't know how Camil and the others reacted. We do know, however, that he himself felt no relief afterward, only a fresh charge of fear at the possibility of FBI retaliation.

The crack-up

LEMMER DID NOT RETURN directly to Fayetteville. Instead he slowly made his way to Texarkana, his hometown. He made the trip in near constant terror, perceiving swarms of FBI agents on the road:

There were brand-new Fords all over the road, sitting in exits, driving past me, all the same people. I say all the same people, the same looking people, all with the uniform sunglasses, all with uniform haircuts . . . I was observed all the way.

Reaching Texarkana at last, he immediately had his beard shaved off and his hair cut. This, of course, was to throw the FBI off his trail. But he may also have thought that the mass crackdown was beginning. He then called his wife in Fayetteville to arrange for her to drive down to Texarkana. He happened to reach her while Donald Donner was at their apartment telling her about Lemmer's being an informer. Mary confronted him with the news over the phone and, according to her later account, he fell to pieces. He recovered sufficiently, however, to speak to Donner and ask him to meet him in Texarkana.

Reluctant to see Lemmer alone, Donner recruited Martin Jordan to join him, and they arranged to go down with Mary the following day. But Lemmer's mind was now shot through with fear. When he learned that Donner was bringing Jordan, he became convinced that they were coming to kid him and that Mary was also in danger. Panicking, he called her around midnight on Thursday, June 1, and told her that he was sending someone over to bring her to him in Texarkana. Mary has described what happened when she arrived:

Bill was terrified. He was afraid the VVAW was after him, that the FBI was after him because the FBI knew that the VVAW knew that he was [an informer]. I tried to tell him that [Donner and Jordan] weren't going to hurt him, but he had petrified his mother, my parents, anybody that knew us, aunts, uncles, everybody, that whenever these guys call tell them no, we haven't seen him.

Eventually, Lemmer's wife succeeded in calming him at least to the point of agreeing to meet with Donner and Jordan over the weekend. His confession was recorded in two separate meetings, but once again the admission of what he had been doing brought with it no release. At the second session, he learned that Mary had left him, and was sure the FBI had abducted her to get back at him for his recantation. Her explanation is simpler: “I was mad at him for doing all this shit [informing], and I just decided that I was going to do it, and I left.” She recalls that afterward, when she briefly went back to their apartment to fetch her things, she found the walls covered with Lemmer's macabre drawings and a series of index cards reading “PVS [Post-Vietnam Syndrome] Kills.” Other witnesses testify that during this time Lemmer carried a pistol and slept with weapons at his side. He was so fearful of the FBI that when Dick O'Connell called him at home, Lemmer asked a friend who had answered the phone to say that he was out.

This changed, however, on June 8 when Lemmer was officially informed that his wife was bringing a divorce action against him. The news quickly drove him back to the Bureau for help. After advising him that there was no ground for a kidnapping charge, agents persuaded him to report her as a missing person. Still, he could not break with the VVAW, though his behavior was becoming more and more bizarre. According to Martin Jordan, Lemmer would wake him up in the middle of the night to say that the FBI was on the way over, that they were searching for Mary, and that if Jordan knew where she was, he should better tell her to do something.

Shortly thereafter, on the basis of several affidavits testifying to Lemmer's around-the-clock gun toting and threats to kill himself and others, the young veteran was placed in custodial confinement pending a sanity hearing. On Friday, June 16, Dr. Robert Hoard told the court that he did not feel that Lemmer was a threat to either himself or others, but he strongly urged that he seek psychiatric help once he was released.

Lemmer failed to take the doctor's advice; instead he fled to Oklahoma and shortly thereafter wrecked his car in a collision with a horse and rider that left the horse dead and the rider seriously injured. A few days later, on June 29, his wife received a letter demanding her return and insisting that they move away and change their identities. The letter adds:

Today I have gone to meet with the Asst. Attorney General [sic] of the U.S.—very soon, people will begin to feel the results of this. Do not pass this along to them, unless you want to see them try to kill me—they would*

*This may have been when Lemmer provided the testimony that later led to the indictment of the VVAW leaders at Gainesville for conspiracy to break up the Republican Convention.

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course die trying. I am tired but your friends are king me run a bit more. When I stop, they will have re trouble than they can handle.

a second letter to her, written the same day, he seems trying to placate his friends in the VVAW, for he claims that 95 per cent of what he told Donner and n was lies. At the same time, he goes on to say that air former protector, has become an avenger:

If you choose to stay with those people you call awful, remember who they are playing with. I am a goddamned leg infantryman like them. I am an ist fucking paratrooper, a Special Forces type ranger. You must tell them anything, tell them to keep one eye on their shoulders at all times. Because one evening n, they'll see the satisfying [sic] smile of mine. But y if they're fast . . . Let them now walk softly, lest y fall. Tired people make mistakes. Tell them to sleep utly.

I can no longer do anything on their behalf. They've destroyed my desire to do so. They will soon know at can come down from having me for an enemy in ce of a friend.

Who are the victims?

IS ACCOUNT OF William Lemmer's career as an informer for the FBI would be incomplete if we left the story of one tormented man who may indeed have as he himself seemed to sense, yet another of the as of PVS. His history does point up the consequences of the war, in men and institutions, but it also nates very clearly just how far the FBI is prepared in carrying out its mission of protecting the security s country.*

e Fayetteville resident FBI agent investigated Lemmer's Army record before recruiting him as a spy. He must known, then, that Lemmer had experienced difficulty in the Army requiring psychiatric treatment, that by mer's own admission on the public record he had been d a discharge on psychiatric grounds. Added to this d medical history was Lemmer's plea for protection Military Intelligence, a function grotesquely be the Bureau's competence. Yet the Bureau recruited Whether Lemmer was a psychiatric casualty of Viet- or whether his service precipitated latent paranoid ncies cannot be determined. What is beyond dispute t he desperately needed help, that when he came to areau he was drowning in fear and sought rescue.

er the Leavenworth County marijuana arrests, the u "developed" this frightened twenty-two-year-old e dropout, probably already tagged as a PSI (Poten- ecurity Informant) as a result of his prior contacts the Bureau, into a full-fledged spy with extraor- y privileges. Lemmer's unusual relationship with inell can be explained in part by the immediate gence payoff to the Bureau—but only in part. To a

may be that, like many informers' confessions, Lemmer's at of his Bureau relationships is subjective and self-justify- ut independent factual evidence corroborates much of his ive, and supplies convincing support for the whole of it.

certain extent, it reflected a conscious effort to tighten his dependence on the Bureau by pandering to his hunger for power as a defense against his phantom enemies. The Bureau did not merely ignore Lemmer's illness; it knowingly ratified his fears and exploited them for its own purposes. It made Lemmer its creature by fostering the delusion that as long as he served as a spy he was invulnerable, beyond the reach of the law. Despite the Bureau's formal strictures against provocation, it made Lemmer a provocateur by offering him a risk-free outlet for his undischarged aggressions.

The most troubling example of this manipulation emerges in connection with his obsession that the "invisible government" was preparing to pursue and destroy him and his fellows. The Bureau, far from disabusing him of this fear, actually played on it and harnessed it to an intelligence objective, the compilation of a complete list of area radicals and activists. In using Lemmer's terror to induce him to betray his friends, the Bureau sharpened already unbearable conflicts and brought him in from the cold.

But the fear that made the Bureau his ally ultimately made it his enemy when it proved unable to keep up its end of the bargain, which was to protect him. No agency could have done this. But in his eyes, the Bureau not only failed to shield him from harassment but also—through other informers—replaced MI as a watcher and persecutor. It turned out to be the hated old authority figure in a new guise: there was no place to hide —except in underground cells where he could finally "range out freely." The Bureau tried to manipulate Lemmer into projecting his fears and hostility on his targets, but in this it was thwarted by his personal regard for the VVAW leaders and his involvement in their cause. The confessions, first at Gainesville, then at Fayetteville, were really a triumph of this war-scarred GI's commitment, flawed and phobic to be sure, over the Bureau's cynical exploitation of his illness. Whatever patriotic or paternalistic justifications the Bureau may offer, the hard fact is that it debauched—there is no other word for it—a young veteran and drove him deeper into the shadows.

Tales about an informer usually end at this point; there is no room left for an evaluation of the impact of his betrayal on his victims. But Lemmer's story is really incomplete without at least a glance in the direction of his targets. Just as suspicion and fear set Lemmer on the informer's road, so trust and the need for community bring people together to give meaning to shared concerns. Erik Erikson has pointed out that the life cycle of the mentally healthy individual is grounded in a "sense of basic trust . . . an essential trustfulness of others as well as a fundamental sense of one's own trustworthiness." Whether considered as an inner state or as a way of behaving, this sense of trust is also the essential precondition for healthy social and political relationships. The price we pay for the political informer is ultimately not merely the invasion of this or that formally protected right, but the undermining of our common life. □

LIGHTER- THAN- AIRCRAFT

Compiled by William Cole

Light Whiskey's in, but where's light verse? Hard to find. And that's unfair, because Light Whiskey is wishy-washy and light verse is ebullient, zestful, and satisfying. The New Yorker published a lot of light verse up to a year ago, when Ogden Nash died. Others who used to publish it—The Saturday Evening Post and Collier's—have gone pffft! Holiday would publish some, but it has dwindled and hardly exists. Even England's Punch has gone serious on us. I first became a light-verse addict in my teens, reading the intricate/simple Bab Ballads of W. S. Gilbert. He, and his contemporaries, Lear, Carroll, and C. S. Calverley, constituted the Golden Age of light verse; we had a Silver Age here in the Twenties and Thirties with Samuel Hoffenstein, Arthur Guiterman, Don Marquis, Dorothy Parker, and Franklin P. Adams. From the little we see of the art form these days, we seem to be in an Age of Lead. "How come," I asked an editor, "all this heavy stuff? Give your readers something light, gay, amusing." "Nobody writes it," he replied. To which I said "Bosh!" and wrote notes to a scant dozen poets, all of whom responded with delightful lightful verse. If some of it doesn't amuse you, or seems incomprehensible, hear Ogden Nash's words:

In this foolish world there is
nothing more numerous
Than different people's senses
of humorous.

—William Cole

IDENTITY PROBLEM IN THE MAMMOTH CAVES by Willard R. Espy

O pendant stalactite,
Deposit crystalline.
Insensate troglodyte
Formed of accreted brine.

Aspire you still to pierce
That virgin stalagmite
Who in a million years
Your love will not requite?

And if indeed your drip
With ardor one day fill her.
And bring you lip to lip.
And make you two one pillar...

Then how can you be sure.
O pendant stalactite.
If you are you or her—
A virgin stalagmite?

ON THE OCCASION OF STANLEY KAUFFMANN'S FIFTIETH BIRTHDAY by Stanley Moss

1
How lucky we are to have Stanleys.
Kauffmann and Kunitz and me,
like three wines at dinner,
one's heavy, two thinner,
two saints and one sinner,
one loser, two winners.
How lucky we are to have Stanleys,
Kauffmann and Kunitz and me.

2
Friends, lift your glasses,
the lower and upper classes,
a name betters or worsens
when worn by three persons,
I sing the praise
of two Stanley K.s,
a name that houses
one suit with three pairs of trousers.

ODE by Gerald Jonas

"O Woe!" they cried
and versified
their pain in stanzas lamentory

their offspring grieve
inside a sleeve,
and mumble a memento

"O Joy!" they belled
when passion welled,
and bade their fellowmen attain it

their scions grin
and bear the sin
of Life, and try to toilet

No matter what
they gave or got,
they found the matter fit for sinning

their song is sung.
Now when we're stung
we stop to analyze the st

It's irony
unByrony
that lately tins the poet's ear—

O Woe! O Joy!
O Unalloyed!
Where are the Os of yest

TO A WATERBED by John Updike

No Frog Prince ever had a pond
So faithful, murmurous, and for
Amniotically it sings
Of broken dreams and hidden sp
Automatically it laves
My mind in secondary waves
That answer motions of my own.
However mild—my amnion.
Fond underbubble, warm and de
I love you so much I can't sleep.

EMENTO MORY'S

L. E. Sissman

Board of Governors of the Mory's Association requires that, AT ALL TIMES WHEN THE HOUSE IS OPEN TO LADY GUESTS, members and their guests be suitably and fully dressed. In the case of males, this includes wear of shoes, socks, trousers, shirt, jacket, and underwear, or a presentable equivalent, in unadorned condition.

—Memo from Mory's

non-specific neckwear, jacket, shirt, trousers, socks, shoes (all innocent of dirt), a presentable equivalent, make my way to Mory's pleasure-bent, like poor Lamb, my friend who went astray. I put in an appearance there one day clean-shaven and shoeless, sockless, head a mop of serpents, like his bird's. They called a cop.

BORES

to a child who asked what a "bore" was)
Howard Moss

A bore is someone very boring.
The matter needs no underscoring.
For instance, if you're on a train,
You'll madly look around in vain
For someone interesting to chat with,
And soon regret the one you sat with.
And if you summer at the shore, you
Soon will find someone to bore you,
And even on a mountain top,
Some lady, talking without a stop,
Will tell you just how *frightfully* you
Bore her when what's *really* true
Is the reverse: *she bores you*.
And what is true, essentially,
Is everyone potentially
Boring, as you'll find when you're
Grown up and you're *yourself* a bore.

TRICIDE NOTE

Anthony Ostroff

Mr. Miss.
Mrs. Ms.

BACK TO AFRICA

by Erica Jong

Among the Gallas, when a woman grows tired of the cares of housekeeping, she begins to talk incoherently and demean herself extravagantly. This is a sign of the descent of the holy spirit Callo upon her. Immediately, her husband prostrates himself and adores her: she ceases to bear the humble title of wife and is called "Lord": domestic duties have no further claim on her, and her will is a divine law.

—Sir James George Frazer, *The Golden Bough*

Seeing me weary
of patching the thatch
of pounding the bread
of pacing the floor nightly
with the baby in my arms.

my tall black husband
(with eyes like coconuts)
has fallen down on the floor to adore me!
I curse myself for being born a woman.
He thinks I'm God!

I mutter incoherently of Friedan, Millett, Greer...
He thinks the spirit
has descended
He calls me "Lord."

Lord, lord, he's weary in his castle now.
It's no fun living with a God.
He rocks the baby, patches thatch
& pounds the bread.
I stay out all night with the Spirit.

Towards morning when the Spirit brings me home,
he's almost too pooped to adore me.
I lecture him on the nature
& duties of men.
"Biology is destiny," I say.

Already I hear stirrings of dissent.
He says he could have been a movie star.
He says he needs a full-time maid.
He says he never *meant*
to marry God.

VENICE: A FOOTNOTE

by Howard Moss

Tómbola on the piazza.
Gondolas on the Canal.
Ravioli in the trattoria.
Disintario at the Hotel.



POEMS

by Michael Silverton

Here is my plan: to whack you on the head with a two-by-four
to fool the phrenologist into believing that
you are a more interesting person
than you, in truth,
are

I arise, breakfast, dress, go & shake
hands with the manager of the Parts
Department, whose hand comes off
in mine. a word comes to mind
"Poise."

the adorable paratroopess alights on my throbbing spindle
all things come to him who waits

400 people
stand before a painting
of a single bird
flying off the edge of a canvas
these are slippery times

rigor mortis says sneeze
homo faber says gesundheit
wrong from the start says rigor mortis

I write a poem, nobody notices
another indignity

ECOLOGY

by X. J. Kennedy

The vulture's very like a sack
Set down and left there drooping.
His crooked neck and creaking back
Look badly bent from stooping
Down to the ground to eat dead cows
So they won't go to waste,
Thus making up in usefulness
For what he lacks in taste.

William Cole's me *ent anthology is*
... And be Merry! of Light Verse
and a Soupcon of Pi about the Joy
of Eating.

ROBERT FROST DISCOVERS ANOTHER ROAD NOT TAKEN

by X. J. Kennedy

Two roads diverged in a wood
As though in argument.
I had to keep going on one
To get to the end of a scent
That a nostril had begun.
But I picked out the no good.

What did it bring me round to?
An old moose chewing her teat.
Yet I burn to put up with Fate
Despite that aftermath.
I'd hold out for some kind of path
Under a body's feet.

SUFFIX THE LITTLE PREFIXES TO COME UNTO ME (COMPARATIVELY SPEAKING)

by Willard R. Espy

Stop, Esther, stop! I quite concur:—
Comparatives are suffixed *er*.
Comparative of *cow* is *cower*;
Comparative of *bough* is *bower*.

And I agree it's manifest
Superlatives are suffixed *est*.
Digest means "*dig* excessively,"
And *zest* is maximum of *z*.

Yet *er* can prefix, too, my doe;
Thus, *ergo* means "one up on *go*";
And *ermine*'s easy to define:
"Another's fur that's more than *mine*."

As prefix, *est* retains its touch;
Estate comes out as "*ate* too much."
You, *Esther* dear, I long have prized
As "woman apotheosized."



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CROSS
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A CANDLE FOR ST. GREED'S

The quality of mercy is sometimes very expensive

AS MANY TIMES AS HE HAS PASSED the nursery, Charles Heath has never wearied of looking in on the latest output of the Palm Harbor Stork Club. Eventually the children will grow up to become paying customers, and as the administrator of the Palm Harbor Hospital in Garden Grove, California (two miles south of Disneyland), Charles Heath has an abiding interest in profit. He is a mild-mannered and unobtrusive man who happens to like babies even though the Palm Harbor obstetrics department never breaks out of the red. During the first ten months of fiscal 1972 the maternity ward lost his hospital \$102,000.

"Every face you see in there costs our hospital \$75, but we really don't mind it," Heath says. "We like to look on our obstetrics operation as a loss leader; it's really a way of introducing families to Palm Harbor. During pregnancy mothers learn about the hospital through our Stork Club teas. After the baby is born they tend to think of Palm Harbor as their medical home away from home. You just know the mothers will bring these kids back to us when it's time for the old tonsils to come out. Then we'll make it all back and probably come out ahead."

Heath walks downstairs to his surgical suite where he greets a rumpled woman lying nervously on a metal cart. She is waiting her turn to be anesthetized upon a table. Heath nods to the nurses, waves to the doctors, and checks the surgical schedule for this department that netted \$225,000 during the first ten months: "You know it's too bad we couldn't just do tonsilectomies, D and Cs, appendectomies, and hernias; we could really make out like bandits."

Heath goes through his other big moneymaking departments like central supply (\$331,000), the lab (\$62,000), X ray (\$49,000) and EKG (\$36,000). These revenues easily offset money losers like obstetrics and give the hospital a ten-month net of \$364,000 on a gross business of \$5,905,000.

PROFIT IS NOT A DIRTY WORD at Palm Harbor. For any of the 350 other proprietary hospitals (i.e., hospitals run for profit) bought and built by thirty corporate chains during the past five years. With roughly 35,000 beds in thirty states

(representing 5 per cent of the nation's 1,000 federal hospitals), these new institutions have become a big business in California, Florida, and Texas.

The coterie of insurance men, lawyers, accountants, hotel managers, dairymen, franchise chicken salesmen, and wine merchants who have acquired the proprietary hospitals will net about \$90 million in 1973 on a \$1.5 billion gross. A 10 per cent annual growth in earnings has brought hotel names like Ramada Inn, Hyatt House, and Sheraton into the management of hospital and related convalescent facilities. The chairman and president of Holiday Inns have jointly started Medicenters of America, which will sell you your very own hospital franchise equipped with everything from "sign to pills." No previous medical management experience is required.

The advent of chain hospitals is the logical culmination of America's franchising boom. Soon you will be able to visit anywhere in



Roger Rapoport, a California-based free-lance writer, is the author of *The Great American Bomb Machine* and the coauthor of *Is the Library Burning?*

y and breakfast at International House of
kes, lunch at Kentucky Fried Chicken,
at Orange Julius, dine at McDonald's, and
all off with a little Dairy Queen, Stuckey's
pie, and Shakey's pizza. Should you sub-
ntly fall ill, you may climb into your Hertz
nd drive to the nearest emergency room of
tal Corporation of America, Beverly Enter-
s, American Mediacorp, American Medical
ational, Hyatt Medical Enterprises, Ex-
care, General Health Services, National
al, or Ramada Medical. These giants of the
ietary-hospital industry already operate in
150 cities, primarily smaller cities in newly
ous states.

spite this heady success, industry leaders
hey've only just begun. In Nashville multi-
naire Jack C. Massey has resigned from the
nanship of Kentucky Fried Chicken to be-
chairman of Hospital Corporation of Amer-
ICA), where business is finger lickin' good.
1968 HCA has opened forty hospitals with
beds in twelve states. Another 2,000 beds
der construction. Mr. Massey believes "the
h potential in hospitals is unlimited; it's
better than Kentucky Fried Chicken."

pitalistic thinking of this sort explains why
roprietary hospital in Southern California
ome to be known as "St. Greed's." Although
operators of such hospitals readily admit that
ope of gain attracted them to the business,
also think of themselves as public servants.
point out that with their capital resources
can build desperately needed modern medi-

cal facilities in small or remote communities.
Their economies of scale can reduce overhead
costs, and, of course, corporate management can
relieve doctors from administrative concerns,
thus leaving them free to concentrate their ener-
gies on the practice of medicine.

All these companies are sensitive to accusa-
tions of profiteering from the ills of others. Many
respond by presenting fiscal information in
euphemistic ways. Typically, the 1971 annual
report of Community Psychiatric Centers, which
operates ten mental hospitals on the West Coast,
began as follows:

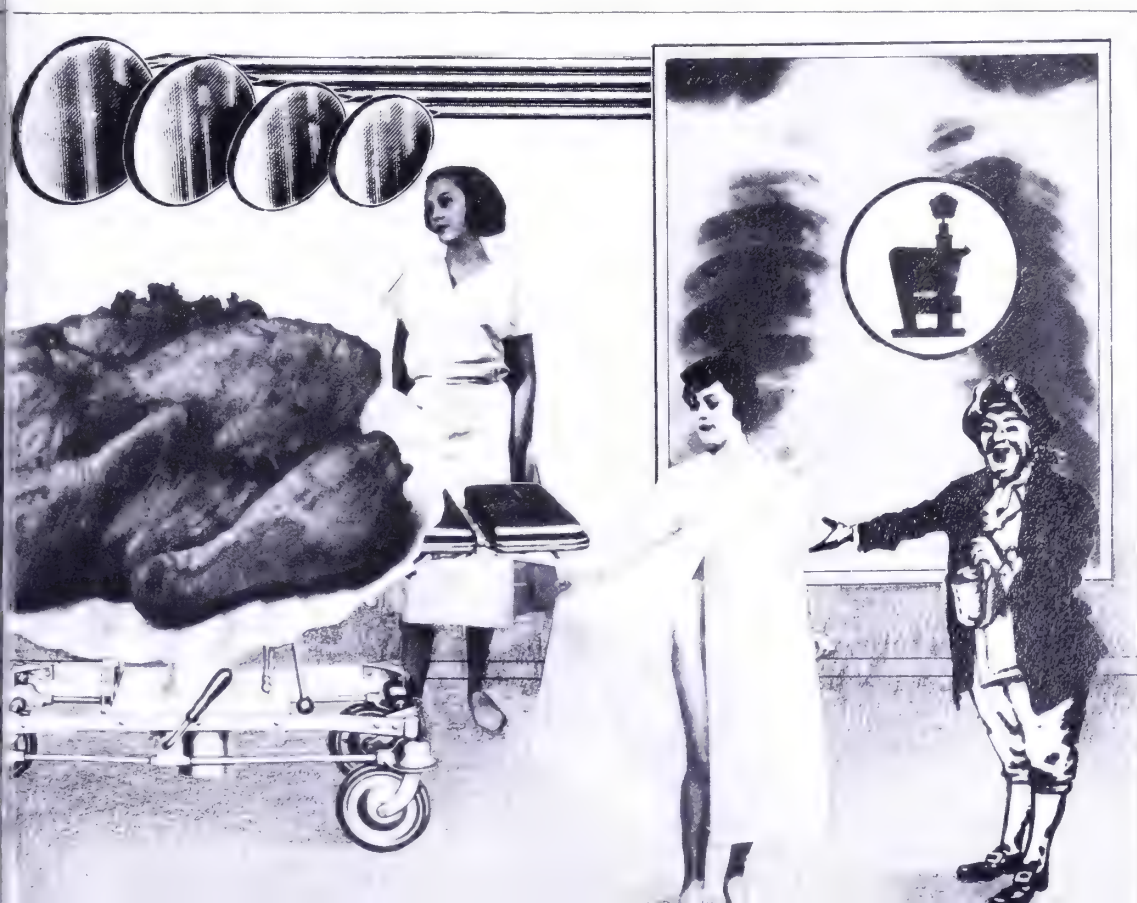
TO OUR SHAREHOLDERS

*Questions Freud never asked but, neverthe-
less, questions and answers we assume will
be of interest to you as a CPC shareholder.*

Actually it was doctors, not management ex-
perts, who discovered hospital capitalism. Over
the past forty years local physicians have made
many attempts to build and run their own hospi-
tals on a free-enterprise basis. In some instances
the physicians were not good enough to be ad-
mitted to the staffs of existing hospitals. Surgeons
who liked to cut right and left needed a place to
practice. Some doctors resented their work being
overseen by community hospital medical staffs.
Others perceived big profit potential in the sim-
ple expedient of excluding charity cases and not
providing money-losing facilities for obstetrics
and emergencies. A few built themselves hospi-
tals because their communities didn't have one.

These doctor-owned hospitals often became

"These doctor-
owned hospitals
often became
medical fief-
doms, with pa-
tients being
emptied out on
Friday so the
physicians
could spend
their weekend
fishing."



Richard Minter

medical fiefdoms, with patients being emptied out on Friday so the physicians could spend their weekend fishing. By 1950 more than 1,200 profit-oriented facilities were in business. Although some were perfectly reputable, they became generally known as the mom and pop hospitals of America. Stories of doctors propping up their own medical facilities with needless surgery and unnecessary hospitalizations hurt their reputation. Good physicians soon kept their patients away, and by the end of the 1950s more than 360 of these hospitals had closed, primarily for financial reasons.

About this time a number of hospital contractors, suppliers, accountants, and lawyers began to notice an opportunity. One of the first was Uranus Appel, a former Pittsburgh hotel and restaurant man who started operating hospital laboratories in Southern California after World War II. One of his lab contracts was at Westlake Hospital in Los Angeles. The hospital was about to go bankrupt in 1959 when Appel bought it: "I was making \$1,800 a month on the lab and couldn't afford to lose the contract." The following year he bought another hospital under similar circumstances; thus appeared the first corporate hospital chain, known today as American Medical International (AMI).

Growth was slow in the early years because AMI was primarily limited to taking over hospitals in bad financial shape and struggling to turn them around. But in the late 1960s a major stock issue helped generate enough capital for AMI to begin acquiring healthier hospitals. Among the acquisitions were several nonprofit hospitals run by local governments and religious organizations. Rather than fight inflation, spiraling wage demands, and soaring equipment costs, these public hospitals elected to let AMI assume the management headaches. The firm also began building hospitals from scratch, particularly in small towns and booming suburban areas of the South and West. At present the firm operates forty hospitals, among them Palm Harbor, in ten states and in England. AMI shares are traded on the New York Stock Exchange, where, having split twice, the issue sells for \$45 a share: 100 shares bought for \$225 during the firm's first offering twelve years ago would now be worth \$15,600.

Today Uranus Appel works out of an aging central Los Angeles headquarters building, soon to be traded in for plush new offices in Beverly Hills. At fifty-five Appel is a buoyant, sunburned man who speaks with the verve of Hubert Humphrey on campaign. Although given to conservative suits and drab ties, he runs an informal office; during long conferences his subordinates feed on crunchy granola. Appel himself works from behind a desk cluttered with computer printouts. He is happy to share his trade secrets:

"When I got into this field I could see many similarities between running a hotel and running

a hospital. In hotels the profit center is in the hotel. In hospitals it's in ancillary medical services.

"The crucial difference is that most hospitals lose money on room and board. To offset this they must maximize profitable units like laboratory, pharmacy, operating room, and medical supplies. They can also save by merging nursing units, using more part-time personnel, and making everyone a little harder. Computerized accounting control and centralized purchasing help.

"But the key profit factor is turnover. In a hotel you are trying to cut down the average length of stay. In a typical hospital the average stay is about 8.2 days. At the average property unit it's about 6.8 days, and we have it cut down to 5.6. We do this because most of the patient's bill is generated during his first three days in the hospital. That's when all the lucrative sides of the operation like lab, X ray, and the operating room are busy. Why, in the first few days it's common for the patient to run up a \$1,000 bill. After that the patient is merely recuperating and we are lucky to break even on his room and board bill.

"Of course, to keep the hospital viable you usually have to offer certain unprofitable services like emergency, maternity, and hemodialysis, which an expensive machine clears waste from the blood of patients suffering from kidney disease. What else can you do? If you don't offer hemodialysis, your kidney patients will die. That's why we subsidize them."

Appel turns to one of his thick computer printouts and flips through the numbers: "Here I see what we lost on the hemodialysis unit at the Glendora hospital." He runs down a list of figures and frowns: "Well, I guess I didn't give such a good example; our kidney unit there cost \$58,000 for the first ten months of fiscal year 1971. Let me look at Palm Harbor. No, their unit cost \$74,000 for the same period. That can't be right. Let me check another place here for a second. Maybe they've accounted wrong." Appel turns to a different page, squints for a minute, and scratches his head: "Well, I'll be damned. I don't know, this is the first time I realized we were losing money off hemodialysis."

Profit and

THE PROPRIETARY HOSPITALS have come up with many other ways of turning red ink into black. They often try to close money-losing services and foist them off on nearby nonprofit hospitals. For example, when Extendicare took over St. Joseph's Infirmary in Louisville, it proposed to expand the hospital's nursing school. After acquisition was completed, the unprofitable nursing school was closed, much to the community's dismay. (Extendicare has tried to make amends by paying for scholarships and two profes-

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CANDLE FOR ST. GREED'S

ships at a nearby nursing school.) When Hospital Corporation of America took over a Selma, Alabama, hospital, it shut down the obstetrics department and persuaded the town's other (nonprofit) hospital to accept all the maternity patients. At the same time HCA built Selma's first coronary-care facility, and the other hospital sent over its heart patients. This way the corporation replaced an unprofitable obstetrics department with a profitable coronary-care unit.

These cost-cutting techniques put the proprietaries far behind the nonprofits in terms of available facilities and teaching programs. Although all profit and nonprofit hospitals are regulated by state health departments, a 1971 American Hospital Association study places the proprietary hospitals below the national average for thirty-five out of thirty-eight major hospital services. Just six proprietaries have residency programs, five have nursing schools, and only two have internship and medical school affiliations. Another study of 200 Southern California community hospitals shows the average nonprofit charging \$112.96 per day and offering 13.1 services while the proprietaries average \$128.05 per day and provide 8.9 services.

When they do offer unprofitable services, proprietary hospitals keep their losses at a minimum. Consider how Palm Harbor's Stork Club reduces the traditional maternity deadbeat problem. "We operate the Stork Club pretty much like a Christmas savings club," says administrator Charles Heath. "Each pregnant mother makes monthly payments that are recorded in a pink ledger book. They are guaranteed a hospital charge of \$350, a \$75 discount off the normal rate. If they run into complications like a Cesarean, then their \$350 is applied to the \$700 bill. Frankly, I'd rather have 100 prepaid births at \$350 than fifty regular ones at \$425. On the \$425 births we always get stuck with bad debts and have to hire expensive collection agencies. You know, I just couldn't conceive of running a hospital without a Stork Club."

Another key to profits is giving doctors a financial stake in the hospital. Many chains do this by simply buying doctor-owned hospitals with stock. Others have encouraged physicians to buy shares in their corporations. Either way the doctors end up with a clear financial interest in the hospital. The medical men do their best to keep up on the financial health of their parent firms. Physicians at Beverly Enterprises' Encino, California hospital keep a television in a lounge adjacent to their surgical suite tuned to a UHF business news channel. Administrator Max Weinberg explains: "They like to see how their stock is doing. I usually come down every morning to find out myself."

Many nonprofit hospital administrators believe it unethical for a doctor to hold stock in his own medical facility. They worry that physicians

might be tempted to recruit patients to increase hospital occupancy rates. Some also fear that physicians might be tempted to schedule expensive and unnecessary lab tests for such patients. R. Gadd, executive director of Lee Memorial Hospital in Fort Meyers, Florida, says the chain find it "nice to have as hospital stockholder doctors who can keep the beds full of choice patients... It is also very convenient and possible for the stockholder doctor to have privileges... in a nearby nonprofit hospital where he can dump the financially undesirable patients."

Most proprietary hospital administrators see nothing wrong with their doctors owning stock in the company. In fact some encourage their doctors to buy into the firm. They feel this is an excellent way to build up community loyalty at the hospital. AMI's Charles Heath talked about this from the driver's seat of his blue Cadillac the way to lunch one day in Garden Grove. "Some of our regular patients are always telling me they've been in here so much they've paid for an entire wing. I always tell 'em, 'Hell, you can buy yourself a share of this place for \$100. A lot of them take me up on it. In fact patients are always stopping me during my rounds to tell me what AMI stock is trading at."

Heath points ahead at the roadway: "We know we're kind of lucky to be in this sort of community. The people are behind us. We've got Disneyland generating a lot of emergency business for us, as well as the Garden Grove Santa Ana, and Newport freeways. Man, there are a lot of wrecks out here. We lose on emergency, but it's a good loss leader for just like obstetrics."

Most stockholders want to know how the companies plan to restrain soaring medical costs. Several of the latest cost-cutting techniques have been initiated by the medical subsidiaries of hotel firms. Chains like Hyatt Medical and Ramada Medical save by purchasing everything from sheets to blueberry pies from the parent firm. Hyatt's hotel-construction division is building two new hospitals for the medical unit. Hyatt medical chairman Maurice Lewitt talked about this recently at his Encino, California, headquarters: "There are a lot of similarities between putting up hotels and hospitals. The big difference is where they have a bar we have a surgical suite. Operating-wise they also have a lot in common. Both are basically service oriented. Face it, you go into a hospital and the surgery could be terrible, but you'll probably never know. But what you do know and care about are the same things that matter to the hotel guest: good food, clean floors, and a big color TV."

Despite the close relationship between Hyatt Medical and Hyatt House hotels, there are certain limitations. Lewitt says, "If someone gets sick in one of our Hyatt hotels, we would never

you deserve
a break today



him to a Hyatt hospital. It wouldn't look good if he didn't turn out. Know what I mean?"

New markets

ALL THE NEW proprietary hospitals provide acute care. Medicenters of America has forty-four intermediate-care hospitals that recuperating patients in twenty-four states. Each unit looks like a Holiday Inn without the swimming pool and calls itself "a nice place to get well." Illustrating this theme is the Memorial Medical Center where arriving patients get a choice of four room decors: green, blue-green, orange, or beige. Every room comes equipped with scenic murals, television, Muzak, and a direct intercom link to the nurse. There is live entertainment in the dining hall and a stereoequipped station wagon that can run patients to the hospital in case of a relapse. Medicenter franchises remain open in many parts of the country. The licensee must demonstrate sufficient capital reserves and then pay an initial fee of \$100 per bed or \$5,000, whichever is greater. Subsequent royalties are 3 per cent on room, board, and nursing revenue, plus 1 per cent of all other revenue. In return the company provides the licensee such benefits as an operating manual and a discount on malpractice insurance.

The only trouble with Medicenters is their loss of nearly \$1 million during fiscal 1972. The federal government has delayed reimbursement of \$4 million worth of Medicare patient charges because of a disagreement over federal regulations. Local doctors have decided to keep most of their Medicare patients away from Medicenters until the dispute is resolved. As a result, the company's occupancy rate has dropped to 32 per cent. Currently the firm is trying to boost revenues by converting space in several Medicenters to more lucrative eye, ear, nose, and throat hospitals. Profitable psychiatric care is being expanded.

Several psychiatric chains distinguish themselves by pushing a particular line of therapy. One is the Raleigh Hills Hospitals, which operates three West Coast units and will add five more across the country during the next two years. The growing enterprise treats alcoholics exclusively at a cost of \$1,400 to \$1,800 for a ten- to twelve-day stay. Raleigh Hills is run by Peter Tigue, a reformed alcoholic who used to develop flavored cottage cheese, sour cream, and butter for Carnation.

Some psychiatrists wince at Tigue's hospitals because they treat every patient the same way. But the Raleigh Hills president predicts his Pavlovian cure will work for nearly 75 per cent of the annual patient load of 1,100. Exactly how

does Tigue's staff achieve these astonishing results? The technique is called aversion therapy, which should be familiar to anyone who has seen the motion picture *Clockwork Orange*. The patient is taken into a treatment room and injected with Emitine, which shuts off the pyloric valve to the stomach for twenty minutes. Then the nurse gives him a choice of premium bourbon, Scotch, gin, vodka, beer, or wine. The patient is also handed a pan, because he will throw up as soon as he takes a drink. This treatment is repeated four more times during the visit.

Tigue indicates: "There's a good profit in this if you can keep the patient census up. Of course we'll never make as much as some hospitals. Our overhead is terrific. We have a big staff. And every one of the treatment rooms is stocked with several hundred dollars worth of booze."

While some free-enterprise hospitals work to wipe out alcoholism, some liquor companies are out building hospitals. In Los Angeles the Batik Wine and Spirits Company merged with a chain of five hospitals when its wine sales began to flag. Batik's first medical facility was purchased in 1970, just one month after the firm's chairman, California State Senator Mervyn Dymally, pushed through legislation authorizing non-medical firms to own hospitals.

The company subsequently acquired a string of hospitals, changed its name to Comprehensive Health Systems Inc. and phased out the wine business. Although Senator Dymally resigned as board chairman before Batik decided to merge with the hospital chain, he did not dispose of his 6,500 shares in the firm until after the *Los Angeles Times* exposed the Batik story in August 1972. The firm remains a prime candidate for a \$14.4 million California contract to provide health-care services for 60,000 MediCal recipients in low-income sections of Los Angeles. The firm's records were recently subpoenaed by Senator Edward Kennedy's health subcommittee as part of an investigation into the medical-care business.

Despite this kind of public-relations setback, the proprietary-hospital industry remains confident of meteoric growth. General Health Services vice-president Leon Hamlin explained why over breakfast at a Copper Penny restaurant not long ago: "Financial analysts are always asking if the advent of more miracle drugs and better preventive care are going to hurt our earnings. I tell them not to worry. People will always need us. There are just too many uncontrollable things like car crashes and bathtub falls."

At Palm Harbor Hospital, Charles Heath couldn't agree more: "Sure you don't see smallpox anymore, but we've got new things going for us today. Thanks to all the smog our inhalation-therapy business is picking up beautifully. Inhalation therapy: now there's a money-maker." □

"Each unit looks like a Holiday Inn without the swimming pool and calls itself 'a nice place to get well.'"

EAGLETONS WAKE

Like the inexpressible Finnegan, Tom has life in him yet

*Then Mickey Maloney raised his head,
When a noggin of whiskey flew at him.
It missed and falling on the bed,
The liquor scattered over Tim:
Bedad he revives, see how he rises,
And Timothy rising from the bed,
Says, "Whirl your liquor round like blazes,
Your souls to the devil, do ye think I'm dead?"*
—"The Ballad of Finnegan's Wake"

IT WAS INTENDED not for the scenes of William James but the art of Henry. Essentially, though, it was Joycean, pure Joyce, so Joycean it even brought out (no small task) the mad rhetorician in George S. McGovern.

But it was consistently misread as Freud. Eagleton's trips to the hospital, for one thing, gave amateur psychoanalysts a field day. And then there was the father, old Mark, legendary lion of the courtroom, Gene Tunney's first manager, political figure, frustrated in losing the St. Louis mayoralty, they said, pushing the promising son forward relentlessly, past schoolmates, political contemporaries, political records: past, finally, all endurance, with speech lessons, bridge instructors, oratory coaches; cramming the golden head with extra courses, dreams, vaulting ambition. Youngest prosecuting attorney in the country at twenty-seven, youngest Missouri Attorney General in history at thirty-one, Lieutenant Governor at thirty-five, just turned thirty-nine a United States Senator, Vice-Presidential nominee at forty-two. A simple case really, deceptively easy to understand if only you remembered . . .

Like many people with essentially unreliable memories I have almost total recall of certain stray incidents from years past. I can remember vividly an afternoon in June 1946, when my mother, sisters, and I had driven into Boston where I was to catch the night train for summer camp in Maine. Coming into the city my mother, confused in traffic, circled for a half hour round and round an old loft building, the entire side of which proclaimed the Congressional candidacy from that district of John F. Kennedy. My mother told us about the Kennedy family—the exploits of Jack in the Navy, then the subject of a John Hersey profile. With the endless circling there was time for a lot of the story, and when we were late arriving at the Statler

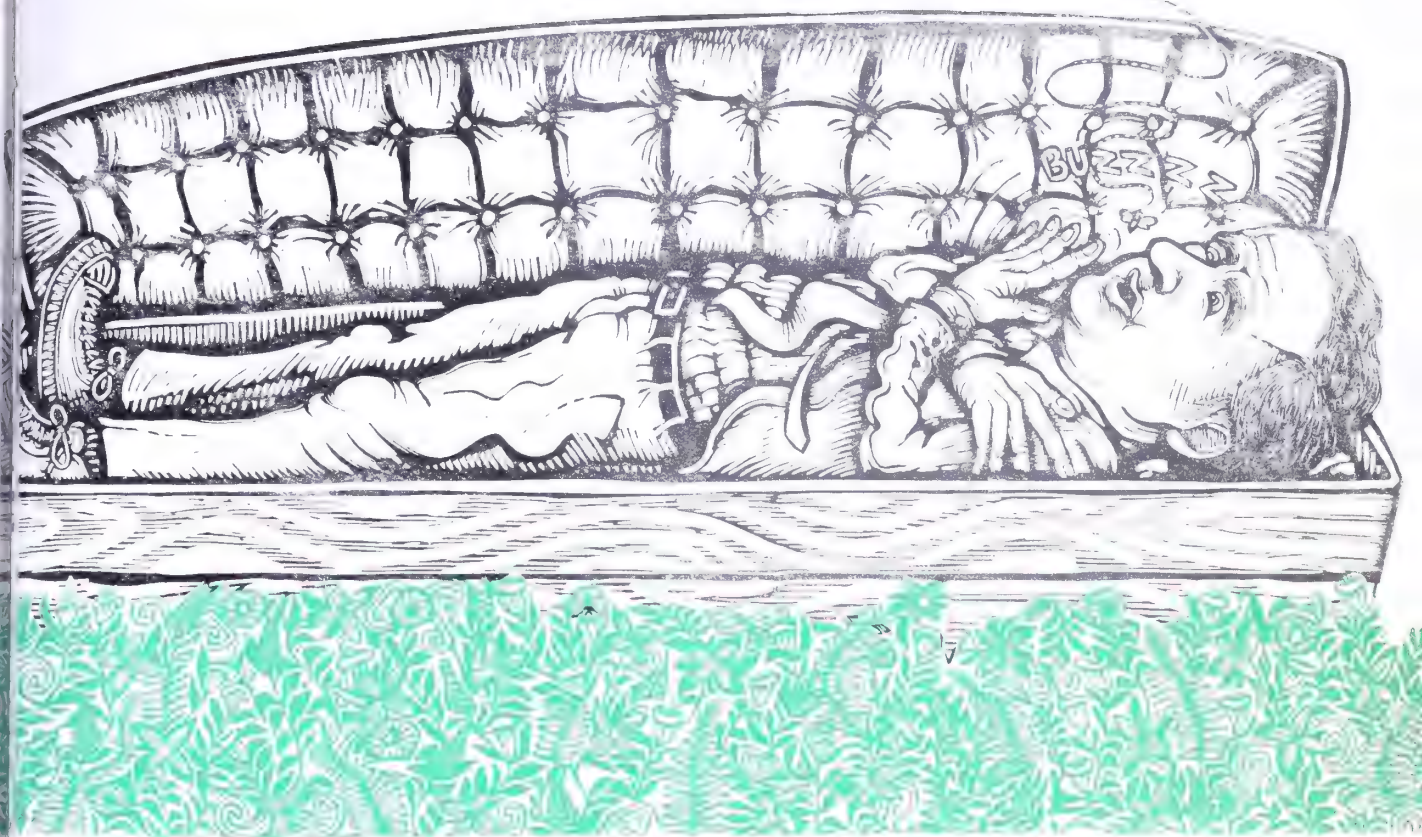
Hotel I was sent back downstairs to the papers. In the lobby at the newsstand I met Tom Eagleton, whom I had seen once only the previous summer. His parents and parents knew each other slightly through St. Louis politics, and when I got back to the papers I remember my mother's telling me that it was commonly believed that at a decent interval Eagleton was to take a seat in the United States Senate. It seemed like a swell. He was then sixteen years old.

Dublin

EAGLETON COMES FROM A FAMILY extremely active in St. Louis politics. Children of such families are indoctrinated into politics early. On Election Days they are often kept from school. Taken from bed at five-thirty in the morning, they are stood on the street outside the poll to hand out sample ballots, green paper marked with the names of the candidates favored by the family faction, from the opening of the poll at 6:00 A.M. to 7:00 P.M. closing. St. Louis city primaries are held the first Tuesday in March, miserable days, the worst of the year—rainy, wet-snowy, sleety, and gray. Primary for county and state office are the first Tuesday in August, the dog days of the murderous St. Louis summer: so to be an old St. Louis politician's family is to be, if nothing else, weather-beaten, sun-stunned, slush-splashed, wind-whipped.

Once when I was manning a precinct in the 25th Ward, a limousine, flawlessly polished, pulled to the curb alongside me. Party notables and dignitaries poured forth, the last being the mayor, my cousin Joe, resplendent in a black camel's hair coat. He wrung my chilled fingers with a toasty hand (taking, at the same time, a sample ballot from my other hand, checking making certain I had not switched to the enemy ballots, a common but grievous sin), and said: "Young man, you're doing an excellent job. Hall has its eye on you for better things. Keep up the good work," and vanished into the white limousine again. I was only sixteen at the time but I knew I had to get out fast if I was to end my days as the oldest, coldest precinct captain in Christendom. Eagleton, holding down

Stephen Darst is a staff writer for *The Review*, the Catholic archdiocesan paper in St. Louis. In 1971 he was nominated as the Democratic candidate for election to the St. Louis Board of Aldermen.



James Grashow

two wards south, found it all fascinating. "the combat of it," he once told me, "the sides with one over here, one over there, fighting against each other, debating, manning. The buttons, the banners, tactics, all—I loved it all."

The day when he was twenty-six, recently graduated *cum laude* from Harvard Law School, Eagleton crossed the street to ask a politician for about the possibility of running for a office, and when he returned he told his the politician had instead urged a race recruit Attorney.

My father was definitely not enthusiastic about the idea," Eagleton says. "He told me, 'Be young. Be a good lawyer first, before get involved in politics. It's a rough, tough.' So my father didn't push me into politics the people think."

During that race I heard him at a ward meeting and he was already a fine speaker at that of his career. In fact, he might have been one of those candidates assembled by legendary off-the-scenes political Svengalis, each featuring face, voice, and personality designed to inspire, and lull some segment of the electorate. He was surrounded, though, not by new-breed media experts but by gnarled,

ring-wise, outrageously colorful Kerry Patch politicians. Eagleton came out of a tough, sophisticated political milieu that at one time or another had included, at either the center or the fringes, Harry Truman, Robert Hannegan, Stuart Symington, Tom Hennings, Clark Clifford, Bennett Clark, and Jake Vardaman, among others. It was not a crowd to be taken in by manufactured images. And from the first Eagleton was considered to be in a class by himself, the finest political horse his trainers had ever seen.

Although they had always recognized him as a heavyweight, they were not above adding a few pounds when they saw a chance. One day during Eagleton's race for the Senate, Juggy Hayden, an old Northside wheelhorse, was painting a glowing picture of our candidate for me—"fine family, his brother's a doctor, you know? And old Mark, they don't make them any finer. Sent Tom to the best schools, oh, they got him the best! Harvard Law, none of those diploma mills for them, Oxford University—he's a Rhodes scholar, you know?"

I objected. Eagleton had taken a summer course at Oxford but that didn't make him a Rhodes scholar, I said.

"You do what you want in your ward,"

Hayden told me, "but down in the river wards we're making him a Rhodes scholar."

In my ward, described with increasing inaccuracy in the papers as "the silk-stockings ward," we were more likely to think of him as an heir, calling on a political estate long ago set up at the St. Louis Union Trust, a sort of South St. Louis l'Aiglon. I know that when I was involved in 1967 in negotiations for Eagleton and Robert Kennedy to meet in Kansas City, I was surprised that at that stage of their careers they required third parties for such chores. I thought they had all known each other intimately since early childhood, Massachusetts Kennedys, Missouri Eagletons, Illinois Stevensons, princes of the party blood, playing on beaches, hands across the sand castles, plotting brighter tomorrows, seeking newer worlds, parceling out governorships and Senate seats and Cabinet posts while their fathers cemented old coalitions over drinks on the porch.

I remember once being sent to interview John J. (Jack) Dwyer, longtime head of the local Democratic organization, at City Hall. Dwyer was famous for his double-talk or non-stop non-talk, and when I walked into his office he went into a dissertation on local, state, and national politics in one continuous two-hour sentence constructed without seams so as to leave no opportunity for my questions. Dwyer had backed Mark Eagleton for mayor in 1953, thought highly of the man still, "but Jesus Christ and I don't say this in any bragging way but we would have won that race if only Mark had taken off for Florida after the filing and left it all to . . . why there was the one time he told one group that he already had two Cadillacs and he didn't need the job of mayor and the chauffeured limousine, and the brochures he put out saying he was a man whom fate had made kin to titled Britishers . . . his sister had married a Lord Somebody . . . oh, very important industrialist . . . and as I say no one particularly minded, they thought it was a fine thing, only some of them didn't, you know, see what the connection was between his sister being Lady Something and him being mayor of St. Louis . . . which he still would have been if he hadn't gone up that day to Callanan's ward, the old 22nd, and put his arm around him and said, 'This is my boy' . . . which the papers as you know took a picture of, arm around Callanan's shoulders, and they crucified him with it and Tucker won."

Still a brilliant man, Dwyer thought, a great lawyer.

"And, of course, young Tom, he's got the same brilliance, he's just as smart, and the fine education . . . not that the old man, but you know Harvard and Oxford and all that, and yet it's never gone to his . . . oh, no, not at all, still a hell of a nice kid, that great background, presentable looking . . . my God, yes, the women voters are

crazy about him, not just the women, he's over with everyone, a fine speaker, easy. I'd say without any question the best I've seen in this city, the state, or the country for that matter, in all the years, and I go back a long time and I'd have to say Tom Eagleton is the best I've ever seen, best campaigner, best speaker, the best."

One night during the 1960 campaign I took a ride home with Marsh Clark, the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat's* political editor and son of the late Senator Bennett Clark, grandson of former House Speaker Champ Clark. Eagleton's election for Attorney General looked good to Clark. I told him I had heard that if Eagleton won the Attorney General race he might run for the Senate. Clark laughed. "Hell, they take the Senate for granted. They're already thinking about the Presidency."

The Presidency—well, at any rate it got off the street corner. No more green balls, blue-frozen fingers. Farewell to numbed, frostbitten toes, Kutis Funeral Parlor chair-drafty halls listening to the sheriff's eight-point program while the beer iced.

U

IT WAS BACK IN MIAMI BEACH that the ("Tom who?") became suspiciously Joyce as if some wildly enterprising editor, all the novelists having long since been signed up. Campaign '72, had decided to rout out the social dead for one last turn, poured them on the plane for Miami, central intelligences already, grumbling interior monologues, yawning wide to receive scribbled observational slices of life. Let Jane Austen be your gal at the abortion plank fight. Henry James at the credentials committee—a stroke—who knows the credentials better, those who possess them or those who do not, in American society? Conrad at Fontainebleau, *Nostromo* author pierces the convention darkness, the man who introduced you to Lord Jim, Almayor, and so many more, bringing you unforgettable portraits of Eugene McCarthy, Larry O'Brien, Muskie of Massachusetts ("Senator Ed, he dead!").

Political campaigns are becoming like little circulation-building wars Hearst and Pulitzer used to pack Crane and Davis off to do and this one began to look as if it had been created for Joyce from the moment McGovern spoke that famous line about his 1,000 percent backing of Eagleton—backing "Eagle" a "t a ton being, of course, 2,000, not 1,000, but we are dealing here with George McGovern, a man given to flights of rhetoric. In fact, in case a man diminishing the image by half. for McGovern, for starters, good enough.

Things picked up fast from there, the st

n Joycean singsong punplay, characters move as always with Joyce, from one work to another with changes of name and place. There for one thing, McGovern himself, obviously a character named "Coming Home" in *Finnegans Wake* ("... from a conflict in Indochina come home, America..."). And as in *Ulysses*, where the events of the Homeric are moved from the Aegean to Dublin and copied into one day, this story is confined to a week, which Eagleton has called "the week that began with the hero going off to trying adventures in far-off places (the land of the lotus-eaters, Utopia; the land of the sirens, Hawaii) then returning home again to Jefferson City where he takes notice that he is ready to do battle."

The crucial point in *Finnegans Wake* comes when a whiskey is thrown in Finnegans' face as he lies, presumably dead, on his bed at his wake. The hero is awakened by the whiskey "scattered" over him and revives. Eagleton has said that the incident Jack Anderson made the false charges of drunken driving (threw whiskey in his face) at the moment he began to fight. Anderson's charges may have revived Eagleton but, according to the McGovern camp, they also galvanized the decision that, fair or unfair, true or untrue, the stories had made it inevitable that Eagleton leave the ticket. Hints were given to Eagleton that this was the feeling. ("Now be a good Mr. Finnegans, sir. And take your journey like a god on pension and don't be walk-abroad," they tell Finnegans when he shows the first signs of revival after the whiskey hits his face. "Sure you'd only lose yourself... You're off, sir, where you are... And we'll be waiting here to rake your gravel and bringing presents, won't we, fenians? Your name is sounding like Basilico's ointments and they call names after you... Aisy now, you decent with your knees and lie quiet and repose your honour's lordship. Hold him there... Release you now! Finn no more!")

The denouement Eagleton himself saw as a triumph, a demonstration to the world that he could take the most incredible pressure imaginable, that he could make it on his own, that he was, as he said on *Face the Nation*, his own man. On Saturday of that week he went to Jefferson City, Missouri, for the birthday dinner of Governor and Mrs. Warren Hearnes, a big to-do held usually at the local Ramada Inn. Eagleton's return was hours late from San Francisco when he came out of the late afternoon blue and taxied to the crowd at the fence. The reporters traveling with him disembarked first, slouching, frowning, slumping, scowling their nonchalance about these matters, and then Eagleton exploded out the back door, hands overhead in fighter's clasp, running, moving down the ramp and through the crowd, grabbing hands. The press conference on the tarmac was under impossible conditions with

an on-again-off-again loudspeaker; cameras and microphones, looking like machine guns, pushed in his face, the reporters crushing in; and he looked very tired, harassed, as he told the crowd that he had come back to Missouri to renew himself among friends.

And then, almost miraculously, he did seem to find renewal, and an hour later in Jefferson City, when he arrived at a packed house for the dinner, he was his old self, smiling, mixing enthusiastically, joking, sweating.

All the networks were there and when Eagleton rose to speak, television spots lit him up and he glowed like a votive light amidst a bank of extinguished waxen vessels. The birthday celebrants, Warren and Betty Hearnes, forty-nine and forty-six years old that week, sat beneath an enormous plywood depiction of a silhouette—Betty gazing from an Illinois cornfield across Missouri to a cut-out Warren, pasted in the Iowa wheat. At the far right, at the head table, sat State Treasurer Bill Robinson, his career shattered by an indictment for profiting from office (even though he was subsequently acquitted); at the other end St. Louis's Mayor A. J. Cervantes, subject of a *Life* magazine expose; and, beside Cervantes, Richard Ichord, chairman of the House Committee on Internal Security.

"And just as Eisenhower, when he needed renewal, went back to the farm at Gettysburg, just as Truman returned to Independence, and Roosevelt went to Hyde Park, and Nixon goes to San Clemente, so I come back here," Eagleton was saying, "to be among my friends, to spiritually and morally renew myself."

The next day Eagleton was in Washington for the CBS interview program *Face the Nation*. Jack Anderson, according to the Sunday morning Jefferson City paper, would have new charges to level against Eagleton if permitted on the program. He was there but without any new charges. As a matter of fact he was confusing about the old ones. He seemed, at one point, to retract the drunken-driving story; then when Eagleton accepted the retraction Anderson explained that he was apologizing but not retracting, not yet. In Jefferson City cable television supplements local offerings, or rather the cable reinforces, bringing in the same programs you have already seen, and it was possible by switching the selector at the end of the first *Face the Nation* to see a cabled version immediately following on another channel, and at the end of that a third showing on yet another channel. We spent most of the morning watching Jack Anderson offering and then retracting his retraction, over and over. You also had the sense of watching a video instant replay of Eagleton's performance as if it had been picked out as an illustration of how to behave under pressure. He was magnificent. His situation has been compared with Nixon's in the "Checkers" episode but the anal-

"The denouement Eagleton himself saw as a testing, a demonstration to the world that he could take the most incredible pressure imaginable..."



ogy gives no idea of the infinitely greater difficulties Eagleton had to face. All Nixon had to do was go on television, make his explanation in full view of the millions, and then take no further contributions to his special fund. Eagleton had to appear for a week in crowds, on podiums, beaches, television, at labor meetings, press conferences, everywhere, knowing that even the normal symptoms of decent self-consciousness, an eye twitch, sweating, any vital life sign, would be weighed, interpreted, and analyzed.

There was one heart-stopping moment. Eagleton was giving an account of his medical history and he made a slip of the tongue. "Vacations" in the hospital, he said, instead of "occasions."

"Occasions," he said, correcting himself, then stopped and looked heavenward for a moment—"vacations!" he repeated. He half-smiled, shook his head, then proceeded, unshaken.

At the end George Herman asked a question about apparent hand tremors, about the sweat visible on his brow. Did Eagleton have anything he wanted to say about these things? And as he answered the last, absolutely impertinent, bear-baiting question with good humor and grace, you wanted to join an ovation somewhere.

The wake

FORGIVENESS WAS THE THEME Monday night when Eagleton and McGovern came out of their two-hour conference in Washington. Eagleton reassuring McGovern, the condemned comforting the hangman en route to the scaffold. At 9:30 P.M. it came over our radio, from the Senate Caucus Room, where, we were reminded in those hushed, now-approaching-the-eighteenth-green tones announcers adopt at those moments, so many campaigns have begun.

It was called an execution, but somewhere along the line the juice went off, the rope broke, the hangman broke his leg, and the condemned sailed off to a party. Hardly a wake, what with Eagleton announcing that the scaffold was not too bad, here don't trip on that bad step there; no, not a bad place at all, why if you looked at it one way it could really be a . . .

A forum. How I Survived My Execution. Simple really, you just hold your breath, your tongue, your temper, your sweat even. Then off to New York, to some shows, publishers' lunches, the Earl Wilson column, the Cavett show.

Feeling free, he said, for the first time really in years, with the illness out in the open after years of wondering how people were going to take it, and they took it marvelously. It was out, it hadn't killed him politically and, there being no double jeopardy in this country, it presumably couldn't be used on him again.

The future—Missouri? He has come back several times in recent weeks to ecstatic wel-

comes. Or 1976?—the national ticket? A for the Presidency sometime in the future? Jimmy the Greek on the phone. Jimmy is Delphic Oracle in a year when all the old oracles are falling on their faces. The experts were wrong on everything—Muskie, McGovern, Spiro. The polls went haywire, the scientifically selected precincts weren't close. When you can't even trust your scientifically selected key precinct, whom can you trust?

You trust Jimmy. Jimmy sets the odds on the pro games—he *knows*. What odds on a resurrection? Horses handicapped while you wait, transcendental take a little longer. Tip on a dead golden boy.

That was the wake—not golden boy, who was always a bad rap, but the image of golden boy, gone to its eternal reward, *requiescat in pace*, choirs of angels, no *Dies Irae*, white veils, step lively now, you gentlemen of Kut, none of your funereal gait!

Eagleton failed to tell McGovern and paid full, overpaid. For his penance, a Way of the Cross. And he came through in splendid style, took the worst and repaid his attackers with forgiveness. It would make a grand new attribute for posting on billboards: "Honest . . . Experienced . . . Forgiving."

Eagleton had been picked by McGovern because McGovern wanted to keep the traditional Democratic Catholic vote and Eagleton is Catholic, Jack Kennedy Catholic, not Euge McCarthy Catholic. Not one steeped in theology. No liturgy freak attuning his life to the rhythm of nature and the changes in the liturgical season.

The day Eagleton resigned from the ticket Jack Anderson apologized and retracted all charges.

"Bless me, Senator, for I have snooped. It has been six days since my latest scoop and these are the following retractions." Jack is forgiven, Eagleton forgives, Eagleton absolves. *Ego tibi absolvo*. Go in peace.

The day Eagleton resigned, his last line, one of his best, was almost lost in the noise. After the prepared statements, after several questions Eagleton, moving off through the crowd, was caught by a reporter for CBS radio.

"No, the press conference is over," he said. The reporter persisted with one last question about health. He felt fine, Eagleton said, in a voice receding as he moved on, then for a moment, strong, called back across the hubbub of the room, the chaos of the week: "Senator McGovern says my health is excellent."

A fine line, defiant, buoyant; socially, medically, politically correct, but with edge, wonderfully nonsensical. And in a country where the Chief Executive memorizes ghostwritten small talk before stepping into the Rose Garden with the folks from Iowa, surely not a line to close a career on, not by a long shot an exit line. □

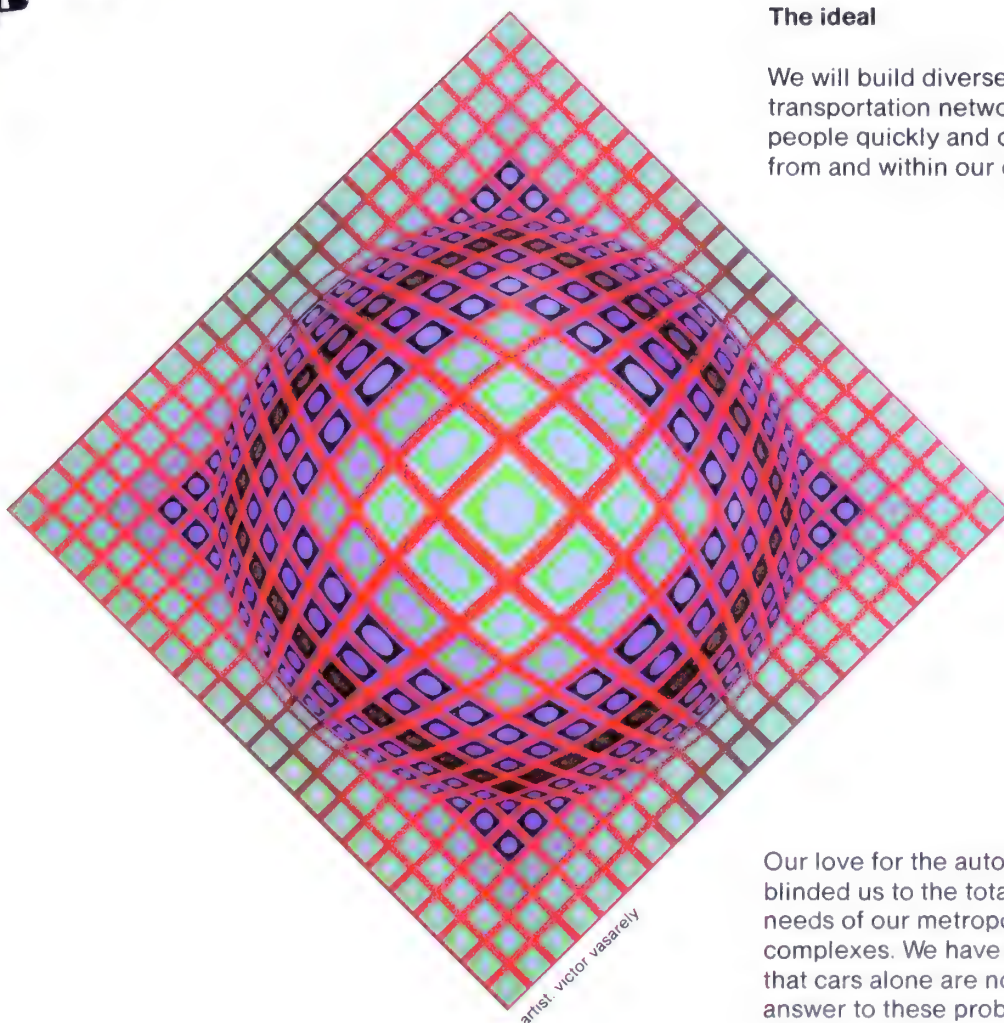


The real

Our cities have been tied up in stifling automotive congestion because we have emphasized cars at the expense of other means of transportation.

The ideal

We will build diverse, balanced transportation networks that move people quickly and comfortably to, from and within our cities.



artist: victor vasarely

Our love for the automobile has blinded us to the total transportation needs of our metropolitan complexes. We have refused to see that cars alone are not the total answer to these problems.

It's time we opened our eyes to the urgent need for balanced mass and private metropolitan transportation networks. Developing them will take innovative planning, public support and cooperation among all levels of government.

But we must begin now to untangle our growing metropolitan complexes—even if it means banning the car from certain parts of our cities.

AtlanticRichfieldCompany ♦

a story by Bettie Jane Murray

THE SOUND OF NOTHING

"Take the empty center of a smoke ring's shadow."

In a small town in Alabama there lived a man and a woman in their middle years. Since they had lived in three younger years. The house faced the railroad and every morning their eyes were awakened by the rattle of the four thirty train from Chattanooga to Birmingham. In the winter the man would get up and start the fire in the small iron grate in their bedroom, and the woman would shuffle into the kitchen to fix breakfast, get out the coffee and knead out biscuits. In summer, the man sat on the front porch to watch the sun rise or lingered in bed while the woman banged about in the kitchen. Then they sat down to eat. Never looking at each other or speaking words. At the end of the meal the man always lit a cigarette and handed it to the woman, then lit himself one. She would go over to the cabinet and get an ashtray and set it between them. Then they would sit talking and relaxing, the smoke intermingled around them and above their heads, at times burning their eyes. They drew on the cigarettes until the ashes touched their fingers and then the man sighed and stretched, picked up his sack lunch and went to work.

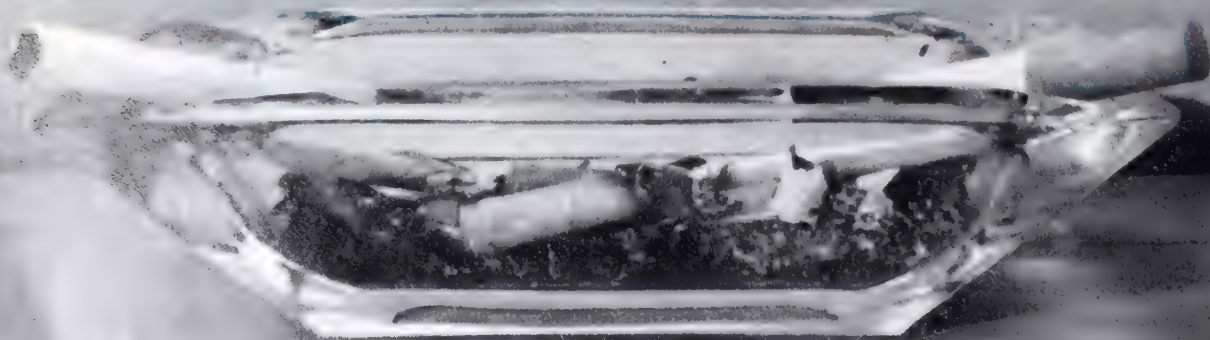
The man was an off-bearer at the sawmill. His job was to catch the wood as it peeled away from the log. Because he had worked so long (since boyhood) around the screaming saw, he had developed a peculiarity in his hearing. Any slight deviation in the screaming he could detect immediately (such as a knot in the wood, or the sound of sandbars at different seasons) and he could hear the voices of the other work-

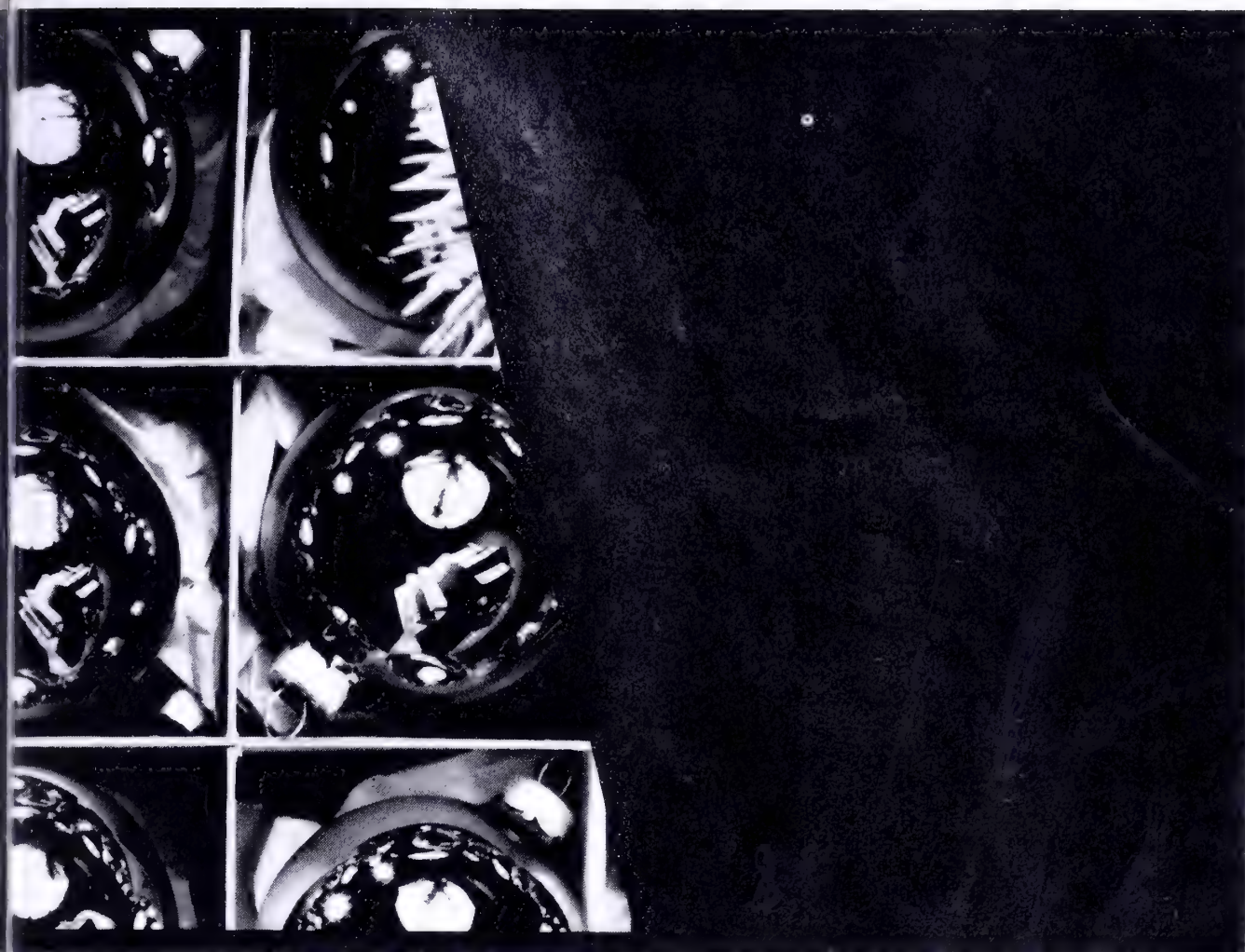
men and women over the strong appeal of the saw. But in the quietness of lunch or in the shade of his house he had difficulty. It was at the restaurant at the sound of nothingness. Under the table he would get some small pocket calculator and small ashtray and set it on the table.

One day the woman asked her husband to go in a garden and when she went to bed she was not able to quiet her aching muscles until after midnight. Her delayed sleep was very deep. The next morning the man and woman, at the difficulty the man had in hearing, they did not awaken when the four-thirty train rumbled by.

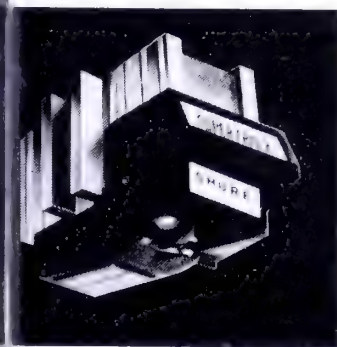
When the woman awoke, her face was burning from the sun through the window. She saw the man lying unmoved beside her, and her first thought was that he was dead. She began to tremble uncontrollably and to stuff the bedclothes in her mouth to stifle her voice. Suddenly she could not stop herself any longer, and she screamed very loud. The man awoke with a start. Upon seeing the sun pouring into the room and hearing the woman's piercing voice, he was completely displaced. He grabbed the woman's shaking body and held her, crying, "Mira, Mira," which was her name and he had not said it for a long, long time.

Not noticing the time they hurried into the kitchen. The woman got the ashtray from the cabinet and set it on the table. With difficulty, the man lit the two cigarettes. They sat down after much scraping and moving of chairs. The smoke curled around their heads and between their feet, at times burning their eyes.





A cartridge in a pear tree.



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SHURE

TWO OF THE MISSING

by Perry Deane Young



Dana Stone



Sean Flynn

A romance of the last war for all you guys out there groovin' on the danger

IF IT HAD NOT HAPPENED to Flynn and Stone—if if those two had not “gotten theirs,” as that crew of witnesses was so fond of saying when some “unlucky” member did not survive—I might have been able to leave the war behind with that last flight to Copenhagen. I had been a reporter in Saigon during most of 1968, and when I returned to the city for a few days in the spring of 1969, I knew I had exhausted the “war experience.” I felt the ugliness of the place for the first time and realized that, yes, I had been part of it. I saw that the everyday risks were hardly worth the garbled paragraphs that had appeared under my name in the wire stories of United Press International. When I boarded that Air France flight I knew I would not become one of those who kept coming back year after year, addicted to the danger and adventure, to the cheap thrill of war, as surely as to heroin. In Copenhagen I would go to the ballet and drink carafes of white wine and eat whole buckets of steamed mussels, and change the subject from the war.

If it had not happened to Flynn and Stone, I, too, might now read the cling-clang datelines of the battle reports from that continuing war with the disinterest of most Americans. In a war almost devoid of glamour (dear God, have we come to the point where a face like Martha Raye's is the best that can be found to inspire our troops to battle?) Flynn and Stone supplied a sort of mock romance in the only war we had. “There may be other, more famous photographers with greater technical skill in Vietnam,” wrote David Greenway of *Time*, “but there are none with more courage and initiative than Stone and Flynn.”

All of us saw in Flynn's extraordinary looks and manners the most dashing mirrored image of ourselves. In a strange way, I think, his uncommon good looks gave a validity to the ex-

perience, and this was why he was courted by correspondents and colonels alike. He looked just like all the war heroes in the movies, and having him along somehow made Vietnam look the way a war was supposed to look. Like his actor father, Sean Flynn filled the image of a romantic swashbuckler: a man of trim athletic build, he stood 6 feet 3 inches, his brown hair turned gold in the sun. But along with the good looks there was the strange, disquieting presence. People would turn toward him and stop talking when he entered a room, and when he spoke (often a mere mumble), people stopped to listen. He would stand there perfectly calm and at ease, but there was something too controlled about him that made you watch to see if he might just lunge away in an unexpected direction.

Dana Stone, the son of a small-town Vermont postman, was a full seven inches shorter than Flynn; he had freckles and curly sandy-colored hair, and wore wire-rim glasses. He was a person you might literally overlook in a crowd except that he was in constant motion. In Vietnam he had a reputation for courage and daring, and the Marines called him “mini-Grunt” because he was rugged and tough and had taken more risks to get his pictures than almost any other photographer in the war. His pictures won prizes from The Hague and from Tass, the Soviet news agency, even when he was working as a free lance with inexpensive equipment. One of his best photos, used as a *Time* magazine cover, shows a Marine crouched in fear during the siege at Con Thien. Both he and Flynn had done camera work for the CBS documentary “Charlie Company,” which won the Peabody Award.

In another time, in another war, these two might have been national characters of heroic standing, and their capture (in Cambodia on April 6, 1970) might have been cause for grandiloquent public testimonials. They were the sort

Perry Deane Young is a writer who has contributed to Rolling Stone and The Saturday Review. He covered the Vietnam war for UPI and intends to publish a book about his experiences.



res one imagines the British Government
ndred years ago would have sent gunboats
gions of troops to rescue, just to bring back
dventure stories.

it was, they were heroes not to the people
ne but to the soldiers who fought the war—
se they were into the drug and music revo-
that the soldiers had come out of in the
, because they always carried a quantity
and tapes of the latest sounds from New
when they traveled among the troops. The
y of war as senseless slaughter had trans-
d the old Hemingway romance by the time
rived at Saigon, and Joseph Alsop and
like him were regarded as absurd old men
rying to recount the valiant victories of
I War II. “Who the fuck’s he think he is?”
Marines asked when I followed Alsop into
Sanh, weeks after the siege had lifted. And
ould quote the Khe Sanh commander as
ting Douglas MacArthur’s “words for the
red dead: “They died unquestioning and
nplaining, with faith in their hearts and on
lips the hope that we would go on to vic-
” The words were simply not appropriate
s war. There was no victory at Khe Sanh or
here in Vietnam, and my most striking
ory of the place is of embittered Marines
g there cursing while listening to a news-
reporting that President Johnson and the
Chiefs of Staff had pledged not to abandon
Sanh. A young Marine in the corner of a
er that had taken several dead and wounded
playing his guitar and singing, “Where
All the Flowers Gone?” Flynn and Stone
ere, passing a joint and groovin’ on the GIs’
c and sharing their own tapes, Arlo Guthrie
ng about evading the draft.

ie GIs saw their own sense of absurdity given
expression by Flynn and Stone. I have a tape
ding of a gathering at Stone’s house in

Danang where he and Flynn swap stories about
their war experiences. The striking thing about
the stories, when I listen to the tape now, is that
they are both laughing over and over about the
absurdity of the situation that our brother jour-
nalists were (are) attempting to record as an-
other solemn chapter in the continuing history
of warfare, meanwhile celebrating the old *macho*
exhilaration of being shot at and missed.

Flynn and Stone enjoyed the war. So did every
other correspondent in Vietnam. We enjoyed
the bitter humor and the proximity to all the
gadgetry of war; even those of us who never
shared the all-American fascination with weap-
ons of death got a certain charge from being with
those who did. We were heirs to the tradition of
war, and war still meant finding the personal
courage to edge right up to death while staying
calm. It was no more or less complicated than a
response to the ultimate challenge—as outdated
and senseless as a barroom showdown.

And so we had this war, and my friends and I
had to be there. Because it was there: because,
as Flynn explained to a friend who didn’t want
to go, “it is the most important thing happening
in the world today.” Ah yes, the others would
say, Flynn and Stone were there “posing as
journalists” because they’re thrill-seekers look-
ing for a new adventure. “How does it feel,” a
woman reporter asked Stone’s wife, “to be mar-
ried to a death wish?” These were the “respon-
sible” ones, those who never examined their own
motives and who, if they had, would have dis-
covered they had actually fled a wife and family
back in suburban U.S.A. and gone to war and
felt young again and enjoyed it. There was never
any pretense with Flynn and Stone. They had
paid their own fares to the war; neither had used
a camera professionally before the war, nor did
they have any plans to work as photographers
after the war. When UPI gave Stone a new Nikon

camera just after his arrival, he had to ask another photographer to show him how to change the film.

The contradictions simply fed our cynicism, which in turn provided our invulnerability and made the enjoyment possible. One morning we could be out in the boondocks, watching a fire fight as if we were privileged spectators in the Roman Colosseum; the same afternoon we could be sailing off the beautiful beaches near Danang. One must go on living, after all. I mean, did you expect us to give up cigars? As a nation, we had become so rich and powerful we could well afford these luxuries even in a war. Newsmagazine journalists got a week's paid vacation for every ten weeks in the war and television journalists for every six weeks. An Army psychiatrist explained to me that the military's promise of a maximum thirteen-month tour in the war, broken up by one and sometimes two paid vacations to any spot in the Orient friendly to the U.S., was the reason there were so few mental breakdowns in this war, though "battle fatigue" had been a major problem in previous wars. He also told me that in previous wars large numbers of American GIs could not bring themselves to fire their weapons the first time in combat, while the opposite was true in this war.

Now I have come to feel that we were not unlike the Berlin cabaret set that kept on laughing, even mocking the storm troopers taking over the streets outside, until the setting had overwhelmed them, and they knew they had been part of it all along.

The dream

I DID MANAGE TO LEAVE THE WAR, and for the most part I had forgotten the textures of it until, eighteen months after they had been captured on a sunny Cambodian afternoon, I saw Flynn clearly in a dream.

Even at a distance, there was no mistaking him, though he stood in a slouch, his arms pulled down as if by shackles that embarrassed him. He wore the same faded vestments the prayer-people of the Island of the Phoenix made for us that time because the holy man of peace, the "coconut monk" as he was known at the American Embassy, had a dream that one of us would surely die if we didn't have new-made clothes by daybreak.

He was standing on a walkway atop some ancient stone stoa; I have fixed this in my memory because I know someday I will see the setting for the first time and recognize its significance in the dream. He could see me running toward him, up the wide worn steps and onto the walkway, but—typical of Flynn—he did not yell or shout a greeting. It was his ideal of man's behavior, a daily kind of courage, "cool and detached, free

from all physical excitement and impassive the calm of a god," as a college friend once described him, quoting from *Hadrian's Memoirs*. (There is more to that quotation: "I do not enter myself that I have ever attained" this is of courage. "The semblance of such courage which I later employed was, in my worst moments, only a cynical recklessness toward life; the best days it was only a sense of duty to which I clung.")

"Hey, howya doin', boy," he said, mocking my own accent, with the widest grin, but without any sort of embrace, not even a handshake.

It had been in Vientiane in April of 1964 the last time I saw Flynn. He got an Embassy telegram from Saigon saying that Tim Page had been wounded again and this time was "permanently disabled." Both of us had been close to Page. A young English photographer who had lived while in our apartment in Saigon and couldn't resist taking too many chances.

Flynn had looked up at me and said, "You just have to make new friends." That stunned me at the time, but now I think it must have been a thought his memory fetched up on some old movie: it was what Flynn would be expected to say. After reading the telegram, we went to a place he knew, and each of us smoked thirteen pipes—when four or five would have been sufficient—of fine Laotian opium and his motorcycle hours after curfew to the locked bars and woke up the girls to tell them our friend was perhaps to die.

"*Peut-être mourir.*" Repeating the phrase yet another bargirl, Flynn started to cry, then he ran off into the dark in shame uncaught up with him and said, "Listen, man, it's all right to cry." But, Flynn said, a man should not cry. We lay on the front porch of a house where we thought an American girlfriend of Flynn's used to live and talked until dawn about our fathers. Flynn told me then he was trying for the first time to write a journal, beginning with the time at age five, that he fired a pistol through a door at his father. He was deeply troubled by his obsession with war and, more than any man I ever knew there, he was struggling to understand his own place in it. Yet he could not leave it; there was always something he had not seen or done or didn't yet understand.

The day after he got the telegram, Flynn and I flew back to Saigon to see Page. Flynn stood there calm and comforting while Page described every detail of his latest wound—even with the incredible shock of having a chunk of rusted metal from a booby trap pass through his forehead and out the back of his skull, he had never lost consciousness. He had had another photographer take a picture of his face, which was hideously bruised as if he had been bludgeoned with clubs. I admired Flynn, a man of such

IN ORDER TO TALK ABOUT WINE, YOU HAVE TO LEARN THE LANGUAGE.

Wine has its own language, not in order to be uppity or anything like that.

Rather, wine words are used in an effort to describe taste sensations—an impossible task from the start since taste can't really be put into words, and everyone has a different sense of it.

Be that as it may, here is a glossary of wine terms brought to you by Inglenook, the most expensive wine made in America.

We've divided our vocabulary into two sections in order to cover those words which describe taste sensations observed in the mouth and those observed in the nose.

WORDS OF MOUTH.

ACIDITY: The essential natural sourness which gives bite on the tongue. It is an important keeping quality and contributes to bouquet.

BALANCED: The best combination of physical components—fruit, alcohol, tannin, acid, and the less tangible grace elements of "breed," "character," and "finesse."

BIG: A wine strong of flavor and high in alcohol and acidity.

BODY: The feeling of weight in the mouth, a tactile sense of substance that depends on the solids in solution and which distinguishes heavy from light wines.

CHARACTER: Complexity in a wine that shows unmistakable and distinctive features, possibly defying precise description.

DELICATE: A light and agreeable balance of flavor and quality.

DEPTH: Subtle richness giving a feeling of many flavor-layers.

DRY: Complete absence of sweetness.

EARTHY: A mineral or organic taste of the soil or terrain.

FINE: Superior overall quality and complexity.

FINISH: The "aftertaste," or the firm and distinctive flavor remaining after swallowing a well-balanced wine.

FOXY: Describing the distinctive spicy tang of native American grapes.

FULL-BODIED: Thick in the tactile sense.

LIGHT: Slender body.

LUSCIOUS: All the balance qualities of softness, sweetness, fruitiness and ripeness.

MELLOW: Soft, ripe and well-matured.

NOBLE: Wine of consistent and continuing great quality and elegance.

NUTTY: A crisp, almost salty taste used to describe some heavy, dry white wines and Sherry.

RICH: A full, but not necessarily sweet, combination of fruit, flavor and body.

RIPE: Wine in its full bloom of maturity and mellowness.



Foxy wine.

ROBUST: Tough, full-bodied wine with much tannin that makes it appear immature, though it may develop in time.

VELVETY: An expression of soft, silky smoothness, implying complexity and quality.

VIGOROUS: A lively, healthy, winy sense of taste descriptive of developing young wines.

WORDS OF NOSE.

ACIDITY: Present and natural in all grapes and wines. Proper acidity in a young wine gives it liveliness and a pleasant mouthwatering quality.

AROMA: The perfume of the grape, in contrast to "bouquet" which is the smell of the wine itself.

BOUQUET: The smell of wine, being characteristic odors developed by oxidation of fruit acids and alcohol.

CLEAN: The absence of foreign or unpleasant smells.

DEEP: A bouquet of full, rich and lasting quality.

FLINTY: The smell of struck flint, typical of certain austere dry wines from high mineral soil.

FRAGRANT: Attractively and naturally scented.

FRUITY: A pleasantly ripe but not necessarily grapy smell.

GRAPY: A rich, sweet aroma produced by certain grape varieties.

NOSE: The combined bouquet and aroma of a wine.

PERFUME: A quality of bouquet developed in the maturing process, as opposed to aroma.

SPICY: Rich and herb-like.

STALKY: A descriptive smell of damp twigs.

WOODY: A particular smell derived from aging in oak casks.



Bouquet.



The nose of wine.

WINE LANGUAGE, SELF TAUGHT.

Of course, the best way to learn the language of wine is not from a book or a list of words like this, but rather from the wine you drink.

And if you buy the best wine you can afford, expressions like "such body," "such balance," and "such bouquet" will spring to mind.

Such is the case with Inglenook.

When tasted against the finest French wines at the National Auction of Rare European and American wines, Inglenook Estate Bottled wine evoked an outpouring of superlatives which included most of the above and some no one had ever heard of.

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It's guaranteed to improve your vocabulary with only one glass.



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INGLENOOK

We make the most expensive wine in America.

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Young
TWO OF
THE MISSING

traordinary calm, because I had to rush outside to be sick from the sterile scene of row on row of men even younger than Page, their heads shaved and sagging where the best neurosurgeons money could buy had sawed out pie-shaped chunks of skull to clean out the rusty metal and sew the brains back in. I had seen hundreds of these same young men bloodied and maimed on the battlefield. That was all somehow natural, everything in its place and proper colors, red and ugly. But in that hospital ward, I had the same shock I remembered as a child when my father took me into a slaughterhouse to watch our calf being lined up and killed behind others, further down the line, already skinned and cleaned.

That night, after visiting Page, the old friends assembled in the huge apartment we had shared. The flat had brick-tile floors, slow-turning fans hung from the high ceilings, and a huge window overlooking a busy intersection on the main street. We had barstools arranged behind an old buffet we pushed up against the window, and we kept three sets of binoculars on top for watching the hookers and pushers and GIs and three stoned cyclo-drivers who parked on the opposite corners.

The apartment fit all our romantic images of the city. It had been converted from a bordello, and the top two floors of the building were still lined up with girls who would lean out the windows and squeal every night when we came home after curfew and had to throw cans to wake up the old man with the key to the downstairs gate.

That night we all got stoned, and a crazy Danish cameraman had us laughing on the floor with a monologue about the hospital visit, including perfect imitations of every moan and groan and twitch of Page and others around him.

Though he tried not to let on, Flynn was more shaken by Page's latest approach to death than by any of his own wounds (he had been nicked by shrapnel three different times, as had Stone). Later Flynn would tell another friend about crying that night in Vientiane; and after he had packed up Page's belongings he wrote out his own will, quoted here in full, except for his and his mother's addresses: "unWILLingly/if me so bad, medivac-acked immediately (or within a 1000 cybernetic years) send goods to me . . . if cool-Aid, celestially unredeemable c/o Mrs. Liliane Loomis . . . Have goods crated by same did Brother Page's—him good. Ask Dang at *Time* office or Marsh Clark, boss. May 3, 1969. Felios SF." (Continuing the quote from *Hadrian's Memoirs*: "At that time . . . a young man who would have lost much in not living a few years longer was daily risking his future with complete unconcern.")

Strangely, Flynn's mother did not want his belongings after he was captured. It would have been admitting that he might not come back. And all his weapons, all the souvenirs of four

years in a war, were left crated up and rushed outside the *Time* villa in Saigon until somehow shipped them to a farmhouse south of San Di, a place owned by a friend of a friend, who not even knew Flynn.

Re

W HERE WE ALL HAD COME FROM was a subject we avoided as much as why we were in Vietnam. We told ourselves that today all that mattered, that who, or what, or even where we had been before was not important. This reminder worked as satisfactorily as Flynn—who never quite escaped the shadow of his father—as it did for Stone, son of a postman in White River Junction, Vermont, and for me, son of a farmer who never went off to war or a place else except to Jackson Hole, Wyoming, once on an elk hunt.

When I met Stone's parents—who now live at a 1798 farmhouse in North Pomfret, Vermont (population 600)—I realized that a lot of prankster humor came from his father, a German man who can retire next year after thirty years of service. On the other side, his rigid practicality (if anybody could survive the very worst of conditions in captivity, all friends agree, Stone could) came straight from his mother, who named him for her father, Dana Hazen—two surnames that descended from the first Puritan settlers of Connecticut and then Vermont. When I stayed with Dana's parents, in a room that was normally rent to skiers, his mother showed me a stack of letters that dated back to April 1966 and asked if there were any earlier letters and she said, "No, I save them until he comes home and then we talk and then I throw them away." Did that mean she never expected him to return from the war? "Oh no, I never expected him to come back from California that time."

His mother drove him out to the highway and Stone hitchhiked to Los Angeles. He got a job at a button factory and later made an attempt to go to college—a few weeks at a community college in Northern California. But he was too restless to sit still for an education; he had, as he was always writing home, "places to go, people to see, things to do, etc."

He met Louise Smiser, who had come from Cynthiana, Kentucky (population 4,000), after graduating from Randolph-Macon Woman's College, and their volatile relationship brought about equally explosive scenes of loving and fighting. He and Smiser (he always called her by her surname) lived for a year in a woods-bought cabin out from Sawyer's Bar, an isolated logging town in Northern California where Stone tried to work an abandoned gold mine. They had no money, and Stone would shoot deer and spear salmon for food. One deer, cut up, packed in gar-

and stored in the icy river, would last two
 hey had two cats he had rescued from the
 furnace at the mill, but they always
 to be sick and whining. One day Stone
 m both. He hadn't thought about how he
 el afterward, Smiser explains, and years
 would use almost identical words to de-
 ome airborne troops in Vietnam after
 I executed a civilian: "So they shot him.
 No reason. Just shot him. Really strange,
 hey'd been in pretty good spirits before
 but afterward I think everybody felt all
 bout it."

ould always say his first war-supported
 in the San Francisco Post Office, where
 al military section had been created to
 mail going to Vietnam. His next war job
 rking as a storekeeper on ships carrying
 o Vietnam.

unt had left him money to buy a couple
 eras and he had been using a free com-
 film laboratory in San Francisco. During
 e leave in Danang, he took pictures that
 ght back to show Smiser, who meanwhile
 ided that if he could go to sea so could
 e got a stewardess's job on a Danish
 er going to Bangkok, thinking it would
 in twenty-eight days. The ship went to
 instead, and Smiser lived in England
 ain for two years before she and Stone
 patched up their differences through let-
 d he sent her the big gold nugget old Jay
 had given them in Sawyer's Bar.

e and a number of other young photog-
 s he later worked with had read an article
 otography magazine quoting the UPI
 chief as saying, "If you're young and
 and want to get rich and famous then
 m is the place to be." UPI wrote back for
 uirers to stop by the bureau "when you
 Saigon." Stone would use that line, "rich
 mous," throughout his career to explain
 e was in Vietnam. (In fact, only one of the
 PI photographers killed in the war made
 than \$200 a week, and he—a Pulitzer
 vinner—made only \$225.)

Journeys

SN'S REASONS FOR GOING to Vietnam were
 haps more complicated than Stone's.
 h his first war story was headlined, "Son
 in Hood in Vietnam," Flynn surpassed his
 merely by being present for a war. The
 Flynn was grazed by a bullet in May of
 on a streetcar ride to the trenches outside
 d, and he did visit Fidel Castro in the
 ains shortly before he died in 1959. But
 l failed to pass his physicals for service in
 War II, a failure that galled him. His
 David Niven once said: "He'd done a lot



Sean Flynn, 1947

of films about war and these were sometimes laughed at, especially in England. He was parodied as a man who should have been in it, and he was most unfairly pilloried because of it. This ate into him. This, compounded with the fact that there was a great place—the war itself—for heroics at the time.”

Sean's mother, the French actress Lili Damita, had divorced the elder Flynn a year after Sean Leslie was born (“out of this impossible snarl of two volatile people came something good anyway,” wrote Errol). It was the year of his sensational trial—and acquittal—on statutory rape charges, which produced the lines that made his name a joke for the rest of his life—in like Flynn, making love with your socks on, going below to see the moon through a porthole.

Lili—she prefers her first name and pronounces it from deep in the throat like Dietrich's Lola—took Sean to Palm Beach when he was a baby, so he could grow up “with the very best of families” and become an engineer as her father and grandfather in France had been. Sean “even looked like I wanted him to look,” she says, “and I did everything for him—I wanted to be mother and father and everything, so that he could be all I ever dreamed of.” She waited until Flynn was twenty-one before she got remarried, to Allen Loomis, a Fort Dodge, Iowa, manufacturer of ice cream specialties like Eskimo Pies. But she has kept the first floor of her modern Thai house in Palm Beach for Sean. Though he hasn't been there since the spring of 1967, his bedroom is still his, “though my husband sleeps there sometimes when Sean isn't here,” and his high-school girlfriend's picture is beside the bed, though she is now married to a dentist and the mother of four children. Lili's all-white upstairs apartment is decorated with forty or fifty photographs of her son. Not one of them shows him in Vietnam.

While growing up, Sean came to admire the owner of a Palm Beach gunshop, who acquired a fantastic collection of weapons for him, including a 357 Magnum, a carbine with an M1 kit on it, a 44 Winchester channeled to hold three cartridges, and a Thompson machine gun. Flynn and his buddies would take his weapons out to some country property his mother owned and play war games, mowing down enemy pine cones and beer cans and, sometimes, whole palm trees.

Flynn's mother was grateful for the gun dealer's shooting lessons, because “it was something I couldn't do.” She did see that Sean had the best education money could buy—Palm Beach Private School and Lawrenceville prep school, where he was All-American in freestyle swimming, and then Duke University, where he was elected freshman class president on the slogan “In with Flynn.” He was only a few months into college when he accepted an offer to star in a sequel to *Captain Blood* written and produced by the same men who had done the original that

had launched his father's career back in Hollywood—sporting about in a new red J wearing the plumed hat of d'Artagnan; a flare gun, with Tuesday Weld, from the George Hamilton's apartment building—he described them as the “most miserable moment of his life. His father's shadow was towering there, and when he left for Spain to do his first movie, he never returned except for a brief visit in 1967. He moved into an apartment his grandmother had left him in Paris, installed smoked mirrors on the ceiling of his bedroom, plugged in two electric guitars he never learned to play, and mounted a loaded M16 (“off switch on rock and roll, one up the spout,” as he would say) over his bed.

“I like to drive fast foreign cars,” Flynn said in an early interview. “I like to fish, hunt, and sail. And I like to live it up with girls. I'm what you might call a hedonist, a young man specializing in pleasure.” By 1966, he had done all this, even living on his father's yacht part of the time, and he had become bored with the restrictions. He told *Paris-Match* he had “quit my job as a playboy” to take part in the “grandest venture—that of war and of death.” He arrived in Saigon in January of 1966 and promptly presented himself at the *Time* bureau to ask for freelance work. He was wearing full combat gear including two grenades—their safety pins taped—hooked onto his web gear.

In his first story, Flynn said he had felt like a tourist holding his cameras while men were dying all around him. He had just begun to learn about war and death, he said, “so I have decided to stay two months more.”

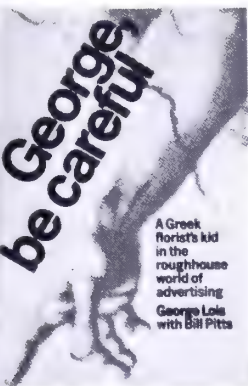
Flynn and Stone would always argue about which of them was the greater authority on Vietnam—Stone had arrived a few months after Flynn but then Flynn had not stayed there as many months as Stone had. They met shortly after Stone arrived and started getting free-lance assignments from UPI as part of that energetic and talented collection of young men who lived out of the “dormitory” bunk beds in a room above the UPI offices. UPI relied very heavily on the young men who were willing to risk their lives every day for photographs that they sold for \$10 apiece.

At that point the Green Berets were the exotic jungle fighters that the war hero President Kennedy had championed, and both Flynn and Stone spent a lot of time with them, although the officers were very particular about whom among the press corps they allowed into their encampment. As Stone wrote his parents: “Spent December traveling with Special Forces. . . . Learned about cooking rice in a piece of bamboo and cooking dogs by simply hitting them on the head and throwing them in the fire. I learned

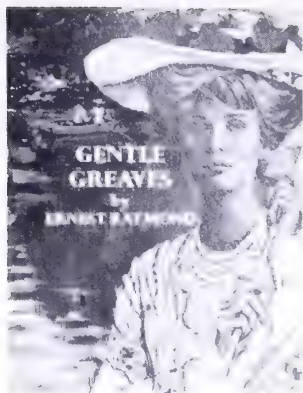
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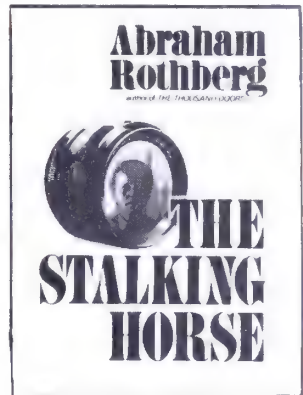
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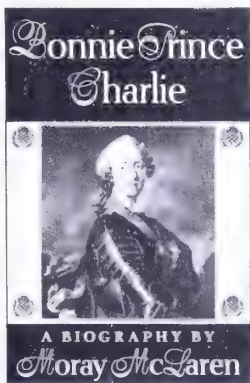
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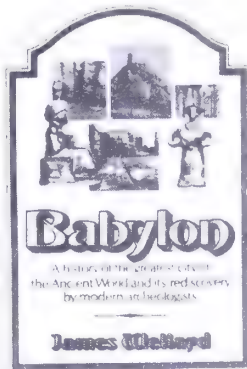
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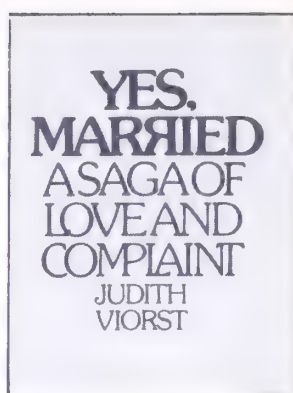
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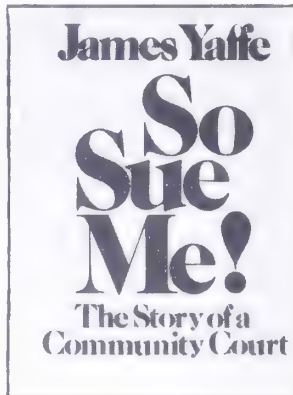
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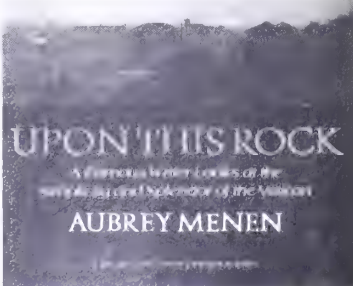
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about eating eggs that were already half chicken and I could possibly transplant a banana tree. I also learned 40 different ways to make a man tell you things he'd rather not."

On one patrol Flynn wrote about, some Green Berets had shot some cows because they feared their mooing would be a cover for Vietcong to sneak in on them during the night. But the cows remained standing after they were shot. For the rest of his life, Flynn said, he would remember their enormous uncomprehending eyes staring at him in terror. Flynn finished killing the cows with his own pistol, explaining that he had begun to learn the real bestiality of war: if he had not killed the cows, they might have caused his own death.

Stone delighted in telling stories that shocked the phony sensibilities of those around him. A GI shot a little boy on a patrol Stone was on once, but he said there was great confusion about what to do with the kid since the American pilots would not carry him out without a civilian escort. Then they spotted a lost little girl and put her on the helicopter with him, without a thought for who or where their parents might have been.

Another story Stone told was about seeing a GI get shot in the balls. Here it was, the ultimate war wound, and what should he do with his camera in such a situation? He was troubled by it (for maybe a few seconds) but went ahead and took the pictures of the young man in supreme agony. But then, and this is the point of the story, the soldier yelled for Stone to come over. He was sure the fellow would ask him for his film, but no, he wanted copies of the pictures.

The high of war

BOTH FLYNN AND STONE were too close to the realities of the war not to be aware of the dangers it presented. But survival in such circumstances is really the most splendid of highs. And they both thrived on this. Although they would leave many times, they would always return to the war.

Flynn had planned to be in Vietnam only a few weeks when he first arrived, then he said in his *Paris-Match* article he would stay two more months, but it was seven months later when he took off for Singapore to star in another film, this one called *Cinq Gars Pour Singapore*. He returned to Saigon for a few months after he made the film, then flew to Paris and to Palm Beach, where his mother and friends say he talked very little about the war. He even told some of them that he was through with drugs, through with the war. Several times, he did give up drugs—once telling a friend how he bought a kilo of grass in Vientiane, brought it to his room, rubbed it in his hair and all over his body, threw it up in the air, and said goodbye to it forever. But

always he would return to drugs, just as he would return to the war.

Stone, meanwhile, had been plotting his escape from the war. He wrote his parents in spring of 1967, "I'm not sure whether or not I'm finished in Vietnam—it looks as though the war will last a while, a long while, but I'm not sure that I would, and the risks were getting way out of proportion to the gains. I seemed to be getting the same pictures that I had made many times before and as I became more accustomed to the war what had initially been interesting and exciting became dull and frightening."

Stone took off on a truly cursed ship called *Conqueror*, where knife fights among the international crew became part of the ship's routine. After several months without pay, the crew seized the ship in Hong Kong, and Stone never did collect more than \$1,000 owed him. He went back to a staff photography job with UPI in Vietnam and in a few months had saved up enough to fly Smiser from Spain, get married (January 10, 1968) at the embassy in Bangkok, and then settle into a two-room villa in Danang with brand-new Honda motorcycle for the family.

Stone insisted that Smiser know all about his experiences because one day she, too, would be back and say she had seen a war. A few days after they were back in Danang, nearby rocket blasts signaling the Tet offensive shook them out of bed. Stone put her behind him on the motorcycle and they rode out to a fire fight where he insisted she take a camera and photograph a man who had been decapitated by an M16 fired in close range.

Later, he took her along on a visit to the First Air Cavalry Division base camp. They ate cannibal rations with the enlisted men for lunch, and then they were guests at the general's mess for dinner—a near-formal affair, complete with cocktails and wine, and seven courses up to tutti-frutti cream. Stone was a real hero among the fellows in the Public Information Office tent, and later that night they were all chatting away with the old buddy—leaving a new guy standing looking rather lost and lonely without any experiences to reexplore. Smiser didn't have much of a war to talk about either, and so she talked to the new kids about backhome. The base was hit with rockets and mortars that night, and Smiser's new friend was splattered all over the inside of the present. Stone insisted that she go in and look though it made her sick—because this was war, and this was his job.

I arrived in Saigon the night before the Tet offensive began, and I was in Khe Sanh the next week and in Hué the week after that. Stone and I first became comrades when he saw me getting off a supply boat in Hué. The boat had taken several hits, and some Vietnamese soldiers besides me were wounded: I had passed my test of fear.

By the time I knew them, both Flynn and

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had moved beyond the gun-toting stage of early Green Beret adventures and were getting more and more involved with the mese civilians and their lives. Stone and I had a real house and a landlord and I had to shop in Vietnamese markets which involved them in day-to-day contact with the civilians.

He said in a tape to his parents, "I don't shootin's not much fun anymore. I don't huntin' will be much fun either. I'd sure see some of those sporty people I've known in and in California. Sporty fishermen. They oughta come over here where you're fishin' with a hook in your mouth too."

His friend Carl Robinson—an AP photo man who had quit his civilian job with USAID and married a Vietnamese woman named Dung—and his wife would take Flynn along with them to her family in the village of Go Cong in the delta below Saigon. And through Steinbeck IV, a young GI who later worked for Patch News and as a soundman for CBS, I was introduced to the many religions in Vietnam. Steinbeck would later say it saved him decades of learning about "livin' with a name that is only partly your own."

At this time it was late 1968 and the war was getting worse—what with the Columbia rebellion and "Chicago" backhome and the peace talks getting under way in Paris. So Stone—who had switched from UPI to the AP in early summer—and Flynn and I all made plans to leave for the new year. For a few months, we would be wandering around the other countries of the Orient.

Stone and Smiser had two or three months to get their new Volkswagen camper to arrive in Singapore. They hitchhiked from Singapore to the western coast of Malaysia through Thailand to the northern juncture of Thailand, Laos, and Laos. Then they went to Vientiane along the Mekong River down through northern Laos, and across Cambodia. Finally, they hitched back down the eastern coast of Malaysia to Singapore, where they boarded an ocean passenger ship for Madras. They said goodbye to me in Singapore in March 1969 and, I seemed, left the East forever.

Flynn, meanwhile, had merely crossed over the border into the still untroubled countryside of Cambodia. He spent days and weeks bicycling through the massive ruins of Angkor Wat—photographing, measuring, just getting stoned and enjoying all the mystery of the place. He once wrote his mother from there, "We are all God's children—me, you, me, Cambodia."

Stone had bought yet another motorcycle in Laos and had been exploring northwestern Laos—down roads even the CIA was afraid to go. ("just groovin' on the danger," he would write me)—before I saw him that last time in

April of 1969. We flew back to Saigon the next day to stand beside Page, then Flynn helped pack up Page's belongings, wrote his own will, and just lived out his days in a romantic routine that Graham Greene, Somerset Maugham, and countless others had enjoyed in the city before us. This included breakfast in the Café Pagode, then a two- or three-hour drink of citron and soda or pastis and water, in a tall glass, on the wide open terrace of the Hotel Continental, then maybe a beer in the Casino Bar down Nguyen Thien Street across Tu Do from our apartment.

There was a friendly bartender in the Casino who would hand across joints dipped in opium for us to smoke whenever we walked in with Flynn. And there were the coveys of girls who would stand off and giggle and gossip about Flynn—the town's only movie star. (His films were often showing at the main cinema, the Rex, and the bargirls would say he didn't look like himself without his guns or he looked older with the moustache.)

In July of 1969, Flynn was assigned by *Time* to take photographs of President Nixon's visit to Indonesia. Stone by this time was four months into his trip to Sweden and had already written me and others that he was tired of the scenery, yearning for the good-gone days of Vietnam.

He and Smiser had progressed through India, Nepal, Pakistan, Afghanistan, Iran, Turkey, and Greece and were headed on up to that imagined logging camp. When they finally got to northern Sweden, they found that every little town was clean and electrified and civilized—nothing like the grungy outposts they had sought. And the only job Stone could get was marking trees, because they said he was too small to handle the logs (that looked like saplings compared to the giant redwoods he had worked in the river near Sawyer's Bar).

So, just a few months before Flynn made the same decision for different reasons, Stone turned around and went back to Vietnam.

STONE HAD NEVER USED a television camera before and had always spoken with more contempt for the "TV guys" than he had for the "writer guys." He explained in a tape to his parents, "The TV guy, the talker guy, is always some fat old guy who doesn't wanta walk, doesn't wanta stay out in the field or anything. . . ."

But back in Vietnam he found his old buddy Keith Kay, a CBS cameraman who was as daring as Stone and, more important, had also worked once as a logger near Sawyer's Bar. Stone was able to get free-lance assignments from CBS and, with Kay's instruction, was shooting top-quality action footage that was being used on the Walter Cronkite show by the time Smiser could get their luggage from the camper back home to Kentucky. She stayed a few days at home, then joined

"Flynn and Stone enjoyed the war. So did most of the correspondents in Vietnam. We enjoyed the bitter humor and the proximity to all the gadgetry of war."



him in January 1970, in our old apartment on Tu Do Street.

Stone was out in the field shooting "Charlie Company" when Flynn arrived in Saigon from his Indonesia assignment.

Flynn had let his hair grow long and bleached blond from the Bali sun, and he was as trim and healthy as anybody had ever seen. Jack Laurence, the young and talented correspondent who was doing the "Charlie Company" documentary, quickly tried to convince Flynn to join the crew and go back to the field with them. Flynn was skeptical as he sat in the Tu Do Street apartment, rolling one joint after another and passing them around on a worn copy of Chairman Mao's red book. He said he didn't want to cover war anymore, that he didn't need the money. Finally he agreed to go for a few days.

Stone had meanwhile departed for Cambodia where a whole new war was sure to follow a U.S.-supported coup that had overthrown the government of neutralist Prince Norodom Sihanouk. Flynn talked more and more about Cambodia, and Laurence woke up one morning to find him crouched over a *Stars and Stripes* story headlined: "NVA ADVANCES ON PHNOM PENH." Flynn envisioned tank fights in the streets of Phnom Penh and, he told Laurence, he would be there when it happened.

He flew to Phnom Penh and moved into Stone's room in the old Hotel Royale, the center of a lively group of journalists who had always considered the city their favorite spot in Southeast Asia. Flynn had been sent on a free assignment by *Time*, and Stone was working as a CBS soundman because the company already had a cameraman there.

Smiser arrived a few days after Flynn, on April 4, 1970, in fact, a wildly happy day and that overshadows all her other memories because it was the last night she spent with her husband. Smiser and Stone made love in their room, then went out and bought all kinds of beer and cheese to drink and eat beside the pool. That night, when they came in from dinner, the lights were off around the pool, so they took off their clothes, dived in, and then made love under the open sky.

Flynn woke them early the next morning and Stone had rented two bright red motorcycles for the trip (about two hours from Phnom Penh) to the border towns. They discussed everything they packed because Flynn had a particular story in mind (the U.S. bombing weeks before the actual invasion), and he wanted them to look as little like journalists as possible. Flynn wore flip-flop sandals, short pants, T-shirt, floppy jungle hat; Stone wore sneakers, dunderbags, a T-shirt, and Smiser's hat, which she had gotten from a "survival" kit all American pilots carried. It was bright yellow on one side,

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on the other. Neither of them carried a gun that day. Smiser walked down to the courtyard with them, kissed Stone goodbye, made a secret remark about the swimming pool, and Flynn and Stone drove out the gates and came back.

NOBODY KNOWS WHERE THEY STAYED that night, but the next day they joined up with a tour that had come down (a two-hour tour) to watch the reoccupation of the town of Chi Pou, which straddled National Route 1 about 100 miles between Saigon and Phnom Penh. It was supposed to be another slapstick production by the defunct Cambodian Government, which would never figure out the reporters anyhow. One of the press cars arrived in front of the line of armored cars that were supposedly “escorting” them. At a press briefing by a Cambodian officer, the reporters learned that the army had planned to take no action that day, and all of them returned to Phnom Penh without incident.

Several reporters had heard about a Vietcong roadblock two miles outside the town, though, and they stayed to see if the Cambodian Army was going to seize the roadblock. Troops were moving in that direction, and Flynn and Stone went to a café discussing what they should do. A French and two Japanese journalists had been captured at this roadblock the day before their burned-out cars left beside the highway. The journalists at Chi Pou that day knew nothing of this, but they also knew that three or four days prior to this some reporters had been detained by a North Vietnamese unit on a road just south of Chi Pou; they had merely been politely informed and allowed to return to Phnom Penh. Theirs were the most sensational stories in the press bars for days and implanted in everyone's mind that it might just be possible in Cambodia to get a glimpse finally of the other side and live to tell the story.

Those who overheard Flynn and Stone say goodbye were reluctant to go right up to the last. At the café, Flynn got up and rode off on his motorcycle alone. But Stone followed him within minutes. They were overheard continuing their conversation as the mission stopped on the road nearer the roadblock. Stone was saying he had a wife waiting for him back at the hotel, and he hadn't lived through four years of war to end up getting captured. Flynn said, “I know it's dangerous, but that's what makes it a good story.”

Nobody Dyckerman—who first went to Vietnam for the *New York Herald Tribune* in 1966, then stayed on as *Newsday's* correspondent—saw Flynn and Stone with their bikes parked beside the burned-out cars at the roadblock. His car had been stopped at a checkpoint, so Dyckerman got out, waved at Flynn and Stone, and

started walking toward them. “It was a bright, very pretty sunny day,” Dyckerman recalls, “and all the peasants were out working in the fields. They were waving and smiling for photographs.”

There had been a line of Cambodian troops, tanks, and armored cars at the roadblock when Dyckerman started out. (The Vietcong apparently had withdrawn to the nearest treeline to watch the show.) Then, without ever firing a shot, the Cambodians began a casual retreat—smiling and waving for Dyckerman to take their pictures. Flynn and Stone were left standing alone at the roadblock.

The Cambodians sauntered back past Dyckerman, but he continued walking until his taxi roared up beside him and the driver started yelling frantically for him to get in because of “Vietcong! Vietcong!” Women and children were still along the road and Dyckerman saw no need for alarm, but it was his only ride back to Phnom Penh, so he waved goodbye to Flynn and Stone, got in his taxi, and left.

Later, three members of a French television crew were walking up the same road. Flynn spotted them and started back. The cameraman turned on his camera, and in Paris there is a film that shows Flynn warning them, “Pathet Lao! Pathet Lao!” The only explanation for his confusion (Pathet Lao instead of Vietcong or Khmer Rouge) is that he was in unfamiliar territory or that he was downright scared. There is no sign of Stone in the film, but Flynn turns around and rides back toward the roadblock. The French crew returned to Paris to write a sensational story, headlined: “THEY OWE THEIR LIVES TO SEAN, SON OF ERROL FLYNN.”

The capture

HUNDREDS OF RUMORS FOLLOWED their disappearance that sunny afternoon, April 6, 1970. A former colleague sent a telegram saying, “Poor Smiser, she gets only sympathy here. Suppose you heard the story of two Caucasians found tortured and crucified in the area.” Nobody bothered to squash the rumor later after it turned out to be two French priests the right-wing Cambodians had crucified.

There seemed to be a “special hurry,” as Hemingway said of men in another time, for these two to be killed off, for the others who had shared their experience to know for certain they had “gotten theirs” for their extra daring. To this date, there is no definite information that they are dead, yet the *National Enquirer* talked with a number of their colleagues for a story in March of this year, reporting, “Most of young Flynn's fellow newsmen and photographers and friends in Southeast Asia believe he is dead.”

A full month after Flynn and Stone were captured, three other reporters were taken prisoner

“Flynn and Stone would always argue about which of them was the greater authority on war.”

very near the same spot. One of them was hardly a reckless young adventurer. He was Richard Dudman—who is fifty-two, bald, and Washington bureau chief of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*—and he has written about his capture: “I am optimistic by nature and felt elated at the prospect of getting my first look at the other side of a war I had been writing about for ten years. . . . ‘If we get out of this alive,’ I said, ‘we’ll have one hell of a story.’” These three were released after forty days as prisoners of the North Vietnamese-Khmer Rouge-Vietcong forces, but they were given no information at all about Flynn or Stone or the other correspondents who had been captured in the area.

A committee of well-known American journalists (Walter Cronkite is the chairman, and he carried leaflets about the missing men to leave with his hosts on the President’s trip to China) has been able to assemble enough data to prove that several of the captured journalists were not killed on sight, and had survived for at least two months after their capture.

Zalin Grant, a former Army intelligence officer fluent in Vietnamese who later worked for *Time* and the *New Republic*, interviewed hundreds of villagers in the area as well as defectors from the Communist forces and soldiers captured during the American invasion of the same area. By correlating information from the interviews, Grant was able to trace the route by which six journalists were taken back from the border front to a village near Kratie City, through which Stone and Smiser had hitchhiked just a year earlier. There, on May 31, 1970, they were last seen by a North Vietnamese soldier who later defected and said, “It was about dusk when they brought them to the house, and we were stationed around there and we came to see what was going on. When we asked the Cong An [security guards] they told us these were journalists captured in April on Highway 1.”

One of the journalists, the defector said, “had a light yellow-brown moustache and long sideburns. His hair was long, down to his collar. He was very big but his stomach was not very big. I heard he was American.” The defector also mentioned that two of the guards rode bright red motorcycles.

This report provided hope that Flynn was all right, but another report had it that Stone had been badly wounded during an American bombing raid and was laid up in some field prison with an open stomach wound requiring skin grafts that the guerrilla medics could not handle. Personal appeals to Sihanouk in Peking failed to confirm the report, and after a long exchange with Smiser (who was in touch with his mother and children under house arrest in Phnom Penh) he admitted that he was out of touch with his shadow government in Cambodia.

A Dutch adventurer who claimed to have

traveled with Regis Debray in Bolivia brought out the report about Stone. This Johannes Duynisfeld, who was released with a group of French journalists who had been captured several weeks after Flynn and Stone were captured. The Establishment journalists counted Duynisfeld’s stories mainly because of his disheveled appearance. Later, there were discrepancies in what he had said and what had written in his diaries. But, after he described Stone’s odd-shaped feet (a detail he could not have overheard in a bar), Smiser was more than willing to go along in his game of intrigue that involved secret meetings with men of connections in Phnom Penh, Bangkok, and Vientiane. She bought everything on Duynisfeld’s list of medicines needed for the operations, and one morning in Phnom Penh she put \$20 (that was all he asked for) in his hand and wished him well as he set off on a bicycle for the other side of the war.

Three months later, Smiser had not heard from Duynisfeld, so she followed his instructions and wrote to a friend of his in Holland and asked him to go to Sihanouk. Then, one afternoon, a man who reads faces came by the Tu Do Street apartment, and she asked him to examine a photograph of Duynisfeld and tell her if this was an honest man.

The man who reads faces examined the photograph and then said, “But this man is dead.” Ten days later, Smiser found out that Duynisfeld had been killed by South Vietnamese and American troops that very afternoon. A Vietnamese photographer had retrieved his diaries that told of his training for a “mission” for the guerrilla forces. But the only evidence of his mission to find Stone and bring him out was a notation that the town where they were supposed to meet had been destroyed by American bombs.

The man who reads faces had also examined photographs of Flynn and Stone. For Flynn, he said, it was not an unusual year. For Stone, it was a very bad year, “but if he can live through this year . . .”

When I talked with Flynn in my dream, I had mentioned this story about Stone’s stomach wound and Flynn had laughed aloud as he rarely did. “Stone’s all right,” Flynn had said. “He just took a little gaff.”

“Gaff.” It was a word I never used and its unfamiliar sound woke me up that morning. The dictionary definition of the word, “rough treatment, abuse,” was comforting. And since there have been other dreams. In one, Stone and other friends and I are camped out in some wilderness spot and he is telling me he doesn’t want to talk about his capture, as if it—any of my story—are embarrassing to him. In another dream, Flynn and I discuss the story—“funny how all those people would say those things,” he says, “and none of them add up to me.”

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COMMENTARY

THE BUMP OF OUTRAGE

IT IS A melancholy truth that the cranial eminence to which I invite your attention, the Bump of Outrage, was unaccountably overlooked in classical phrenology. Seek out a reliable phrenologist and search his charts for it, you will do so in vain. Indeed, in these latter days, a practicing phrenologist is about as hard to come by as a Volkswagen in Henry Ford's six-car garage. Clearly, the two facts are connected.

There was a time—and a good time it was—when learned professors of phrenology plied their trade across the length and breadth of our fair land. With charts and plaster models of ideal heads, the phrenologist was able to unravel the mysteries of character by palpating his subject's skull with sensitive fingers. He proceeded from the sensible assumption that a person's various faculties—Acquisitiveness, Amativeness, Inhabitativeness, Eventuality, and so on to the number of thirty-five—all have their particular seats in the brain; and that if a faculty is well developed, there must be a corresponding development—a "bump"—on the head to make room. What could be more obvious? Once planted on these shores, this sensible science, though German in origin, made American hearts and heads its own.

But what has this, you may ask, to do with Outrage? The concernancy, sir? It is, quite simply, that if qualified phrenologists today are scarcer in the Yellow Pages than licensed homeopaths, there can be no reason other than their careless neglect of the Faculty of Outrage. For in those good old days when phrenology flourished in our land, Outrage also was so universal a faculty that it seemed to call for no special analysis. So highly developed was this vital faculty that

the good folk, living as they did in a perpetual tremor of Outrage, must have regarded the entire human head as but one great Bump of Outrage. Were women wearing bloomers, riding bicycles, demanding admission to institutions of higher learning? Outrage! Were scoundrels enlisting hon-

centered around clubs, of which there were just enough so that about ten per cent of the undergraduates were regularly admitted. Those who were not invited or who did not choose to join might just as well have transferred then and there to a branch campus on Jupiter. The obvious solution, it seemed to me, was fewer clubs,

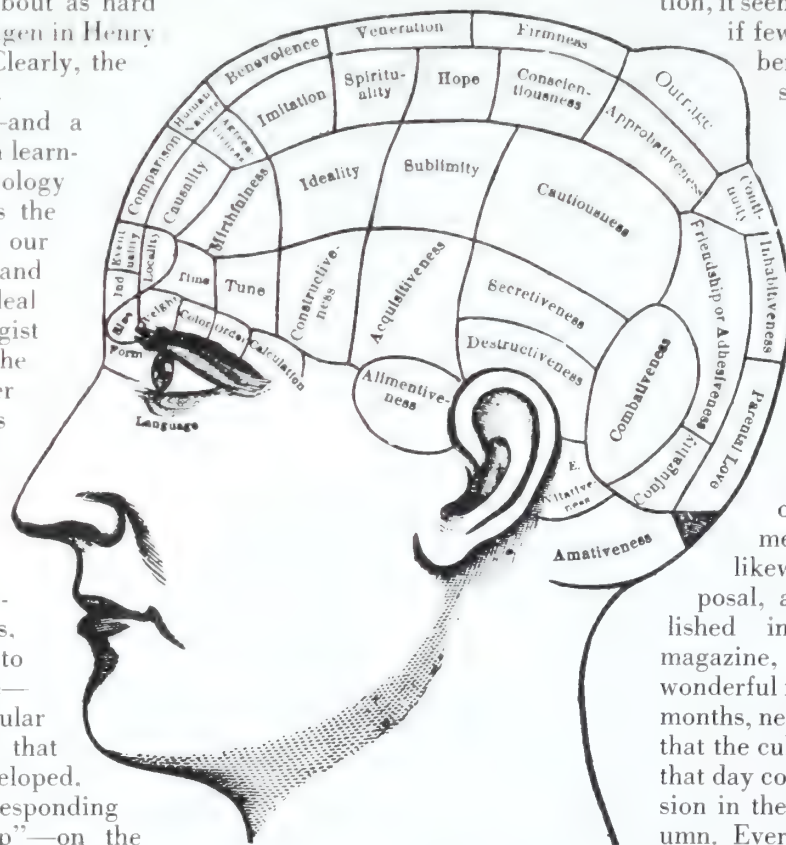
if fewer clubs, then fewer members, and the young ones would attach less importance to the social hierarchy between. Consequently, when one of the clubs burned to ground, I assume the group sharing the view had at last appeared on campus and taken direct action. I wrote them a four-page open letter of consultation, expressing the modest hope that other forward-looking men would go out and likewise. This delicate

proposal, as it happened, was published in the college's alumni magazine, a weekly, and elicited a wonderful response. Over the next months, nearly every form of Outrage that the cultivated American mind that day could conceive found expression in the Letters to the Editor column. Every stratum of alumni was represented, from striplings my own age to spry bankers in their nine-

It was a magnificent flowering of the Faculty of Outrage, but it appeared to have grown on stony ground.

Any who doubt this depressed conclusion need only consider the numberless occasions for Outrage that the past years have afforded and the supineness of our response.

Strikes by teachers demanding more pay for less work have become so commonplace that children may learn more arithmetic from counting strike votes than they would in class. But has any governor suggested chaining teachers to their desks and replacing them with apple-cheek-



est workingmen in societies that doubted the sanctity of the twelve-hour day? Outrage! Had some rascal invented a device for bringing strangers' voices and dangerous electricity into the very home? Outrage! Some occasions for Outrage might be greater than others, but the faculty itself was possessed by all.

I date the last days of Outrage from an incident in my own life. It was early in the Television Era, and I had just graduated from college. The social life of the youths at my college

Robert Douglas Mead is an amateur disciple of phrenology, homeopathy, and other vital sciences.

ial Guardsmen, who might at keep order? No! They furrow brows and devise new taxes for segmented salaries that are sure low. And the citizens pay.

re seemed to be some hope for Faculty of Outrage a few years when numbers of our fellow citizen began to harbor unkind thoughts Earl Warren and, more recently, Lyndon Johnson and Richard . . . But how did they express themselves? They proposed to *im-* these gentlemen. And they billboard and newspaper space so; they formed committees solicited funds. I have looked in or even a bumper sticker in- by all this fiddle with some w of true Outrage (for exam- Tar and Feather Richard M. . .).

he liberal Northwest, a young n was arrested for manipulating uncovered mammae in a public and was brought before a judge. she was invited to repeat her mance, no doubt in lieu of tes- y. The judge ruled this a form at he called "expression" (he t say of what) and consequently ted by some article or other of onstitution. The case was rel- without comment, in news- s as far away as New York.

spaniel-headed young film ac- more celebrated for her causes the Hollywood ladies of an day for their divorces, paid a o the benevolent rulers of Hanoi.

she made a number of radio casts inviting American sol- to check their weapons in the st foxholes and betake them- forthwith to never-never land.

the young lady came home a reporter asked if she thought of her fellow citizens might not ere was something a little, well, king about the broadcasts. No. id, they couldn't because there ly one way of looking at it and as *her way*, so there, yanhhh! waited hopefully, but in vain. at last, one supposed, was a y successor to Axis Sally, Tokyo and Eytie Ezra among the ob- of American Outrage. (Hanoi ah would have done nicely as a *de guerre*.) Alas! No raucous rose from the welcoming crowd airport. One Congressman, it is offered to "investigate" the lady, whatever that may mean

really, as Will Rogers sup-

posed, have the best Congressmen money can buy?), but meanwhile the highly paid bureaucrats of the Department of Justice were puzzling their heads to find a constitutional clause or amendment under which the broadcasts were allowable.

IT SHOULD BE EVIDENT by now that the Faculty of Outrage is no simple matter but a complex balancing of reciprocal qualities. Since it is precisely by the absence of such qualities that our national life has been diminished, it may be well to analyze further, for the benefit of younger readers who may never have known Outrage at first hand.

Outrage, then, is first of all a matter of perception: the ability to perceive a particular instance of fatuous human inanity enlarged to manic proportions—a tree, as it were, so huge that it resembles a forest and thus is nearly invisible. Such perceptiveness, though not indiscriminate, is no respecter of persons: it will no more mistake the noose around its hero's neck for a halo than it will confuse the mote in a villain's eye with a beam. Moreover, the perception from which true Outrage springs is never slow or reflective; it is instantaneous. Instantaneous perception of a grotesque human absurdity, however, is not enough. The perception must be linked with a devastating response. Mere anger or muttered indignation, rolled eyes and twirled moustache tips will not do. The momentary burst of emotion must fall like a thunderclap, with the deeply felt intention of scorching its target from the surface of the globe. It must be, in a word, *outrageous*.

Clearly, in these times, the Faculty of Outrage has been taxed as never before by human outrageousness projected to the limits of the Solar System. Is it not possible that the decline of Outrage is due to simple overuse? If so—if truly we can say of Outrage, "It is not dead but sleepeth"—then there is hope: the Bump may rise again.

So it is to the phrenologists of the future that I direct my final message. Study history, gentlemen! Add one faculty to your charts and cherish it above all others. *Remember the Bump of Outrage*, and to *hell* with lesser protuberances!

—Robert Douglas Mc
Paoli, Pa.

—N.J. STATE PRISON AT TRENTON

"I have been here in this cell since 1946, twenty-three hours a day. One hour out for a bath and exercise. To avoid climbing the wall, I started to write. Being only a child when I came to prison, my ability to relate to any other subject is strictly mental."

MY CELL OF STEEL

My cell of steel cold and bare,
A sanctum of deep despair,
The cold steel walls.
The cold steel door,
My cave of sorrow forever more.

A place to think when lights are out,
Trying to figure what it's all about,
Lying in bed . . . in darkness stare,
While cigarette smoke climbs in the air,
My soul is cloaked in deep despair.

I lay and stare at my cell of steel,
Wondering how each man must feel,
Encased like me, in his cell of steel,
Bound forever in this cold cold room.
Is this my fate . . . is this my doom?

Where are you dear God . . .
With your power to feel,
The loneliness of my cell of steel.
Forsaken . . . forgotten by everyone,
My mind is scared . . . begins to run.

Has my fate been decided forever more,
To watch life pass this cold steel door,
The walls close in . . . or so it seems,
Wake up . . . wake up, it's only a dream,
A continuous nightmare forever it seems.

A movement, a motion, you give out a sigh,
It was just the guard . . . passing by.
Does he know your thoughts or how you feel,
Laying here wrapped . . . in your cell of steel,
Your mind grows numb . . . unable to feel.

In darkness you toss, you cannot see,
Will this go on till . . . eternity.
Does life hold nothing at all for me,
Can there be no warmth for me to feel,
Confined forever in my cell of steel.

Stop the night just let it be,
Another escape from reality,
You toss and turn . . . too tired to feel,
Your mind is frantic . . . begins to reel
In its efforts to escape this cell of steel.

The lights come on, you sit up and blink,
Another night has passed, you hope you think,
There is no need to look to see if it's real.
Close your eyes . . . reach out and feel
The cold cold walls of your cell of steel.

—O.C. (Chuck) Spicer
50570-6-R-199

BOOKS

To prove his toughness in Europe, Jack Kennedy went to war in Asia.
A remarkable account of Presidential self-deception, from Vienna to Vietnam.

The Best and the Brightest, by David Halberstam. Random House, \$10.

DAVID HALBERSTAM'S NEW book emerges as a detailed, readable, and logical sequel to his earlier fine book on Vietnam, published in 1961, *The Making of a Quagmire*. The book's title describes those who joined President Kennedy's administration immediately after his inauguration, those who came to Camelot. President Kennedy had assembled the best and the brightest, but they will be remembered in history for having brought the worst tragedy to this country since our Civil War of over 100 years ago. Halberstam's book consists of profiles of the principal characters and describes how they were interrelated and carried out their responsibilities. He has done over two and a half years of research and has already published profiles of McGeorge Bundy (*Harper's*, July 1969) and President Lyndon Johnson. Aside from the description of the characters themselves, the book is a fascinating account of the manner in which a President can become isolated, and seriously misled, on matters of great national importance.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY'S VISIT to Paris in the early summer of 1961 was his first diplomatic trip abroad. Although we did not realize it at the time, it was also the first step on the long road that led him to Vietnam. During World War II we had given arms to Ho Chi Minh, and after V-J Day we provided limited military supplies to the French as they sought to regain control of their former colony.

James Gavin, U.S. Ambassador to France from early 1961 till fall 1962, has written several books and is the originator of the Enclave Theory. At present he is chairman of the board of Arthur D. Little, Inc. in Cambridge, Mass.

But on that first European trip, Khrushchev's arrogant behavior toward the President changed Kennedy's attitude toward the Soviets and convinced him that he had to get tough in Southeast Asia. As he commented to James Reston at the time, "Now we have a problem of trying to make our power credible and Vietnam looks like the place."

The beginning of the trip, Paris, was a huge success. Great crowds thronged the streets and the photographers were forever calling, "Jackie, Jackie," as they sought to get another picture of the President's wife. Kennedy remarked at the luncheon given in his honor at the Palais de Chaillot that he "was the man who accompanied Jacqueline Kennedy to Paris."

President De Gaulle liked the young, intelligent American President, and the diplomatic discussions were friendly and fruitful. Prior to their meeting the President and I discussed the Southeast Asian problem and the President had decided that he would merely comment on it in passing. He had no intention of asking the French for either advice or help. At the meeting, General De Gaulle sat directly opposite President Kennedy. On De Gaulle's right was Foreign Minister Couve de Murville and on his left the French Ambassador to the United States, Hervé Alphand. On the President's right was Secretary of State Dean Rusk, and I was on his left.

President Kennedy said to President De Gaulle that we had a serious problem in Vietnam but that we were going to persist in helping Diem bring stability to that troubled country. In response, De Gaulle, with a typical Gallic shrug, spread both arms, opened his hands upward on the tabletop, and, in effect, said, "We have had all that we want of Southeast Asia and we will have no more of it." So I was startled to read in his *Memoirs of Hope* a lengthy account of his reply

to President Kennedy. This was reproduced as an article in the *New York Times*. It was long, quite cursive, and bore little relation to what had been said. It all may have been on President De Gaulle's mind at the time, but it certainly was not what he said.

After Paris President Kennedy went to Vienna for a personal meeting with Khrushchev. That meeting turned out to be a very difficult one for the President. He had sought Averell Harriman's advice on how to deal with Khrushchev, but even so had not anticipated the brutality and vehemence of the Khrushchev attack. When the meeting came to an end he returned to the embassy, and the awaiting him was James Reston of the *Times*. Halberstam recounts the incident:

[Kennedy] came over and sat down on a couch next to him. He was wearing a hat; Reston remembered that because it was only the second time he had seen Kennedy with a hat on; the first time was on the inaugural. Kennedy sank into the couch, pushed the hat over his eyes like a beaten man, and breathed a great sigh.

"Pretty rough?" Reston asked. "Roughest thing in my life," the President answered.

He was, Reston thought, genuinely shaken.

It had been a brutal affair and Kennedy came away from Vienna deeply disturbed. Khrushchev had declared his intent to take over Berlin, describing it as "a splinter aimed at the heart of Europe, a rotten tooth, cancerous tumor, an ulcer." Khrushchev evidently believed that his verbal vehemence and abuse had been effective for word quickly spread among the press that Khrushchev had sized Kennedy up as a nice, intelligent young man, but one who was soft and could be taken. So Kennedy, always a strong advocate of peace, knew the

id not react to Khrushchev's
he would be seen as weak, and
ot the Soviets further. He de-
hat our forces in Europe had
renghened and that our com-
t to Southeast Asia had to be

discussed Southeast Asia
President earlier, in connec-
th the settlement of the Lao-
blem. And while Averell Har-
was doing superb work in
ting a treaty in Geneva, I met
seven times with Prince Sou-
Phouma in Paris, where he
dergoing medical care. In my
gs with President Kennedy, he
ed the view that if he asked
tagon for advice, they would
end sending combat divisions
s he did not want to do. Evi-
he had no intention of getting
d in a war in Southeast Asia.
ne Khrushchev confrontation
clear that any sign of weak-
his part would be dangerous
ing with the Soviets. So his
upon returning to Washing-
s to reexamine our military

On July 31, 1961, he an-
d that it was to be increased
billion and that he was to call
000 men, including an addi-
ombat division for Europe as
some Air and National Guard
o support them.

is a busy diplomatic summer.
s at least a dozen ambassadors,
nting the major powers, called
ne to inquire whether or not
sident really meant he would
ar over Berlin. I assured them
was the President's conviction
war were to come over Berlin
or later, then let it begin now.

was for this that we were
ng. Having strengthened his
owever, the President turned
omacy to solve the European
a, seeking through the ambas-
of the principal powers in
gton discussion on an agenda
eeting with the Soviets.

THE OTHER SIDE of the globe,
e President had a different
a. At that time our commit-
Southeast Asia was small, not
han a few thousand military
s, whom we had found neces-
send there to help supervise
of the military equipment we
vided through the French. At
did President Kennedy go to

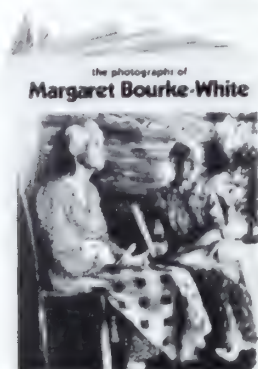
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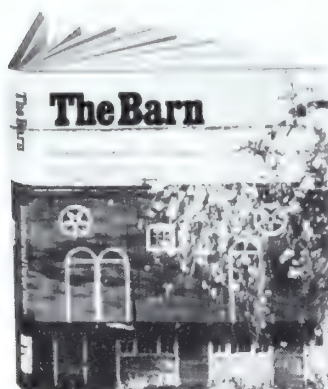
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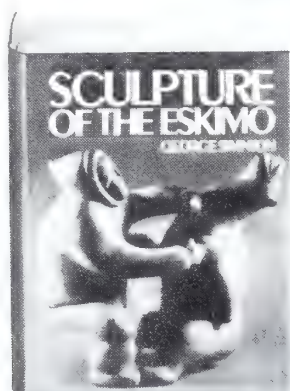
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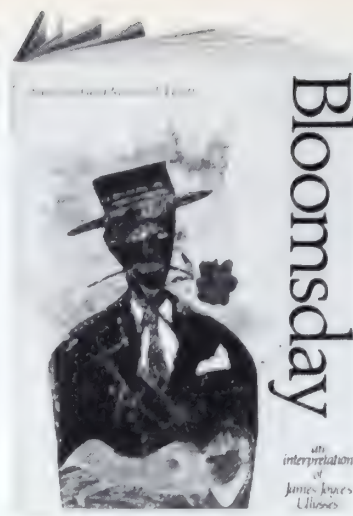
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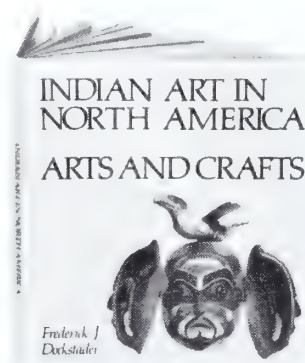
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Southeast Asia. Instead he dep upon reports he was receiving our chief of mission there. By late summer of 1961 he became convinced he had to send a hand-p observer to get a report on what actually happening. For the first sion, and this turned out to be a cial one, he chose Walt Rostow.

I first met Walt Rostow who joined the group of advisers wo for Senator Kennedy in Cambi Massachusetts, in February of He was then a professor at MI intelligent man with an internat reputation in the field of the gr of nations. In 1960 he published *Stages of Economic Growth* and *United States in the World Aren* that time I did not consider him have any particular interest in tary affairs. To my surprise, sh after the inauguration, he asked to come down to the White Hou talk to him about insurgency counterinsurgency. He wanted know where he could get people were experts on the subject and w he could get authoritative book such operations.

As a World War II parachuti had a number of friends who had behind-the-lines operators. At the set of the Korean war, Major Gen Willoughby, General MacArth chief of intelligence, had asked help him in organizing a behind lines force. Rostow told me he been given the responsibility for veloping background on the sub for the office of the President. I gested the names of several peo then in the armed forces who m be helpful to him. I was surprised the intensity of his interest in a sject so foreign to academia. As trip to Southeast Asia became m imminent, a number of people in White House grew concerned ab his increasing militancy.

As David Halberstam recalls moment, "those who had become tremely nervous about Rostow's m tancy pushed hard for a high rep sentative from State to go along give the non-military view." Secret of State Dean Rusk was opposed si he saw the problem "as a milit one, not political." This actually the beginning of the takeover of Southeast Asian problem by the I partment of Defense, and this view the situation as primarily a defer problem and not a political one ul mately had disastrous consequen

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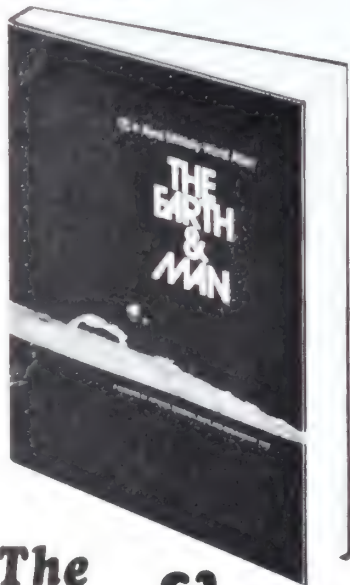
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But as the time for Rostow's departure neared, it was finally decided to add President Kennedy's military adviser, General Maxwell Taylor, to the mission. (Interestingly enough, in General Taylor's recent book *Plowshares and Swords*, he refers to Rostow as "a sort of deputy for the expedition.")

As for General Taylor, there had been a genuine misunderstanding on the part of the President of Taylor's attitude toward the war in Southeast Asia. General Taylor had finished four years as Chief of Staff of the Army and retired in 1959. He then wrote a book, *The Uncertain Trumpet*, that was quite critical of massive retaliation. But as Halberstam describes it, "the Kennedy people, who were always sloppy in their homework, all thought he had resigned in protest."

The memory of Korea still lingered in the Pentagon in the late Fifties. It had been an embittering experience. To many officers it had been a war they had not been allowed to win. At the outset, the Air generals were confident that air power would stop the North Koreans in their tracks in a few days. When it was all over, we had suffered 147,000 casualties, 95 per cent of them ground troops. Many believed that MacArthur had been forced to fight with one hand tied behind his back, and there were those who believed that given freedom of action he could have won the war; he encouraged that by reiterating his dogma, "In war there is no substitute for victory." Too few saw that an era had come to an end with Hiroshima. Something less than victory had to be acceptable, for this was the only alternative to a nuclear war. The potential devastation of such a war grew daily as the nuclear stockpiles grew. In the future there were to be no final victories, no triumphal marches up Fifth Avenue.

Unfortunately, also, as we edged toward the abyss that was to be Vietnam, conviction grew that the commander in the field, operating under inevitable constraints, would be wise to protect himself: put a good front on any situation, don't send Washington problems, send them good reports and ask for troops. In Washington itself, the advocates of massive retaliation—however inadequate it may have been as a concept—believed that they had to support it at all costs.

I recall the discussions that had

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place a few years earlier at the
 f the Quemoy-Matsu tension.
 sue was the need to stiffen the
 es of Taiwan. General Matthew
 ay, a man of extraordinary in-
 nce and courage, sent a briga-
 general to Taiwan to look into
 nation. Upon his return he rec-
 ended sending an anti-aircraft
 e of missiles and guns, and a
 ps command. The Joint Chiefs
 ered. However, the Chairman,
 al Arthur Radford, a strong ad-
 of massive retaliation, had al-
 assured Congress that there
 be no need to deploy ground
 abroad. When the question of
 n was raised by a member of
 ate Armed Forces Committee,
 ssured them that no units would
 . He then directed the Army to
 e all troop unit identifications,
 er patches, unit titles, etc. It is
 ible to move thousands of
 from various points in the
 States to an island halfway
 d the world without some kind
 anization. They had to be ad-
 ered, fed, paid, and cared for.
 mehow it had to be done. It was
 l deception, but it was also the
 read in the web of half-truths
 ater became serious untruths,
 ally lies. This dishonesty at the
 op led to senior officers' con-
 g the war as they thought best,
 ing intelligence reports where
 considered it necessary, and
 g optimistic reports to Wash-
 .

Discussing in his book the Rostow-
 mission to Saigon, Halber-
 believes that "it was one of the
 l turning points of the Ameri-
 volve and Kennedy, by the
 choice of the two men who had
 eatest vested interest in fighting
 kind of limited antiguerrilla
 e, had loaded the dice." Upon
 return, Taylor prepared a report
 e President, and in summing
 November 3, 1961, General
 said that "the advantages of
 g American troops outweighed
 advantages." He recommended
 p to 8,000 troops be sent and
 if necessary, that the job could
 e done without them. He ac-
 edged, says Halberstam, that
 ks of backing into a major war
 resent, but "not impressive,"
 ing further that 'North Viet-
 s extremely vulnerable to con-
 nal bombing, a weakness which
 be exploited diplomatically in



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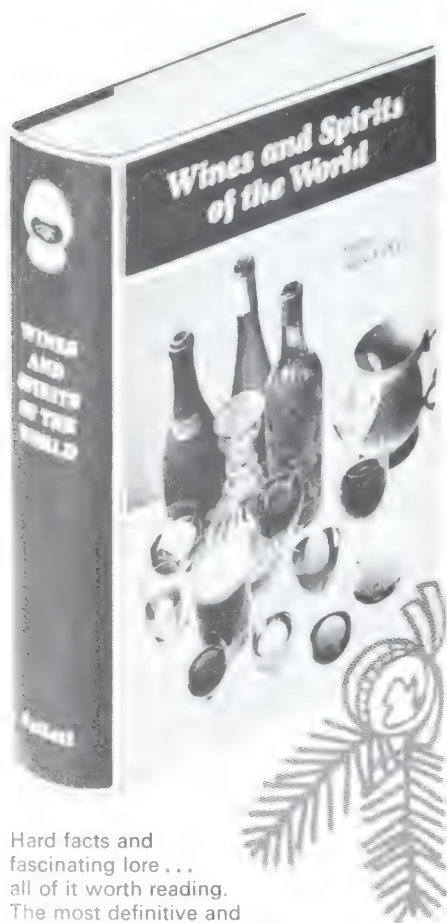
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convincing Hanoi to lay off South Vietnam.' The recommendation shocked Kennedy, and it should have."

Almost a year after his first trip with Walt Rostow, General Taylor was made Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, on October 1, 1962. After almost two years as Chairman, he became our ambassador to Saigon, on July 7, 1964. After approximately one year in that post, he returned to the White House to be the Special Consultant to President Johnson. More than anyone he had occupied key positions in the government during our growing involvement in the war, and David Halberstam traces his influence and its effects brilliantly.

THE WAR WAS UNDER WAY whether we realized it or not. Optimistic reports came back from time to time interspersed with requests for reinforcements. Carefully organized briefings were prepared for visitors, and few were able to see beyond the roseate facade that confronted them. In an effort to get the facts, Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara made a trip to Saigon; he was elated at what he saw and heard.

McNamara's role was an exceedingly difficult one. In the State Department there was some skepticism about Vietnam from the very beginning, and George Ball was a consistent critic of the war. But Ball had no counterpart in the Department of Defense, and McNamara was forced to rely heavily on reports from Saigon. From time to time he returned to Vietnam, but on each occasion he again was given a very optimistic report. (Junior officers who did not render optimistic reports to Saigon were relieved of duty.)

In April of 1963 the chief of our Saigon Mission, General Harkins, met with McNamara and Roger Hilsman of the State Department, as well as others, in Honolulu. Halberstam reports the meeting: "Harkins was almost euphoric. He could not give any guarantees, but he thought it would all be over by Christmas. McNamara, listening to him, was elated."

Having struggled so hard to make the Military Assistance Program a success, McNamara was very anxious to see it through, but by late 1963 he had decided that Harkins and his subordinates had seriously misled him. Typical was an incident that

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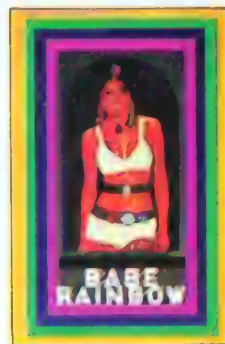
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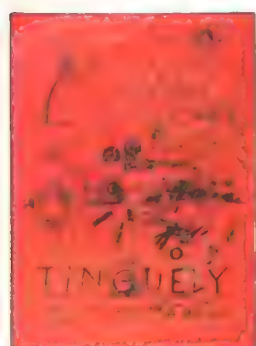
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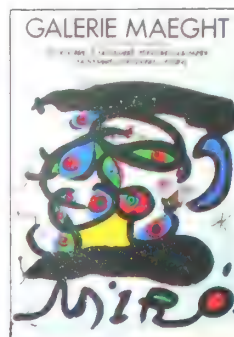
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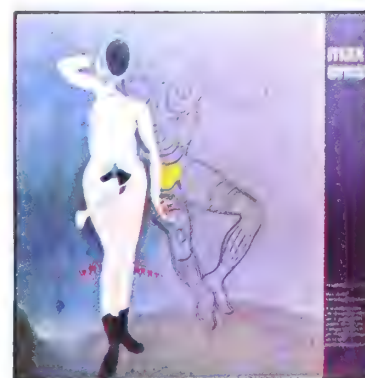
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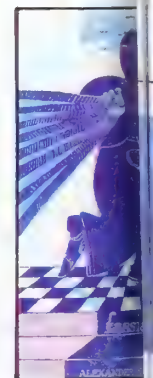
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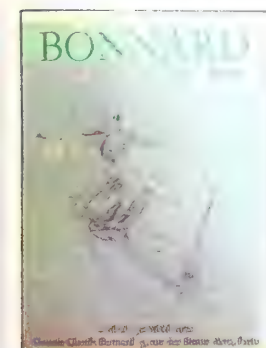
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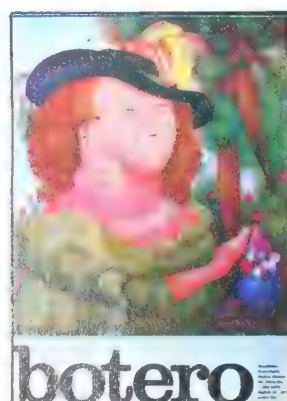
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#E461 Fassia
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#E474 Bonnard
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#E478 Denis
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#115 Calder
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#116 Frankenthaler
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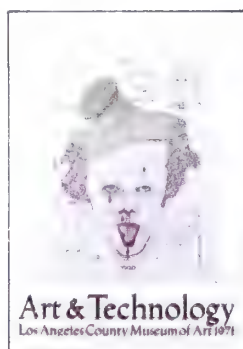
#118 Indiana
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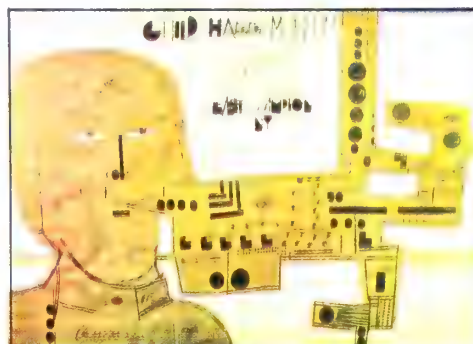
#119 Johns
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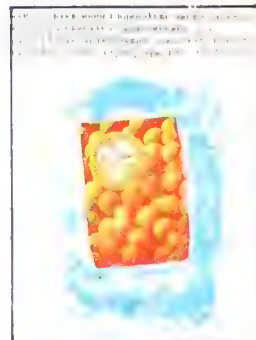
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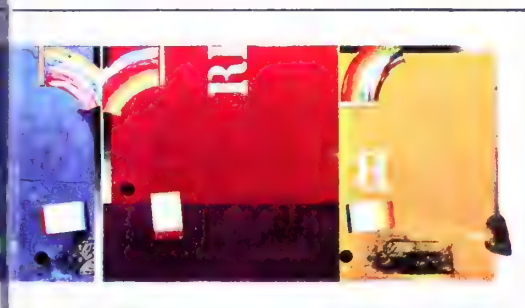
#122 Steinberg
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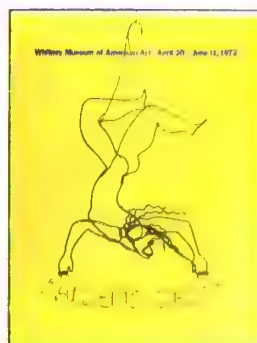
#124 Rauschenberg
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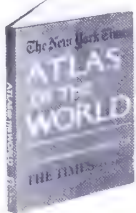
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BOOKS

Halberstam reports took place on an-
other occasion in General Westmore-
land's office:

*One of the top intelligence officers
did a study on the number of men
that Hanoi could send down the
trails into South Vietnam without
damaging its defenses. When he
showed the results of the study to
a general in the office, the general
responded, "Jesus, if we tell this to
the people in Washington, we will
be out of the war tomorrow. We
will have to revise it downward."
So, the figure was duly scaled down
considerably.*

As the war went on the President
himself became deeply troubled by
the reports he had been receiving.
The reports emanating from Amba-
sador Lodge, who was then our emis-
sary in Saigon, were generally rather
pessimistic. On the other hand, the
reports from the chief of our military
Mission, reporting through the De-
partment of Defense, were quite op-
timistic. In late 1963, the President
sensed a serious rift developing in
Washington between State and De-
fense. In order to get at the facts, the
President asked Hilsman of State to
draft a cable to Saigon reflecting con-
siderable doubt about the progress of
the war. When the answer came in,
Ambassador Lodge's report was en-
tirely pessimistic, while Harkins' re-
port was markedly upbeat. It was
puzzling until one of the White House
aides found a reference in the Hark-
ins cable to an outgoing cable of
Taylor's. As Halberstam reports it,
"They checked out the number of the
Taylor cable but could find no record
of it in the White House. Sensing that
something was wrong, one of the
White House aides called over to the
Pentagon for a copy of the Taylor
cable." It was "a remarkably reveal-
ing cable from Taylor to Harkins ex-
plaining just how divided the bu-
reaucracy was, what the struggle was
about"—in effect, how to answer the
White House cable.

Averell Harriman suspected some-
thing unusual at once and Kennedy
was to remark later, "Harriman is
really a shrewd old S.O.B." At the
conclusion of the meeting at which
this information was disclosed, Ken-
nedy took Taylor into his office.
There is no record of the conversation
that took place. In the meantime, Sec-
retary McNamara was trying to
the best of a very difficult and rapidly
deteriorating situation.



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...a letter to *Harper's Magazine* early in 1966 recommending an enclave strategy. In World War II, for example, the Germans held major ports in France for several months despite the fact that the Allies had complete control of the air and seas. It would have been a comparatively easy matter in Vietnam to stabilize our dispositions and, based upon well-held enclaves, start the extrication of our forces. Secretary McNamara asked me to come down to talk to him about it, which I was glad to do. He pointed out that the enclave areas would be under artillery and mortar fire.

I agreed that at times they would be, but that if the defenses around them were highly mobile, they could be held for all the time we needed for a phased-out withdrawal, and more if necessary. McNamara did not seem satisfied with my answer, so I suggested to him that the alternative was going to be a disaster sooner or later, with many more lives lost. He said he did not want to think about that, he wanted to think about how to make the present situation work.

I felt genuinely sorry for him for he was a very dedicated man, doing

his best under extremely difficult circumstances. As I left his office, I remember turning at the door and saying to him, "I wouldn't want to be in your shoes for anything." Halberstam is very severe with McNamara, finally concluding that he was, "there is no kinder word for it, a fool." I would be personally inclined also to blame those in uniform who misled him with their faulty intelligence estimates and optimistic reports. He needed a man with the honesty of Stilwell, who, upon being driven out of Burma in an earlier war, said to the press, "I say we got the hell beaten out of us and we are going and do something about it." Halberstam points out that "the idea of a contemporary American general ever admitting that he had taken a hell of a beating is inconceivable: there would be a battalion of \$20,000-a-year government press spokesmen and public affairs officials descending to correct his statement, assuring reporters and the public that the general's words had been taken out of context; he had meant to say that this was certainly a difficult and complex war, that the enemy, while certain to be defeated in the long run, was surprisingly well led, but that the

most important thing was how his own American troops had been proving that Americans could win under difficult Asian conditions.

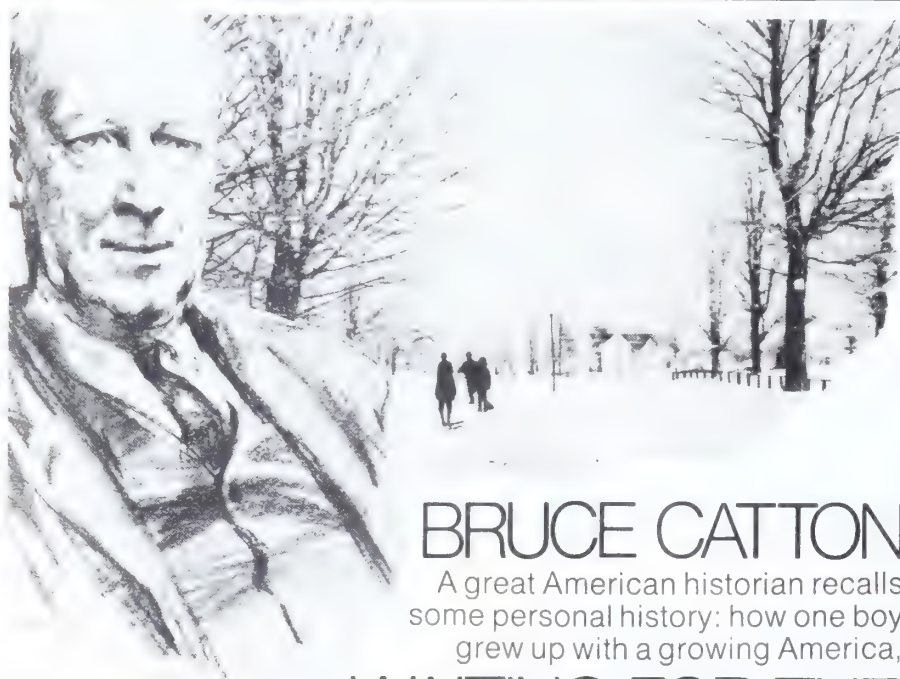
Through all of the commitment, deterioration the man who remained serene and unruffled was Dean Rusk. As Halberstam says of him, "Rusk was a man without a shadow. He left no papers behind, few memories, few impressions." But he was President Kennedy with both loyalty and he had an unusually close relationship with President Johnson. Perhaps because, as Halberstam relates, they were both of poor background, and from the South and understood each other, not like the Cambridge intellectuals who were responsible for many of the troubles that befell the White House.

HALBERSTAM'S BOOK is a readable account of government behavior, diplomacy in war, confusion and misunderstanding. And it is more than this; it is a primer for those who would seek to understand the problems of the Presidency in the age of instant communications. The world is a global village.

As the population of the world expands and environmental problems become increasingly severe, the problems of the Presidency grow in intensity and complexity. And in this atmosphere, Americans, possessing more and more information, pressure the President for action—and act fast. The very battlefields and crises are brought into our living rooms daily, along with riots and protests against those battlefields and disasters. The average American today has more information than a President had two decades ago.

How can the Presidency successfully perform under such burdens and pressures of information, complexity, growth, and time? Clearly some thorough White House reorganization is necessary so that the President, whoever he is, can get things promptly, test their truth, inform the people and be informed by them to make wise decisions in time. And "time" today means within the shortened frame of satellite communications. We have not done this yet. *Best and the Brightest* recounts the agony of our recent—and present—failure.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE/DECEMBER



BRUCE CATTON

A great American historian recalls some personal history: how one boy grew up with a growing America,

WAITING FOR THE MORNING TRAIN

"The pine forests were being timbered off, the lakes were clear, and the Civil War veterans told stories that fired a boy's imagination. Apparently a book about life in rural Michigan, *WAITING FOR THE MORNING TRAIN* is really about life itself."—Orville Prescott.
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You can't go wrong. Remember, nobody ever heard of Volkswagen in the beginning, either.

Ese Probs Un Denn Lobs: "First taste it then judge it."



WE'RE ALWAYS ANXIOUS to put up the tree in Jack Daniel's old office. When that's done, we know the holidays are here. We hope your plans are coming along too, and that you have a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.



CHARCO.
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DOKS

Philistines, true conservatives

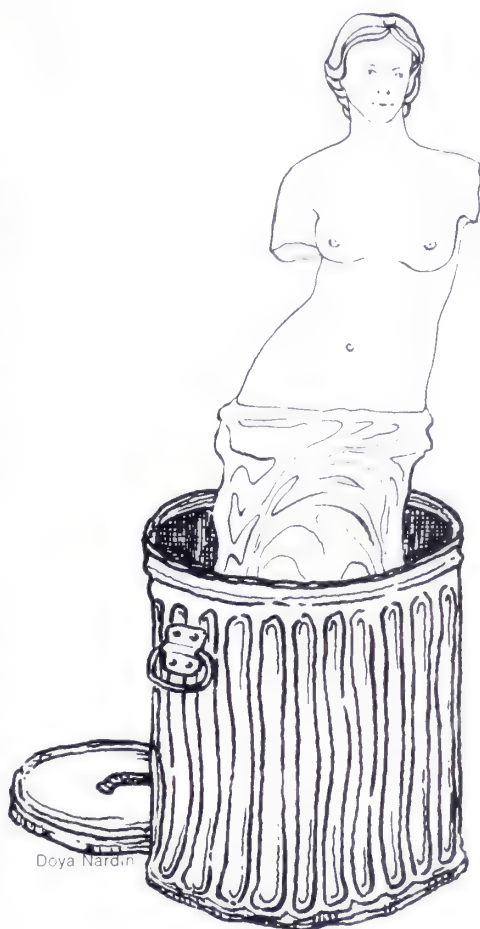
Politics of Literature: Dis-
ing Essays on the Teaching
glish, edited by Louis Kampf
 Paul Lauter. Pantheon, \$10;
 \$2.45 (Vintage).

gogy of the Oppressed, by
 Freire. Translated by Myra
 Ramos. Herder and Herder.
 \$5.95; paper, \$2.95.

ge Days in Earthquake
ty, by Leo Litwak and Herbert
 Random House, \$7.95.

ENEMIES OF ART appear in
 expected places. A Russian
 list claims that Solzhenitsyn's
 problems arise from long-
 ing literary feuds with officials
 Writers' Union. The Soviet
 ment, he intimates, does not
 a great deal of its energies
 highest levels to a fellow who
 in a cellist's guest room and
 stories. The harassment of
 nitsyn is left to the Writers'
 and the secret police.

he United States, an attack
 has come from a slightly dif-
 quarter; the former president
 Modern Language Associa-
 America, Louis Kampf, has
 with another professor in
 ing a book of essays that ask
 writing and teaching of "so-
 literature." It is not a book
 inal thoughts. One might pass
 were it not for the size and
 e of the MLA, whose 30,000
 rs comprise about half of the
 umber of teachers of English
 odern Foreign Languages at
 college and university level. Be-
 he work of the MLA ranges
 cholarly work to employment
 suggestions relating to cur-
 n, and Mr. Kampf was for
 ears a member of its policy-
 body, the American version
 harassment of art demands
 eration.



The view of man expressed in the book is that Philistine conception in which man is saved by the destruction of the unmanageable spirit of man, a view that is apparently so comforting and so popular that every time it is spit out into the world, we are forced to wonder whether it is not the truest appraisal of a flawed species. And if it is not a true appraisal, how does it come to be the common conclusion of those engaged in messianic politics?

THE DOMICILE of our senses, this meager life, follows us; our astigmatism cannot be left at the entrance to the Louvre, the ice cream eaten on a Russian street finds the nerves in our teeth, the nets of mem-

Earl Shorris is a contributing editor of Harper's and the author of two novels: The Boots of the Virgin and Ofay.

ory constrain the dreams of ship-board sleep. And material cannot purchase a door in the walls of a material world: Paris is a field in which to sleep, Moscow is the crawl of a mine, the rhythms of the sea are the inexorabilities of an assembly line. Imprisoned in our senses, we are alone and afraid, we succumb to fatalism, realism, destiny in the form of history or heaven.

Philistia is a land of the senses, where death comes early or man is not born. It is a place of contentment; the threshold of pain is the highest. The soldiers march in straight lines; they are immortal. There are no tragedies in Philistia.

The eyes of Philistines are made of rough stone. Theirs is a land without mirrors, without vanities. Everything is as it can only be; there is no other direction. How tractable these Philistines! Death is always a surprise for them.

But there is evidence that the meager life is an aberration. It is impossible to know the exact date—a hundred thousand years ago perhaps—when the first ontological question occurred to the creature Lévi-Strauss says is defined by language, but on that day or soon thereafter man surely put together a series of symbols to answer the question. It was a lie; the limits of the senses had been transcended, a door had been opened. In Navaho mythology the opening of the door was a conscious choice and the vista that lay beyond the door was the infinite firmament.

The lie was more than a dream; it was an addition to the world, a fiction. Out of words, symbols, an alternative to the known was created; the real world was betrayed, art undermined contentment.

There were other lies; creatures made of lines were drawn on skins

...d on the walls of caves. They were
rims, a single dimension, unlike
any beast of weight and breath, fic-
tions of the eye that led to further
fictions of the mind. Restless man,
his discontent born of words and
lines, "has always been thinking
equally well."

Restlessness divided the tribes,
the lie shreds societies; the lie also
unites men, creates community. The
notion of the commonwealth is the
result of a fiction, the invention of
a society toward which men might
strive.

It is the lie, the fiction that makes
us aware, for it provides us with ex-
perience beyond the limits of our
senses. Your eyes and mine cannot
ever have the same view of the
world for even an instant, since we
cannot occupy the same space at the
same time, but we can both read
Dostoevsky or Faulkner and the
symbols will unify us, we will be less
alone for sharing the same con-
sciousness, less afraid. Freed of the
lonely limits of our senses, thus unit-
ed, we will dare our discontent.

Lies are the enemies of order.
Fictions make comedy of systems,
determinism does not apply in a

society of liars and lovers of lies,
for knowledge of one lie, experience
of one instant of consciousness out-
side the limits of the senses, implies
limitless possibility. Liars are
choosers. A community of lovers of
lies is as cleanly defined and un-
manageable as infinity.

The rigid systems of totalitarian
societies are built upon the presump-
tion of Philistines, those orderly
and truthful people, those benign
stones of history. Philistines do not
rebel. Philistines are lovers of the
status quo; without the fiction of
a different life to give them courage
to dare the new, they can only be-
lieve that change means further lim-
itation of the meager life they know.
Philistines are true conservatives.

Art in all its forms is fiction and
fiction is in opposition to the world
as it is, for every fiction criticizes
reality by choosing not to be mere
repetition of reality. But in defense
of fictions men become timid. Irving
Howe calls Dostoevsky's *The Pos-
sessed* "a vote of no-confidence in
society . . . entirely subversive in
effect." But Howe will not say the
same of Henry James. Camus said,
"Beauty, no doubt, does not make

revolutions. But a day will come
when revolutions will have need
of beauty."

If beauty is not the cause of re-
volutions, the goad of change, from
what other source does the impulse
come? Gass and Borges, reck-
less men, have posed the question. D.
Camus not see the Philistines in
their straight lines, marching, silk
making the measured trek to an
unanticipated death? From what
source other than beautiful inven-
tion can the thought come that the
ranks may be broken, that there
can be sweeter paths? How else can
men know themselves, know each
other? "The sense of the world,"
said Wittgenstein, "must lie outside
the world."

And James, even Henry James,
an agent of change, a revolutionary.
Following the reading of *The Boston-
ians*, two women say to each
other, "I will not suffer my life to
be like hers." They will have been
unified by James' beautiful fiction.
The supereality of James' conser-
vatism, his love for tradition, priva-
tizing the past itself is not propaganda.
If we agree with Lévi-Strauss that
"man has always been thinking
equally well," and carry the argu-
ment on to say that men still think
equally well, the work of Henry
James is dangerous art rather than
conservative propaganda, for it
reflects the world of the reader with
another world, it offers the one pos-
sibility that implies infinite pos-
sibilities.

To embrace the danger of art
is necessary to believe in the equal-
ity of possibility of men no matter
what the circumstances of their
birth. Art is privately made and
publicly displayed; there are no
limits on the audience. The work
of art, as Croce pointed out, serves
the physical object of communica-
tion between the artist and the au-
dience. All art is perforce democratic.
To create a work of art is to invite
any person from that time on to a
state of unity with the artist, to share
the world with the artist, to get
"the sense of the world."

The opposing point of view is
advocated by those who prefer or-
der to freedom, the philosophers of
Philistia. In this view, expressed
lengthily in *The Politics of Literature*
edited by Louis Kampf and Paul
Lauter, all communications are con-
sidered irresistible propaganda;

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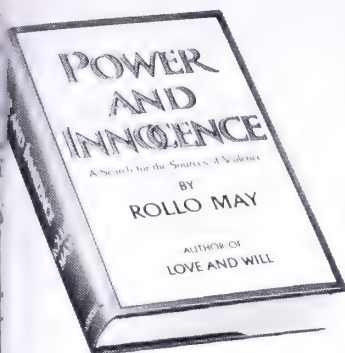
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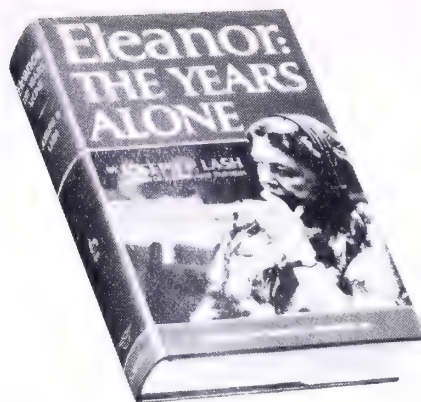
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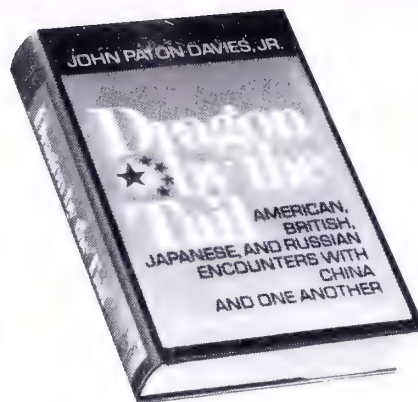
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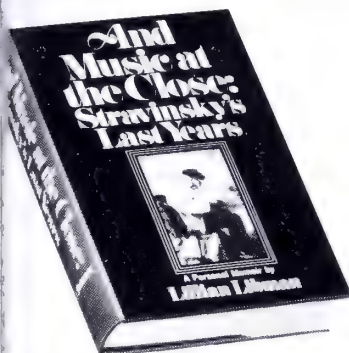
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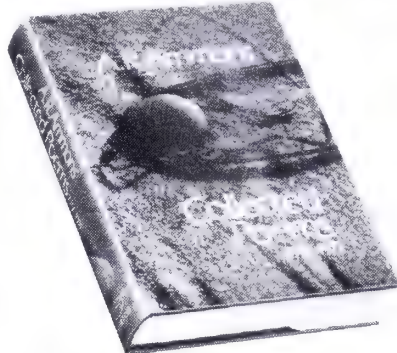
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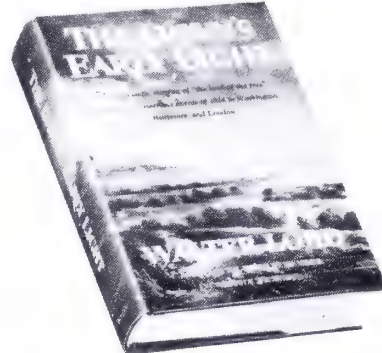
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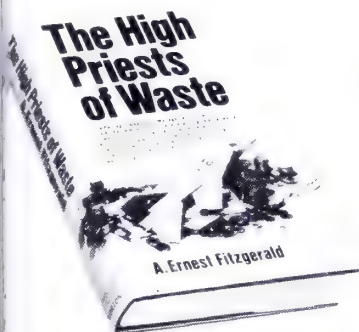
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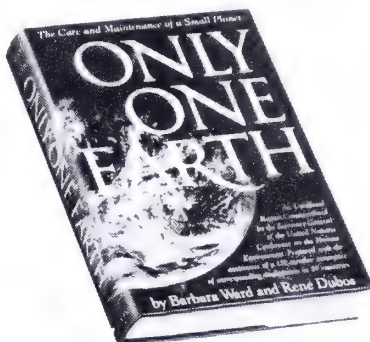
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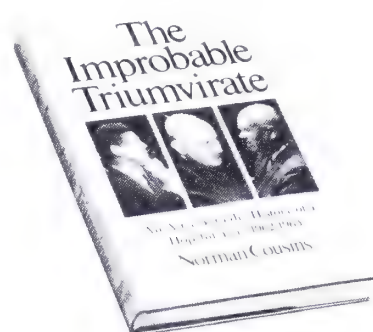
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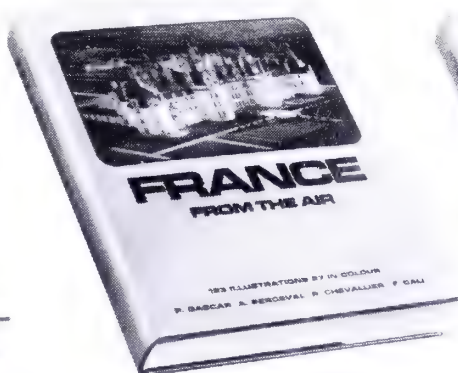
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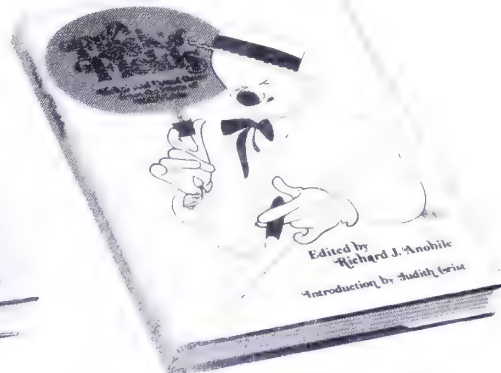
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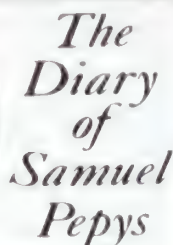
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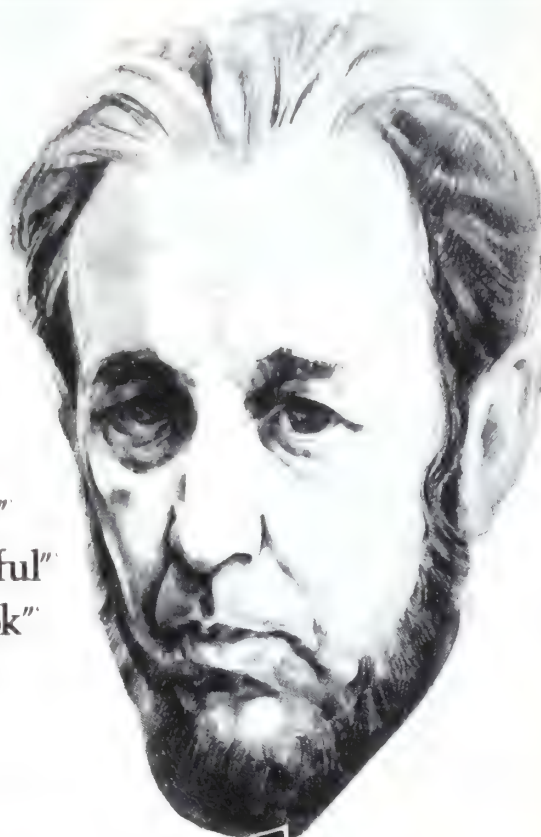
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AUGUST 1914

JAMES A. MURRAY, *Editor*
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BOOKS

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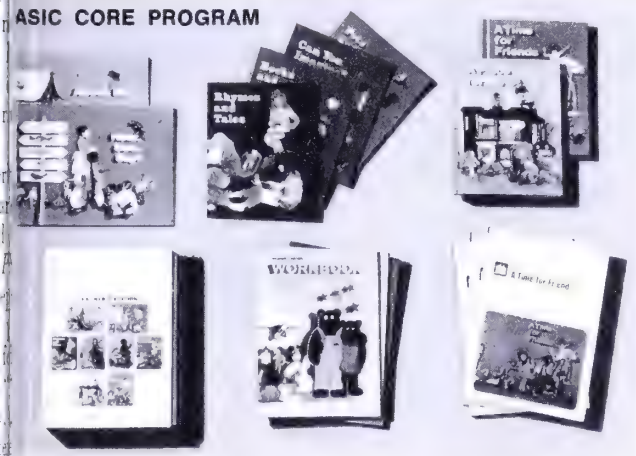
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A Happy Death
Alfred A. Knopf

Simone de Beauvoir
The Coming of Age
G. P. Putnam

Phyllis and Fred Feldkamp
The Good Life . . . or what's left of it
Harper's Magazine Press

R. Buckminster Fuller
Intuition
Doubleday

Eric and Marie Gordon
Freedom Is a Word
William Morrow

Robert Heilbroner and Others
In the Name of Profit
Doubleday

John Holt
Freedom and Beyond
E. P. Dutton

Raphael Littauer and
Norman Uphoff, editors
The Air War in Indochina:
Beacon Press

Martin Mayer
About Television
Harper & Row

Alfred W. McCoy with Cathleen B. Read
**The Politics of Heroin in
Southeast Asia**
Harper & Row

John Parrish, M.D.
12-20-5: A Doctor's Year in Vietnam
E. P. Dutton

Philip Schrag
Counsel For the Deceived:
Pantheon

Alexander Solzhenitsyn
August 1914
Farrar, Straus & Giroux

Barbara Tuchman
Notes From China
Macmillan

BOOKS

and revolutionary in its refusal to accept the world as it is. Nor do they seem willing to understand that "high" culture reinvents the world, creating a consciousness that can no longer be satisfied in the real world, while popular culture is the blessing of the world as it is, work in praise of the moment, true conservatism.

Only the works the professors of Kampf/Lauter's book would term irrelevant are truly relevant to the progress of man toward a just society. Only those works are dangerous to domination, only those works would refute satisfaction even in the kingdom of the philosopher-king.

But the professors no longer have need of restlessness. They have found the way, they have survived the dangers of art, they are wise men whose subjects must be protected because they are incapable of developing the kind of critical intelligence that is an innate attribute of "radical" professors. Need it be said that the professors lack modesty or that their lack of modesty leads them to a teleological view in which nature has made them superior to the poor, whom they are willing to consign to the deadly immortality of Philistines? Nowhere in their writings do these professors indicate any wish to eliminate the differences between themselves and their students; on the contrary, they attack Matthew Arnold for holding such a notion. The intellectual status quo appears to please them; by divorcing the poor from high culture, which they claim is bourgeois culture, they can maintain their positions as intellectual aristocrats in a world populated mostly by Philistines.

IN HIS DIFFICULT, theoretical book, *Pedagogy of the Oppressed*, Paulo Freire, who worked among the poor in Brazil until the military junta that took power in 1964 asked him to leave, writes:

. . . it is necessary to trust in the oppressed and in their ability to reason. Whoever lacks this trust will fail to initiate (or will abandon) dialogue, reflection, and communication, and will fall into using slogans, communiqués, monologues, and instructions. Superficial conversions to the cause of liberation carry this danger.

Speaking of "certain members of the oppressor class" who "join the oppressed in their struggle for liberation," Freire continues his admonitions:

It happens, however, that they cease to be exploiters or different spectators or simply heirs of exploitation and move to the side of the exploited, the most always bring with them marks of their origin: their prejudices and their deformations which include a lack of confidence in the people's ability to think, want, and to know.

The man who proclaims devotion to the cause of liberation is unable to enter into communion with the people, whom he continues to regard as totally ignorant, is grievously self-deceived.

Freire describes his own attitude toward those he taught when he advises teachers that they "must imbued with a profound trust in men and their creative power is not surprising that a totalitarian government would feel threatened by such a man and force him to leave his native country; the corporate bodies of governments, the preserving paranoia of small animals; they know. The professors of the Kampf/Lauter book pose no danger; they are like salesmen at a convention in a Chicago neighborhood, comrades complaining about the trade; everything they say about the boss is true and nothing they are willing to do will change him—complex art, the competing business imagined against this life, frighten them. "It is the business of the culture to be dangerous," said William S. Burroughs; the professors want some surefire.

A MORE INTERESTING and more deeply felt description of the wish to be good men and the confusions that attend that wish is given by Leo Litwak and Herminia Wilner in *College Days in Earthquake County*, a description of their involvement in the student faculty strike at San Francisco State College in 1968. Litwak and Wilner are novelists as well as teachers of English Literature and Creative Writing, and their personal memoir is a note of exhaustion and expectation. "The old dream is gone," they say. "We await something new." T

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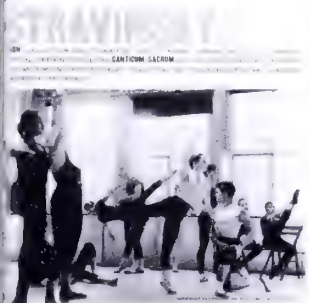
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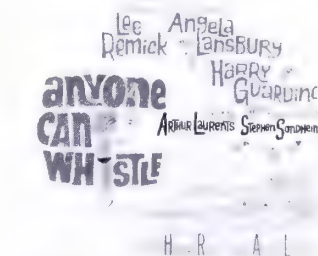
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BOOKS

had been in the fight, walking on picket lines, facing the tactical squad of the local police and the sloganeering of the black militants who precipitated the strike. The joint effort with their students led them out of the professional immodesty that mars the Kampf/Lauter book while it awakened in them a realization of the injustice of much of what they had thought and felt, but it did not lead them to a methodology; they are waiting.

It is unfortunate that Freire's book is lacking in concrete examples of his methodology, for one seeking to apply his theory would be greatly aided by such examples. Perhaps the closest thing to an application of Freire's theories is the work of Florence Howe, whose essay "Why Teach Poetry?—An Experiment" is the single grace of the Kampf/Lauter collection. Ms. Howe, who will be president of the Modern Language Association next year, is concerned with teaching, describing an experiment in which her students at Goucher College taught poetry to "unteachable" high-school students in Baltimore.

Unlike the other professors in the Kampf/Lauter book, Howe expected and found a critical faculty in both generations of students. She and her Goucher students found in the Baltimore high schools not blank slates but human beings. And as Freire predicted, both students and teachers became more human together as the classes went on.

They did not use what Freire calls the Banking Theory (Sartre calls it the Nutritive Theory) of education. Howe and her two generations of students were in communion, using poems that would not all be considered properly revolutionary by most of the other writers in the Kampf/Lauter book. The young women of Goucher College went to the Baltimore schoolrooms to enjoy the danger of art with their students. Their work was revolutionary, for it humanized, it challenged the world as it is, and it gave hope that men are greater than the limits of their senses.

PERHAPS IT IS a romantic vision of man. In East Germany, the novelist Stefan Heym has been declared a romantic and a nonperson for advocating such a vision; Heym

should have known that it is the intelligentsia who will lead the revolution, that the Philistines will command the cadence which they march, and that the Philistines will resignedly march to the cadence because they hear no other sound.

These Marxist professors should have neglected to read Hegel says that "modern man wants to be respected in his inner life." They are professors of the belly. What they propose is enslavement of the inner life by repetition and repetition. They seek a letariat that can be manipulated in a revolution in which they are a society of leadership, a society in their positions as the favored. They enter into the world of "bourgeois culture" will be preserved. They are like the officer in Büchner who tells the beleaguered he cause of his troubles: "You think too much."

Many of them ask for "revolutionary literature," though they have difficulty defining it. Ellen Canfor example, is able to give a single instance of revolutionary a film by Eisenstein, and at one in the Kampf/Lauter introduction man says with contempt, "words." Perhaps that is the problem with the theories of professors: they have lost their faith in language, which has caused them to lose their faith in the critical faculties of the users of language.

It is no great matter, however, that their works and thoughts will have no lasting effect. We are not content to enjoy the contentment of their times. It is our nature to have a tragic view of life because we are the only creatures who expect of life. It is also our nature to manipulate symbols, making complex art are the creatures who take imitations into our consciousness and out against our lives.

The words of the immodest professors will be heard and heard. Revolutionary popular art will purveyed to the defenseless. It will die without a whisper. But the nature of man is not easily manipulated; complex and imaginative the anthem of discontent, will prevail. Even after the proclamation of heaven on earth the betrayal of the world as it is will continue; so heaven isn't all that man can wish

THE HARPER'S GAME

NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS

usual, it's been a great year for absurd mistakes and errors that any fool could have avoided. Happily, we do not dwell on our own sins and stupidities. Instead, we consider assorted public figures whose spectacular blunders have enlivened the news throughout 1972. This game invites you to help reform these wretches by suggesting them with New Year's resolutions—simple ones that will save them from repeating their errors in the future.

Below is a list of sample errands. Choose one—or supply your own well-known candidate—and write his or her most important resolution in 25 words or less. Winning entries will

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Spassky



The Watergate Gang

ERS OF "POLIMERICK." The October game that asked readers to supply the "fifth liner" to an unlimerick, are:

Prize, (battery-powered size electronic calculator):

ep is a modern-day hero, **lben** on down to our Spiro, **w** what to do **ou** are "Number Two,"

no and speak no and hear no.
—Harry Gibbs
Jacksonville, Fla.

rs-up, (winners of *Atlantic* **ives** by Louis Kronenberger, **c-Little Brown**):

biodegrading a zero.
—H. Wilder Bentley
Berkeley, Calif.

Vehru and Nietzsche and Nero.
—Linda Bleskachek
La Crosse, Wisc.

Z, 'cause the job is A VIS-ible

—Paula J. Enns
Ann Arbor, Mich.

ngress appears to be staidier **nder** the probe of **h Nader.**

ider has shown **deal** with a drone,

Put a stinger into the evader.

—Mrs. N. E. Blazer
Berkeley, Calif.

Render him, if not purer, afraidier.

—Benjamin Clardy
Ames, Iowa

But the rich still get richer; some raider!

—David J. Gorton
Oradell, N.J.

But does he counsel his spouse or upbraid'er?

—Paul Pettit
Staten Island, N.Y.

But not with a skillful evader.

—C. D. Ryder, Jr.
Laguna Niguel, Calif.

"But I'd rather," said Ralph, "tell you later."

—Joel Taunton
Northfield, Mass.

Said Steinem to Abzug and Greer,
"The price for our freedom is dear,
I've burned fourteen bras
For the sake of the cause.

The party's flat-busted this year."

—Joseph E. Barrett
Universal City, Texas

Which lowered my assets, I fear.

—Capt. James B. Ford
APO San Francisco, Calif.

*We've made molehills of mountains,
I fear."*

R. P. Graf
Baton Rouge, La.

But, of course, I bought twenty that year."

—J. Groves
Atlanta, Ga.

It's a good thing our cohorts are queer."

—Barbara McInnes
Ottawa, Ontario

Oh say can you see why they leer?"

—William J. Moody
Austin, Texas

But no one has noticed, I fear."

—P. J. Ognibene
Silver Spring, Md.

Now Bella should burn her headgear."

Enid C. Paul
Arlington, Va.

Wasting twenty-eight cups of good cheer."

—Robert M. Price
Terre Haute, Ind.

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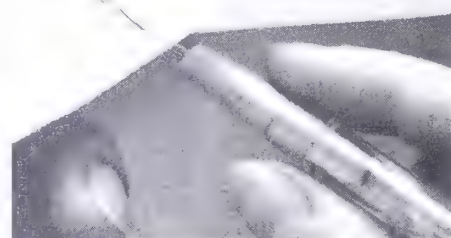
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